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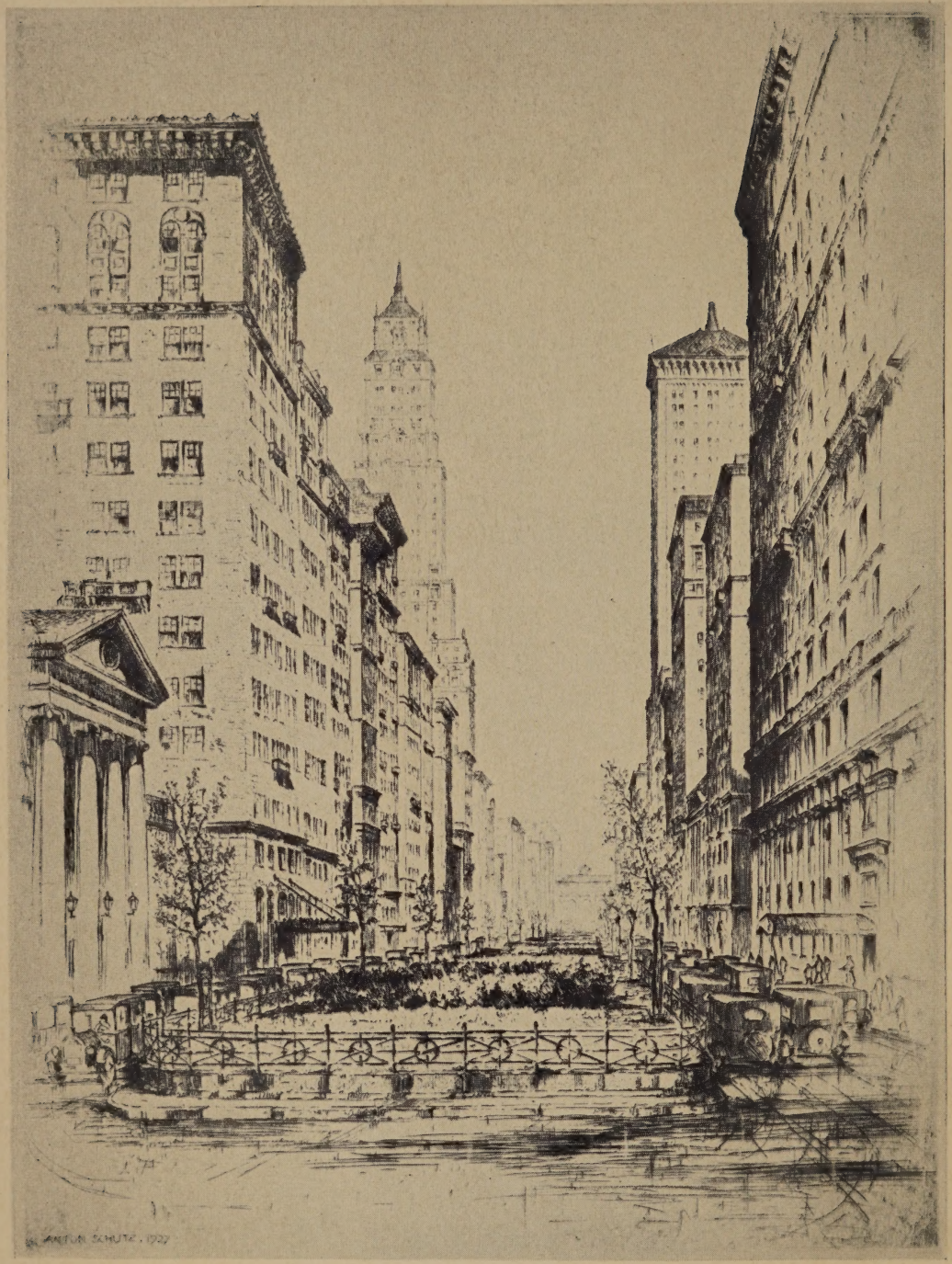

The world's wealthiest residential street — Park Avenue, New York, looking south past the Ritz Tower (on the left) toward Grand Central Station

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The North American Review

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Crœsus's Sixty Acres

BY MAURICE MERMEY

A gilded glimpse of Park Avenue, New York, successor to Fifth Avenue as the social melting-pot for millionaires, where the average family spends $84,000 a year

IT IS becoming increasingly difficult to be really smart. Society laments that Palm Beach has been the victim of so much exploitation that it is no more exclusive now than a political party. The brilliant brigades of Newport, White Sulphur and Pinehurst have been augmented by not a few luncheon club presidents and insurance agents who are stalking more and bigger policies. And Europe long ago was overrun by hordes of tourist-thirds as anxious for territorial conquest as Cæsar's legions. To be really smart, it appears, one must build a snappy little bungalow near one of the Polar extremities, or live in a duplex apartment on Park Avenue. And a hyperborean den has its disadvantages.

To live on Park Avenue, whether in one of the brownstone anachronisms or in a gargantuan packing box, is to be stamped as one of the social and financial aristocracy. The thoroughfare is vibrant with wealth. Its flora and fauna are orchidaceous. It wears a very high silk hat. It is the immigrant's conception of the Promised Land, its pearly gates guarded by a host of wing-collared real estate agents.

TO SOME Park Avenue is only a shop girl who last week won first prize in the National Lottery and who, despite a garish elegance, has no innate fineness. The passing of Fifth Avenue's time honored social priority is still recent, and there are those who see Park Avenue as harboring a collection of stupid, ill-bred people who owe their fine clothes and position to no merit of their own but to sheer luck. Of course this is true in small measure, but the same could be said of almost any other famous street in the world. Families whose wealth has become as hereditary as the nature of the eyes or of the hormones of the pituitary gland

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live on Park Avenue. So does the man from Gushertown, Okla., whose well, and wealth, came in yesterday. So do steel kings, widget wizards, movie magnates, salad dressing moguls, spinsters who still invest in 3½ per cent. gilt-edged bonds, diplomats, ambitious widows, authors, international bankers and coryphées. A farrago of people gathered from the four corners of the land and all intermediate points.

THE avenue glitters before the eye in an atmosphere of gold. Whereas Great Britain, on whose Empire the sun never sets, has 562 millionaires, Park Avenue, whose three miles even a mediocre athlete can run in less than sixteen minutes, has more than 2,000. On the world's richest street there are 5,000 families, representing a population of 20,000. They live in their own mansions, in apartments renting from $100 a month, furnished, to $35,000 a year, unfurnished; and in coöperative apartments which sell for from $40,000 to $200,000. The Park Avenue Association modestly declares that the aggregate fortune of its members is three billions of dollars, but there are experts willing to risk their reputation on a guess of five billions. France could write off its war debt to the United States with that tidy sum and have enough left over for a rousing toast with rare champagne.

According to the Association's estimate, the Avenue spent $280,000,000 in 1927 for necessities and luxuries. The announcement of that fact constituted front-page news in almost every paper in the country; and the story girdled the globe. Within a year the Association received no less than 6,000 letters, from the six continents and the islands of the Seven Seas, asking it to pass a very capacious hat among the fabulously wealthy for "worthy causes".

More wealth, more spending and a 25 per cent. increase in population have caused the figures to be revised sharply upward. In 1929 This Avenue, as it is intimately known, will spend — according to a reliable estimate — the stupendous sum of $420,000,000, an average of $84,000 a family.

Superlatives and astounding adjectives like "stupendous" have long ceased to have a convincing ring to Americans, but consider: Although it has but one-third of one per cent. of New York City's population, Park Avenue will spend three and two-fifths times more than the city allotted for education in 1928. Numerically insignificant, its population will give to tradesmen an amount equal to one-fifth of the entire nation's expenditure in 1925–26 for elementary and secondary public school education. The Soviet Army (according to English statistics) is the largest in the world, yet it undoubtedly spends less for food, clothing and shelter than the Avenue puts into circulation.

THE average Park Avenue family will spend $37,000 in 1929 for food, clothing and shelter, an aggregate expenditure of $185,000,000; which is as much as 100,000 clerks earn in a year. Amusements, art galleries, music, automobiles, yachts and travel will cost $18,000 a family, or $90,000,000 for the Avenue. An additional $145,000,000 will pay for such exquisitries as perfume, flowers, charity, beauty shops, liquor and débutante daughters.

As for the liquor item, those who ought to know say $15,000,000 is a

reasonable estimate of the bootlegger's bill. That includes the expenditures of the ladies who do their own shopping and shaking. It seems an incredible total, but Park Avenue is an incredible place. At one party there were 500 guests; and among those present were Champagne, Burgundy and Scotch. The Scotch, good, cost $100 a case; the Champagne, $110. The liquor bill for the evening was $5,000.

CRŒSUS'S sixty acres — which we must not at all imply are devoted only to the cultivation of cocktails — begin in the old Murray Hill section where private dwellings are fighting monster office buildings for air, and extend to Ninety-sixth Street where, due to the emergence of the New York Central Railroad, the Avenue's character changes suddenly and amazingly. Within a scant 200 feet, the thoroughfare loses its gilt and acquires a frowzy expression.

The Grand Central Terminal squats on Park Avenue, and the new New York Central building straddles it, permitting vehicular traffic to pass between its giant arch-legs. The Park Avenue that everybody knows begins here and continues north in a sunbeam-straight line. Here are the monoliths, Rolls Royces, lap dogs, carved doorways and triplex apartments which you may rent for a mere $40,000 a year. The monotony of the architecture is relieved by the Ritz Tower which bells skyward, by St. Bartholomew's Church where the Avenue prays and marries, and by relics of the sow's ear age — small brick houses in which are grocery stores, butcher shops, millineries, interior decorating establishments, real estate agencies, a commercial garage and a tire shop which has a swinging sign that screams to the world at large: "Sale on Tires — Cheap."

IN THE matter of aggressive campaigns, or crusades, the Avenue is quite as unrelenting as William Randolph Hearst or Richard *Cœur de Lion;* but it is a Brobdingnagian busying itself with Lilliputian affairs. It is opposed to vents, noise, 'bus lines. Park Avenue has attained a certain status and now its Association wishes to maintain the *status quo.* The trains of the New York Central rumble unceasingly under its feet, and an endless procession of truckless and 'busless motor traffic roars north and south day and night. A block east is Lexington Avenue, with its subway, trolley, shops, dingy traffic; another block east is Third Avenue, the "L", dingier traffic and the masses. Two blocks west is the once unique Fifth Avenue, now commercialistic, teeming, the last of its ducal families waiting for the moving vans and the mansion wreckers. Hemmed in by commerce to which it is a monument, Park Avenue chooses to be the plumed, pearled lady with the beauty spot, pleasing to look at, much to be desired and costly to possess. Its Association has built dykes of opinion and law against the lapping waters of commercialism, and it is busy removing the last blotches of the old era. In the middle of the thoroughfare are the parks which camouflage the railroad's ventilators and give the Avenue its name. The Association has waged a long campaign to force the railroad to close these vents, and success has finally crowned its vigorous efforts.

Half a dozen 'bus companies in the last few years have applied to the

Board of Aldermen for franchises to permit 'bus lines on the Avenue, but the thoroughfare, in this respect, is still virgin. Just before his tragic death, H. Gordon Duval, president of the Park Avenue Association and editor of *The Park Avenue Social Review*, rested his case with this summation:

> If 'busses come to Park Avenue, the same thing will inevitably happen to that section which happened to Fourteenth Street twenty years ago. Beauty of metropolitan life would pass. Park Avenue is the only north and south thoroughfare in the city without trolley cars. And while we hold no brief for wealth or social partisanship, we believe it would be good civic foresight to maintain at least one thoroughfare of an exclusive residential character. Hundreds of families who have achieved fortunes in manufacturing centres maintain residences on Park Avenue, or adjacent streets, occupying them part of the year. Both city and State profit from them to an enormous extent.
>
> The residential and social character of Park Avenue is one of New York's greatest magnets, and to impair that magnetism would be a blow aimed at the prosperity of the city. More than that, the city and State owe it to those who have achieved outstanding success to devote at least one section to them. Everything could have its place — a place to shop and a place to live, a place for a limousine and a place for a 'bus. Traffic already is very heavy on Park Avenue. The vibration is so great, for example, that heavy trains passing make a jumble of radio programmes being received in the apartments along the Avenue.

CERTAINLY on Park Avenue the *ballet mecanique* of modern life remains unappreciated. Attempts have been made to change the city's building code to make arc welding legal in steel construction work, in order to give the harassed citizenry relief from the riveting din that has syncopated life on this fashionable boulevard during the last decade of rapid but raucous progress. A few years ago the owner of a forty horsepower air compressor, which offended the Avenue's tympanic peace, found a deputation, composed of seventeen "vigilants," waiting on him; the next morning the compressor was muffled and night work was stopped entirely. The megaphones and whistles used by apartment house and hotel footmen in calling taxis and other automobiles are the object of another anti-noise crusade. The Association respectfully suggests (diplomatically, because its own clients are the offenders) the use of electric signs to call cabs. The toots, honkings and back-firings which make Paris so unforgettable are not tolerated on Park Avenue.

Even the Metropolitan Opera House is unwelcome. The suggestion that America's first opera company erect a gorgeous home on Park Avenue was considered oafish, for this reason: "The opera house probably would attract contingent businesses in a district at present restricted to high class apartment houses. Moreover, in season there would be disturbing noises and undue commotion."

MR. DUVAL was the paladin of Park Avenue. As editor of *The Social Review*, the only magazine in the world published by, and in the interests of, a street, he waged campaigns, turned rhymes, wrote park bench philosophy in the epigrammatic manner, gave advice to his constituency and passed judgment upon the moralities. The magazine is a non-purchasable monthly, the house organ of the Avenue. Since its first four-page issue in 1924, it has grown to 100 pages, half of which represent luscious, high-class advertising.

The Association collects $26 a year from its Residential Members and $52

a year from some 1,200 merchants whose cash registers play the orchestral half of the concerto, the Avenue's cash playing the solo. The residents get the magazine, the merchants get the residents' address list; it might also be added that the residents get something more — tons of advertising matter in the mails.

THERE is a well-founded suspicion that Park Avenue is just a wee bit conceited. Witness this from *The Park Avenue Social Review:*

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if Park Avenue, together with its residents, were suddenly wiped out?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if the city, the country, the world, were suddenly denied the influences, the causes and the effects, the MENTAL ENERGY, which radiate from it?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if the combined wealth, the organizing genius, the social influences it domiciles, were suddenly to group together and through the agency of some constellate conveyance, depart to another planet?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IS THIS: The country, the ENTIRE WORLD, would be crippled. It would require another generation to rebuild and reorganize the chaotic conditions resulting.

THERE ARE MORE MILLIONAIRES TO THE SQUARE BLOCK ON PARK AVENUE than to the SQUARE MILE of any other residential section in the world. There is at least one single building — ONE APARTMENT HOUSE — on Park Avenue which houses more millionaires than ANY CITY the size of Syracuse upon this civilized, or uncivilized, hemisphere.

INCH BY INCH and foot by foot there is more CREATIVE FORCE on Park Avenue than can be found yard by yard and mile by mile elsewhere in the world.

IF Park Avenue and its residents evaporated, over one thousand of the world's greatest industries would be minus the creative and imaginative genius which brought them into being. If the wives and daughters of these PRINCES OF COMMERCE were to be suddenly "absorbed", over 20 *per centum* of New York's SOCIAL STIMULUS would be negatived.

Park Avenue has become the residential SYMBOL OF AFFLUENCE and WORLDLY SUCCESS. It is the greatest residential thoroughfare in the world. Why is it the greatest residential thoroughfare in the world? Because it is the only reasonably desirable boulevard which has resisted the necessary noise of public vehicular traffic and its attendant evils, because it has managed to harbor the cherished characteristics of residential environment minus the influx of ribald commercialism, and because it has retained its majestic vista of architectural home environments which challenge the comforts of suburban acreage.

It has proven itself an invitation to a large percentage of the MOST FERTILE AND MATERIALLY CONSTRUCTIVE BRAINS of the RICHEST COUNTRY in the world, and these brains have made it their chosen domicile.

EVEN AS GEORGE WASHINGTON BLAZED A TRAIL, EVEN AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN VINDICATED A CAUSE AND AS MOSES SET A STANDARD, SO HAS PARK AVENUE ACHIEVED A STATUS.

It should be added, perhaps, that the upper case belongs to *The Park Avenue Social Review.*

A NEWSPAPER MAN endowed with imagination, who probably died as poor as most of his craft, saw the future grandeur of Park Avenue. It was his misfortune to be born a century ahead of our time because he might have enjoyed the fruits of wealth. In *The New York Mirror* (no relative of the tabloid) of February, 1829, he wrote:

Let us for the moment contemplate this grand avenue of not less than eight miles in length, running in almost a straight line, in a very central, and by far the most desirable, position, and over much of the best ground on the island (Manhattan). We would appeal to the good sense and candor of every man in the community to say if it would not open a door to such a combination of riches, embellishments

and grandeur as might hereafter challenge a comparison with, even if it did not surpass, any other thoroughfare in the world.

Uncanny in the accuracy of its prediction, this paragraph was written to call attention to the Act of Common Council authorizing the opening of Fourth Avenue, the greater part of which now is Park Avenue.

THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago, New York, north of Forty-second Street, was a rocky neighborhood tenanted by squatters who had a precarious existence and depended on goats for a considerable part of their livelihood; few paid rent, because those who owned the land either did not care who occupied it or could not collect anyway. Where Sherry's now stands there was a little shack, the Harlem Railroad Station. Near it was the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, later occupied by Columbia College.

Even half a century ago Park Avenue was nothing but a freight yard fringed with factories. The sow's ear age ended less than a generation ago, when architects and engineers were commissioned to do some beautifying on a huge scale. Park Avenue's face was lifted. The new roadway, now the Avenue, was built over the railroad tracks and, since it had to provide ventilation for the underlying railway, centre parks were planted to cover the ventilators. The thoroughfare's majestic breadth, its vista of foliage, its proximity to the smarter shops and, being newly built, its freedom from stores, made it a realtor's paradise. It was the time when pioneer families were being pushed from their chateaux on Fifth Avenue by the uptown advance of commercialism in the form of retail shops; Park Avenue offered them their one logical residential sanctuary. The mass production of millionaires during and since the war speeded the Avenue's development.

The question is: Will enough millionaires be manufactured to keep pace with the ambitious realtor? The answer hinges on the continuance of American prosperity. The real estate men have staked their fortunes on a "yes" answer.

A 100 x 100 plot on the Avenue today sells for about $2,000,000; on this basis, Park Avenue's present land value is $250,000,000, and its buildings are worth as much, or more. These values have trebled in a decade. With the end of another decade, according to the consensus of expert opinion, the Avenue will be just another congested street, though still brimming with billions. Its population, wealth, purchasing power and property values will double. Forty thousand persons, belonging to 10,000 families, will live in massive apartment houses, most of them a block long, 100 feet deep and twelve to twenty stories high. Those people will have a combined fortune of ten billions of dollars, and they will spend a cool billion a year. Four thousand millionaires or more will live in the giant masses of steel and concrete, and the value of these buildings and the land on which they are set will be one billion dollars.

ON THE Avenue, there are many persons every newspaper reader knows, and many he does not. The "geniuses" of the avenue, struggling or otherwise, wear hand-made boots and occupy ivory towers instead of musty attics. Instead of writing by the light of flickering oil lamps, their

pens and parchment are illuminated by the light from lamps of Lalique of Paris; and in place of the chair made from an old barrel top, their chairs often are identical with those found in St. Cloud during the pompous days of L'Aiglon and his Elder.

Park Avenue virtually commutes across the Atlantic, and that is as costly for the handkerchief-waver as for the jaded commuter. When a steamer like the *Leviathan*, *Majestic* or *Ile de France* sails, she takes out of New York, for every first class passenger, about $100 in *bon voyage* acknowledgments. During the summer season, more than $50,000 a day is spent for baskets, candy, caviar, books, etc. Nor are the dinner and cocktail parties of the night before paid by the caterer or bootlegger.

FROM Park Avenue one might expect to hear tales of fantastic whims, and one does. A lady, not known to the public, who paid an income tax of $760,000 in 1927, lives in a triplex apartment, heavily servanted, that would make Amanullah of Afghanistan leave his kingdom; and on her roof garden she grows scallions and takes care of them herself. Another resident, wanting a garden also, bought for $300,000 the five-story apartment building adjacent to his home, ordered it razed, and now he has a landscaped plot, size 36 x 100.

One man on Park Avenue has a country residence across the bay from which is a favorite clubhouse of his. By motor, over a beautiful roadway, it is 70 minutes distant. But a speed boat can clip the waters in a scant fourteen. Recently, therefore, he purchased six at a nominal $6,000 per boat — one for himself, one each for his wife, son and daughter, and two others for guests.

A PARTY celebrating a young lady's engagement cost her father some $50,000, to wit: An artist took $5,000 to transform dad's hotel suite into a Chinese garden, and the flowers sprinkled around the place cost $15,000; dinner at $25 for 50 guests; $1,800 worth of dance music provided by three orchestras; supper at $5 a plate; $6,000 worth of Broadway stars for midnight entertainment; a five o'clock breakfast at $3.50 a plate; sundry other items such as Chinese waiters and French favors.

The gold braid guard of the palatinate — the footman, doormen, liveried chauffeurs, butlers, French maids and governesses who make the Avenue even more resplendent — is large enough to form the nucleus of an army division. Before its master it bends the knee with an experienced skill that is almost delicate, but for the lackeys of other streets it has only fleering contempt.

Vastly different from anything of which Calabria, Cork, Cambodia or Christmas Island can boast, Park Avenue is one of the phenomena of the American brand of civilization, a glittering world unto itself.

The Temperamental Typist

By R. le Clerc Phillips

Some of the circumstances, voluntary or involuntary, which lessen the business woman's self-respect and doom her to be regarded as "cheap labor"

Not very long ago a friend came to me blazing with indignation. It was a question of money. She wanted more than she could get. And, what was especially annoying, she had been told in categorical terms that she was now too old ever to earn any more than she was receiving. She is thirty-four.

"Think of it!" she cried. "I'm in my prime, with almost ten years' solid experience behind me, and I'm stuck, hopelessly stuck. My career reached its peak when I was twenty-eight, and now I've nothing more to expect than my present salary of $40 a week. They tell me that's all a secretary can get unless she has some absolutely outstanding qualification which no agent or employer seems to think I've got. A Wellesley graduate stuck for life at $40 a week! They don't think of holding down a Yale or Harvard man to $40 a week just because he's thirty-four, do they?" And she concluded by asking why Heaven had laid such heavy curses on women.

The real bitterness of my friend's tones, combined with the character of her complaint, awoke my interest. I questioned her. It appeared that after two years' satisfactory work with her present employer she had asked for an increase of pay, and had been refused. She had left her previous job at a salary of $40 a week, which she had been earning ever since she was twenty-eight. And $40 a week was all that she had been able to earn ever since. Angered by her present employer's refusal to raise her salary, she had gone the round of the better class agents, with results that led to the outburst of distress that I have just recorded.

Moved by curiosity, I began to make inquiries, since my friend insisted that everyone in the employment agencies had told her that her case was a commonplace experience that should be looked upon as all but inevitable. Was this true? I sought an answer from both books and men.

The most striking printed evidence I found in a little book published in 1926 by the National Industrial Conference Board. Its title was *Clerical Salaries in the United States*, and, on inquiry, I was told that it contained the latest available figures relating to the discrepancy in pay as between

men and women in all branches of clerical work in this country. Some of these figures struck me as being so peculiarly significant that all my old doubts concerning the feasibility of "equal pay for equal work" were revived, while the agents' statements concerning the commonplace character of my friend's experience were confirmed. The figures, indeed, go considerably further than to deal solely with that problem that has so long been a rallying-ground for the Feminists. For they establish conclusively that at this moment, in the clerical field, where women are commonly supposed to have proved their worth beyond dispute, female labor is still looked upon as merely cheap labor, all the higher-paid jobs being given to men.

I think that it will not be without interest for me to quote a few of the more striking of these figures. Certainly, they do not make very comfortable reading for women workers, but nothing yet has ever been gained by ignoring facts.

SINCE my inquiries had been provoked by a complaint about salaries in the stenographic field, it is to the figures relating to the group listed as "stenographers" that I turned first. Now, stenography, it must be remembered, is usually supposed to be essentially a woman's field. And so it is. For the investigations carried out by the National Industrial Conference Board proved that extremely few men, relatively speaking, care to enter it. It would seem as if even men themselves admit their inferiority in this calling. But the peculiarity of the Board's figures is this: that in the salary grade of $55 a week and over, there were found to be in the group investigated *only eight women*, while as many as five men were found to have made their way into the same grade. Although superiority in numbers goes to the women, the margin is strangely small for a calling considered to be ideally suited to their capabilities.

Certainly, here was a scrap of evidence that appeared to justify the sense of injury under which my Wellesley friend was laboring. But there were other figures still more discouraging. For example, in a group of workers listed as Chief Clerks, it was found that in the salary grade of $75 a week and over, there were forty men, *but only one woman*. In the grade of $65 to $75, there were sixty-two men, but again *only one woman*. In the grade of $55 to $65, there were 155 men, but *only two women*. But in the grades below $40 a week there were only sixty-two men to no less than sixty-five women.

With regard to the group of workers listed as Bookkeepers, the Board found that thirty-five men were receiving salaries of $60 a week and over. *Only one woman* fell into this salary grade. And in the Cashier group, while forty men were earning salaries of $60 a week and over, again *only one woman* was found to be in this grade.

THERE is no necessity to quote further from these dismal proofs of women's inferiority in economic life, although the Board's book multiplied them tenfold. The fact that these figures are so very recent lends them additional importance. For if they had related to the early years of women's economic emancipation, when women were a more or less negligible factor in the clerical field, they would not be at

all astonishing. But astonishing they are when it is remembered that women clerical workers are now an economic commonplace and that new recruits are flocking into this field in constantly increasing numbers; that the economic independence of women is well under way, and that presumably a reasonable amount of organization has been accomplished by this time; and finally, that the cry of the Feminists for equal pay for equal work has been, and still is, persistent, vociferous, and not a little acrimonious in its tone. Yet, notwithstanding all this, woman's scale of pay, as compared with man's in the same fields of activity, remains inferior, while her chances of rising to a really well paid position are, if the above figures be a reliable indication, all but *nil.*

IT MUST, of course, be borne in mind that the figures I have quoted relate to women workers taken *en masse.* Indeed, it is essential that this point should not be overlooked. For it is incontestable that certain women, as individuals, earn as much as men doing similar work. A woman novelist may, and frequently does, earn as much as a man novelist. A woman movie star may, and frequently does, earn as much as a male movie actor. A woman opera singer may, and frequently does, earn as much as a favorite tenor. But in every case of this kind, the woman's high rating is attributable to some individual and extremely specialized talent, and her financial recompense is graded accordingly. For the shrill scream of "equal pay for equal work" does not reach to those lofty heights where workers are no longer rated *en masse.* It applies only to those fields to which the great majority of us are forced, by our own intellectual and artistic limitations, to confine our activities; that is, the everyday, commonplace commercial and industrial jobs of the world.

HOW is one to explain the almost complete failure of women as a sex to compete successfully with men in those fields in which their presence is now a commonplace? For the same phenomenon of unequal pay for the same job persists in the industrial no less than in the commercial world, and to an even more marked degree in foreign countries than in the United States. Is the phenomenon purely temporary? Does it owe its existence to some strange spite of men against women, as one must suppose if only one-half of the acrimonious vituperation of the Feminists be true? Or is it really the case, as asserted in the well-known *Report of the War Cabinet Committee on Women in Industry,* published by the British Government in 1919, that "a state of affairs that has come down through the ages and is nearly universal must have some origin in nature, however much the effect may have been accentuated by the action of men." In other words, is there some deep-seated and ineradicable cause which renders futile and ridiculous the familiar battle-cry of "equal pay for equal work"?

I believe there is. What I am about to relate illustrates the grounds for my opinion.

Not very long ago another friend of mine, who holds a secretarial position, told me of an incident which had occurred that day in her office. It was trivial to the last degree, but I cannot help thinking that it serves as a straw to show which way the wind is blowing

in the field of women's employment, or at least in offices where women work. "Did you ever hear of such a piece of temperament as this?" she asked in excited tones. "There is a new girl in the office and she objects to the ticking of my tiny little clock which I keep on my desk. She said she couldn't possibly work with that clock ticking all the time. So when I was taking letters she took it away and put it in a drawer. When I came back I asked for it, found it, and put it back on my desk. Well, when I was out again, she put it away for the second time. When I came back I fished it out and put it back on my desk. When I came back from lunch it had gone again. She had put it away for the third time. And we kept putting it away and putting it back all the rest of the day. What d'you think of a girl who starts out to earn her living as a stenographer and can't put up with the ticking of a tiny little clock?"

THE incident is of a piece with the wholesale complaints of employers concerning women's fatal "temperament". Ah, this "temperament" of theirs! How it stands in their way, and how proud some of them are of possessing it! I know women who look upon their inability to get along with their fellows as a special gift from Nature, differentiating them from the rest of mankind and endowing them with some special and mysterious type of superiority. "You see," these women say, "I can't put up with things like that. I have a temperament. It's all right for you; you haven't a spark of it, but I have . . . thank God!"

It is one thing to thank God for the possession of a temperament, but it is another to expect employers to enjoy it. Indeed, the charge of being "temperamental" is one of the gravest that male employers bring against women employees. It crops up again and yet again and it is hidden under half a hundred different forms. One of its favorite guises is a striking lack of anything approaching an impersonal attitude towards anything and everything. The plaints of employers and personnel managers on this score are both biting and piteous, according to their several dispositions. "Why cannot women be impersonal in the office?" they ask. "Why cannot they forget their own personalities for a few hours a day?" I do not know why they cannot, but I am quite certain that the large majority of them do not.

A MAN who, in his long career in the industrial field, boasts of having "fired" thousands of men and women, gave me, when I questioned him, a striking instance of this curious lack of the ability to look at things in an impersonal light which, he asserted, was one of the chief reasons why women were not more generally promoted to high positions in the firms in which they worked. "A few years ago," his story ran, "I had as my assistant a college girl who, in many respects, performed her work remarkably well. But that girl could not look at anything in an impersonal light. Everything was meant for her. That's how she used to put it. 'I suppose that's meant for me,' she was always saying. One day it so happened that she had arranged to go to the theatre in the evening. During the course of the day an order came through that I, as personnel director, would have to put

a night crew on. As my assistant, she was required to stay and help me. Incredible as it may seem, that girl was firmly convinced that the board of directors issued the order for the sole purpose of preventing her from joining her friends at the theatre that evening. I don't pretend that I can explain her line of reasoning; but the fact remains that there was a terrible scene, in which she made this charge against the directors. And I suppose that to this day she continues to believe that the board got together and deliberately thwarted her intention to go to the theatre by thinking up some trumpery scheme to get a night crew on duty." And then he added: "And women complain that men insist on looking on them as nothing better than cheap labor. Well, until they've got rid of their temperaments, that's all they're going to be."

TEARS, temper, "touchiness", and the strange inability to view office and factory life in a more or less objective light, scarcely make for promotion. Temperament may have to be put up with in a *prima donna* or in a movie star. It may be difficult, but it has to be done. It does not have to be done when it is a question of giving the preference for an office job worth, let us say, $65 a week to a man or a woman. The man may be relied upon to look at his work and his environment in a purely impersonal light. The chances are that a woman will have a decided tendency not to do so. A friend of mine was highly amused at a chance encounter with a girl who, some seven years before, had been his private secretary. To his very commonplace inquiry as to how she had been getting along, she said: "Oh, I've been getting along pretty well ever since I left you. But none of my employers has ever understood me as you did, Mr. Blank; and that makes a terrible lot of difference doesn't it?"

Naturally, this vexed question of feminine "temperament" is by no means the whole of the question. But it certainly seems to be a very large part of it, judging by the singular emphasis that employers lay on it. It is a point, too, that, for some reason, the professional Feminists have a tendency to shirk meeting. Indeed, it might be said that they shirk it in the same proportion that male employers seem to be eager to dwell upon it. But there it is; and there it seems likely to remain, so long as many women prefer to thank God for their temperament rather than to try to curb it. And it seems to me that until they do curb it they are doomed to be regarded, in the main, as mere cheap labor.

THIS question of "temperament" is not generally or publicly stressed. It is not discussed as are such handicaps as the inferior physical endurance and strength of women, or the bar to advancement that is created by the existence of such an institution as marriage. "Abolish marriage," an employer remarked in reply to my query, "and you will find that things will be different. No employer is going to spend his capital on developing a high-grade worker who, as soon as she becomes really valuable, leaves him to be married." All this has been repeated *ad nauseam*, as has the charge of women's inferior physical capacity. There is no need to dwell on either of two such familiar aspects of the prob-

lem. But there are one or two others which, like the question of "temperament", are less stressed and less obvious. Reduced to its broadest terms, I think that women's economic inferiority may be ascribed to the fact that, in their hearts, men do not respect them as workers, and women do not respect themselves in this rôle.

I REPEAT: Women do not respect themselves as workers. The very fact that they are willing to accept less than men for the same class of work is proof of it. A woman's attitude in seeking a job is widely different from that of a man. The man is aggressive. The woman is relatively meek. If the prospective employer does not show willingness to give a male applicant the wages he demands, he is likely to be met with the rejoinder: "All right, if I don't get it from you, I'll go somewhere else and get it." And if he is an experienced worker with a clean record, the chances are that he gets his terms. A woman, on the other hand, is ready to bargain; and she is frequently willing to be hired on the employer's terms without even any attempt to bargain. Her very readiness to accept less than a man would take is a tacit admission of inferiority on her part.

Men are commonly asserted to indulge in somewhat too much "softness" in their attitude to women. Certainly their attitude toward female criminals is sometimes scandalous in its leniency. Why, then, should it be supposed that they become monsters of injustice and oppression the moment they find themselves in the rôle of employers of women?

It is possible that, when hiring women workers, men tell themselves that it is easier for women to live on small wages than it is for men. Women have, from time immemorial, been the managers of household budgets. They have a tradition of economy behind them, and when called upon to practise it with some severity, they find ways and means that men know nothing of. They eat less than men; and I suppose that few will deny that even in these days they show nothing remotely approaching the readiness of men to consume the sort of drinks that cost money. A man's amusements, too, are far more expensive than those of a woman. He does not expect a woman to pay for his seat at the theatre or for his dinner in a restaurant. But a woman expects a man to pay for hers.

MEN complain, too, that women do not and will not combine to protect their economic interests in the same way as men. I have heard this inability on the part of women characterized by one male employer as an instance of that excessive individualism on the part of workers which is so trying to the tempers of employers. "Women come to me from time to time and ask me to raise their wages," he remarked. "They come singly, and when I say to them 'What about the other women? Why should I raise your wages without raising theirs?' the reply is always the same. The women say, 'I don't care about the other women. Let them look out for themselves. I'm here to look out for myself.' When men have a grievance about their pay, they get together and combine. How can women expect to be treated with respect as factors in the economic world if they don't treat themselves and one another with respect?"

The question of respect is the crux of the whole matter. Lack of ambition, submissiveness in a degree incompatible with energy and initiative, levity of attitude towards their work, inability to combine to protect their interests, lack of *esprit de corps* — have we not all seen something of this in women workers? They are not deserving of condemnation on account of their inferior physical strength or because the institution of marriage as it is known today makes their tenure on economic life comparatively brief. These things are not their fault. Nature and society are responsible for them. But they have no one to blame but themselves for their excessive proneness to outbursts of temperament, their lack of seriousness, of initiative, and of the ability to protect themselves.

HUXLEY advocated the most extreme intellectual and economic emancipation of women, and then paused to ask what the result of it would be:

> Women will find their place and it will neither be that in which they have been held, nor that to which some of them aspire. Nature's old Salique law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected. The big chests, the massive brains, the vigorous muscles and stout frames of the best men will carry the day whenever it is worth their while to contest the prizes of life with the best women.

These conclusions may seem to be pessimistic; but then the figures and facts of the problem are not precisely reassuring. In any case, they relate solely to women workers taken *en masse*, and not to the individual woman who, through special talent or mere good luck, happens to do well for herself. Women possessed of sufficient individuality seem to have been able to emerge from the crowd, no matter how severe the political and economic handicaps under which their sex labored. And here, perhaps, is the point at which a glimmer of hope shines on the situation. If it is individuality that has been responsible for whatever success women have had in the past, why should it not be the thing that they should count on for success in the future?

I MEAN by this that whenever any girl shows even the faintest sign of possessing at least a taste or aptitude for any particular study, vocation, or task, she should be encouraged to develop it to the uttermost. Possibly the vocation may be of a relatively humble nature. No matter. Possibly, too, it may be of a type difficult to classify as a cut-and-dried career. Again, no matter. Natural aptitude for any kind of task is of more moment than the fact of entering a definitely classified career. So if she loves to dance, let her dance. If she loves to dabble in candy-making, give her the money to experiment with sugar, butter, and nuts. If she is clever at making herself pretty garments, buy her material and send her to a dressmaking school. If she scribbles short stories, give her postage stamps — she will need a lot of them for a considerable time — and, if you are generous, a portable typewriter. Watch her to see what she does well and does with pleasure, no matter how small a thing it be, and then encourage her and train her along that line. It may not lead her to fame and fortune; but at least it is more than probable that she will not find herself doomed to economic servitude at thirty-four.

Anastasia?

By Philip Whitwell Wilson

Is the mysterious young woman lately sheltered by Mrs. Leeds in America the strangely rescued daughter of the late Czar, or a most ingenious impostor?

On the eastern slopes of the Ural Mountains, facing Siberia, there is a city, founded by Peter the Great, that has changed its name. The Bolshevists call it Sverdlovsk. But in memory of the Empress Catherine I it used to be known as Ekaterinburg.

In this city, there is a street called the Vosnesensky Prospect. Here may be seen a mansion, now a museum, that once belonged to a person of property, called Ipatieff. During the spring of 1918, Ipatieff was expelled from his home by the local Soviet and the mansion was known henceforth as "the Place of Special Appointment".

In July, 1918, this house accommodated the Czar Nicholas, the Czarina Alexandra, the Czarevich Alexis, the Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Maria and Anastasia, their nurse Anna, the family physician, Dr. Botkin, and a number of servants, Trupp, Sednev and Chumadurov, with the cook Haritonov, his assistant, the sailor Nagorny who attended the Czarevich, and two others. The members of the entourage were invited by the Soviet authorities to leave the service of the royal family. Anna, Dr. Botkin and about three others remained faithful to the end.

At ten o'clock of July 16, 1918, certain Commissars informed the Czar and his household that they must move immediately out of the suite of five rooms which they were occupying. The house stands on land that falls away to the rear and the back door opens out of the cellar or basement upon a lower street. Outside this door there stood a motor vehicle, with its engine running.

The entire company proceeded downstairs into the cellar, expecting to enter this motor vehicle. Suddenly they were lined against a wall. A brief death warrant was read. They were then shot. Their bodies were removed to a forest and burned. The reigning branch of the Romanoff Dynasty was obliterated, and the place where the house stands is today called the Square of National Vengeance.

On February 17, 1920, nineteen months later, a girl attempted to commit suicide by jumping into the River Spree at Berlin. She was rescued and taken to the Elizabeth Hospital. She refused to give her

address or the reason for her action. On the ground that she was suffering from hysteria, she was removed to the insane asylum at Dalldorf, where she was registered as "Miss Unknown".

In 1922, an inmate by name Frau Peutert was released from the institution. Among the Russian colony she spread the astonishing story that "Miss Unknown", with whom she had lived in the same room for two years, was none other than the Grand Duchess Anastasia. Frau Peutert was very persistent, and at length a descendent of the Baltic nobility, Baron von Kleist, visited the girl, took her into his home and informed the Danish Ambassador, Zahle. Among exiled Russians, including Romanoffs, no little curiosity was aroused.

THE girl fell ill of tuberculosis and was returned to the Elizabeth Hospital. On her discharge, she found that Baron Kleist was no longer willing to be her host, and she vanished. But at the Baron's suggestion, Police Commissioner Gruenberg traced her to the home of Frau Peutert. In his turn, he was so impressed that he took the girl into his own flat, treating her as a member of his family.

Next door to the Police Commissioner, Gruenberg, there lived a masseuse, called Gesella, whose reverence for royalty was deeply stirred by the spectacle of "Miss Unknown". With the assistance of a priest, by name Sonnenschein, Frau Gesella had the girl removed to the fashionable Mommsen Sanitarium in Berlin, where she received gifts and visitors and became a subject of speculation and controversy throughout Europe.

The girl was then befriended by the family of Leuchtenberg, of the House of Beauharnais, which has long been Russian. She stayed at the Château de Seeon, in Bavaria, the seat of Duke George Nicolaievich.

As Princess Xenia of Greece, Mrs. W. B. Leeds is a cousin of the Romanoffs and, therefore, of the Grand Duchess Anastasia. Immense was the interest, then, when it was learned that Mr. W. B. Leeds had invited the unknown girl to cross the Atlantic and had given to the immigration authorities a guarantee that her maintenance would be provided. On February 7, 1928, she arrived at New York on the Berengaria.

THE question that confronts us is, then, simple. Is this girl or is she not the Grand Duchess Anastasia? It is a question that suggests a situation teeming with romantic uncertainties. Whoever she may be, there is no doubt that Miss Unknown is now involved in a maze of worldwide conspiracies, assertions and denials, with every motive invoked, whether of loyalty, jealousy or self interest.

It goes without saying that the claim is ridiculed by the Bolshevists. A Soviet official is quoted as saying: "We consider the matter to be a New Year's joke." With Russia mystical and steadily becoming more conservative, the Russian Republic has no desire to be faced by a daughter of the Czar, raised from the dead.

On this subject, if on no other, the majority of royalties in Europe agree with the Bolshevists. A commission of inquiry, appointed by them, reported to the Dowager Empress Marie that the girl "has nothing in common with the Grand Duchess Anastasia" and must be regarded as an impostor. To a negative verdict, the Grand Duchesses

Xenia and Olga, sisters of the late Czar and aunts of Anastasia, have appended their signatures. So has the late Czarina's sister, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, with other near relatives of the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

There is evidence that great pressure has been brought to bear on Duke George of Leuchtenberg and the Leeds family by the Romanoffs with a view to depriving the girl of support. In both directions it is said that confidence has been "shaken".

On behalf of Mr. Leeds, a statement has been made that the girl merely wanted to "regain her health and to lead the normal life of any normal young woman". He and his wife, the Princess Xenia, were "not trying to get any fortune for her" or "to prove that she is the Grand Duchess".

On the other hand, the claims of this girl are being examined "not as a case but as a cause" by a well known New York lawyer, Mr. E. H. Fallows, whose standing is beyond question, and the person of the claimant is guarded with a vigilance which recalls the precautions that used to be taken to protect the Czars themselves.

HERE, then, is a mystery. It is a mystery on which the public has a right to form an opinion. It is a mystery to be examined strictly on its merits. The royal condemnation of Miss Unknown's claims is a fact not to be ignored. But it is absurd to regard this condemnation as decisive. There may be reasons, financial and dynastic, why the Romanoffs and their relatives desire at all costs to dispose of Anastasia's apparent resurrection from the dead. These exiled royalties are not disinterested. Indeed, they are rivals and partisans and their views must be weighed accordingly.

It has frequently been stated that the Czar had funds invested in Europe. In British banks, these deposits have been estimated by rumor to reach eighty million dollars, and one suggestion is that King George should arbitrate on their distribution. Others hint that the funds are much exaggerated or entirely fictitious. Insurances on the Czar's life are said, moreover, to have been realized. When, indeed, the Grand Duchess Cyril, sister of Queen Marie of Rumania, visited the United States in 1924 as alleged Czarina, it was hinted that she was looking into funds said to be held by banks in this country. Hence, the Grand Duke "Alexander" (presumably, Nicholas), uncle of the Czar, who lives in Paris and is the head of the Romanoffs, does not hesitate to hint that Miss Unknown may be after the money.

ONE reason, it is said, why the Romanoffs hesitate to claim the Czar's fortune, is their reluctance to admit that, at the moment when nobles were exhorted to sacrifice everything to the country, Nicholas was hoarding a nest egg outside Russia.

The late Czarina was a Princess of Hesse. Her brother is the present Grand Duke. To whatever property the Czarina left in Germany, he has a claim. He is bitterly opposed to the girl.

In his case, there is alleged to be an additional reason for hostility. The statement is that the girl mentioned him at once as a visitor to the Czarina in the year 1916. This would have meant that, despite a state of war, the Grand Duke, as a German, and the

Czarina, as a Russian, had held secret conferences, a singularly interesting disclosure for all concerned.

On the Austrian side there were such negotiations. Prince Sixtus of Parma did visit his sister, the Empress Zita, and almost induced Austria-Hungary to conclude a separate peace. To the Grand Duke of Hesse, the disclosure of his alleged intrigue by Miss Unknown was nothing less than "a catastrophe".

It is he who has led the fight against Miss Unknown. How bitter has been the struggle is proved by an incident at his former capital, Darmstadt, where Count von Hardenberg discovered and was attacked by thieves, trying to open the safe in his house, where papers affecting this case were said to be kept.

In allowing for prejudice, we must bear in mind the succession to the Russian throne. Assuming that, as a woman, a Grand Duchess could not succeed, this would not prevent her being the mother of a son who would be Czar. It is easy to understand why, for instance, the Grand Duke Cyril, with his little Court at Gotha thus threatened, did not wait to see the girl before denouncing her as an impostor. Yet his brother, the Grand Duke Andrew, was convinced that Miss Unknown is the genuine Anastasia and said it with emphasis. It is now reported from Nice that the Grand Duke Cyril has at last allowed himself to be convinced in favor of the girl. It is a case where, as things stand, no one's word is to be accepted as gospel, except after a careful analysis of the probabilities.

Whenever an important person dies from a violent cause and under mysterious circumstances, there is a tendency to assume that the victim, like Lord Kitchener who was drowned, still lives. In 1483, the little princes, Edward V and his brother, Richard of York, disappeared in the Tower of London. Perkin Warbeck, a native of Tournay, impersonated Richard, was recognized in France, and actually made civil war in England. Yet he was executed as an impostor, not unjustly. For in the reign of Charles II, the bones of the Princes were discovered in the Tower, near a staircase, and now rest in Westminster Abbey.

The little Dauphin, son of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, who perished on the guillotine, was also, as Louis XVII, long sought and believed to be alive. Yet he was never found and the plain truth must be accepted that, at an early age, he perished. Numerous instances of this kind could be given, and they imply that, in all such cases, a claimant must be refused, as it were, the benefit of the doubt. The claim must be proved.

A more recent case is that of "John Orth", the Austrian Archduke, whose disappearance at sea gave rise to innumerable rumors.

Already, the Romanoffs have provided several pretenders. A young man in Poland, afflicted with hæmophilia, claims to be the Czarevich Alexis. In Odessa, a boy and girl, posing as Alexis and the Grand Duchess Tatiana, were arrested. Simultaneously, a second Tatiana appeared and received gifts from the peasants, including butter and eggs, which were sold at a profit. Is Miss Unknown yet another instance of this kind?

It is here that the attitude of the late Empress Marie requires some ex-

planation. She was, of course, the mother of the Czar and the grandmother, therefore, of Anastasia. For reasons of her own, this venerable lady, nearing her eighties, had refused to accept as certain the statement of her son's death. It may have been pride. It may have been affection. It may have been superstition. But it was also statecraft. Until the titular head of the House of Romanoff admitted that the throne was vacant, all claimants to the throne were in the position of pretenders.

Yet the aged Empress, though affecting to believe that her son, the Czar, was still alive, displayed the utmost skepticism over the alleged Grand Duchess in Berlin. Of course, the survival of such a Grand Duchess would be an added proof that the Czar did not survive.

AN ELUCIDATION of the mystery now surrounding Miss Unknown must be presented in two chapters. First, what happened to this girl before she threw herself into the River Spree? Secondly, what precisely was the impression which she created afterward?

We may clear the ground by dealing here with the cycle of legends in which the heroine was Anastasia's elder sister, Tatiana. In November, 1917, it was asserted that the Grand Duchess Tatiana, disguised by a fictitious marriage with a son of the Court Chamberlain, whose name is given as Count Fredericks, escaped by way of Vladivostok to San Francisco. Indeed, a Russian dancer, Mlle. Ekaterina Galanta, stated in New York that she was offered five hundred dollars a week to proceed to San Francisco and impersonate Tatiana. A variant of this story was that Tatiana cut her hair, dressed as a man and sought to reach England by way of Archangel.

BETWEEN the case of Tatiana and the case of Anastasia, there is this important distinction. Tatiana is always supposed to have eluded the Bolshevists at Tobolsk, or, at any rate, before the Czar was taken on his last journey to Ekaterinberg. Miss Unknown, on the other hand, asserts that she went, not only to the Ipatieff mansion but even into the fatal cellar. She herself disposes of any idea that she escaped from the Bolshevists before the executions took place. With the mansion surrounded by a stockade of wood, such an escape would have been difficult.

At the shootings, which of course occupied only a minute or two of time, Miss Unknown, who, in any event, cannot have been in a position to observe things very closely, says that, according to her recollection, she cried out in pain and fainted. She awoke in a peasant's cart, the bottom of which was strewn with straw. In the cart, there was a soldier of the Red Guard, another young man and an old woman.

The Red Guard gave his name as Tchaikowsky. He said that he had been a member of the firing squad, and when the bodies were taken to the forest to be burned, he noticed that Anastasia was alive. He covered her with burlap and the other soldiers did not notice the little heap on the ground.

For three months, the girl and her rescuer crossed Russia. Her wounds were bathed with water from running streams. The fugitives arrived in Bucharest and went to live in a little house of a gardener, an uncle of the

Red Guard. The girl there succumbed to brain fever and her head was packed in snow. But no doctor was called in.

In Bucharest, she married the Red Guard and bore him a son. They lived by selling emeralds which the girl, following the known practice of the ill-fated Romanoffs, had sewn into her clothes. During a disturbance in Bucharest, the Bolshevists shot the Red Guard in the street. A brother of the Red Guard brought her to Berlin, where in February, 1920, she was penniless and threw herself into the River Spree.

WHEN a story of this kind is told, the first question that arises is whether there is corroboration. Let us see. In the cart, there were an old woman and a young man. Neither has been produced. The Red Guard is dead. His brother, who brought Miss Unknown to Berlin, is also still to be traced. There is no certain knowledge of the baby. There was no doctor. Elaborate inquiries in Europe are said to be proceeding, but whatever be their result the fact will remain that eight years will have elapsed since Miss Unknown attempted suicide without any authentic information on these important points.

It is said that Mrs. Leeds has sent detectives to Rumania to trace the certificate of marriage, if there is one, and the boy, said to have been born. It will be seen whether results are achieved.

With regard to the boy, we have one hint. There is a peasant family, it is said, named Colentin, living near Bucharest. With this family, a baby was left and money was furnished until the mother should return. One day, an elegantly dressed woman, with two men, drove up to the cottage and forcibly took the boy with them. The interesting report does not tell us where the boy was taken, nor are we informed whether his well-dressed captors were friends or foes of Miss Unknown.

Assuming that this boy is the son of Miss Unknown, that she was legally married to Tchaikowsky, and that she is Anastasia, we can understand, perhaps, why there has had to be a certain reticence in handling a situation so delicate. For, in those events, this boy would be — or if now dead, would have been — the Czar of All the Russias, and that Czar would have in his veins the blood of a Red Guard who, actually, was responsible in a measure for the massacre of his mother's family. Also, we can discern a very human reason why Miss Unknown, bred in the exclusive atmosphere of a court, has been so sensitive as to conceal her identity and even to attempt suicide.

STILL, there are points to be explained. We are told by Mr. Gleb E. Botkin, son of Dr. Botkin, the late Czar's physician, that after her husband's death in Bucharest, Miss Unknown went to Berlin in order to get into touch with her royal kith and kin. But in Bucharest itself there was royalty on the throne of Rumania, eager for a restoration of the Czardom in Russia. Queen Marie is Anastasia's first cousin, once removed. She is a sister of the Grand Duchess Cyril. Yet there is no suggestion, apparently, that Miss Unknown made her presence known to the Court.

The girl's narrative, unsupported as it is by testimony other than her own, must be tested then by cross examina-

tion. Let us take first the actual scene in the cellar. The Red Guard said that he belonged to the firing party. Miss Bella Cohen, who spent weeks in Berlin, seeing Miss Unknown and investigating her affair, assumes that she was injured by the bayonet, of which wounds the scars remained. But according to the Soviet report, issued wholly without reference to this case, no Red Guards entered the cellar. The executions were carried out by four Commissars armed with pistols.

It is true that the number of Red Guards was increased from eight to seventeen. But so great was the dread of a rescue that these soldiers were kept at a distance and in ignorance of the killings. We read:

> Even the guards did not know, and for two days more, they changed guards regularly.

The shootings were not announced in the press till July 23, or some days after the White troops had arrived.

Being hysterical in that cellar and lapsing into unconsciousness, Anastasia could not have known for certain whether Red Guards did or did not take part in the scene. But the story of her husband is called in question.

On the executions, we have another witness, Sergius Michaelovich Trufanoff, otherwise Iliador, the "Mad Monk" and former chaplain of the Czar. He states that in March, 1918, he returned to Russia, and was arrested by the Bolshevists. "Stalin and I," he says, "had been theological students together," owing to which old friendship he was allowed to proceed through the fighting between Reds and Whites to Ekaterinburg, where he was admitted as a visitor to the Ipatieff mansion.

Iliador's testimony is, at least, specific. He says that the seventeen Red Guards were stationed a hundred yards from the mansion, but that they heard the shots and the screams. Twelve bodies were removed later on two trucks. A day or two later, all the Red Guards, save one survivor, were barricaded in a hut as barracks, which hut was fired, so burning them to death. The one guard who survived is Iliador's "intimate friend", and he could be "got here with care through Latvia".

By a coincidence, this one Red Guard who survived, carried Anastasia's body from the truck to the place of burning. Also, as the body was stripped, he possessed himself of a medallion, worn by Anastasia and given her by Rasputin. It consists of a token of Jehovah, in mother of pearl, and is suspended in a chain of snake scales.

On the authority of this Red Guard, somewhere in Russia, Iliador asserts that no soldiers entered the cellar during the executions, that Commissars carried out the sentence with their pistols, and that Anastasia was killed by three bullets—one in the head, another above the heart and a third shattering the bones of the jaw.

Iliador's statement is, like Miss Unknown's, unsupported. He has not produced his "intimate friend". The story that the Red Guards were burned alive, is sensational. The reason would be a dread of the advancing White Army and a wish to annihilate all evidence of the grim deed at the Ipatieff mansion.

The executions took place on July 16. Three days later, the White Army, consisting of eighty officers and two

machine guns, arrived and incidentally cut off the head of a statue of Karl Marx which adorns the Square of National Vengeance. The White officers eagerly sought for survivors of the Romanoff family. According to one account, they tore up the floor of the cellar and washed the blood off the cement, distributing the sacred soapsuds to eager ecclesiastics. But they discovered no survivor of the imperial household, whether Anastasia, Tatiana, Alexis or anyone else.

THIS, however, does not disprove Miss Unknown's story. She has always stated that her escape was entirely independent of the White Army, and in an opposite direction. It is arguable that the Red Guard could have restored the girl, then and there, to her friends and that, in going to Rumania, he took the long road instead of the short cut to a haven of royalism. But, regarded as a regicide, he had no reason to suppose that the White Army, with emotions stirred by the massacre at Ekaterinburg, would have welcomed him as a hero. Also, the fact that the Red Army was in precipitous retreat is, so far as it goes, an explanation of the Red Guard's own journey westwards.

There appear to have been two occasions when the forest, where the bodies were burned, was searched by the royalists. The Kolchak army looked over the place but, it is hinted by the Bolshevists, did not actually find the ashes. But at a later date, 1924, General Janin obtained possession of the ashes at Ekaterinburg and brought them to Paris, where they are held in some place, absolutely hidden, a prospective challenge to the rival relics of Lenin in Moscow.

However this may be, the Romanoff report, condemning Miss Unknown, states that in the forest parts of corsets were discovered which indicated that six women had perished. These would be the Czarina, the nurse Anna, and all the four Grand Duchesses. If this evidence be accepted, it is proof of Anastasia's death. But it is subject to the strong prejudice against her developed by the Romanoffs, and it would be interesting to see the actual parts of the corsets, on which the conclusion is based. Amid such débris, the difference between five and six is a fine one.

Summing up on Miss Unknown's story, we may say, then, that it is improbable and not corroborated, but that it is not impossible, still less disproved. We must hold our judgment in suspense.

AT THIS point, the next move lies obviously with the Romanoffs. They deny that Miss Unknown is Anastasia. Then, who is she? Have they been able to prove that she is any one else? Admittedly, they have tried their hardest to produce an alibi. The question is whether they have succeeded.

Mr. Gleb E. Botkin states outright that the story, here following, has been exploded in the German press as "a fraud". If it be true that the opponents of Miss Unknown have had to resort to such tactics in order to discredit her, the point must be given heavily in her favor. But let us see.

In the summer of 1922, it is said, she disappeared for three days from the house of Baron von Kleist where, as we have seen, she was a guest. After three days, she returned wearing different clothes. Seeing a discussion in the newspapers, a certain Dame Wing-

ender, living in Berlin, called on the editor of the *Nachtausgabe* with the clothes, which Baroness von Kleist identified. Dame Wingender also recognized the girl as one who had lodged in her house.

It has been suggested that this evidence disproves Miss Unknown's claim. As it stands, it does not affect it. It is agreed that Miss Unknown concealed her identity. The fact that a landlady did not know who she was is neither here nor there.

THE police were asked, therefore, to search their *dossiers* and seek for somebody corresponding to Miss Unknown. It is admitted, apparently, that they were paid for their trouble and, so encouraged, they produced the very person required. Apparently, they searched their files for a man called Tchaikovsky, the name of the alleged Red Guard. They found such a man, who had recently died a sudden death. It seems that he had been executed as a murderer. His wife was stated to be a Polish woman, called Franziska Schanzkowski, born on December 16, 1896, at Borowellas, Pomerania, and married on January 18, 1919. At her marriage, she changed her religion to the Roman Catholic faith and also her maiden name to Anna Romansky, under which name she was registered on the license.

Over this, there has been a violent controversy. The only correspondence established between the Polish girl and Miss Unknown appears to be handwriting. Such a clue, especially when offered by the police in return for money, is notoriously unreliable. After all, why should Franziska Schanzkowski change her name to Anna Romansky in order to marry a man called Tchaikowsky? It may have happened. But if it did happen, what has it to do with Miss Unknown?

The handling of the affair by the press hardly adds to our confidence. The *Nachtausgabe* began by demonstrating that Miss Unknown was Anastasia. Suddenly, it published articles proving the exact opposite. The *Taglische Rundschau* attributed this change of attitude to a payment of about five thousand dollars, alleged to have been made to the *Nachtausgabe* by the Grand Duke of Hesse, who wished, as we have seen, to discredit Miss Unknown. Libel actions have been started and are being prosecuted, and of two such lawsuits, so Mr. Botkin says, one has been won by an adherent of Miss Unknown, while the other was postponed, month by month, at the instance of the judge, who advocated a settlement out of court to avoid scandal.

Under these circumstances, we take it that the opponents of Miss Unknown do not rely on the story of the Polish peasant girl. But if this be the fact, it means that, despite an expenditure of money in the press and among the police, they have failed wholly to prove that Miss Unknown is any other person than the Grand Duchess Anastasia. Miss Unknown's story of what happened before she attempted suicide is the only story not yet discredited.

WE HAVE now to examine what, if any, proof of definite identification has been produced on her behalf.

Certain friends of Miss Unknown never met the Grand Duchess Anastasia in the former days. Their testimony is thus relevant only to her demeanor. It is incontestable that this

girl, staying for months at a time in the most exclusive and aristocratic homes, has behaved as a highly bred lady of position. The Danish Ambassador, Wahle, the Baron von Kleist, and the Police Commissioner, Gruenberg, were all impressed by her personality. In the summer of 1925, Dr. Joseph F. Kapp, of New York, called on Miss Unknown at Gruenberg's flat, and reported; "If she is an impostor, she certainly is of noble birth and well used to moving in high society."

TAKE next her language. The evidence is that, in the sanitarium, she understood Russian but spoke only a broken German. Apparently her English, which was often used at the Russian Court, was faulty. She said, "If I heard it spoken around me, it would come back to me in a month."

The position today, after Miss Unknown has recuperated, is stated to be that she has a perfect command of Russian, of the classical variety used in society; that she speaks English fluently, only hesitating at times for a word; and that her German is what she would have picked up during her exile. She speaks no Polish. Any idea that this woman is a peasant appears to be directly contrary to the reported facts.

Dr. Kapp, above quoted, when seeing Miss Unknown at Gruenberg's, noticed "two distinct deepenings of the parietal bones of the cranium", one of them "affecting the understanding of words". He added that "the deepenings in the skull were distinctly artefacts and might have been caused by some accident or an act of violence". Moreover, they might explain, he thought, the failure of Miss Unknown to recall her languages.

In the nature of things, these tests could not prove that the girl is Anastasia. But they do demonstrate that her facility of speech is precisely what would have been Anastasia's, had she received and gradually recovered from the treatment from which Anastasia suffered. Indeed, there is direct medical evidence from Professor Rudnef, the girl's physician, that in her delirium she spoke Russian.

WE COME next to the identifications. Countess Zenida Tolstoy was the wife of an officer in the Russian dragoons. To the last, she corresponded with the Imperial family. She has unmasked two pretenders, but says of Miss Unknown that she resembles Tatiana, not Anastasia. There was six years difference between the sisters, Tatiana was the elder, and it would not have been strange if Anastasia had grown to resemble her.

The Crown Princess Cecilie of Prussia had seen Anastasia only many years before, and then only as a plump little girl. She did not commit herself absolutely, but declared, "I am convinced the girl is not an impostor."

The Grand Duchess Olga, as sister of the late Czar, is Anastasia's aunt. What she now says is that Miss Unknown bears no resemblance to Anastasia, whether in looks, voice or personality; that she knows of the Russian Court only "just what is common knowledge"; and that "of all my questions relating to former days, friends or any intimacies, she could not answer one".

Also, we have Dr. Kostritsky, described as the family dental surgeon, who, it is said, examined plaster

casts of Miss Unknown's upper and lower jaws, finding "complete dissimilarity" with Anastasia's. "Comparative analysis of photographs," he reports, "led to the same conclusion".

A Somersetshire woman, Miss H. Eager, who was six years in the Romanoff nursery, said that Miss Unknown was certainly not Anastasia. One had black eyes, the other had blue-grey eyes. One had black hair, the other had light brown hair. One talked Polish and Lithuanian, the other talked English, French and Russian. One blessed herself in the Roman fashion, the other belonged to the Greek Church.

Also, we have the statement that Anastasia refused to see a former Court Lady, Baroness Buhaven; while Pierre Gilliard, who was tutor to the Czarevich for fourteen years, now declares that Miss Unknown offers "an almost flawless impersonation".

In so far as all this evidence is negative, it is not original. It is rebuttal. Take the dentist's testimony. It is agreed that Miss Unknown's jaw has been badly reset and that she has lost teeth. Yet a cast of this jaw, compared with photographs, is held to be proof of dissimilarity. It is the kind of evidence which expert witnesses in the courts offer every day, first on one side, then on the other.

Again, what about Pierre Gilliard? In how many instances has an impersonation, declared in any event to have been "almost flawless", stood the test of years of varied and intensive scrutiny?

With regard to Miss Eager's testimony as quoted, it is directly contrary to Miss Bella Cohen's description of Miss Unknown, which has been that her eyes are deep blue, not black, while her hair, so far from being black, is red brown, which, it may be added, was the exact color of the Czarina's hair at Miss Unknown's age.

Let us turn, then, from the later evidence to the earlier and more authentic impressions of Miss Unknown, on the part of competent witnesses.

Take first the testimony of Pierre Gilliard, the tutor of the Czarevich. He is now a witness for the Grand Duke of Hesse against Miss Unknown. But what was he at the outset? His wife is, we gather, Sascha, who was nurse to Anastasia from her fourth month of babyhood to the Revolution — obviously, a witness of crucial importance.

What follows is based upon the important article contributed by Miss Bella Cohen to *The New York Times* of March 28, 1926. It is an article written after weeks of investigation into the case on the spot, that is, in Berlin. Miss Cohen had access, moreover, to the careful reports made by Wahle, the Danish Ambassador, a trained diplomat who acted under official responsibility.

It was decided to subject Miss Unknown to the severest possible test. Sascha, the nurse, was dressed in fashionable clothes. The Grand Duchess Olga was plainly and even poorly attired. Without warning, they appeared at the girl's bedside. Neither woman spoke. This was what happened:

> The girl in the bed smiled. "Oh, my dear Aunt!" she cried in broken German. The strange woman who had stood behind the Grand Duchess stepped forward. The girl seized the hand of the stranger. "Zhura!" she

cried; "Zhura!" Tears poured down her cheeks and she kissed the hand of the strange woman.

"Zhura" had been a special pet name applied to Sascha by Anastasia alone.

The Grand Duchess reported:

> My head says Anastasia cannot be alive . . . that no one of them could have survived. But my religion tells me to follow my heart. And my heart says she is Anastasia.

To Miss Unknown, the Grand Duchess Olga wrote: "Remember you are no longer alone." The girl was "my little one". Also we have endearments — "I think of you always," "I embrace you," all signed "Olga".

From this testimony, it is obvious, surely, that Olga's sole difficulty was in imagining how Miss Unknown could have escaped — that, over Miss Unknown herself, she had none of the uncertainties which she now asserts.

COMING to evidence based on the girl's memory, we must bear in mind two principles. First, we all are apt to forget, and, in cases where a severe shock has been suffered, it is only after a period of rest that the memory is restored. If, then, Miss Unknown failed to recognize a green stone pendant, shaped like an egg, which in happier days she had worn and then given to the nurse, Sascha, this is not to be set down against her.

Secondly, in estimating the importance of what she did remember, we have to admit that she may have picked up a detail, here and there, from her visitors. On the other hand, few if any of these visitors at that date were persons who had knowledge of the Russian Court on its inside, and the admission even by her opponents that Miss Unknown is wholly sincere in her pretensions, means that consciously she has been no party to collusion or conspiracy.

WHAT, then, has she remembered? She told Olga and Sascha of her two parrots; of the staircase that led from the quarters of the Grand Duchesses to the rooms of their mother, the Czarina; of the custom whereby on Monday morning the daughters used to visit their mother while she was having her hair dressed; of an invalid lady-in-waiting, little known outside the palace, called Balyanova; of a woman, called Belgard, who used to solicit subscriptions for an orphan asylum; of necklaces, known to Olga, which the Grand Duchesses had received on their birthdays; of an occasion on the yacht, *Standart*, when Anastasia walked repeatedly before a sentry to make him salute and even tickled him, being spanked for her naughtiness by her father, the Czar; and of "Schwibzik," a pet name in the family for Olga.

With regard to "Schwibzik", it is alleged that Miss Unknown may have heard it from a lady who learned it from an officer who was sent in 1918 by Olga to Siberia to search for the imperial family. But even this would indicate that "Schwibzik" was so secret a name as to be available as a password.

Miss Unknown recognized Pierre Gilliard, and said, "You have cut your beard off." After all reservations, it must be allowed that, tested by memory, the points tell heavily in her favor.

Finally, we come to the most critical test of all. Are there or are there not characteristics of Miss Unknown's

body which correspond precisely to the known characteristics of the body of the Grand Duchess Anastasia? At the test interview, Miss Unknown at once agreed to an examination by Sascha, Anastasia's personal nurse during the whole of her girlhood. Sascha's report, to which the Grand Duchess Olga is a witness, was in these terms:

> This is the body of Anastasia. I know her body as well as I know my own. Anastasia had a brown mole on her back — her birthmark. That mark is there. Anastasia had flat feet. This girl's feet are flat. They are the same shape as Anastasia's. In addition, Anastasia had a protruding bone on her left foot. That protrusion is still there. Her ears are the same size and shape as Anastasia's. Anastasia's middle finger was slightly crushed in her childhood when a servant caught it in an automobile door. The middle finger is still slightly out of shape. Her hair is darker than Anastasia's, but it still has the same wave.

Every woman knows that, with the passage of years, a certain kind of hair does lose its lightness of color.

In Berlin there was a doctor, Professor Rudnef. He had been a physician in Moscow and, during the Czardom, had been consulted over Anastasia's foot. He had advised against an operation. Professor Rudnef examined Miss Unknown's feet, including the unusual bone, and pronounced them to be the same as Anastasia's. An identification by the strictest of all tests thus yields the most positive results. A birthmark, a bruised finger and a slightly deformed foot, certified by a domestic nurse, who had tended the girl for sixteen years, and confirmed in the case of the foot by a medical man, would seem to offer a proof as unerring almost as finger prints themselves.

Yet the difficulties in this case must be admitted. Of those difficulties, we have a witness, all the more powerful because today he is an advocate on behalf of Miss Unknown. One of the most heroic victims at Ekaterinburg was Dr. Botkin, the Czar's physician. On the arrival of the White Army in that city, his son, Mr. Gleb E. Botkin, hurried to the place and searched for his father, but fruitlessly.

Mr. Botkin lives in New York, and when he heard of Anastasia's alleged appearance in Berlin, his comment was the same as Olga's — it was impossible. Yet on meeting Miss Unknown, he recognized her at once. In the old days, as he remembered, he had amused Anastasia with humorous drawings of animals. They exchanged such recollections.

We have here, therefore, a great improbability, counteracted, as it were, by an apparently overwhelming body of evidence. No one will deny to the Romanoff family and their imperial relatives every right to examine such a case with the most rigid exactitude. But if, in the eye of Omniscience, it be the fact that this bruised and wounded woman is really kith and kin to the imperial exiles, if no other explanation of her existence can be discovered without financial expenditure on the police and the press, there can scarcely fail to be created an unfortunate impression of what used to be admired as chivalry.

Bulls, Bears and Lambs

By One of the Goats

A victim of past bull markets stays stubbornly out of the present turmoil, preferring to speculate not in it but about its nature and effects

For months past the stock market has been winning a place on the front page of my newspaper. It has competed there with post-election scandals, shipwreck, and international crises, and it has held its own. This morning it captures one of the choicest locations, the right hand column, with the story of a six-million share day on the Exchange.

Just how many people were involved in this mad whirl of pitch and toss with the country's business, nobody knows. But I was not one of them. I sit at home on the lid of my check book and have no finger in the pie. I entrench myself in obstinacy born of sad and solemn experience, and stay religiously out of the gleeful parade. It is not a little painful to do so. Everybody is making money and I am by nature not entirely averse to doing likewise. And it looks so easy.

I recall that this is not the first time it has looked easy. I myself have made money out of the market, made it easily and quickly, and lost it in the same way. For the sake of emphasis I lost a little more than I made; not much, but enough to hurt. The experience, as I fundamentally believe was tremendously good for me.

I slid into the market on skids greased by the kind advice of friends who wished me entirely well. I stayed there because I liked it and because it got into my blood and roused the old Adam who loves to bet on horse races. I got out at last because I had to, and I stay out now because it is no proper place for me. I know far more about the market and all its works today than I did when I played a microscopic game inside it, but I also know now that a man whose income runs a neck-and-neck race with his expenses must not run around with the boys of Wall Street. If he does he will lose his shirt, and he has no shirt to spare.

I began my brief financial career in all innocence. The war left me a small legacy of Liberty Bonds of a species highly desirable to people overshadowed by income taxes. They were worth more than I paid for them. On excellent advice I sold them, and my financial adviser picked up another bond for me and gave me the change. In a month or so he reported that he

had sold the bond and here were two hundred dollars, come out of the nowhere into the here, as profit on the transaction.

The next step was stock, a sound stock earning its own keep and liable to grow nicely without watering. I learned to watch its doings from day to day and to make interminable calculations on the backs of envelopes. My eye began to roam hungrily over the stock reports, and in no time at all I thought I knew my way about. I learned to talk the language. And so at last I secretly dismissed my financial adviser and took to my bosom a broker of my own, who taught me that stocks were made to buy and sell, subject to brokers' discounts.

It is on the record that I made quite a little money, in a sense relative to my earning capacity in any line of useful endeavor. But I never had it. It was always roaming around Wall Street, gathering a little moss but never quite ready to come home to its lord and master. I had, indeed, a small fistful of stock certificates, beautiful beyond words and eternally changing their spots, but I never quite laid hold on my money. I didn't particularly need it and I hated to interrupt its ambitious career. And at last the time came when I had not even the stock certificates. I had solved the mystery of the margin, and from then on all I had was an increasing file of reports from my broker and an elegant pipe dream.

And so, of course, a cloud came up one day over my better judgment and I set my teeth firmly into a stock on which I had an inside tip promising fabulous profits. I was moderate enough; believing firmly the stuff would go to 75 or maybe a full century, I was ready to get out at 40 with no more than a 23 point gain. It went up all right. It went up to 39 and stuck. And then it slipped. I refused to believe it, but it kept on slipping. I renewed my faith in it with more margin, but it responded neither to my trust nor my prayers. It just died on me. It went miserably, ignominiously, and with the feeble fluttering of a dying duck, all the way down to the cellar, where they hung it on a hook at 11 and let it go at that. Somewhere on the way I dropped out with a dull sickening thud, and woke up broke.

So that was that.

I wondered then and I wonder now how much company I had in my experience. My friends and business acquaintances by their own report were all notably successful in their small dealings and diddlings with the ticker. They cleaned up on this and they cleaned up on that and they "took their winnings" and "hung on for a long pull" and "made a quick point or two" and so forth, until the air reeked with the odor of prosperity. Most of them, I observe, are still catching the same morning train and punching the same time clock with the same earnest solicitude as though they had no more financial perspicacity than I had. Few of them confess to any substantial losses, and I can only conclude that they are salting away a generous inheritance for their heirs and assigns, who will thereby be able to buy exclusively gilt-edged bonds and live in the lazy lap of luxury.

Somehow I took my own lesson somewhat severely to heart. This, I confess, was not entirely a consequence of intelligent conviction nor

even of the admonition of my better self. As a matter of cold fact I had lost all my loose change, and an increasing family with an increasing appetite has taken good care to leave me none ever since. For exactly the same reason I do not play poker nor buy raffle tickets nor bet on Presidential elections. Even though I should like right well to win and may think I am going to win, I can't afford to lose. But in this, apparently, I am practically alone in the world. I enjoy an undistinguished isolation among my fellowmen, all of whom can and do monkey with the market.

Out of a brief business experience I collect a few representative cases. In the office where I held down a desk were also the boss, two other men, and a stenographer. The boss played the market with some distinction, charm and success, thereby setting us all an insidiously bad example. My confrères in the office were both mixed up in it; one sporadically and as the spirit moved him, the other grimly and determinedly and daily. Since there are no personalities in this picture I can say of the latter that he was a pathetic figure and grows more so. He spent his every spare moment wearing out a pencil on the market reports; he received reams of investment literature; he had daily calls from stock salesmen and brokers' agents; he cut his lunch hour for a daily peep at the Board and ticker. He showed us that he was making a lot of money, and he grew seedier with every advance in his fortunes. At last he lost a decent job as expert accountant and is now no better than a bookkeeper. I have no idea what became of his paper profits, and maybe he hasn't either.

The stenographer was a charming, capable girl, but she read *The Wall Street Iconoclast*. She had saved a few hundred dollars and one day astonished us with the proud declaration that she had bought outright a hundred shares of the low-priced junk which can be found in the gutters of the financial section. She was particularly proud of the fact that she had bought them outright, since someone had told her that a margin is a terrible thing to have around the house. When last seen she still owned them, and was confident that they would soon be up in price again.

The conductor of our morning train is an inveterate bachelor, a poet and a philosopher. He is also an investor. His morning run is over in time for him to get down to the Board, and his afternoon trip begins at four, so he can see the day's market through. For years he has spent practically every business day in a broker's office, playing his small preferences and convictions across the Board. He is still a very good conductor and not a bad poet.

Business takes me regularly out to Michigan, where I travel a familiar train and am known to some of its crew. Here I heard a conductor's story of another color. He and his wife found their life's savings of about three thousand dollars growing a little heavy on their mind and savings accounts. They asked advice and got it, to the effect that they should invest it in a certain stock which was showing good earnings and ready for a rise. It was good advice, though this was not the reason they took it. The stock went up and they were delighted. They saw ahead an old age of peace

and plenty with an endowment created by the magic of modern business. But there came a turn in the tide; not a market somersault which might have alarmed them into asking more advice, but a slight industrial shift which spoiled the earnings of their stock and was the beginning of its downfall. Their particular tragedy lay in the fact that they had been shown how to get into the market but had no idea how or when or why to get out, nor how to shift to safer ground. So their savings are already sadly shrunk, and in grief and anxiety and disappointment they have paid a painful premium on their losses.

THERE are other examples, brighter in tone but indicative of the same wide distribution of the amateur investor. There is the youngster who saved a few hundreds from his college allowance, and actually built them into thousands before he graduated. He is now well on his way to financial independence. There is a group of clerks, bookkeepers, secretaries and minor officers in the employ of a distinguished lawyer, whose practice gives him exceptional opportunities to see which way the wind is blowing. Under his guidance and informal education, every man in that office has made money in the market. There is my young friend whose native and naïve enthusiasms led him to put his savings into an aviation stock when it was young and charming, and who by lots of luck and no management whatever found he had picked a winner.

I went to a broker to ask whether this was merely a personal experience or a general condition. He assured me that there were no longer any social or financial distinctions between investors. "The other day," he said, "a taxi-driver addressed me by name. I asked him how he knew me. He answered that he was a regular client in my office and saw me there often."

So it is clear that the multi-millioned market has every right to a place on the front pages of the newspaper. Everybody is interested in it. More people than ever before have a stake in it, and more yet are trying to get one.

THERE are two problems involved in this new epidemic of the investing and speculative habit. One is the question as to what the newcomers will do to the market; the other concerns a very pressing question as to what the market is liable to do to the newcomers. The two questions, actually, are inextricably tangled together, but at the moment most people are considering the latter as though it stood alone. Will the market break in the near future, and if it does who will pay the bill?

You cannot persuade an expert to answer this question in any fashion that makes sense. Long experience has taught him that an inside prophecy is really no more than a slightly inspired guess, and since he has a reputation to lose by saying too much, he had best protect it by saying as little as possible about futures. In the rarer moments of complete honesty he will admit that one man's analysis, diagnosis or plain guess is probably pretty nearly as good as another's. If so, then we may as well do what we can with the available evidence.

At first sight it seems perfectly obvious that what goes up must come down, that prices cannot advance forever, and that for every winner there

must be an equivalent loser. Yet one does not get far in discussion with people who should know, to find that these things may not necessarily be true at all. I am told on good authority that stocks have been in the past considerably under-priced, and that — leaving out flagrant exceptions — the new levels are not far short of reasonable in relation to present and prospective earnings of American industry. I am assured that stock prices need not recede to the levels of a few years ago or even less, so long as the value of the dollar, the production totals of industry and sundry other economic factors decline to go backwards. I am told that it is at least theoretically possible for every investor to be a winner, though to a steadily declining degree, in the same fashion that it is possible for a business to show increasing profits to a relatively stable maximum. In other words, it is quite on the cards that the stock market is not gone up like a balloon, but is simply catching up on the economic conditions which it is supposed to represent.

If this is true, the ordinary amateur picture of the market as a see-saw alternation between good and bad is all wrong. The market does not have to go down simply because it has gone up.

It may go down for other reasons. I hear a number of my friends saying that on such a date or after the next dividend or at such and such a price, they will drop out. If very many people do so it will wreck the market, but only if there are not enough others ready and willing to buy what they have to sell. And there is more to it than that. People do not, as a rule, get out of the market, to the extent of taking their money away and spending it in riotous or unreasonable living. They take it out of one place and put it into another. They do so already rather readily and easily, which is an obviously large factor in swelling the trading totals which are setting new records every day.

As to what will happen if the market does go into a tail-spin for reasons at present unknown, the experts are in pretty fair agreement. The little fellows are going to get hurt. They will get hurt first and they will get hurt worst, and a lot of them won't know what it is all about. The professional gentlemen will smell a cold breeze before the lambs know that anything is stirring; the experienced investors will be silently retiring on all fronts while the camp followers are still playing around in the danger zone. There will be, they say, no panic in the regular army, panics having been practically abolished by Act of Congress and our business stability, but a lot of amateurs will taste repentance. They will discover that it is easy to jump aboard the band wagon as it forges up hill, but very difficult indeed to get off gracefully and safely as it trundles backward down hill again. And a lot will sit tight until they are thrown off.

But it looks as though, for the present at least, the gods are on the side of the small investor. It is a good market in which he may cut his eye teeth. It may teach him bad habits of counting too heavily on Lady Luck, of expecting something for nothing, of backing his judgment against the run of the cards, and for these one of these days he will probably pay through

the nose. But so far as can be determined there are no dangerous man traps in the present market. If this be prophecy, it is no better nor worse than most market predictions.

Just how the market got this way has also much to do with the small investor. The tribulations of the ticker tape are the consequence of two chief factors: that there are today a tremendously increased number of shares to be bought and sold, and a tremendously increased number of people to buy and sell them. The new customers have the brokers all hot and bothered. A New York house reports that it has recently opened a branch house in far away Brazil and is flooded with business from South America. The American people, as we have noticed, are in the game from one end of the social scale to the other. And in a sense it is true that these new investors have made the present market.

The man of moderate means can work economic and industrial miracles by the disposition he makes of his small surplus of income over necessary expenditure. If he buys a radio with it, radio becomes a very nice business. If he puts it safely in the savings bank, industry feels a faint chill and money grows cheap. If he puts it in the stock market, the market goes crazy.

STRICTLY on the evidence of my own friends and neighbors, I conclude that a lot of people are putting money today into stocks and bonds which they used to put elsewhere. It may be that they have more money, appropriated from our well known prosperity, and can consequently assume new burdens without neglecting old ones, but I don't think this is the whole story. A lot of people are using the stock market as savings bank, as investment, and as a focus for their sense of property, all of which they once preferred to find elsewhere. They show signs of preferring to be shareholders in going business, rather than proud possessors of a fat savings account or of three acres and a cow. Where once they saved to buy real property they now pay instalments to an investment house.

There seems to be nothing fundamentally immoral about this preference. If a man gives up four per cent. and safety for four per cent. and a sporting chance, he may be no less a good citizen. He has a perfect right to decline the attractions of seven per cent. from a building association, if he expects to live his life in an apartment house or be more or less at the mercy of a shifting job. He has a right to count his possessions in stock certificates, if he prefers them to land and buildings and the things that go into them.

THESE sorts of people, products of a new industrial and social habit which has crept up on us unawares, are in the market today in numbers beyond calculation. Their tradings — which by virtue of widespread familiarity with consumer ownerships, employee share-holding, and coöperative movements of all sorts, are reasonably intelligent and foresighted — give the market much of its bulk. Moreover, according to people who should know, they bring with them a fair share of strength and solidity. Margin trading in the present bull market is not considered excessive, and the brokers say that lots of their new customers know actual values and have the means and

abdominal investiture to hang on to a good thing in the face of fluctuations. A safe majority of them are not speculators but investors, who have lately discovered that the stock market is not a private affair.

So American industry, which asked a vote of confidence in the November elections and seems to have got it, gets all the money it needs for business with plenty more where it came from. The bull market shifts hither and yon, finding new favorites and deserting old ones. New industries which are sound and full of promise or profit trail a lot of weaklings in their train, and there are plenty of casualties. But on the whole the thing looks good. The public as a whole thinks so, and the experts — even those of naturally pessimistic disposition — can offer no specific argument to the contrary.

UNDER these circumstances it would seem logical that I should cash in somewhere and join the party. But I don't think so. I'm not that sort of bird. I have a family, a house and a piece of land, and a definitely limited income. These comprise my assets and liabilities, with the latter slightly in the lead. I have no right to take chances, even if they are good chances. I need insurance in all its fifty-seven varieties, I need building and loan savings to nibble at my mortgages, I need a back-log of savings to keep the home fires burning in bad weather. I need all these much more than I need the small income, the big chances and the considerable glamor of a hand in the stock market. So I remain an onlooker, an innocent bystander, a "kibitzer", as they call the man who stands behind your chair at a bridge game and tells you how he would have played it. I look on, and keep my pocket buttoned tightly against temptation.

AND when all else fails I remember that once I was a lamb and was made a goat. The lambs today are grown numerous and find some safety in their numbers; they are more sophisticated than of yore, livelier and harder to catch; their whiskers are wiry and they can take their share of punishment. But when and if a real storm breaks over their heads, they will gamble and gambol no more. They will suddenly discover that in every financial round-up they turn out to be the goats, with nothing left for their nourishment but a lot of waste paper.

The trouble with the stock market, now and always, is that its values are fearfully and wonderfully compounded of things real and things fictitious. Fictions do very nicely when everybody is agreeable to them, but in times of stress there is solid comfort in three acres and a cow or their twentieth century equivalent. Perhaps the lambs know this and are already taking their earnings and their profits and putting them where they will work for them. But by all experience that is not the nature of lambs.

Hoover's First Congress

By Paul D. Hasbrouck

Analysis of the returns of Senators and Representatives in the late election suggests that the new President's strength in the new Congress will be greater than that of his party

What will Herbert Hoover as President do? That in turn depends upon the people he will have to do with. The answer lies largely in the composition of his first Congress.

First Congresses usually set the tone of Administrations. It is significant that in Illinois the first session of the Legislature under a new Administration is known as the "Governor's session," in contrast to the second biennial session, or "members' session". Much the same attitude exists in Congress. The House of Representatives and one-third of the Senate, having been chosen with the new President, show singular deference to his will. His prestige is high. He holds a fresh mandate to represent the nation as a whole. Moreover, for the first two years of his Administration the country almost always gives him the support of a party majority in Congress, whereas such support has often been withdrawn or reduced by subsequent elections.

A favorable House went into office with all of Mr. Hoover's twenty-five elected predecessors except three. In the cases of the three who faced adverse majorities at the outset — Presidents John Adams, Taylor, and Hayes — the same Administration failed to be returned for a second term. It is interesting to note that except for Secession and the withdrawal of Southerners from Congress, Lincoln too would have faced at first a Senate and House in both of which Republicans were a minority. Cleveland did begin his first Administration handicapped by a Senate majority of his political opponents, and went down to defeat before Harrison in the succeeding election. An explanation lies in the fact that usually there are three sessions (including a "special" session) of the Congress elected with a President. But only one session of the following Congress is held before the time of election in the next Presidential year.

It is Mr. Hoover's good fortune to take office under decidedly auspicious circumstances. The Republican strength in both Houses is substantially increased over that in the last Congress. The House of Representatives will comprise 268 Republicans, 166 Democrats, and one Farmer-

Laborite; the Senate 56 Republicans, 39 Democrats, and one Farmer-Laborite. The party margin is not so enormous as that at first accorded either President Wilson or President Harding. Both of those majorities included more than two-thirds of the membership of the House. They could, if united, suspend the rules by a party vote. But Wilson's Congress was chosen under three-party conditions, while Harding's proved decidedly unwieldy.

So far as concerns Congressional personnel, there will be no great change. On the whole, no new deal in Congress corresponds to the change of Executive. Death and withdrawal wrought after their fashion, but the election did not take an unusual toll. The return of 83 per cent. of House members, though somewhat less than in 1926, — when politics was in an exceptionally static condition, — exceeds the percentages in other previous elections. The amount of change is by no means proportionate to the widespread realignments of the Presidential vote. The time is past when, as during Blaine's twenty years in Congress, more than half the House members were almost invariably new men. There will be eleven new Senators; a fairly high proportion of the 35 seats which were filled at the last election, but a small number of changes in relation to the total membership of the Senate.

The officers and Steering Committees of both parties in the Senate return intact to the next Congress, except for Senator Gerry, Democratic Whip, and the Republican leader, Senator Curtis, who as Vice-President will preside over the Senate. Except for Senator McLean, Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, who retired, all chairmen of Senate committees will likewise be present in the new Congress. The terms of half the members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations expired in 1928, but all were reëlected except Reed of Missouri, McLean of Connecticut, and Bayard of Delaware.

In the House the Speaker, Republican party officers, and all members except one of the Steering Committee, were returned to the Seventy-first Congress. The chairmen of 39 of the 46 committees will reappear in the next House. Nineteen out of 22 members of the House Committee on Agriculture were reëlected.

Such new attitude as Congress may assume toward specific legislation, therefore, will result not so much from new membership as from clarification of issues in the campaign. Absence of the ten Senators who will not return after March 4 will have comparatively slight effect upon the legislation regarding which they had committed themselves by their votes. Four of them were counted last May in favor of overriding President Coolidge's veto of the McNary-Haugen bill, for example, while five opposed the passage. There was a similar division of these Senators on the bill for Government operation of Muscle Shoals. All of the nine voting on January 27, 1926, except Reed of Missouri, favored our adherence to the World Court.

Changes resulting from the absence of Senators who formerly opposed Prohibition appear to be more marked. The replacement of Senator "Jim" Reed, not a candidate to succeed

himself, by a "dry" Republican, together with the defeat of Bruce of Maryland by Goldsborough, a "dry", and of such other Eastern "wets" as Bayard of Delaware, Edwards of New Jersey, and Gerry of Rhode Island, marks a distinct loss of "wet" strength. All of the eleven new Senators, except Hebert of Rhode Island, are "dry".

Republican gains were accompanied, too, by the "fading out" of seven Senators who voted for the McMaster Resolution on January 16, 1928. This resolution advocated a downward revision of the tariff. The two Senators voting against the resolution who are to be absent from the next Congress will be replaced by other Republicans, who of course will take a like attitude on the tariff. There will thus be a net gain of probably seven votes in favor of Republican Protection.

But in general the realignment of the Presidential vote did not carry with it the vote of Congressional Districts. The success of Herbert Hoover in carrying five States of the old Southern Confederacy, while phenomenal, was only typical of the degree to which his ticket cut deep inroads into new territory, claiming the allegiance of vast numbers of Democrats. On the other hand, the total number of constituencies which shifted from one party to the other in the election of Representatives in Congress was not large. Of the 435 members elected, only 39 will be of a different party from their predecessors in the Seventieth Congress.

Of the 39 shifts in 1928, nine were of districts which had seemed "committed" to one party. These districts invariably had been Democratic since the present constituencies were formed in 1911. These nine shifts of "regular" districts, compared to the change from one party to another in 1926 of only three such districts, indicate an active new process of party alignment.

But while this large part of the total shifts took place in what had been classed as "pocket" districts, yet it was impossible for the full results of changed conditions to show in a single election. A real accounting of political stewardship is more apt to come in many instances for Senators and Representatives to be elected two years hence. Such may be the case, for example, with respect to Senator Sheppard, sponsor of the Eighteenth Amendment, who may be held to an account in 1930 for his support of Governor Smith. The situation was complicated in 1928 by the fact that Congressional primaries had been held before the Presidential nominees had fully stated the issues of the campaign, and in some instances even before the nominating conventions. Later, in Georgia for example, pledges were circulated by the party organization to hold all nominees to support of the regular Democratic ticket. Southern electoral conditions in many ways were an effective bar to quick political change.

These facts affect Mr. Hoover's relation to Congress. They suggest a possible "era of good feeling" between parties.

In Congress there will be little accuracy of party alignment on most of the problems to be solved. Not only does Mr. Hoover's support exceed the strength of the Republican party

in Congress; it surpasses in many respects the vote which he himself received. Take for example the Arkansan who expressed his attitude as follows:

"I would vote for Hoover, if my vote would elect him President. I want to see Herbert Hoover the next President of the United States."

It is doubtful that he actually did vote a Republican ticket, and the vote of his State stayed traditionally Democratic. But Hoover represented his interests in the main and gained his moral if not his electoral support.

THE one chief subject upon which party division has been sharp, namely the tariff, was obscured by the campaign. It is now too early to tell whether Governor Smith's capitulation on this issue will lastingly bind the Democratic party. But his claim that 85 per cent. of the Democratic candidates for Congress had endorsed his position, tended to take the tariff out of the recent contest. It is interesting to note on the other hand that Senator Simmons of North Carolina, leader of the "Hoover Democrats", declined on this issue to change his party allegiance. As ranking Democratic Senator on the Finance Committee, which frames revenue bills, he adhered publicly to the principle of a "Democratic" tariff.

Even the issue of Republican corruption probably did not greatly affect the party complexion of the new Administration. To be sure, Woodrow Wilson and Viscount Bryce had thought of a party as "the only power that can be relied on to induce the people to inflict by their votes a penalty for misdoing." But in 1928 the Republican theory of party responsibility was that the party itself had applied the punishment, making it unnecessary for the voters to do so. In few sections of the country did voters attach to Mr. Hoover or to Republican candidates for Congress responsibility for the misdeeds of discredited partisans.

THE issue of Prohibition, made clear-cut by Governor Smith, had varying effects upon the Congressional elections. Some districts, which were sufficiently "fluid" or subject to change, ran true to their Presidential preference on this issue. Such was the case in two of the three most changeable, or "feminine", districts in the United States. One of these was the Twenty-fourth of New York, consisting of Yonkers, Mount Vernon, and The Bronx, New York City. This district had a record of electing a Republican Congressman every Presidential year and Democrats in midterm elections. But in 1928 it went contrary to its usual practice and returned a heavy majority for James Fitzpatrick, a Democratic "wet", over Benjamin Fairchild, a "dry" Republican. This result was consistent with its support of Smith. A similar district, the Eighth of New Jersey, comprising parts of Newark and Jersey City, with intervening territory, likewise returned a "wet" Democrat for the first time since 1912 in a Presidential election.

Conversely five districts of Kentucky, which had been regularly Democratic, followed the State into the Republican column mainly in support of the Eighteenth Amendment. An equally purposeful district was the Second of Maryland, which had only once before gone Republican. This

district, comprising three "dry" Northern counties and a section of uptown Baltimore, elected a "dry" Republican to Congress. In Illinois the vote for Hoover carried with it the election of Otis F. Glenn to the United States Senate over an uncompromisingly "wet" issue raised by his Democratic opponent, who was said to have campaigned with a bottle opener as his emblem.

But in many parts of the country the vote on this issue also was confused. Governor Smith carried to victory David I. Walsh, the candidate of the Governor's party for reëlection as Senator from Massachusetts, but the Congressional delegation from that State remained only three Democrats as against thirteen Republicans. Maryland elected a "dry" Republican Senator in line with its electoral vote for Hoover, but the "dry" Eastern Shore returned a Democrat as usual to Congress. Conversely, "wet" Rhode Island, which followed the Smith banner, chose at the same time a Republican Senator and two out of three Republicans to represent it in the House. Confusion on this issue was even greater in the South and some portions of the West.

CLEARER than the verdict of parties is that against extremes on the "wet" and "dry" issue. One cause of complaint against Senator Bruce of Maryland, a defeated "wet", was that he gave too quick currency to talk involving Mr. Hoover in the use of liquor. Two others who made speeches "to the galleries" in furtherance of "dry" and "wet" sentiment respectively in the Sixty-ninth Congress failed for the second time to make good their return. Former Congressman Upshaw was defeated by a less vociferous "dry" in Georgia primary contests, while Colonel John Philip Hill, who waged an unsuccessful primary campaign for the United States Senate in 1926, was defeated in 1928 for his old seat in the House. The elected Baltimore Democrat was a less widely known "wet". The voters seem disposed to take this issue out of politics.

Even with respect to water power, though the Presidential candidates expressed fairly definite views, there is party confusion in Congress. Senator Norris jumped the Republican traces in hopes of Government operation. But at the same time he continued to endorse his Republican colleague, Senator Howell of Nebraska, who was returned in the election.

MANY of these new issues seemed to point to a realignment of the city against the country. But there was no such realignment of the Congressional vote in terms of party.

A new line-up of large city districts against shrunken rural constituencies would have produced an under-representation of city interests because of the failure of Congress to reapportion for seventeen years. Anticipating such an alignment, the writer previous to the 1928 election prepared a list of the dozen districts in which population had increased to over 400,000 by the census of 1920, after which there should have been, but was not, a reapportionment. These districts, averaging more than twice 211,877, — the ratio of the 1911 division, — lay in the cities of Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, and St. Louis, together with the new industrial centres of Akron, Ohio, and Winston-Salem, North Car-

olina. But the election developed no change of party in these swollen districts except in the case of Akron, which turned Republican. Ten Republicans and only two Democrats were elected from these twelve largest constituencies to the new Congress.

On the other hand, four of the dozen country districts in which population had fallen below 160,000 returned Democratic members. (Although Nevada's Congressman at Large has the smallest constituency in the United States, it was not included in this comparison, because the 77,407 inhabitants of that State must continue to have a Representative under any apportionment.) Under-representation of the cities due to the failure of Congress to reapportion thus seems to detract, if anything, from the Republican strength. But on the whole the small rural and large urban districts seem to balance.

Out of the whirligig of politics one fact is clear with respect to the new Congress. Mr. Hoover will have to take careful account of his human materials. He will observe for one thing that the Congress with which he has to deal is only in part the product of his own campaign.

It is as much the result of his rival's conception of leadership. Throughout the contest for President, Governor Smith advanced the theory of "Executive leadership". That was Wilson's theory, and, it may be added, Roosevelt's. Governor Smith fashioned his whole campaign toward such a conduct of the Presidential office. It was he who made the campaign one of personalities and of issues. His plain purpose was to cut across party lines and gain for himself a personal rather than a party following. He pointedly overshot the platform of his party on Prohibition and the tariff. It mattered little in the trend of the campaign that Mr. Hoover plighted his faith in "party government".

That Mr. Hoover will have party strength for party action in Congress, when such action may wisely be taken, is evident. What is not so evident is that Mr. Hoover may logically justify a course of action, when he sees fit, based upon the nature of his opponent's campaign. The make-up of Congress suggests a policy of personal leadership.

This conclusion follows from the slowness with which Congressional Districts aligned themselves on the issues which were determined in the campaign. Because of such party inertia, expediency points to a non-partisan handling of the great problems which await the new Congress. The efficient secret of Mr. Hoover's strength will consist in welcoming support from whatever members, regardless of party, are willing to coöperate because they know that Mr. Hoover's programme embodies the opinions of their "people back home". It is obvious that there would be nothing to gain and much to lose by making Prohibition, for example, a strictly Republican policy.

During the present stage of party development in the South, it seems to be in fact good politics to lose sight of party labels. The chance for a two-party system in Southern States depends for a time upon the willingness of Republican leaders in Washington to make allowance — at least until mid-term elections — for

nominal allegiance to the traditional party of the South.

There is good reason to believe that such a policy of constructive leadership would be personally congenial to Mr. Hoover. In the November issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW attention was called to his method of obtaining legislation from Congress for the Department of Commerce. His disposition always has been to work through qualified individuals and groups. He has chosen this method rather than that of disciplining mass movements.

In the former type of influence we find the actual working of his gospel of coöperation. At St. Louis he outlined a similar relation of the Government toward agents of economic interests. He proposed to encourage active coöperation with "civic associations, chambers of commerce, trade associations, professional associations, labor unions, trade councils, farm organizations, farm coöperatives, and welfare organizations . . . whenever these associations undertake high public purposes."

TO TAKE account of the advantages in personal leadership of the next Congress is not to deny the value of party responsibility. Few persons today would agree with Viscount Bryce, writing in 1888, that party government is "a necessary evil". He himself tempered the phrase, changing it to "an unfortunate necessity" in his last editions of the great commentary on the American Commonwealth.

As a matter of fact, however, strict party government has not been practiced in recent Congresses. Instead, non-partisan legislation, or the adjustment of interests, has been the normal process. Each Congress is organized at the outset on a strictly party basis. But except for "moral" leadership and control of the schedule, party leaders, once established, rarely lay claim to their partisans' votes. Occupying key positions, they are able to sift legislation. By controlling the time, they decide what bills shall occupy the attention of the House. But in recent years the party caucuses have not met to take legislative action. There is scarcely a measure which is decided, in committee, House, or Senate, by a party vote.

It will be neither impolitic nor novel, therefore, for Mr. Hoover to defer his party plan for a season.

MANY observers believe that a new party cleavage is due to appear. With respect to his party's position on new issues between national conventions, the President is first in line of authority. A new alignment might be encouraged, as, for example, between a party of "most government" and one of "least government". At the proper time it may become helpful for Republicans and Democrats to declare their positions on specific legislation. Then caucus action would help chart the party course. If such an occasion arises, there will be enough Republicans in both House and Senate, exclusive of "independents", to make party action possible.

Looking back to his mandate from the 1928 election, however, Mr. Hoover will be less party leader and more representative of the nation as a whole. His party leadership can wait for proper circumstances and a wise cause, looking toward a new partisanship of the future.

The Big Business of Books

By Thomas L. Masson

Are we entering an era of standardized books on standardized topics, written by standardized authors for the delectation of standardized readers?

Many years ago that eminent and versatile psychologist-philosopher, William James, expressed the hope that some method might be created whereby a standard of judgment might be applied successfully to literature. His remarks were highly ingenious, sincere, and indeed quite removed from that ardent spirit of commercialism which we endure today; where groups of "distinguished" literary lights — known in the vernacular as *illuminati* — "get together" once a month and make their selection of the best current book.

We may fancy each one of these great men, during the previous interval, passionately reading night and day in order to cover *all* the books that have been issued during the month. Alas! I dare whisper that such is not the case. There is what may be termed a reading goat, a poor, haunted devil who goes over the books before the committee meets and focusses them all down to — well, say a dozen. I recently met one of these burdened goats. He was picking at the letters on his desk. His wan smile haunts me still. He had to bear the brunt of the publishers, publicity men, and (God help us all!) women, resist their importunities, gather the possible books together, and from them make the best selections for the great moment of decision, when some hitherto unknown author will awake to find herself famous or infamous, as the case may be, but in receipt of a substantial sum. Is this commercialism? Will all those in the audience who think it is please hold up their right hands?

But what a grand idea! Attracting sufficient capital in the beginning, it was spread before our public by an experienced woman advertising writer, and "put over" to the extent that the endorsement of any book by this particular committee guaranteed to the exultant and often obscure author a sale of at least 40,000 copies, including the fame and accumulating profits that follow.

In some cases these profits are enormous, for the sale of the book is not generally restricted to the particular group-organization commending it to their customers, but — like the Irishman's fight — anybody can come

in. If forty thousand people receive on the first of the month a certain book, which duty compels them to read whether they like it or not, they are inevitably bound to praise it.

I remember one notable author who, on the same royalty day in which I got my inconspicuous check, received one for $32,000, this being her share of six months' sales. This particular book, however, had not been put out through any monthly organization, but the foremost members of the largest group had written recommendations for it. It is not unusual for a conspicuous writer to be on the payroll of a publisher. This means that his endorsement of their books is easier than if he were not.

So far as the group is concerned, the 40,000 customers scattered all over the country, as is well known, pay an annual subscription of about $18 a year each for the privilege of having their books selected for them by these eminent experts. In vain some of the leading booksellers protested, intimating broadly in their publicity that, in a land of presumptive liberty, to "be yourself" and "use your own mind" were more in accord with democratic ideals than to be slaves to literary oligarchies, no matter how much candle power they develop. It was no use. Young girls in offices seeking culture, and even men (for the men in offices are not all book dumbbells), came to me and whispered confidentially: "I know I should select my own books, but what time have I to do this?" Here was something in hand; it was a good deal better than nothing.

In its practical application, it will readily be seen that there is no essential difference between buying books in this way and buying a Ford car. It is obvious that if we haven't a car we have to walk, at the peril of life and limb. It is equally obvious that if we have to walk we cannot keep up with the procession. If 39,999 other people — anyone of whom we may meet at any moment — are reading *Dusty Answer* or *Bad Girl* or *Your Money's Worth*, $18 a year is like taking out insurance to cover the confusion which would inevitably follow upon your admission that you had not read such books. This need of literary locomotion, be it observed, has nothing to do with what may be termed your isolated character. Isolated characters never come to the surface; or at any rate not until years after they have passed over.

Therefore, the book-selection idea, so rapidly being multiplied (for there are any number of "groups"), is what publicity men refer to jocularly, and reverently also, as a "whale". The whole business might ultimately be placed under Government control. Thus there would be a Secretary of Books, and Interstate regulation of publishers' profits. These, it must be admitted, are not so large as they might be, due to the unfortunate propensity of the public not to like a book which the publishers have pronounced a world beater. And again there are the high cost of manufacture and the intense competition.

And space. This should not be overlooked, for in a period where everybody is living in as little space as possible, books, to put it plainly, are a nuisance. About the only place to put them is under the bed. And there are 5,800 public libraries, 2,000 col-

lege and university libraries, 2,700 high school libraries, 300 legal, medical and professional libraries, and 1,500 business libraries, an approximate total of 12,300, so that, with certain exceptions, you can generally get your non-fiction books pretty soon after they are issued. And there are 1,677 Carnegie libraries, which I throw in to make good measure.

As for the author's royalty, on a sale of 40,000 books the figures must be approximate, as the percentage varies. Ten per cent. royalty on the sale price of a book by a hitherto unknown author is the usual thing. This may be increased to fifteen per cent. beyond a certain number sold. But in the case of a popular author, royalties are doubled. In some cases the author gets one-half, in other cases even more. The royalty on 40,000 copies of a $2.50 book at twenty per cent. would be $12,000, by itself—especially if the author happens to be an Englishmen, as is often the case, and compelled to "show" himself here — not all clear profit, by any means. I recently attended a standardized publicity luncheon given by the publishers to such a British author, whose book had been "grouped". No one had heard of the poor man before. He was very learned, very dull, and quite bewildered. I happened to know his previous work, having imported it from England a year or so before, and as I was apparently the only one who did, in a moment of inspired affection I asked him to drop in some day and take luncheon with me. He put up his ears and backed off rapidly, and through the fog engendered I heard him mutter: "I am in the hands of my agents." Every popular author is in the hands of an agent.

Let us now return to the studio for a moment and consider calmly what we are driving at. In the first place, what does standardization mean? Just what it says: an established rule. But in these modern days, where there are so many more people than ever before, it is linked up more and more with the modern idea of mass-production. Thus the standardized mind, in its full flower, is one precisely like every other mind, and the presumption is that a standardized literature, united with a standardized method of selling it, will produce the greatest number of standardized minds.

This result is now actually before us. For example, one of the questions most often asked me during a certain period of three months, by those addicted to book clubs, was, "Have you read *Disraeli?*" When I said I had, the women replied *in toto:* "Isn't it wonderful?" The next book (but one) in this particular book list was Elizabeth Bowen's *The Hotel* and so, when, a little later, they began asking me if I had read it and I said I had, they all exclaimed "Isn't it wonderful?" It would be quite easy to prepare a standardized conversation, which in detail could be repeated each month as the book comes out. Now it is fairly certain that once every month all over this fair land, there are at least 40,000 men and women (mostly women) chanting about a certain current book "Isn't it wonderful?"

And yet, so far as the writing of literature is concerned, it must be admitted that only under a process of rigid standardization have its

highest forms been achieved. No man in Greece could become an orator, a poet or a playwright, without a long process of standardization. Shakespeare is only the best of a host of others all of whom were trying to produce the same results. Bobby Jones is merely the highest type of a standardized golf player. To paraphrase my friend Carruth, "Some call it standardization, and others call it form." When the talented author of the first chapter of Genesis remarked that the earth was without form and void, he was saying more than a mouthful. Form is technique, it is the individual mastery of the rules of the game, so that these can be *sunk* in supreme unaccountable moments of inspiration, where for instance you may make a hole in one. Standardization, in the mass-production sense, is the gallery — it is what the gallery-golfers whisper when they see Bobby play: "Isn't he wonderful?" The difference in these respective attitudes may be expressed through the reply made by the artist Turner to a standardized lady who, commenting on his canvas, said that she never had seen a sunset like that before. "No, madam," replied Turner, "and *you* never will."

Personally, I prefer the word "hypnotized". A young woman to whom I had loaned both André Maurois's *Disraeli* and Emil Ludwig's *Goethe*, came back at me with the remark that she "loved" the former but not the latter. "But," I said, "one is by a Frenchman and the other by a German. The standards are different. One is light, the other heavy. One is delightful, the other is fundamental. I enjoyed *Disraeli* more as a diversion, but I got more out of *Goethe* as a basis for reflection." She looked at me with lack-lustre eye. Her mind could not adjust itself to these wide reaches. As we say commercially, she was "sold" to *Disraeli*. Yet if she had gone back to Moneypenny's *Life*, she would have understood it much better.

The curse of this popular hypnosis lies in its superficiality, and it is precisely this surface mass-craving which draws the writer away from his true standardization and form, and compels him to profit by temporary whims, to meet his public with froth. Thus Will Durant with his *Story of Philosophy*, Bruce Barton with his go-getting Christ, Sinclair Lewis with his sexual monster Gantry. To be painstaking and profound and scholarly spells financial ruin. The argument in favor of the froth was presented to me by a friend, a genial bank president, who, resenting my resentment of Will Durant's book, remarked: "But don't you see that it makes the hitherto unknown subject of philosophy interesting to people who have never thought of it before, and leads them to better things?" Does it? Well, well! I am tempted to quote from Emerson (*Spiritual Laws*): "There are not in the world at any one time more than a dozen persons who read and understand Plato — never enough to pay for an edition of his works."

Does my bank president think that in a world such as this is, he will ever have any more time to do any more than to take Will Durant's word for it? The reply made by one of my own boys is apropos. When, upon his return from preparatory school, I suggested that he ought to

read the Bible, he grinned and said: "I went through that long ago!" There are thousands of people who are content with the idea that they know philosophy just because they have read some assembled book like Will's (of whom, personally, I may remark, I am very fond).

YEARS ago Paul Leicester Ford, a conscientious writer of able but limited books, made a bet that he could produce a best seller. In a few months he turned out *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, and proved himself right. Are you reading it now, I wonder; or have you ever heard of it?

Winston Churchill, with malice aforethought, began his career (I think in St. Louis) by renting an office and working on his best sellers, quite properly, like a man of business. He thereupon produced *The Celebrity*, *Richard Carvel*, and *The Crisis*. Have you read them?

I was present at a dinner given to W. D. Howells by George Harvey during the Taft administration, in which the modest Howells was hailed as the "Dean of American Literature". How many "deans" have risen since? Mark Sullivan, in his *Our Times* gives a list of best sellers in the 'nineties, among which are: *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, by Harold Frederic; *Hugh Wynne*, by S. Weir Mitchell; *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen; *Quo Vadis?* by Henryk Sienkiewicz; *When the Sleeper Awakens*, by Herbert G. (later H. G.) Wells; and *The Greater Inclination*, by Edith Wharton.

When Edith Wharton's *House of Mirth* was published in 1905, it was hailed by a chorus of literary critics as an "epoch maker", and Richard Watson Gilder solemnly called it at last the "great American novel". Much the same thing is now being said of her *Children*. It is said by somebody regularly, as Grant Overton recently said it of Fannie Hurst's *A President is Born*. The great need of the publicity hounds and endorsers is for more adjectives. "Epoch-making" was used so much in the 'nineties that it died a lingering and painful death. What indeed can be said about a new book which is destined to have a popularity lasting for several weeks? Nothing.

A LIST of one hundred books of fiction ranking highest in the list of best sellers between 1900 and 1925, compiled by Irving Harlow Hart for *The Publishers' Weekly*, begins chronologically with Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold* (1901) and ends with Harold Bell Wright's *Man with the Iron Door* (1923–24). The list is headed in popularity by Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* (1920–22), and seconded by Hutchinson's *If Winter Comes* (rank sentimentality), both of which are familiar enough, but — have you read them?

If you considered it important enough, as making for culture and essential for understanding the *trend* (as they say) of our literature, how long would it take you to read these loudly heralded one hundred masterpieces, as they came out? They represent roundly a matter of 10,000,000 words. Reading at the rate of 250 words a minute (the average) and one hour a day (which is probably all you could spare from a busy life), it would take you a year and ten months to catch up. Meanwhile, in this interval, you would miss the

best sellers that would be coming out right along since you began. And if you were a book club subscriber, you would lose nearly two years' subscription. Again, you might even see a book by accident which you foolishly liked better than the one you have subscribed for and are in duty bound to read. What then? Let us pause here and pass on discreetly.

But suppose you should meet a friend and breathlessly and hypnotically exclaim, "Oh, have you read *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch?*" This of course is an excellent book; so are the other ninety and nine.

If our literature is so thoroughly commercialized — and I have merely scratched the surface of the vast economic network in which all of us, author and publisher and reader alike, are enveloped — who is guilty? Nobody. Indeed, I doubt if anybody could be convicted. Arnold Bennett in his *Savour of Life* essays frankly declares that he writes for money and as much of it as he can get; and in this sense not only is he right, but there is no evidence to show that either talent or genius has ever been crippled by this base contact. On the contrary. Every great writer, scarcely without exception, has written for money. Shakespeare did it. Dr. Johnson wrote *Rasselas* to pay for his mother's funeral. Alexis de Tocqueville, that acute Frenchman who, long ago, in his *Democracy in America* wrote so many prophetic truths about us, put his finger on our weakness when he said in substance that the American public paid too high for its literary idols and threw them down too quickly. It lies in what we have now come to term "the kick." The author whose work is bizarre enough and audacious enough to give us this kick is the one who draws the highest pay; and is the soonest forgotten. This kick, which we apotheosize so affectionately, is known under a milder term as "something new", or "the latest thing". The elements which stir the rock-ribbed heart of our Demos are few and simple. They consist principally of sex and sentimentality, even when these are thinly concealed under the mask of a cynical indifference. The law of consciousness is absolutely dependent upon contrast and if, just now, Pollyanna seems to be derided and we are told that sentiment is dead and that sophistication rules the roost, it is only to usher in more Pollyanna when the pendulum swings back. We must have our sobs. And even the sophisticates occasionally commit suicide.

As for sex, it is largely a matter of ingenuity, like a new slant in advertising. Thus E. M. Hull managed, with abnormal cleverness, to give us a "kick" out of an original Sheik of the desert. For a frail and fascinating feminine creature, symbol of the modern flapper (with certain accessories), to be crushed and beaten up and generally manhandled by one of these hitherto unexploited chieftains, was indeed a masterpiece. Every lobby girl in the city, and every farmer's daughter in the country, had visions of being thus pounded to a pulp. It was indeed wonderful. Later, when it was discovered that these desert chieftains were mostly fathers and grandfathers of a vast progeny, that their tents consisted of one room (without a bath), and that their sex-appeal was of the same content as,

say, that of a longshoreman, the interest rapidly faded. But the lady author had done her stunt, and the literary clique took off their hats to her, as they have to Elinor Glyn with her wonderful *It* — a masterpiece of publicity.

So it was with Michael Arlen, who — inspired by more inconspicuous precedents — took an even more subtle path and in his *Green Hat* invented the formula that the test of all real art in literature is just how nasty a man can write and conceal it so delicately that only people who pride themselves on their discernment will think they alone know the real meaning. This of course is flattery, and a minor rule in this great game is to flatter the reader as much as possible, by making him think he is the only one who knows.

In all of these elements there is nothing new, except possibly the high art of *salesmanship* — a word which, as a critic of mine observed, has only recently been incorporated into the dictionaries. And this art has been carried to almost incredible displays of talent in the execution. A few years ago one of the most prominent and well off women authors of this country wrote a book. About a week before the date of its publication, she arrived in New York, and engaged a suite of rooms in a smart hotel, sending word to all of the literary editors in town that she had arrived and that they must come to her. I am informed that they all came. Not only did she tell them about her book, but indicated to them in each instance the particular reviewer she had in mind to review it. The result was that when the reviews came out they were all on the front page, and formed a chorus of typographical praise. But, sad to record, the English reviewers were not so kind. One of them had the temerity, in making sundry and somewhat lengthy quotations from her book, to suggest that she did not know how to write English.

This is an extreme instance, due to a commanding personality. But it is the ideal of all publicity agents and authors: to write your book in accordance with the formula for best sellers, to have it praised by distinguished authors like yourself, and far enough in advance so that their blurbs can appear on the jacket, to get your book into a book club, and, finally, to select your own reviewers for front page reviews: this is the literary ideal of this day and this generation.

Palookas and Plutocrats

By Henry W. Clune

A veteran sports writer, who knows his cauliflowers, takes exception to recent praise of Gene Tunney, reviewing the big ballyhoo which raised and wrecked the heavyweight fight business

It's too bad they wouldn't let Gene Tunney have his trip abroad without publicity. He had previously been a party to, if not a director of, the greatest publicity campaign of modern times, if we except the Anti-Saloon League and the World War. The Tunney myth is not the story of a Marine, but the epic of intensive press agenting. The Marine told it to the world and the world believed it.

One night sometime before the Caucasian renaissance of the prize ring which followed Jack Johnson's defeat, a ponderous white man from Boston was led into the ring at Madison Square Garden to face the redoubtable Negro, Joe Jeanette.

In those days prize fights in the State of New York were legal only so long as they were characterized as no-decision boxing exhibitions, and the participants were, as the announcer always advised the spectators, "both members of our club".

As the two men stepped to the center of the ring a boy in the gallery, who had just squeezed into his chair, and who had not yet removed his outer coat, called out so that all in the auditorium heard, "Wait a second, Joe — I just come in!"

Joe Jeanette, going into a clinch with his opponent, looked up at the gallery and grinned. Three or four rounds later, after the inexpert white man had been so battered about the ring that the affair no longer bore any resemblance to a contest, the same voice from the gallery, in great weariness, suggested, "Let's go, Joe — what'da say!"

Five rows back from the press tables the smash of Jeanette's fist into the middle of that big white man from Boston could be heard plainly, sickeningly. A white hulk, mottled with red, toppled into the resin dust with an agonized groan.

They were thirty minutes bringing the white man back to consciousness, and then he didn't believe Jeanette had knocked him out. He thought the roof of the building had fallen in upon him.

As the crowd made its way out of the Garden that night, serious-faced men asked one another in tragic

voices what could be done about this Senegambian dominance of the heavyweight division. Not only was Johnson champion of the world, but here was another Negro, Joe Jeanette, who seemed easily capable of defeating the best white boxers that could be brought forth. The thing had reached the proportions of a racial disaster.

It was at this time that Mr. Tex Rickard came out of the West with a reputation as a promoter gained through his staging of two championship fights in Nevada, and began his elimination contests in the Garden to find a white man worthy of meeting that great black panther from Chicago, Lil' Arthur Johnson, who loved pork chops, bubbling wine, and gay women who drew no color lines. The tournament through which Mr. Rickard planned to develop a "white hope" was similar in many respects to the elimination contests soon to begin in the new Garden to establish a successor to Gene Tunney, except in the cost of seats. Pre-war prices for boxing tickets were reasonable. Mr. Rickard was still a man of the Old West and he hadn't seen the possibility of interesting persons in his fistic entertainments who commonly used three forks at dinner. To a great extent his patrons were men who wore checked suits and led bull terriers in leash. Seconds, in his ring, appeared with suspenders showing over turtle neck sweaters.

During this "white hope" tournament a great, raw boned Kansan, far above six feet in height and weighing 250 pounds, came on to try his luck against Arthur Pelkey, Luther McCarthy, and other contemporary heavyweights. The dollar boys in the gallery, when they first saw him, declared that he was big enough to go to war — but this, a few years later, proved untrue. Jess Willard, like Dempsey, was purely a ring fighter.

He was sluggish afoot, spiritless, without a fighter's heart; but his left arm seemed as long as a vaulting pole and he poked its appendage into the faces and anatomies of his opponents with such success that he gained, in time, official recognition as the "white hope" and was matched with the black champion, Johnson.

The fight was held in Havana for a combination of reasons, the most important of which, from Johnson's view point, was a Mann Act indictment issued against him in the States. Johnson has since said that he lost the fight and forfeited the heavyweight championship because he had been promised immunity and a safe return to his native haunts if he "laid down" and permitted the proud diadem of Fistiana to repose again upon some noble Caucasian brow. Johnson's veracity in these statements has been questioned by some. But the fact does remain, and the photographs have conclusively proved this, that when Johnson lay, supposedly knocked out, in the Havana ring, he had thought to shield his eyes from the blazing Havana sun. His crown — mayhap his honor — gone, he still wished to retain his eyesight.

Willard's title was an empty one during the months that America was engaged in the World War. The public's interest was centered on trench fighters and the mercenaries of the prize ring were temporarily forgotten.

Then peace, a readjustment of values, and Mr. Rickard matched the gargantuan Willard with a pugnacious ex-hobo, who had battled his way through tramp jungles, fought trainmen at water towers, and successfully evaded the draft, Jack Dempsey.

TOLEDO, where the fight was held, was close enough to the large centers of the East and Middle West to attract to this spectacle thousands of men who could afford to pay top prices, and Mr. Rickard put the top up to sixty dollars. Moreover, hundreds of persons paid this price readily and the wealthy seat holders poured into Toledo on special trains on the morning of July 4, 1919, and lunched on thin sandwiches and lukewarm pop along the curb of the city's down town streets. The Secor, the city's chief hostelry at that time, was a virtual madhouse. The restaurants were overrun. Mr. Rickard observed the great influx of humanity and smiled. Prize fighting at last had gotten into the realm of big and important business.

Strange to relate, the only vacant seats were in the cheaper sections, from where one might observe the festivities through field glasses by payment of such conservative sums as ten, fifteen and twenty dollars. Mr. Rickard had expected that the folks of Toledo would hungrily buy up these spaces. But the folks of Toledo were too busy vending souvenirs, food and drink outside of the big bowl to pay to go inside and see the fight. They lacked high devotion to a great cause.

The manner in which Dempsey laid low the man mountain Willard in Toledo convinced Mr. Rickard and other promoters that here at last was a fighter who would give the blood-lusting fans a near murder every time he started. He had that most desirable of all heavyweight attributes, a terrific punch.

He next met Billy Miske, a mediocre fighter, knocked him out in three rounds, and received $55,000 for his effort, or nearly twice the sum he had been paid when he won the world's championship the year before. The Dempsey star was in the ascendant; Bill Brennan, tough old hickory knot, a trial horse for heavyweights for a dozen years, was the next victim, and the following year, in 1921, "The Battle of the Century" was staged.

MR. RICKARD had craftily capitalized on Dempsey's great unpopularity, which resulted from the fact that he and his manager had gone shipyarding during the war rather than soldiering. In France a fair light heavyweight boxer, with a good war record, a front page personality and a press agent, had been winning some fights and considerable acclaim. His name was Georges Carpentier, often called the "Orchid Man".

He came to America, made a whirlwind tour of various centers of population, giving boxing exhibitions and displaying the most ornate dressing gown a boxer had ever worn, until people began to talk about him as a possible contender for the world's heavyweight title. Mr. Rickard didn't attempt to stifle this talk.

The idea took hold. France and the United States were amicable, so far as one could learn from the newspapers. Why not a French war hero as the next champion of the world? Who better, as the gallery boys in-

elegantly put it, to knock the can off the slacker, Jack Dempsey? Hurray! Let the debt to Lafayette be paid in full.

Mr. Rickard made the match only after he was dead certain that the public demanded it. Dempsey, according to the articles of agreement, was to be paid the record sum of $300,000, win, lose or draw, and appearance money to the extent of $200,000 was guaranteed the gorgeous Georges.

So popular had the idea of a French war hero killing an American slacker taken hold of the public's fancy that Mr. Rickard's press agents were required to do little more than sit around and twiddle their thumbs. The sob sister sport writers made everything easy. All the promoter had to do was to build a bowl in Jersey City and train a corps of ushers.

THE French boxer went down on Long Island to train behind a canvas screen in a barbed wire enclosure. Carpentier's handlers excused this unprecedented seclusion on the grounds that they didn't want to disclose the strategy with which their charge was going to defeat Dempsey. A few critics who were not subsidized retorted "Applesauce!" They saw Mr. Rickard's fine hand in the move for seclusion; Mr. Rickard, who wouldn't for the world have "The Battle of the Century" spoiled by the realization on the part of the general public that Georges Carpentier's chance against Dempsey should have been written at longer odds than a Chinaman's.

Carpentier, first in the ring at Jersey City, was given one of the greatest ovations a prize fighter had received since the days of the immortal and immoral John L. Sullivan. He smiled and bowed and clasped his taped hands high above his head in recognition of the stormy plaudits.

A motherly old lady, half way back from the ring, rocked back and forth on her hard seat during this ovation and remarked in pleasurable anticipation, "Yes, I saw Jess Willard bowing and smiling just like that out to Toledo — and look what he got!"

The fight ended in the fourth round. The crowd was muttering ominously about the slacker Dempsey as it left the amphitheater. Some were finding consolation in the fact that Dempsey had been rocked by an uppercut in the second round; without that one blow the spectators couldn't have told their friends that they had even seen a fight.

DEMPSEY went next to Shelby, Mont., to meet Tommy Gibbons in an affair of fifteen rounds that was purely a hippodrome. Dempsey didn't try because he was afraid. The town had gone broke on the fight, due to the Dempsey demands; demands, it is only fair to say, that were heartily agreed to at the time the contracts were signed. Added to the strong anti-Dempsey feeling aroused by the financial disaster precipitated by his demands, the crowd at Shelby was exceedingly hostile to Dempsey because of his "war record".

Jerry the Greek, who climbed from the position of bus boy in a Rochester, N. Y., side arm lunch room to become a Dempsey handler, — and acquire a dinner coat, — said to the writer, after the Shelby bout:

"Jack dassent fight at Shelby. Them bohunks woulda killed him.

So he carries Gibbons fifteen rounds, and tries to give the crowd a show. . . . Where do they get this stuff about the champ being a slacker? Why should he go to war for a lot of them European grease balls?"

MR. RICKARD was hard put to find a suitable opponent for the champion when Dempsey again signified that he was ready to fight. But after a series of rather lucrative elimination bouts Luis Angel Firpo, defined as the "Wild Bull of the Pampas", was selected as his opponent, and this time the Rickard press agents went to work in earnest.

The "Wild Bull" wasn't a subject even to inspire a press agent. Whom had he licked? Furthermore, the war was now a few years over and some folks were beginning to lose their anti-Dempsey feeling and remark that Jack the Giant Killer was the greatest heavyweight since Sullivan.

Nevertheless, the Firpo fight did "catch on", and Mr. Rickard played it up to a magnificent spectacle. It lacked nothing in drama. The only complaints were heard from persons who had accepted long odds bets and believed that they should have collected since Dempsey was out of the ring longer than the count of nine, and a few dozen occupants of $27.50 ringside seats which crumpled under the excitement of the first round.

The Dempsey-Firpo fight broke all records for gate receipts, although in the actual count of spectators it was a few thousand short of the crowd that had witnessed the Carpentier bout. The receipts amounted to $1,177,404, with Dempsey's share $500,000. The spectators had seen less than six minutes of actual combat and yet, with the comparatively few exceptions mentioned, all apparently were satisfied.

A $2,000,000 gate was Mr. Rickard's next goal. His fingers on the pulse of the public, he believed that this could be achieved with a proper opponent for Dempsey and an intensive publicity campaign.

IN SCOUTING for a man to play the juvenile in this performance, and one who would be a good foil for the great talents of the leading man, Mr. Rickard found Tunney, who had gained a reputation as a boxer in a consistent career that dated back to the days when he was light heavyweight champion of the A. E. F.

The Rickard typewriters began to hammer out Tunney; Tunney this and Tunney that. He was a gentleman, an art connoisseur, a *litterateur* — anything, in fact, that would make good copy. Gene Tunney, the man, may be somewhat different from other heavyweights that have attracted public interest, but he was modelled for the title he wore exactly after the pattern of all Rickard-made champions. Without Mr. Rickard, Mr. Tunney might still be fighting for pork chops and laundry money.

The crowd scoffed at Tunney and went out to the Sesqui-Centennial stadium at Philadelphia, two years ago last fall, as the old Romans went to the Arena. They expected a killing, and there was no question in their minds as to who would be killed. Tunney was merely a parlor boxer. He couldn't hit, they said. Humph! Who'd give a fig for a heavyweight who couldn't hit?

Tunney, however, proved the contrary. He hit Dempsey almost at will

during the ten rounds they boxed in that Philadelphia ring. Not that Dempsey was the Dempsey of Toledo, Mr. W. O. McGeehan (who disclaims the prophetic and analytical functions of an expert, except when he becomes very expert on the subject of Tunney) to the contrary; or the Dempsey of the Jersey City affair with Carpentier, or even the scowling aborigine who crashed Firpo to the canvas innumerable times in the Yankee Stadium; but a strong, upstanding, hard hitting young man, nevertheless. A fellow to take a lot of beating.

The crowd was stunned. Only the torrential rain that beat down upon it during the last few rounds of the deadeningly slow bout awakened it to the conscious belief that Dempsey, the man-killer, had been outpointed a mile.

On the way back to town everyone was talking fake. The fight had been in the bag, they said. Mr. Rickard had planned it all carefully; another fight would follow and then, of course, the better man would win and regain his title.

But such reasoning was palpably unsound. No matter what else may be said about Mr. Rickard, he is the most astute purveyor of extravaganzas since the demise of P. T. Barnum. Fifteen years before the Philadelphia fight, the form of entertainment in which he specializes had been outlawed from most first class communities. Through his skill in promotion Mr. Rickard had established the industry of prize fighting on a million dollar basis and lent to it such an air of respectability that some of our best people, men and women alike, had become his ringside patrons.

He could kill all this, and all hope for the industry in the future, with just one crooked fight. Even if he cared to be dishonest, would a man of his sagacity risk such disaster? Undoubtedly Mr. Rickard had heard the parable of the goose that laid the golden egg.

Following his defeat, Dempsey had suddenly become a popular idol — one of the most popular the industry had known. On the other hand the new champion was booed when he was introduced from ringside in the Garden one night.

The second meeting at Chicago between the pair, which once and for all dissipated the theory that the first fight had been dishonest, saw a considerable social register crowd back of the ring. Then there were writers, artists, leaders in the professions and businesses. Many of these were ardent Tunney supporters. The great mass behind them was mostly a Dempsey contingent. They still believed the ex-champion had a punch in either hand, despite the debilitating influence of a limousine, Hollywood, and a remodeled nose.

However, Dempsey had not come back far enough to win, although he had improved considerably since his first appearance against Tunney and once, in that still discussed seventh round, he had the champion in jeopardy. That was quickly over and done with, and Tunney went on to prove his mastery in such a convincing manner that even the long count sticklers did little clamoring for a third meeting.

The Chicago fight reached the high water mark in pugilistic finance. It attracted a larger crowd than had wit-

nessed any sporting event in this country with the exception of the Kentucky Derby. Big business had collaborated with Mr. Rickard in the conduct of the affair, and the patronage had been notably high class.

It was not until Mr. Rickard made his first real effort to sell Tunney to the public without Jack Dempsey as a supporting cast that the pugilistic impresario realized that his new champion was a dud as a gate attraction. Tunney, the crowd admitted, had outboxed and beaten Dempsey in two starts, and the manner in which he had arisen from the floor in the seventh round at Chicago to go on and win convinced many skeptics that he had the heart of a champion as well as a champion's style. But he couldn't hit with that Dempsey explosiveness that the fight crowds had come to desire. His opponents didn't go down with one bludgeon-like swing. He cut them down, inch by inch, with cruel, stabbing lefts and rights, and sometimes the process was long and slow and uninspiring.

"The fellow, Dempsey — now he *could* sock. But this palooka, Tunney — humph!"

The palooka, Tunney, went on to Yale to talk Shakespeare; he read good books, and selected artists, writers and wealthy merchants and industrialists as his boon companions. He had learned to pronounce correctly many words of several syllables. He probably hadn't opened a copy of *The Police Gazette* in years.

These facts all militated against him at the gate. After all your real fight fan doesn't want too many refinements in his game. Cauliflower ears and bashed-in noses are part of the trade. And the fight crowds like showmanship.

Mr. Rickard's latest gesture in the way of bigger and richer gates, Tunney versus Heeney, was the colossal failure of his career. He had a world's champion in one corner and a foreigner in the other. But this international *pièce de résistance* was flat and tasteless. The folks simply wouldn't become excited about it. And before he could do anything more with Tunney, after the Heeney affair, Mr. Tunney left the game that had made him, with an irrevocable promise never to return.

Moreover, in his summary departure, the man who rose from palooka to plutocrat in the short space of half a dozen years, has passed on without leaving a successor at all worthy of his title. The heavyweights who are left are a most uninspiring lot; Sharkey, Roberti, Hansen — have your choice. To bring Dempsey back to face one of these would be a stale anti-climax.

Many men who have gone to the big fights in the past few years mostly for the novelty of the thing and to be able to tell their friends that they were there, have lost their taste for the spectacles.

The regular fight fans won't be satisfied with anything short of another Dempsey, a hitter, a man who can put them down and keep them down. And no one remotely resembling the old Dempsey is visible in the ranks of the present heavy-weights.

In the mean time Mr. Rickard, perhaps merely to keep his hand in, is staging boxing shows with the best seat in the house obtainable for a $5 bill. And they say that his next sporting venture will be dog racing.

The Professor's Part

By Russell F. Speirs

In the prestissimo dance of modern American life, in which "Things are in the saddle," the supreme need is, "With all thy getting, get understanding"

The dance of life in America is altogether too strenuous. It lacks the Greek qualities of beauty, simplicity, restraint. There is something unhealthy about it, as there was about the dance of Saint Vitus. Matthew Arnold, years ago, lamented the sick hurry and the divided aims of the modern world. But the dance goes on, with its crazy and capricious steps; and in a number of thoughtless ways we dissipate the energy that should be used for the achieving of some clearly defined purpose. The soul of man, in this hurried age, is being disintegrated by innumerable distractions. Many of us, lacking a controlling purpose, do not know how to interpret or how to use our experiences. We merely *have* experiences. Experience, supposed to be the greatest teacher, has ceased to be a teacher at all. Chaos is at the centre of our inner life. Amid so much outward complexity, the business of living significantly is indeed difficult. "Things are in the saddle," wrote Emerson, more than half a century ago. Things are still in the saddle, and unless we want to go on riding with no purpose, we must put intelligence there. But the world is so full of a number of things, many of them very alluring, that our task is not an easy one. America today is not unlike an overgrown child, smiling happily in the midst of innumerable toys, though somewhat bewildered by the great number of playthings. Some of us are wondering, will the child ever grow up?

One would think that a university should be one of the places where children grow into maturity. It is, in fact, a place where some do. But what of those who do not? Is it entirely their fault, or must we who teach share the blame? In a great many instances I believe that we must. One of the things essential to significant living is the ability to recognize excellence. In a world of great outer complexity, inner harmony can only be achieved by those who have developed a taste for what is excellent. Part of our task, and a very important part, is to set the student up in his own right and send him into the world, a more independent being than when he came to us. Too often, instead of helping a student to grow, we merely burden him with knowledge, for knowledge *is* a burden to one

who knows not how to profit by it. Let me illustrate.

SINCE I am a teacher of literature, I shall draw my illustration from that field. A teacher of literature has cause to wonder about a great many things. One of these, to me the most amazing of all, is, how can a student who has been exposed to great literature for four years, retain the idea that Edgar Guest is not only a poet but a good poet? Actually, I have been asked by senior majors in literature why I did not include the study of Guest in a course in modern poetry. To one of these inquisitors I once replied: "Reading Edgar Guest's poetry is like ordering hash when turkey is on the menu card." My inquisitor remained bewildered, but probably ceased to wonder about the matter in a very short time. I myself remained bewildered, but did not cease to wonder. I knew, although I found it difficult to retain such a belief, that the student was somewhat intelligent and that he was not generally afflicted with submoronic tendencies. I knew that he could tell me how classicism in literature differs from realism and how realism differs from romanticism. I knew that he could tell me what qualities are present in Wordsworth's poetry. But — I was still wondering — could he appreciate those qualities? Obviously not. Else how could he find anything to praise in the poetry of Edgar Guest? How much had Wordsworth's ideas ever meant to him? Had his understanding of and sympathy with life been increased by the reading of the *Lucy Gray* poems or of *Michael?* Obviously not. Had he ever, figuratively, dropped to his knees in the spirit of worship, having read the poem which contains these lines?

> She lived unknown, and few could know
> When Lucy ceased to be;
> But she is in her grave, and, oh,
> The difference to me!

Or the poem which concludes with the line?

> And never lifted up a single stone.

Obviously not. But why not?

I continued to wonder. Of what value was it to this student to know facts about classicism and romanticism in literature if he could not appreciate the works of the great classicists and romanticists? Obviously, very little value, if any. Of what value to him was any knowledge about literature if his taste remained so undeveloped that he continued to mistake the trashiest of verse for poetry? What a pity, I thought, that a major in literature is able to pass his courses, not without honor, but without profit, burdened with knowledge that will not help him to lead a significant life. "The value of books," says Santayana, "lies in what they help us to become."

THE case I have mentioned is not, in my experience with students, an unusual one. Are such students simply incapable of appreciation, or have they been subjected to the wrong kind of teaching? It would seem that any sensitive nature with the slightest capacity for beauty and for ideas should be able to develop taste and discrimination and to educate himself by the mere unguided reading of great literature. Perhaps the wrong kind of guidance, however, is worse than no guidance at all. Perhaps the person who reads a great play without laboring

under the necessity of marking the point at which the exposition ends, the point at which the falling action begins, the climax, and so forth, finds greater riches in and makes more varied and vital response to such a piece of literature than the person who reads with such a preconceived purpose. The person who is compelled to read with such a purpose begins to believe that the greatest evidence of literary appreciation is the ability to ferret out in a play the words which contain the climax. This we know is untrue, and we do injustice to a student by encouraging him to think that it *is* true.

WHY, then, do we persist in our method? Why do we often spend valuable time in the classroom repeating facts about classicism and romanticism to students who, being able to read, can find those same facts in books from which we ourselves probably obtained them? Or, if we do send our students to such books, for the purpose of finding facts, why do we spend time in the classroom listening to the recitation of facts? Or, if we have assigned a play to be read, why do we devote the classroom hour to the discussion of things that ninety-nine out of one hundred students will never remember or deem worthy of remembering, after graduation — things such as the exposition, the rising action, the falling action, and so forth? Is that the best use we can make of our time?

Apparently our ideal of teaching is to encourage students to know everything and appreciate nothing. The point I am making is this: The knowledge of literature is of no value to a student who cannot appreciate literature. Yet many a teacher of literature who, were he honest with himself, would admit this, continues to emphasize in his teaching the facts of literature. He does this, I believe, either because he lacks faith in himself or because he lacks faith in the student.

IT IS not my purpose to belittle the importance of the technique of literature or of the facts of literature. I am concerned, rather, with the problem of the approach to literature. It is my belief, a belief that has grown out of my experience in teaching, that a teacher, in order to inspire his students with enthusiasm, must first appear in the classroom as a synthesist rather than an analyst. Before the average class, not before a group of specialists, mind you, a teacher is often most successful when he projects himself imaginatively into the author whose work is being considered. Thus projected, he *becomes*, for the time being, the author himself. Imagine, if you can, Shelley speaking about his own poetry. Can you imagine him in a severely analytical mood, taking one of his poems apart, as though it were a dead thing? Hardly. Imagine Ibsen, once again on earth, allowed to speak for one hour about one of his plays to your students of modern drama. Can you imagine him pausing to point out the climax? He, more than likely, would have forgotten the climax, but could hardly have forgotten the implicit truth in the play, or the characters, or some of the particularly felicitous and revealing lines. I can imagine him speaking in such a way that curtains might seem to be drawn from before the students' eyes, revealing new and hitherto unthought of vistas of the beauty of life understood. If you are a teacher, go thou and do likewise.

After the teacher has first inspired enthusiasm, he may then, but not until then, detach himself from the author and, speaking out of the fullness and the richness of his own experience, comment disinterestedly and suggestively about the literary work.

The dance of life in America is in need of restraining and corrective influences. It must be purged by the restraint of disciplined natures; refined by good taste and judgment.

To develop in students a taste for "the things that are more excellent" should be the first concern of teachers. No student should leave a university without knowing something of the art of living significantly. We must encourage students to put aside childish things. To do this, we must first put aside childish methods of teaching. The professor's part is one of importance and responsibility. If he shirks it, he will be sending into our adolescent and go-getting world, more childish go-getters.

Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all. — Mark: x: 44.

On November 6 last, Herbert Hoover was elected to the Presidency of the United States. On August 10, previous, he had lived fifty-four years. In that short span of time he rose from a humble Iowa farm, an orphan at eight, to the most dazzling and powerful position in the world.

There is something in that brief statement which is arresting to thought. As there was said to be a Marshal's baton in the knapsack of every soldier in the armies of Napoleon, so is there for the youth of our day, in this age of opportunity, the same hope to aspire to high leadership.

Does not the secret lie in one word? That word may sometimes have been put to selfish use, but its implication is directly the opposite. To whom go the great rewards of fame and honor? Is it not for those who have been inspired by the wish to serve, — be it one's neighbor or one's country, be it in science or in medicine or in literature, be it in education or the arts, be it in religion or in sport, be it in the discovery of uncharted portions of the earth's surface or in statesmanship, be it relieving the suffering or feeding the hungry, — that the recognition of the world is certain? Only where enormous wealth is wisely distributed or where the victorious soldier binds up the wounds he has inflicted, does the world extend its praise and honor and pay its tribute in well-earned fame.

If the greatest thing in the world is love and devotion to one's family, is not the satisfaction to be found in earning the regard of one's fellows next to the greatest thing in the world?

Affairs of the World

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

Mr. Hoover Abroad

The sneer of Stanley Matthews, half a century ago, "What do we care for 'Abroad'?" comes anew to mind, by way of contraries. We do, of course, care a great deal for Abroad; and Abroad cares a great deal for us. Wherefore it is auspicious of beneficence that we have elected for President a man who is known to the whole world by reputation as much as, and by actual contact probably more than, any other living American. It is also gratifying to observe the tone of friendly confidence and of inspiring anticipation which marks the generality of foreign comments upon Mr. Hoover's election. It is no derogation of his dignity to interpret this as largely due to an assumption that he will in the main continue the policies which have been pursued by President Coolidge with so much honor to America and so much helpfulness to other nations.

Especially gratifying, if I may draw a distinction which is not in the least odious, are the utterances of Latin America following the announcement of Mr. Hoover's extended tour among those countries; than which nothing could be more cordial. Such personal contact is always highly appreciated there, as witness the priceless results of Elihu Root's tour of many years ago; and it will be most timely now, as a seal upon the vindication which President Coolidge's policy has lately received. For only the most purblind prejudice or partisanship could fail to see the success which that policy has achieved, and the national favor which it has won, in Mexico, in Nicaragua, and in Peru and Chili; to go no further afield. Mr. Hoover did not, of course, need any such reflected *kudos* to assure his welcome; but he was abundantly entitled to whatever access of both facility and felicity with which it invested his intercourse with our neighbor peoples.

The President's Plain Talk

In his Armistice Day address President Coolidge made perhaps the wisest and most salutary of all his admirable comments upon America's foreign relations; in witness of which, observe the sources and character of the hostile criticisms which have been passed upon him. Nothing could have been more timely or more profitable than his terse reminder that this country did not purpose — I half wish he had said, did not choose! — to remit debts which are its due merely in order that its debtors may increase their naval and military armaments to a still greater superiority to our own. To paraphrase Patrick Henry once more, If that be Shylockry, make the

most of it! It seems rather in perfect logical accord with Mr. Coolidge's ideal of reciprocity in irenics rather than rivalry in militarism.

As to Hypocrisy

IT WILL not escape notice that President Coolidge's advocacy of the Naval Bill puts him under the ban of an eminent clerical censor, who declares that for America to make a treaty renouncing war and at the same time to increase the defensive strength of its Navy comparably with other Powers, would be "final proof of hypocrisy". He will, however, doubtless endure this indictment with his accustomed fortitude, if for no other reason than that of the distinguished company of putative hypocrites in which it places him. For obviously Cromwell must have been a hypocrite when he bade his Ironsides to trust in God but keep their powder dry. Washington, too, when he quoted with approval the ancient saying that the best assurance of peace is preparedness for war. Lincoln, likewise, when after expressing the fond hope and fervent prayer that the war might speedily end, he added that, nevertheless, if God willed it to continue to the uttermost, "Still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether'." For fear of sacrilege, I hesitate to cite the crowning case, of the Master of old, Who commended the example of the "strong man armed" who kept his house in peace. Was that, too, a "final proof of hypocrisy"?

Still Slacking

THERE was great, and from one point of view justifiable, exultation over the considerable increase of registration and voting in the late election. Great gains were indeed made over the record of 1924. Mr. Hoover received nearly as many popular votes as both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Davis put together, four years before; and Mr. Smith, though overwhelmingly defeated, received nearly as many as Mr. Coolidge got in his great "landslide". Nevertheless the registration in 1928 was only about 63 per cent., and the polling was only about 54 per cent., of the actual number of lawful voters. And the enormous, the altogether unexampled, vote given to Mr. Hoover was after all a minority of the American electorate. The best that we can do, therefore, is to report progress; and to realize that we are still a long way below the standard of universal suffrage that is set and habitually maintained by other nations.

After Jimmu Tenno

NO CONTRAST could easily be more striking than that between the coronation of a Japanese Emperor, such as has just occurred, and the inauguration of an American President, such as is presently to occur. Strange and impossible as the former seems to us, it must be regarded with respect, with sympathy, and even with admiration, as perfectly suited to the genius of the Japanese people, no less in this "Era of Enlightenment" than in the ages long past when the protracted and cryptic ritual was conceived. Nor is it unwelcome to have such ancient rites continued, as relics of immemorial antiquity. We may imagine some of the features to have originated with Jimmu Tenno himself, or at least with the Divine Empress, Jingo. And we may not deny

that it has been largely because of this extreme reverence shown to the Head of the State that Japan has for a thousand years been instinct with a spirit of loyalty to law and to constituted authority such as not many other lands have ever known.

Robert Lansing

THE lament of Wolsey might well have been adapted to himself by Robert Lansing; that he had erred, if at all, in serving his titular chief too faithfully. A man of commanding talents, of flawless integrity, of unwavering loyalty, he should have ranked among the half-dozen most famous of our Foreign Secretaries. But in his will to render high patriotic service in one of the greatest crises of American history, he found himself hampered, thwarted, and finally discredited and discarded through what it is difficult to regard as other than peevish jealousy. He will be recorded in the history of America as one who served his country diligently, expertly and effectively in many important works, and who was not unworthy of high rank on the roster which begins with Jay and bears the names of the younger Adams, and Clay, and Webster, and Marcy, and Fish, and Root, and Hughes, and their compeers.

Capitalism in Russia

MR. STALIN, head of the Communist Internationale and practical Dictator of Soviet Russia, declares that conditions exist for making possible the restoration of Capitalism in that country, and that there is a more solid basis for Capitalism there than for Communism. This, following hard upon Soviet Russia's eagerness to resume intimate economic and other relations with those capitalistic countries which were once denounced as the very abomination of desolation, leads one to wonder if Mr. Stalin has ever reflected that "they enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin". Surely the present spectacle in the last resort of Marxism is calculated to make the author of *Das Kapital* turn resentfully in his grave.

The Woes of Land and Sea

TWO appalling disasters befell the world, remote in place and at the extremes of unlikeness in cause and character. The eruption of Etna was as slow and as inexorable as Fate; the sinking of the Vestris was sudden and, we must believe, quite needless. The one was due to some of those mysterious and unpredictable convulsions of nature which are equally beyond the understanding and the control of man; the other, to the almost incredible failure — I would not use a term more harsh — of the human factor in the equation of human welfare. When the lava flow has ceased and cooled, those whose homes were engulfed by it will rebuild, on those same fatal slopes, hard by the rugged mass of the destroyer. And when hereafter vessels plow the waves at a point far out from the Virginia Capes, seamen and passengers will avert their gaze and sadly murmur, "Someone had blundered."

A Balance of Life and Death

SIGNIFICANT changes are visible in the vital statistics of Great Britain, as in those of most other lands, especially in the balance between life and death. Comparing the period of 1871–80 with the present time, it is found that the birth rate in the thou-

sand has fallen from 35 to 16, or nearly 54.3 per cent. Fortunately, — for otherwise those figures would have meant depopulation, — the death rate also declined, through the efforts of sanitary science, from 21 to 12. That was, however, scarcely 42.9 per cent., so that there was a net loss, in the greater decline of births than of deaths. In 1871–80, deaths were 60 per cent. of the births; now they are 75 per cent. Actuaries studying the situation think that the death rate has now reached the lowest possible figure, and that hereafter it is likely to increase a little. If so, and if the birth rate continues to fall, the outlook will be disquieting.

The Spectator Centenary

It is quite fitting that *The Spectator* — it is almost superfluous to add, of London — should take pride in the distinction of its long roll of contributors, and of the contemporaries with which it has had its varied relationships, and of the events which it has treated with chronicle and comment. It is entitled to the grateful felicitations of all in the world who appreciate great journalism, instinct with rich scholarship, eloquent utterance, lofty ethical standards in all things, and a benevolent disposition toward all mankind. Most of all, however, I am constrained to think of the sum total of its incessant advocacy of good causes, of progress, and of light, and especially of good will between Great Britain and America. Of that, it has been one of the very foremost and most puissant protagonists. One of the truly high lights in the history of journalism was its noble demand for the rule of common sense and peace at the time of the Venezuelan crisis, when a brief ebullition of the traditional "you-be-damned-ness" in England was met with an aggressive exhibition of "shirt-sleeves diplomacy" in America. That was a third of a century ago. Yet to the remembering heart it seems as but yesterday when that triumphant thrill of confidence swept through the two nations at the sound of that clear, strong voice. A spectator it is and has been, viewing the world with the eye of keen penetration and also of balanced judgment and sweet reasonableness; and also itself a spectacle for others to behold with admiration and with noble inspiration.

Prosperous Panama

Panama emulates Suez. Not only has it discredited the pessimists, but also it has outstripped the optimists, with a prosperity far exceeding the most sanguine estimates. The latest report shows another enormous increase in receipts, a large increase in net profits, and also in the number of vessels paying tolls. Yet it is regrettable and worse to note nearly a million tons decrease in the American tonnage passing through the Canal, while there has been an increase of a million and a half in British tonnage, and other increases under the French, Dutch, Norwegian, Japanese and German flags. It is discreditable to us that we do not maintain an increasing primacy in commerce through our own Canal, constructively a part of our own coastal waters. The fault, of course, is not with the Canal, which is even more advantageous to our commerce than was anticipated, but with our commercial system, which seems perversely designed to withdraw our flag from all the Seven Seas.

Save the Countryside

STRUTHERS BURT has an eminent colaborer in England, in his righteous campaign for the redemption of roadsides and other scenery from disfigurement by sordid commercialism. At almost the very time when his inspiring article on the subject was published in this REVIEW, Professor George Macaulay Trevelyan, of Cambridge, was addressing a great public meeting at Leicester for the organization and promotion of a nation-wide movement to "Save the Countryside". He denounced the "blatant ugliness" of the advertising posters and signs, which were multiplying their numbers all over the country, declaring that the proper place for them was in the newspaper and periodical press. A hundred years ago, he said, England was nearly all beautiful. Now it is half beautiful, half ugly. And in another hundred years, at the present rate of spoliation, it will be nearly all ugly. In other countries, too, there are movements to this same laudable end; so that we may hope for something like universal insistence that at least some things of beauty shall be protected and preserved as joys forever.

A Five Power Constitution

CHINA, in a phrase of one of our great national indoor sports, sees America and goes her one — or rather, two — better. The makers of the American Constitution marked a new era in human history when they divided the functions or powers of government into the three coördinate branches — Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary. But Dr. Sun Yat-sen, in the new Constitution which he prepared for China, not only adopted these three but also added two more; the departments of Civil Service Examinations and of Censorship. These were not copied from any other nation, nor were they invented by Dr. Sun; but they were derived from the traditional practices of the Chinese Government itself. Concurrent with these five powers of Government, the people reserve for their own supreme exercise the powers of suffrage, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. Thus one of the oldest nations of the world undertakes the working out of experiments which place it in advance of the newest of its fellows.

For Bee Stings, Wasp Stings!

ONE of the proverbial long felt — and very sharply felt — wants promises to be supplied through researches in the science of *Hymenopterology*. It was some time ago ascertained that the poison of a bee sting is acid, in contrast to the honey which the insect gathers; thus confirming the practical wisdom of the old prescription of ammonia as a cure. Now it is found that the poison of the wasp is strongly alkaline; though it does not appear that lemon juice has yet been proposed as a remedy for its sting. Something far more radical is, however, obviously suggested, in view of the neutralizing effect of acids upon alkalies and *vice versa*. That is, that when one is stung by a bee, he should immediately apply the business end of a wasp to the wound; and when punctured by a wasp, should similarly seek relief from a somewhat irritated bee! Why not? As Dr. Holmes reminded us, "Logic is logic."

Figuring Us Out

By Percival White

A statistical survey of America's shifting modes and morals, in which startling figures throw into sharper perspective the confusing panorama of modern life

Someone has said that morals are geographic. Equally certain, they are chronic. To a considerable extent, they are temporary. What was immoral yesterday may be moral today. In 1900, Uncle Sam collected a revenue of $331,010.66 on playing cards. A purpose of this tax was to crush a practice upon which conservative people at that time looked askance. But legislation does not seem to work that way — in America. Last year, Uncle Sam's playing card revenue was $4,213,414.03, or thirteen times as much as before. But the vice is unabated. Indeed, card playing is not a vice any longer. Our morals have changed, that is all.

In Centennial days, rum drinking was neither illegal nor immoral. Today, it is not only illegal but, in the minds of at least some people, immoral. And so it goes.

There is, of course, fundamental morality, in the sense of virtue, duty, and right, which changes but little. But morals, in the primary and original sense of the word, shift like the sands of the Sahara. Perhaps it is not too fine a distinction to say that Americans are becoming more ethical, though less moral. What morals we are developing seem to have a scientific, rather than a religious, foundation.

When religious leaders were the moulders of belief, as they were a generation or two ago, birth control was considered wicked. A declining birth rate was the sure sign of decadence. France was held up as the horrible example. But now, and for many years, the birth rate in the United States has been falling off. In the year 1915, there were 25 births to the thousand of population. Ten years later, the number had fallen to 22.6 a thousand. (These figures are for the so-called "registration area", but are probably not far out of line for the entire country.)

One might suppose that the declining birth rate was due to a declining marriage rate. It is true that the marriage rate has fallen off since 1923, at which time it was 11 to the thousand of population. Prior to that time, however, it had increased steadily. It was only 9.3 in 1900. Despite its recent decline, marriage is more prevalent than it was in the last century.

People marry earlier than they did then. In 1910, fifty per cent. of the women of the country under twenty-five were married. But for the last census period, the number was fifty-two per cent. In 1910, twenty-four per cent. of the men under twenty-five were married. In the last census, the number had increased to twenty-eight per cent. It may be, of course, that earlier marriage is promoted by the wider adoption of methods of birth control.

REFORMERS are doing their best to stem the tide of what they consider to be immorality. In desperation, they have built many barriers. They have raised the marriageable age, for instance (the age below which a marriage may not be contracted, even with the consent of the parents). In States where common law marriages at the age of 12 for girls and 14 for boys are permitted, new statutes are rapidly being enacted. In Pennsylvania, the statutory age has been raised from 12 to 15, in New York, from 12 to 14, in Minnesota, from 15 to 16, and so on.

It would appear that law breakers can destroy as rapidly as law makers can build. This raising of the age of consent is aimed primarily at illegitimacy. Illegitimate births occur most frequently among the younger mothers. According to the last records available, there were 11,000 illegitimate children born in the "registration area" to mothers between the ages of 15 and 19, inclusive, as against only 7,000 to mothers of 20 to 24, this being the next largest group.

For 1923, the number of prisoners who had been incarcerated for rape was one-third greater than it was in 1910. The number of illegitimate births for every thousand of total births, among the white population, has grown steadily, from 11.7 in 1918 to 14.4 for 1924. The last figure was as high as that for the war period. The increase in illegitimacy, despite a tremendous gain in the sale of contraceptives, seems to betoken a decided shifting of moral emphasis.

Among the colored population, although illegitimacy is far commoner, its increase is less rapid than among the whites. The rate to the 1,000 births to colored mothers was 110 in 1918, and increased to 127 in 1921. Since that time, it has been dropping steadily.

THERE has been a great increase in the number of youthful delinquents in institutions. In spite of the increase in illegitimacy among younger people, most youthful delinquents are detained for offenses of a non-sexual nature, principally for stealing. In 1890, for every 100,000 of population, there were 100 persons who had been committed to institutions for juvenile delinquents. The same figure held for 1890. But in 1904, the figure jumped to 125, and has held at this level ever since.

Among adults, lawlessness is widespread. The National Automobile Dealers' Association reports that, in 1918, 21 per cent. of the cars stolen were not recovered. In 1926, this percentage was cut in half. But there were only 27,000 cars stolen in 1918, as against 95,000 in 1926. Thus it is apparent that thievery of automobiles has grown very rapidly, regardless of the fact that there has been increasing success in recovering stolen machines.

In 1923, there were 83 per cent.

more commitments of prisoners on charges of robbery than there were in 1910 (to the thousand of population). For homicide, the increase was 16 per cent. Yet it is noteworthy that the prison population has noticeably diminished. In 1880, it amounted to 119 to the 100,000 population, in 1910, to 108, and in 1923, to 95. Possibly there are more criminals at large nowadays. There are not half so many gamblers serving time as there were ten or fifteen years ago. But there are more dice sold than ever before.

* * * * *

AMERICANS are self-indulgent. They smoke about $2,000,000,000 worth of tobacco products every year. According to Tobacco Merchants' Association of the United States, the production of cigarettes, not including the so-called "large cigarettes", was somewhat over 82,000,000,000 for the year 1925. Recently, the increase in cigarette production has been extremely rapid, as compared with the earlier years of the century. In 1900, 3,000,000,000 cigarettes, not including the large size, were manufactured. This figure actually fell off in 1901 and 1902. Since then, there has been an increase of over 10 per cent. every year. At the present time, the yearly production on cigarettes is probably close to 100,000,000,000.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union states that the average age at which the cigarette habit is formed has fallen from twenty years to eleven years, and that there are 2,700 new users of the weed every day. The proportion of women smokers in this figure is not given, but it is probably large.

The same organization is authority for the statement that more laws should be put into effect such as that in the State of Kansas, where there is a restriction upon the sale of cigarettes. With this may be contrasted the claim of one of the large tobacco associations, to the effect that there are no longer any statutes *in force* in any State prohibiting the sale of cigarettes. Legislation is one thing, enforcement another.

STATISTICS as to alcoholic indulgence are less striking and less reliable. During the last census period, the number of bartenders fell from 100,000 to 25,000. Doubtless there are fewer still, today. The census, however, gives us no evidence as to the increase among bootleggers.

One index of the use of alcohol is the number of arrests for drunkenness. Massachusetts is the only State which seems to have kept complete records; but the fragmentary figures available for other sections come fairly close to those of the Bay State. The number of arrests declined between 1914 and 1920. But, since 1920, at which time the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act went into effect, the arrests for drunkenness have steadily mounted. In 1924, they were over twice what they were in 1920.

Another figure which throws some light on this subject is the number of deaths from alcoholism, as compounded from statistics in States where a registration of such deaths is kept. The annual number of deaths in Massachusetts which were traceable to alcoholism averaged 225 between 1915 and 1918, as compared to an average of 78 in the years of 1920 and

1921, when the State was "dry". This is a decrease of 65 per cent. But since 1920 the number of deaths from alcoholism has increased between three- and four-fold. This increase does not necessarily mean (as at first might be imagined) that we are much less temperate than we were. Perhaps the difference in quality between *ante bellum* Scotch and *post bellum* gin has something to do with it.

THE traffic in narcotics is being vigorously fought. The commitments of prisoners for violating drug laws was only 314 in 1910. In 1923, it was 7,103, an increase of 2,000 per cent. According to the United States Public Health Service, the trend of addiction has been away from the coarser narcotics, such as smoking opium and eating opium, and toward the more highly concentrated (and hence more easily concealed) alkaloids and their derivatives. Government statistics indicate that the amount of narcotics imported during the first decade of the century was sufficient to supply over 3,000 addicts for every million of our population. Since 1920, this figure has dropped to 546, only 18 per cent. of what it was fifteen or twenty years ago. These figures probably indicate nothing, as far as the morality of the population is concerned. If opiates were as easily obtainable as they were in 1900 the trend of addiction might show a very different curve.

Figures suggest that Americans are becoming more and more careless with their money. Since 1900, the number of letters received at the Dead Letter Office has increased about three times. But the amount of money found in dead letters has increased fifteen times! Our grandmothers would have called this shiftlessness.

A TYPICAL and recent American custom (morals are always the outgrowth of customs) is what is known as hand-to-mouth buying. And perhaps hand-to-mouth buying means hand-to-mouth living. Instalment buying betokens a similar shift in moral emphasis. A survey indicates that instalment merchandising has forced the sale of luxuries, that its psychological effect is to induce people to plunge into purchasing things without a sufficient realization of the burden it will bring upon them, and that it has increased the cost of goods to the consumer. In spite of all this, the survey revealed a preponderant opinion to the effect that instalment selling is an economically sound and desirable thing, and that it is here to stay. Not so many years ago, people thought it wrong to make use of anything which they had not paid for.

A significant feature of most instalment sales is that they result from appeals to the desire for the newer things of life. Automobiles, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, phonographs, and radios have all come into being since 1900. The great majority of them is being bought on time. We must have everything that is up to date, whether we can pay for it or not.

This desire for the new things is characteristic of the new America. It hastens the change from the much despised Victorian solidarity. It makes for individualism. It is in keeping with the spirit of revolt. In its more radical forms this revolt is against law and order, and against civilization itself. Freedom! Freedom at any

cost! According to the Census, there were 148,554 divorces granted in 1922, or more than twice as many as in 1906. There are more divorces granted in this country than in all other Christian countries combined.

THE breaking away from the traditions of what was formerly called civilization paves the way for a return to more primitive and pagan standards. Cleanliness has become the substitute for godliness. The fact that there are six times as many plumbers as there were in those days gives a hint of our progress in sanitation. The fact that the proportion of dentists has grown by 162 per cent., and that of barbers, hairdressers, and manicures by 230 per cent, indicates how much attention is paid to "keeping fit". Indeed, the cult of the physical has made millionaires of the manufacturers of perfumes and cosmetics. Their business, in 1914, amounted to only $16,899,101. By 1925, its total was $141,488,000 — an increase of over 800 per cent in a decade. All is vanity!

Between 1899 and 1923, the millinery industry increased tenfold, whether measured by the amount of capital invested, the wages paid, the cost of material, or the volume of production. But the corset business fell off enormously. Sales of petticoats, like the petticoats themselves, have dwindled to the vanishing point. But the number of bathing suits produced jumped from 300,000 dozen to 900,000 dozen in two years.

One of the most startling revelations of recent years has been the knee. The business of the full-fashioned hosiery manufacturers, as a result of the revealed knee, has expanded from $12,000,000 to $25,000,000 in four years. The rise of silk underwear has been even more meteoric. The sheerer, the dearer. This business has doubled in two years.

* * * * *

THE present is, above all else, an era of science. If it is possible to have too much science, we are in a bad way. Indicators of the spread of science are numberless. Perhaps as striking as any is the study recently made by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. This investigation was the most intimate that it is possible to imagine. The women who were its subjects were of a high type. They were all graduates or alumnæ of leading women's colleges or of leading coeducational universities. They were all unmarried. Of 1,000 of these women who were examined, only five per cent. failed to give frank answers. Only 29 per cent. denied having had any sex experience. The rest, amounting to two-thirds of those examined, stated that they had had sexual experience, and told the form of that experience. Most of them gave the details.

* * * * *

SINCE 1900, much of the foreign element has been melted down and alloyed with the rest of the population. The laborer is better paid than ever before. The average wage of workers has doubled in ten years. The lower classes have sloughed off the menial tasks which were characteristic of the last century. The number of domestic servants decreased 20 per cent. in the last census period. Jobs of this sort

are no longer in demand: they can hardly be filled. In the roster of the last census, eleven "male nursemaids" were listed; but it is improbable that even these will permit their names to appear next time.

Not only has domestic service fallen into the discard, but the skilled jobs as well. The machine is taking the place of the trained hand and eye. We have become thing-minded, machine-minded, motor-minded. Automobiles, radios, and contraptions without number have made us a nation of mechanics. Thus our habits are revolutionized. Customs follow habits, and morals follow customs. In the United States, there is a motor car for every five persons. In France and the United Kingdom there is a motor car for every 44 persons. In Germany, there are 196 persons for every motor car, in Italy, 259, in India, 2,500, and in China, 25,000.

Perhaps the inventions which save labor have had the greatest effect upon our manners and morals. In 1900, there were 1,356,000 telephones in the United States. In 1926, there were nearly thirteen times as many. In New York City, there are five times as many telephones as there were in 1914.

Time-saving has become an objective of primary importance. This is true throughout the social scale. According to the Bureau of Labor statistics, the average number of hours worked a week for all unionized trades has decreased 10 per cent. during the past twenty years, despite an increase of 275 per cent. in wages.

Another indicator of increasing leisure is the decline in the proportion of the working population. This is from 39 per cent. to 37 per cent. between 1920 and 1925, according to estimates made by the National Industrial Conference Board.

One effect of our increased leisure has been the tendency to change Americans from a nation of early risers to one of nocturnal habits. The number of incandescent lamps sold has more than doubled in the last ten years, while the amount of energy sold to lighting consumers has increased fourfold. Night life and the electrical industry have revolutionized each other. But not all this electrical energy is being used to make the way gay and white. It is used to illuminate many things, among them, the student's page. In fact, it is to study that a fair share of young America's time is devoted. Between 1920 and 1924, the number of students enrolled in educational institutions increased by over a million.

But leisure breeds in many people a love of luxury and ease. Our people are extravagant. Between 1921 and 1923, which was a poor time, the production of the silk business increased 30 per cent. Between 1914 and 1923, the fur business increased from $43,000,000 to $198,000,000.

That Americans indulge in luxury more and more is indicated by the fact that the Treasury Department collected in 1926 nearly $1,000,000 in the form of its admissions tax, in addition to the tax on tickets sold regularly at theatres. The former tax covers tickets handled through theatre brokers, in excess of the established price, and for the leases of theatre boxes, roof gardens, and the like. This revenue had increased seven fold since 1919.

Yet it cannot be urged that the

people as a whole are spending more than they earn. The American Bankers' Association reports a growth in savings from $11,000,000,000 to $31,000,000,000 during the last ten years. Furthermore, the number of savings depositors has nearly quadrupled during that time, proving that the habit of saving is more widespread.

On the other hand, many of us are still gullible when it comes to investing our earnings. Not long ago, Horace J. Donnelly, United States Post Office Solicitor, estimated that $1,000,000,000 was being lost annually through security frauds. Deputy Attorney-General Oliver James, of New York, reported that stock frauds in New York State alone had enriched swindlers by more than half a billion in the year 1925.

* * * * *

To examine the statistical indices of our manners and morals, since the turn of the century, is to watch the moving picture of American history. The most extraordinary thing about these extraordinary figures is the great rapidity with which changes take place. Speed, indeed, is one of the most characteristic things about us. To foreigners, America seems speed crazy. The speeding-up process makes for greater restlessness, for a love of change, for the craving for thrill. Speed is sought for its own sake. It is an end in itself. Even social intercourse is fast — too fast, in the words of an eminent divine, for the development of the highest morality.

The speeding-up process manifests itself in almost all statistics having to do with American habits of life. According to the latest figures, the number of pieces of special delivery mail has increased twenty-fold in twenty-five years. This acceleration of human life is an unprecedented thing. It is in fact the only unprecedented element in the whole situation. The student of history will find nothing comparable to the swiftness with which we are rushing toward our fate.

What fate? Simply as isolated facts, the events which have occurred in the United States since 1900 are not especially significant. Their parallels have been chronicled every century or so. They are simply history repeating itself.

As its morals weaken, so a nation weakens. As a nation departs from those traditional standards of conduct which it has been taught to reverence, its position among other nations declines. As a country allows itself to lapse into a condition of sophistication, irresponsibility, materialism, and the other resultants of luxury and wealth, it loses its place in the sun. Slowly it is supplanted by other nations, hardier, more vigorous, and more moral.

In so far as statistics can show, the United States is just passing its zenith. If its present rate of change continues, the slump will be rapid. Statistics are merely the springboard for a guess. One statistician's guess is that if we are situated today as Rome was in the time of Augustus, our decline and fall will take place before the sands of the present century have run out.

The Return

By George Wheeler Hinman, Jr.

A powerful story of the World War in which a wandering soul at last finds the road to spiritual victory through the grim turmoil and tragedy of battle

The prostrate Colonel motioned to me with his hand.

"Better not stand in that doorway, Captain," he suggested, mildly. "A machine-gun bullet pops in there now and then. Sit down over here."

I started across the dug-out in obedience to his suggestion, but was stopped in my tracks by a shout of real alarm from my host.

"Look out for that coffee!" was his exclamatory warning, and this time there was genuine concern in his voice.

With due deference, I skirted the coffee. As a matter of fact, it had been in no danger from me, but one must show proper respect for a Colonel's anxiety, especially in his own dug-out and more especially still when that dug-out is one which he has captured from a hard-fighting foe. The Colonel's veteran regiment had just completed an excellent piece of work in driving the enemy out of a strong defensive position; but the operation had been a costly one. Weary doughboys crouching in fox holes under a drizzling French sky were clinging to the shell torn ground, desperately awaiting relief.

We were that relief, a comparatively raw regiment, just from a rest area behind the lines. As members of the regimental staff, Ned Conway and I had accompanied our own Colonel to the command post of the regiment we were to replace. There, in accordance with the principles so effectually drummed into us all during our period of intensive training, we expected to obtain full information of our own troops and the dispositions of the enemy along our prospective front. Then, we were to attack.

Conway was the student of the regiment. He was not a soldier by profession, but an instructor in philosophy at a theological seminary in the Middle West. When we entered the war, he had been among the first to answer a call. He could have had a commission as a chaplain for the asking; but he had preferred to battle his way through an officers' training camp. His indomitable will to win had obtained for him a First Lieutenancy of Infantry, and, in due course, he had come to our regimental staff as Intelligence Officer.

There, in that ex-German dug-out,

Conway was having his first contact with the actualities of warfare. Everything was the reverse of expectations. Nobody in the dug-out showed the slightest concern over matters generally supposed to be of importance. The war for democracy, the propaganda of hate, the plan of the campaign, even the boom of cannon and the nasty putt-putt of machine-guns — all were obliterated by a single consuming anxiety. The prostrate Colonel had voiced the combined sentiment of his regimental headquarters with his exclamation of alarm over my supposed threat against the safety of that coffee.

"There is just one vital question before these headquarters," he announced, reclining on one elbow after an exchange of greetings. "Is there enough solidified alcohol in that lower tin can to heat the coffee in the upper? Stale coffee is bad enough, but *cold* stale coffee — bah!"

I COULD see that Conway was disturbed. His was the spirit of the crusader, and the casual practicality of the veteran leader of men struck a painfully discordant note. Nor was the indefatigable student satisfied by the general discussion of the situation along the front. He wanted exact information, the kind he had been taught to expect. Discreetly, he edged his way out of our immediate group to a far corner, where the Intelligence Officer of the other regiment, his face lined by the strain of battle, lay wrapped in a gray German blanket. Conway drew a map from his dispatch case and spread it on the wooden floor of the dug-out. The other officer turned wearily on his side and began making vague ovals with a fore-finger, apparently trying to indicate on Conway's map the positions occupied by our troops. Just then, there was a lull in the general discussion, and Conway's even, classroom voice carried across the dug-out as he asked his companion:

"And just where is the enemy?"

The question was a perfectly normal and reasonable one, in strict compliance with all the rules and regulations; but the answer came unexpectedly. Before the exhausted Intelligence Officer could reply, his Colonel interposed.

"The enemy!" he exploded. "The enemy!" With a wave of the hand he indicated the general direction of the front line. "The enemy is right out there, and you can get a fight out of him — " he paused as a salvo of 150's, *in Deutschland gemacht*, burst a short distance off, rocking the dug-out " — any God damned time you want it," he concluded fervently.

"Believe Conway and I will go out and have a look around before it's too dark," I suggested.

THE suggestion was accepted by all. It did behoove the two of us to learn all we could about the lay of the ground. Another earthrocking salvo struck nearby just as we emerged from the dug-out entrance. Clouds of debris were vomited from the shell-torn ground; puffs of white smoke floated off; and the light breeze carried to us the faint, bitter odor of high explosive. A few yards away, a detachment of our own raw troops, entering the sector as a preliminary to the major movement after dark, frantically donned masks in the fear that they were being subjected to a bombardment by poison gas. A muddy, mask-

less veteran hooted at them derisively.

Conway and I moved forward into the shallow draw. The ground was pockmarked by high explosives, and did not make for orderly progress. Moreover, every time the whine of a speeding shell rose to the threatening shriek of proximity, we crouched low for shelter in the nearest indentation. Thus we made our way erratically across the draw and began ascending the far slope. Approaching the ridge, we took advantage of a fortuitous fold in the ground to edge our way inconspicuously forward to a post of vantage from which we were able to observe the two opposing lines and the field over which we would fight on the following day. Unbelievable as it seemed, the persistent drizzle had ceased. Crouched in our sheltered position, we could see the moist, muddy picture of war. The previous days of terrific fighting had told, and both sides were rather inclined to let matters drift.

THE only exception to the general rule was a set of enemy machine-guns concealed in the ruins of what had been a village on the extreme left of our line. In vain Conway and I scanned those ruins with our field glasses for something to indicate the exact location of that machine-gun nest. Although we could not find the guns, there was no assurance that the vigilant gunners would not find us. So we crawled humbly to a point where the ground protected us against the ruined village, and there we settled ourselves to resume our study of tomorrow's battlefield.

Far to the front, the country was, comparatively, but little scarred by war. For years, it had lain well beyond the immediate zone of hostilities. Long range artillery and casual bombing planes had worked some damage, and the military necessity of the enemy had wrought some changes; but there was none of the heart-breaking devastation of constant shell fire. Here was a set of farmhouses; there was an abandoned village, its buildings almost intact. Off to the right, was a well kept enemy cemetery.

ON A slight eminence about three miles to the right center, a group of buildings in a grove of trees drew our particular attention. In the failing light, our field glasses were not strong enough to give us much of an idea of the structures. Neither of us could recall having seen on the maps any town in that vicinity. With extreme circumspection — consulting a map in the presence of the enemy is likely to result disastrously if not done discreetly — we unfolded a map between us. It was of the ordinary black-and-white hatchured variety, based principally on surveys and information compiled half a century earlier. With some difficulty, we succeeded in locating definitely the eminence. No, there was no town there. We leaned closer over the blotched paper. Ah, there were tiny black blocks, indicative of buildings, among the scratches representing the grove of trees. Unconsciously, and at the unthinking peril of our lives, I lifted the paper close to my eyes, and made out a set of ragged, straggling letters labeling the tiny black blocks. Haltingly, I deciphered them and spelled them out — *m-o-n-a-s-t-è-r-e*.

"A monastery!" I exclaimed, triumphantly.

"Monastery," Conway repeated, "a monastery!"

"Sure, a monastery. Monks, and the Abbé Constantin pruning his grapes, and all that." I began refolding the map.

"A monastery, that's strange," mused Conway. There was a pause, and then, "You know, I'm writing an allegory."

"What?"

"Yes, an allegory," he persisted. "A monk in a monastery is the central figure. I began it back there in Serrigny while we were in training."

HE WAS becoming more and more earnest as he proceeded. How clearly it all stands out in my memory! There we crouched, hugging the water-soaked ground. Those accursed machine-guns off to the left sputtered intermittently. Overhead, annihilation in the form of high explosive flew singing on its way. Before us lay the battlefield of tomorrow. Tired men in olive drab and *feldgrau* clung to the soil, facing each other in desperate fatigue. A few miles back, in sheltered positions, our own fresh troops from the training area awaited the complete darkness that they might come forward and form behind the thin olive drab line for the daylight assault that would thrust aside the weary men in *feldgrau*. In simple language, what a *hell* of a time for an allegory! But Conway's urge to speak overwhelmed him, and he went on with an odd sort of intensity.

"This monk knew nothing of the world. While only a child, he had been left an orphan and had been brought up by the brothers of the order. Shortly after becoming of age, he took the vows. Then, a girl comes into his life. He meets her in one of the villages near the monastery, and she fascinates him. He struggles, but she takes possession of him — mind, body, and soul. He disappears from the monastery, and she from the village.

"Years have passed, and the scene has shifted to a city, miles from the monastery. There, we see a worldly man and a worldly woman. They are living their lives in easy pleasure, but we recognize them as the monk of the monastery and the girl of the village. The woman still has her grip upon the body of the man, but his soul is almost free and is struggling to release his mind. It is a fearful struggle, a struggle that threatens madness and chaos, the monastery battling to win him back from the woman of the world."

CONWAY paused, staring across the sodden valley to the gray walls on the wooded knoll.

"Who wins?" Involuntarily, I asked the question.

"I don't know — God help me, I don't know."

The tone of his voice shocked me. The irascible spat of the machine-guns, the whine and the crash of the high explosive, sounded remotely in my ears. Conway was speaking again —

"No, I don't know. I can't finish the story — not now. You see, I'm the monk."

"You're the monk!" I exclaimed. "But you weren't brought up in a monastery. You've told me of things your father has written you since we've been over here."

"No, no, not that way," he protested. He was smiling now, just a little, not exactly a smile of condescension, but — well, simply the ir-

repressible teacher in him that came quietly to the surface whenever he began to explain some obscure thing that was a bit too much for a matter-of-fact soldier. "I told you this was an allegory," he continued good-naturedly, apparently brought back from his emotional flight by my exclamation of astonishment. "I'm the monk, but I'm not really a monk. I fled from the monastery, but it wasn't really a monastery."

"Well, then," I demanded, "what under the sun did you flee from?"

"The God of my fathers." He was becoming more intense again. "The God of my fathers. My father is a clergyman, the son of a clergyman. My mother was a clergyman's daughter. From the day I was born, I was a clergyman. There never was a moment's doubt in the mind of any one, least of all in my own. I was predestined for the church, and my whole youth was dominated by the prospect.

"But, beyond my fundamental faith, I was a student. I did not stop my ears against the arguments of other philosophies, but listened attentively, searched, analyzed, and, in my own mind, overthrew the non-Christian. So, after being graduated from theological school and being duly ordained, I became a teacher of others. I was so secure in my own faith that I had not the slightest hesitancy in imparting it to others that they, too, might become ardent teachers.

"Then came the World War, and with it many difficult questions demanding Christian answers. The carefully designed and exactly built structure of my personal faith began to shake under the stress of violent natural forces. Finally, we entered the war. My associates accepted non-combatant posts. Even you have asked me why I carry a pistol instead of a prayer book, why I am an Infantryman instead of a Chaplain. I never have given you an honest answer. The fact is that my faith was so shaken that I could not honestly presume to play the priest for men face to face with death. I could not. With a feeling of profound relief, I fled to an officers' training camp, and the commission as a First Lieutenant of Infantry — the tiny rifles crossed upon my collar — meant more to me than they did to anybody else in camp.

"I have seen much since then — and I am trying to understand. That Colonel back there in the dug-out with his stale coffee — the world is afire, Christian men and women are praying to the same God for one another's annihilation, thousands on thousands are dying, often with curses in their mouths, the fate of millions hangs in the balance, and there he lies prostrate, his interest centered on the puny material question of whether there is enough solidified alcohol in one tin can to heat the coffee in another! Good God!"

"He and his regiment have made a great record in the line," I interposed, a little sharply.

"Oh, I know all that," returned Conway. "I don't question his courage. But where are he and his men heading? Where have hundreds of them already gone? They're just fighting animals — no souls, no religion, no God."

"'By their works —'" I began, but a crackling burst overhead interrupted me. "Shrapnel!" I exclaimed as the

fragments showered down. "That one was well timed."

Quickly, but cautiously, we worked our way back off the ridge to return to the headquarters dug-out. Once back over the rise and able to walk upright in comparative security, I began pondering over Conway's allegory. It held an extraordinary fascination for me. I could not help wondering whether the monk would return to the monastery, Conway to the God of his fathers. Personally, I had never been able to fathom these self-annihilating mental conflicts over one's God, either in fact or in fiction. Yet there was no challenging the genuine anguish in Conway's soul. The traditional French phrase came to mind — *cherchez la femme*. I recalled that there *was* a woman in Conway's allegory. Did she represent a woman in reality? We had been moving more or less independently through the gathering dusk on our way back, only a few words now and then passing between us; but, as we neared the dug-out entrance, we drew naturally together.

"Conway," I asked, "how about the woman in your allegory?"

He looked across at me. An odd smile came to his lips, but he said nothing. Then, as he raised the outer flap of the dug-out entrance for me to pass, he remarked simply:

"Yes, there is a woman."

INSIDE the dug-out, things were much as we had left them. The Colonel of the veteran regiment still lay prostrate on his gray enemy blankets. He and our own commander were discussing mutual acquaintances of the Old Army and their sundry vicissitudes in the present conflict, how Will Jones had become a luminary at G.H.Q. in Chaumont, whereas Fred Smith had been ordered back to the United States after his brigade had disgraced itself in the line. The solidified alcohol had long since burnt itself out, and the stale coffee had been consumed. Our report on conditions further forward was tolerantly received. Mention of the shrapnel brought the comment that its use was most logical now that the fighting had moved out of the elaborate trench systems into the open and that it was likely to cause us some annoyance.

MEANTIME, the machinery of the relief was functioning unobtrusively with that organized confusion which features centralized command and decentralized operation. In various miraculous ways, the guides sent back by the units in the line had reached our own units and were preparing to lead them forward under cover of darkness. After great labor, division headquarters gave birth to an attack order for the morning; and we forthwith plunged into the task of preparing our own instructions. In the midst of this, the Regimental Surgeon came stumbling in through the dug-out doorway, pale and obviously upset.

"Just in time, Major," was our Colonel's greeting. "Have you picked out a place for your aid station?"

"Aid station?" repeated the medical officer. "Aid station?" He paused, rubbing his hands against his slicker. Even in the bad light, I noticed the dark stains. With an effort, he pulled himself together. "Aid station, hell!" he burst forth. "What do I want with an aid station?' He stared at his hands. "Our medical supplies are gone — direct hit as we were coming up — detonated squarely on the medi-

cal cart — killed the mule, Sergeant Sullivan and three men who were marching with it — and the *Padre*, too — he died just as I turned him over — with a strange, sort of surprised smile on his face — God!"

The man of shining knives, one of the best surgeons in his home community, shuddered at his first contact with the suddenness of war.

"HERE, Major, take a good slug." The leader of the veteran regiment had drawn a pint flask, almost full, from the folds of his gray blankets. "Don't worry about your aid station," he continued. "Orderly!" he called, and then, as an enlisted man scrambled up the dug-out stairs from the lower level, added: "Take the Major to our aid station, and tell Major Atkins to turn over to him all equipment and supplies."

Braced by the burning liquor, the medical officer left the dugout with the runner.

"Too bad about Sullivan, one of the few old soldiers in the regiment," commented our Colonel. "And the *Padre*, the finest chaplain I ever served with. Smiling, eh? Just like him. I'm no Sunday-school teacher, but that man's with God tonight. He'll put in a word for the boys tomorrow — and they'll need it. Where's this aid station, now? Let's see that map, Conway. Here, Conway, let's get this aid station located. The men will need it tomorrow, even if the *Padre* is watching over us. You and he bunked together in training camp, didn't you?"

Mechanically, Conway handed over the map. He and the Chaplain had occupied the same tent before we had sailed for overseas.

"The *Padre*," he murmured. "God, the *Padre!* And with a smile — I wonder — "

"Here, Lieutenant, take a small swallow," proffered our host of the dug-out, glancing with unconcealable concern at the inroad just made by the perturbed surgeon. "Say, Jim," he added, turning to our commander, "I don't see how an old crock like you can keep up with such an absorbent staff."

Conway barely touched the flask to his lips and then handed it back.

"Oh, here, here!" protested the owner, visibly embarrassed, "I was just joshing your C.O. Take enough, son. A thing like this is likely to upset anybody."

"I'm afraid you're wrong about my staff," interposed our Colonel. "Conway doesn't drink at all, as a rule."

"Good," said the other, "neither do I". And he returned the flask to the folds of the blankets.

THAT was only the beginning, a sort of prelude to rushing hours of hellish turmoil. Impossible orders from the rear vied with impossible reports from the front to induce utter madness. Units were reported annihilated only to reappear six hours later and then disappear completely, swallowed up in the crashing chaos of battle. Orders were issued that were never obeyed; messages were written that were never read; commands were shouted that were never heard; but, somehow or other, answering the dominant urge of discipline, the advance drove furiously on, sweeping aside an exhausted, desperately struggling foe. Impatient but unskilled in the science of warfare, cursing the friend that failed them rather than the foe that fought them,

yet plunging blindly ahead with rifle and bayonet rather than await artillery assistance, these awkward warriors blundered heroically ever forward, paying recklessly the tragic price demanded.

Conway, through it all, was a sure reliance. When all else failed, it was Conway who could go forth and return with something accurate in the way of information upon which a decision could be based. His own carefully wrought machine for the collection of data collapsed utterly, to his undisguised chagrin, but Conway himself functioned as scientifically and as accurately in battle as he had in manœuvres. He had an uncanny faculty — almost unique in the regiment during those days of strain and struggle — for reaching the place for which he started and for returning with a coherent idea of where he had been and what he had seen. He also possessed a rare ability for discriminating intuitively among the many and weird things he heard.

We had advanced to a depth of about four miles, finally reaching the banks of a river, parallelled by a canal. The Colonel of the coffee and his veteran regiment had long since retired from the front to recuperate. Our own regimental headquarters, after leaving behind the dug-out on the first day of the assault, had paused successively in a sheet iron shanty, a ruined stable, and an overturned wagon dragged into a clump of trees, and had finally come to rest in an excellently sheltered wine cellar — otherwise empty. The enemy had blown up the only bridge along our immediate front; we had strained our own supply lines to the breaking point; and the Regimental Supply Officer almost wept at the mere mention of his horses. So we settled down to reconnoitre the new front, take account of our losses, and make ready generally to play whatever part might be assigned us by the further-backs. The monastery on the knoll now was well within our lines. Investigation showed it stripped and abandoned — the enemy's military necessity. Apparently, it had been used for some higher headquarters, and had been evacuated in comparative leisure following a decision to make a general withdrawal in the face of our attacks.

Conway was enchanted by the monastery. As Regimental Intelligence Officer, he had every reason to ransack the buildings and grounds for evidence of the enemy's identity and plans; but there was more to his interest than mere military curiosity. The monastery was too conspicuously near the front to serve as a refuge of any kind. Every now and then, just to warn us that he was keeping his eye on the buildings, some enemy artilleryman would send a few charges of high explosive smashing among the old stone walls. But, shelled or unshelled, its height above the valley made the monastery an ideal place for an observation post; and we all agreed that, so soon as the Signal Officer had run his main wires between the different headquarters, he should carry a line from our wine cellar in the valley to the monastery on the knoll, where Conway would locate a reasonably secure spot from which to scan the enemy's doings across the river. The observers manning the post could utilize some of their time off watch in searching the monastery.

On the day after our advance had paused at the banks of the river, a youthful Lieutenant and a veteran Sergeant of the division's Engineer Regiment entered our wine cellar with orders to make a survey of the wrecked bridge. To begin with, it was a fool's order. The enemy had those bridge ruins spotted both with machine guns and artillery. Even on the blackest night, all he had to do was to give the word, and his previously ranged guns, shooting blindfolded, could shower the neighborhood with metal, explosive, and gas. Quite logically, when the time later came to cross the river and the canal, we crossed them at some other point, relying solely on our own mobile devices, and the original bridge was repaired afterward by a detachment of corps engineers which made a business of such undertakings. However, somebody had ordered this youngster to inspect the bridge, and inspect it he was bound to do. That same night, the Signal Officer was to run the line to the monastery, and Conway and his detail of observers planned to establish themselves there before daylight the next morning. Immediately upon hearing the orders repeated by the Engineer Lieutenant, Conway volunteered to give him a general view of the ruins while it was still daylight and then to guide him to our own end of the bridge after dark.

"IT'S ALL damned rot!" expostulated our Colonel when he heard of the proposal. "We've lost enough men snooping around that bridge-end. The Engineers may have more men than they know what to do with; but we've lost all we can spare."

Conway protested that he would only take them to the bridge-end and then return in ample time to pick up his own observation group and lead them to the monastery. The Colonel hated to give in; but, under the circumstances, he hardly could insist that the Engineer Lieutenant be left to blunder about along the river bank and perhaps be shot at by our own men.

"But why in hell must you go personally, Conway?" the Colonel finally demanded. "Let the First Battalion send somebody. You're my Intelligence Officer, not just a damned guide."

"I'd like very much to go myself, sir," Conway replied.

"All right, go ahead, then; but, if anything happens to you, I'll never forgive myself for being a twenty-four karat dunce, with no more brains than a blockhead of the General Staff. God be with you, my boy."

I ACCOMPANIED Conway to the cellar entrance.

"Now, don't be a fool," I counselled, as we were parting. "The Old Man's mighty fond of you. He's already recommended you for promotion, and you'll be a Captain inside of two weeks. Besides, that bridge inspection won't amount to a hoot, but it's really important to us that you get back to the monastery."

"Back to the monastery," he repeated, smiling significantly and grasping my arm by way of emphasis. "You know, I think I'm on my way back, but I wonder whether I shall get there."

"If you go dubbing along that river bank pondering an allegory, we'll be looking for a new Intelligence Officer in the morning," I returned. "Good luck, and call me on the 'phone as

soon as you get to the monastery. The line ought to be in by the time you get there."

"Good night, and don't worry about me," was his farewell, and he and the two engineers set out in the direction of the front line.

I RETURNED to the wine cellar in an uncomfortable frame of mind, and found the Colonel still irritated over what he insisted was his own folly in allowing Conway to start for the bridge-end. We passed several minutes in vehemently transgressing that Article of War which prohibits the application to one's superiors of "opprobrious epithets or other contumelious or denunciatory language." Then other matters demanded our attention, and the bridge-end, Conway, and the monastery were crowded into the background of our thoughts. Just before dark, the customary evening shell fire broke out, and evinced an especial dislike for the area immediately about our wine cellar. Particular dismay followed the destruction by a direct hit of our headquarters rolling kitchen, which had fancied itself cleverly concealed in the remains of a stone barn. Things quieted down after dark, with only intermittent bursts of firing spattering vital points along the front. The Colonel turned in early, rolling himself up glumly in a miscellaneous disarray of blankets in his particular corner of our cellar.

"Nice, quiet night," he commented. "Better turn in early and try to catch up on a little sleep. You'll be staggering out of here pop-eyed with your case marked, 'Shell-shock, undetermined,' if you don't get some rest."

I explained that I just had two reports to get out.

"Reports!" he snorted. "Reports!"

With a rumble of disapproval, the Colonel rolled over on his side, face to the wall. There followed a period of silence. The Sergeant in charge of the message center near the entrance was nodding sleepily. Then, there came from the Colonel's corner the almost unintelligible grunt that, under certain circumstances, was supposed to represent my name.

"Yes, sir," I responded.

"Wake me up and tell me when Conway gets to the monastery," he muttered.

"Yes, sir."

For about an hour, I puttered over those two reports, which were dispatched at last to division headquarters. Then, with the field telephone at its regular place on the floor beside my head, I wrapped myself in my blankets for a little sleep. The Sergeant still nodded by the entrance. Two orderlies drowsed in the flickering light of the candles on his improvised table. The Colonel slept stertorously in his corner. Outside, the sporadic firing continued. There was a particularly savage burst from the direction of the river at our immediate front; and then — I dozed off.

SOMETHING pressed my shoulder, and I woke up to find the Regimental Surgeon on one knee beside me. He had changed, had the Major Doctor, since that evening in the dug-out. Battle had become to him one of the normalities of his profession. His face showed the physical weariness of endless duty and ceaseless tragedy; but his mind was calmly alert to meet the most exacting demands. I was used to being awakened frequently through the night for one thing or another; but

there was that in the Surgeon's manner which warned me this was something out of the ordinary.

"It's Conway," said the Major. "He's gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, dead. I just left him. The three of them were caught at the bridge-end, all badly shot up. B Company sent out a party and brought them in, after losing one man. I just happened to be inspecting the battalion aid station when they were brought in. The Engineer Lieutenant and Sergeant are being taken to the rear now; but Conway's gone."

I LOOKED across to where the Colonel still slept the heavy sleep of an exhausted man. No purpose would be served by waking him now.

"Why wasn't I notified at once?" I asked.

"I called up; you were asleep; and I told them not to disturb you," the medical officer replied. "There was nothing you could do. Harrison is on his way with that observation group for the monastery," he added, mentioning the name of the ranking Battalion Intelligence Officer. "Those were Conway's wishes."

The Colonel stirred, rolled over on his back, grunted, and slept on. The candles flickered. Only one orderly now drowsed near the entrance. The Sergeant was watching us covertly. He knew. The Major unbuttoned a pocket in his blouse and drew forth something which he held out to me in the open palm of his hand. In the dim, uncertain light, I saw a small, simple cross.

"From Conway," he said in a low voice. "The poor chap was barely breathing when they brought him in, but was quite conscious. He asked me to take it from around his neck and give it to Madamoiselle Tassin, back in Serrigny."

"Madamoiselle Tassin!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that pretty little thing who lived with her father in the quaint green house near the bridge."

"Oh!"

It was all I could say.

"He gave me some sort of message for you, too, but I don't think I got it straight," continued the Major. "Something to do with the monastery. He said to tell you that he'd got there; but, then, you know, he really hadn't. He seemed to think you would understand."

"Yes, I think I do," I answered, slowly.

THE field telephone rang, and I lifted it from the hook.

"Harrison speaking," said a voice. "We're here. All O.K."

"Fine," I replied. "Good luck." I hung up the 'phone and turned to the Major. "Harrison's at the monastery," I explained. He nodded.

The Surgeon rambled off to his aid station; and I dropped back into my blankets. The candles flickered; the Colonel snored; the Sergeant was nodding again; the orderly drowsed on; the guns snarled spasmodically — I dozed off.

Singing Towers

By van Tassel Sutphen

An expert and sympathetic exposition of the magic and also the mechanics of the ethereal symphonies which are among the gifts of the Low Countries to America

American interest in the art of the carillon — the bell considered as a musical instrument — is of comparatively recent date; suddenly, and for no very apparent reason, the country seems to have become carillon-minded. True, the "sweet church bell that peals o'er hill and dell" has always possessed assured ecclesiastical status, and our forefathers furnished the meeting-house with a bell just as inevitably as they put a lightning rod on the village lyceum. Obviously, the sacred edifice did not need to be protected against thunder storms, since the Deity could be trusted to take care of his own property (an assumption not always warranted by the observed facts); but the bell was a necessity, the audible announcement to the public that the hour of divine service had arrived. Then Mr. Ingersoll invented the dollar watch, and when everybody carried the time on his own person, the utilitarian value of the church bell suffered a rapid declension; there was a distinct economy in eliminating it altogether from the building programme.

A few of the more pretentious minsters boasted the possession of chimes, a small peal of eight or ten bells tuned to the diatonic scale, upon which hymn tunes could be played if one didn't mind the occasional intrusion of a whole tone, pinch-hitting for the chromatic note intended by the composer. The playing of such an imperfect instrument was naturally beneath the dignity of the regular organist, and so the performer was generally some gentle, pious amateur, painfully conscious that any mistake would be instantly made known to the entire town. At a few places, notably Trinity Church in New York City, the chimes were held in somewhat better esteem, and all orthodox Gothamites made an annual pilgrimage to Lower Broadway to hear the Old Year played out by the bells of Trinity; perhaps they still do. But it couldn't have been for the purpose of enjoying the music, for the crowd always made every effort to drown out the chimes by means of fishhorns, clappers, handgongs, and other noise-producing apparatus.

It was vaguely understood, however, that on the other side of the Atlantic one might hear bell music of

quite another order. Travellers returning from Europe, and particularly from the Low Countries, brought back marvellous tales of the "singing towers" of Holland and Belgium — music from the skies, celestial harmonies that ravished one's very soul.

It was also true that other American visitors were not so appreciative; they complained of being kept awake at night by the incessant clangor of the bells. And these Philistine murmurs were not without reason, as anyone who chanced to occupy a front hotel room on the Place Verte in Antwerp in years gone by will be happy to testify. Every seven and a half minutes the cathedral chimes automatically burst out with some maddening little tune, and there was never sufficient silence to poultice effectually the blows of sound. Nowadays, I believe, the city authorities are more considerate, and the barrel mechanism is cut out at an early hour in the evening.

TO THE Metropolitan Methodist Church at Toronto, Canada, belongs the honor of possessing the first carillon to be installed on the American Continent. It consists of twenty-three bells, and was opened in April, 1922. The magnificent carillon of the Park Avenue (New York) Baptist Church, fifty-three bells, was erected in 1925, and for a time ranked as the largest in the world. It has since been duplicated in size by the carillon of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and exceeded by that at the Bird Sanctuary, Mountain Lake, Florida, of sixty-two bells. The noble instrument at the City Hall, Albany, New York, also contains sixty-two bells, and is the first municipal carillon in the United States. Other notable American installations include the carillons at St. Stephen's Church, Cohasset, Massachusetts, fifty-one bells; at the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, Gloucester, Massachusetts, thirty-one bells; at St. Peter's Church, Morristown, New Jersey, thirty-five bells; at Cleveland Tower, Princeton University, thirty-five bells; at Christ Church, Cranbrook, Michigan, thirty bells; at Trinity Methodist Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, sixty-one bells; at the First Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, Alabama, twenty-five bells; and at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, Academy, forty-three bells. There are more than twenty-five carillons already erected in the United States and Canada, and it is not too daring a prophecy that in ten years there will be as many "singing towers" in the Western World as now exist in the Low Countries. The profession of carillon playing is a new and inviting field, and Frederick Rocke, of Morristown, New Jersey, a pupil of Anton Brees, is the first American musician to study in the school of the great Flemish masters.

THE carillon and its associated art undoubtedly originated in the Netherlands, but the word itself is not in general use in the land of the "singing towers." In Holland the popular name of the instrument is *Klokkenspel* (literally, bell-play), while in Belgium it is *beiaard*. Carillon, at first *quatrillon*, is, of course, adopted from the French and comes, according to Littré, from the mediæval Latin, *quadrillionem*. Thus the word carillon derives from the four diatonic bells which made up the tintinnabulum of the Twelfth Century. More

definitely, however, the instrument, as we now know it, had its inception in a mechanically operated set of small bells which in the Fifteenth Century became an essential installation in the municipal towers of the Low Countries. The automatic striking of these small bells just before the hour announced that the heavy bell was about to sound. Later on, this *voorslag*, or forestroke, was augmented by additional units, the full chromatic scale was gradually built up, and the playing device, a studded barrel akin to the cylinder of a toy music-box, was enlarged. Each quarter-hour had its appropriate musical phrase, and the hourly tunes lasted a full minute or more.

By this time the clavier, or manual keyboard, was coming into use for the operation of chromatically stringed instruments such as the harpsichord. It was quite natural that the new invention should be applied to the carillon, and with the addition of more bells and the greater weight of clappers, a pedal keyboard became necessary to supplement the manual. The operation of these old-fashioned claviers was a strenuous athletic performance. In the lower registers, at least, a smart blow from the clenched fist was required to depress the hand levers, and a fortissimo note on the tenor, or big, bell called for the full weight of the body on the pedal key. Modern claviers work on much better mechanical principles. By means of counterbalances the touch is materially lightened, and it is even possible to execute such virtuoso effects as a *triad tremolando* (a trill on three separate notes) with one hand. Such, in brief, has been the evolution of the majestic instrument of today.

Before the Twentieth Century very few carillons were in being outside of the Netherlands. Barbière, in *La Capitulation *** d'Anvers*, tells us that in the Sixteenth Century a set of fifty-nine bells was carried off from Brussels to Spain. "Thirty-two of them," he says, "formed a harmony like an organ, and could be played by means of a clavier." When John V of Portugal visited the Netherlands, about 1730, he was so delighted with the carillon music he heard there that he determined to have a set of bells for his palace at Mafra. It was guardedly suggested by the court treasurer that the cost was rather high. "I did not think it would be so cheap," replied this magnificent monarch. "I wish two sets." And these he got. Two carillons of forty-eight bells each, played by both keyboard and clockwork, may be heard today in the twin towers of the Mafra palace.

For all that, Holland and Belgium continued to possess a virtual monopoly of the "singing towers"; and the carillons at Utrecht, Delft, Antwerp, and Bruges became internationally famous. But, apparently, the rest of the world was content to come and listen, and, in all probability, the carillon would have remained a purely local musical asset had it not been for the decline in the Netherlands of the art of bell tuning. Up to the end of the Seventeenth Century the secret of tuning bells seems to have been an exclusive possession of the Dutch bell founders, and the product of the Hemony Brothers of Zutphen stood in particular repute. That their work was good is attested by the fact that a bell

cast by them in 1664 was sent to England in 1925 to give the pitch for the modern carillon which Gillett and Johnson of Croydon were building for the cathedral of 's Hertogenbosch, Bois-le-Duc, Holland. Whatever may have been the secret of the great Dutch and Flemish founders, it appears to have died with them and the sceptre passed to English hands.

THE history of the modern carillon begins with the building of a small instrument for demonstration purposes by the Taylor bell foundry of Loughborough, England, in 1900. John Taylor and Company had been casting excellent church bells since the Seventeenth Century, and now they set to work in earnest to solve the difficult problem of "equal temperament" tuning. The old English method had been to chip away the metal at the sound-bow, a slow, tedious, and inaccurate process. The modern bell founder uses heavy boring machinery which gives very delicate and precise results. For it must be understood that a carillon bell possesses at least five audible tones — the fundamental or strike-note, the nominal (above), and the hum-note (below), these three being perfect octaves; also the tierce (minor third) and the quint (perfect fifth) between the strike-note and the nominal. All these tones must be in absolute consonance with one another; that is, a bell must be in tune with itself before it can be put into tonal agreement with another bell. The Dutch master-founders worked by rule-of-thumb aided by a dash of sheer genius. The modern English craftsmen utilize the resources of Twentieth Century physics, and their formulas are based upon immutable scientific fact. Tuning a carillon is a matter of supreme artistry, and a really fine instrument is as precious a possession as a violin by Stradivarius. Once in tune, however, a carillon remains so throughout all time.

AND now, what is a carillon and how does it differ from the ordinary set of bells which we call a chime? Well, it is the difference between a concert grand and a child's toy piano. The very largest peal or chime would contain twenty bells, tuned in the ordinary scale of C major (the white notes of the pianoforte keyboard) with, possibly, the addition of a few semi-tones. Upon such bells simple melodies may be played, or "changes" may be rung after the old English fashion, where a separate performer is assigned to each individual bell, the notes being struck in a prescribed order. Some of these changes, such as "Grandsire" or "Treble Bob", are held in great repute, but they are not, properly speaking, musical compositions.

A true carillon must have a minimum of twenty-five bells, or two chromatic octaves (both the white and black notes of the pianoforte). A really fine set will comprise from thirty-five to fifty-three or more bells, completely chromatic except for the omission of the first and second (or lowest two) half-tones. This is traditional and would seem to be a pure convention. But it has its practical side as well. The lowest or heaviest bells are by far the most expensive, and since it is possible to dispense with these two chromatic notes without materially impairing the tonal resources of the instrument, a considerable saving in money is effected. The bells are made of an alloy of cop-

per and tin; in weight, they may range from the majestic 40,000 pounds of the big bell in the Bird Sanctuary Tower, Mountain Lake, Florida, to the nine-pound tinkler at the top of the scale of a full-sized carillon.

NORMALLY, the clavier cabin is located on the story below the belfry, directly under the structural iron framework from which the bells are suspended; and an open hatch conveys the sound to the performer at the keyboard. It should be understood that the bells themselves do not move but are struck by swinging clappers or bell-tongues. There is no damper action, the note continuing to vibrate until it dies away of itself.

As already stated, a carillon is played through the agency of a clavier. The hand and foot levers operate a wire tracker action, or transmission, which causes the clappers to impinge upon the inner sound-bow or tonal centre of the individual bells. This action is purely mechanical, since it is impossible to obtain delicate variations in dynamics and coloring by any known pneumatic or electrical system. The new instrument at Springfield, Massachusetts, may be played from the regular organ keyboard, but it has yet to be proved that really artistic results may be thus achieved.

A competent carilloneur plays with ease in two, four, and six parts. One would hardly expect to hear Czerny's velocity studies or a Paganini tarantelle at its maddest performed on the carillon; but such modern artists as Anton Brees, Kamiel Lefévere, and Gustaf Nees have acquired a truly amazing technique; they handle their gigantic mechanism as though it were nothing more than a cottage piano. And Josef Denyn of Malines (Mechelen) Cathedral! Excellent as are the performances of the younger men, no one can claim to have tasted the full flavor of carillon music until he has heard a recital by "Jef" Denyn, the master of them all.

Be it clearly understood, the carillon is *not* a pianoforte, and the bell tone is essentially different from that produced by all other musical instruments. Without going too deeply into technicalities it may yet be pointed out that in the bell the harmonics (overtones) are not only more pronounced but are also decidedly different from those characteristically inherent in the human voice, the French horn and the violin string. The most striking divergence lies in the prominence of the minor third harmonic; in all other instruments it is the major third which stands out. For this reason compositions in the minor keys are generally more effective; there is less audible interference.

SO MUCH for the carillon and the carilloneur; how about the listener — literally, the man-in-the-street?

Unquestionably, most people on hearing a carillon for the first time — perhaps many times — will have the uncomfortable feeling that the bells are not in perfect accord, in tune, as we say. Now a single bell in the scale may be tested by the most rigorous standards and found to be in accurate pitch. So for all the others. And yet when played in harmonic parts there is the sensation of "sweet bells jangled out of tune". Even professional musicians with presumably trained ears may be inwardly persuaded that things are not quite as they should be; and, if they are honest,

they may even say so. How shall we account for this?

The undue prominence of the minor third harmonic has already been pointed out. Also, the progression of the overtones does not follow the mathematical order to which we are accustomed in the case of other instruments and of the human voice. Also, there are many more of these overtones in bells, particularly in the big ones. For example, the tenor or lowest bell of the Park Avenue carillon permits thirteen members of its harmonic series to be recognized. Our ears are simply not accustomed to these unusual and complicated ingredients of an instrumental tone, and we find difficulty in keeping in mind, so to speak, the fundamental note. Now in such an instrument as the flute, there is no such tax upon our auditory apparatus; the harmonics of a flute are so weak as to be negligible and the tone is virtually pure. But a pure tone is also a colorless or white tone — comparatively uninteresting. But a big carillon bell is an acoustic rainbow tinted in the most ravishing shades of sound.

REMEMBER, there is no damping action; therefore, unless the performer is both careful and skillful, we get interference and so discordance. The case is analogous to hearing a pianoforte played with the sustaining (loud) pedal held down all the time. The conclusion seems to be that while appreciation of carillon music is not exactly an acquired taste, it must still be a matter of education. And the process is simplicity itself; we must keep on listening. Or, as Theodore Thomas used to say to his complaining and even rebellious audiences: "You don't like Wagner (the carillon)? Then you must go on hearing Wagner (the carillon) until you do like him (it)!"

A carillon recital is obviously in the nature of a public performance; it is not only open to all ears, but as one self-pitying sufferer puts it: "You can't escape except by leaving town."

But there is another aspect of the question, and Richard C. Cabot of Boston voices it very cogently; he says in part:

> Here is an essentially public form of music; public because you can hear it without paying for the privilege; public because it cannot be enclosed within four walls but must travel across space to the ears of men who are merely passing by or doing their own work. But to hear music when one is doing something else is often to drink it in more effectually than if the mind is focussed upon a direct effort to listen. The lower layers of our consciousness are sometimes penetrated very deeply by impressions that steal upon it without any strain or intention on our part."

THIS IS excellent psychology, and it indicates how greatly the art of the carillon may serve in making musical culture an integral part of our common daily existence, thereby adding immensely to the joy of being alive. For where does true happiness lie if not in the continual widening of our spiritual horizons? Or let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter as summed up by a Flemish prose poet:

> It may be a matter of ancestral sentiment, but to me this colossal clang-tint of brass and silver is the strongest melody in life. For carillon music possesses the wondrous quality of being both loud and ethereal. The hymns seem to float, the anthems to hammer their way through the air like thunder. There is pliancy in this music of the bells, serenity, and yet force. At times, it is as though a company of gods, gliding by on a cloud, were inspiring man with the divine rhythm of their moods.

The Swan Song of the Country Doctor

By A. F. van Bibber, M.D.

The greatly increased requirements of medical education, in time and money, and the development of specialism, threaten to make an end of the rural "family doctor"

It is one of the salient characteristics of the American People to do everything to excess. In the fervor and enthusiasm with which they go about a salutary reform they are prone to become intoxicated with their High Purpose and to lose their sense of proportion. This is unfortunate, because they are apt to go so far to the opposite extreme that they only substitute one set of evils for another. An aching tooth does not always require extraction.

Fifty years ago the standard of professional education required of physicians in the United States was disgracefully low. The matriculate entering most medical schools was not required to meet any standard of preliminary education at all. He was under the wing of his "preceptor", some practicing physician who personally decided whether or not the young man was fit material, and who took him into his office, very much as a mechanic took an apprentice, to learn his trade. The student waited on his preceptor and assisted him with his patients, gaining in this way much practical clinical training, the value of this, however, depending upon the interest the preceptor took in him and his gifts as a teacher. Meanwhile the young man attended two six-months' courses of lectures at the medical school. He was required to dissect, and he received more or less bedside instruction from the professors in the hospital wards. Examinations were oral and often somewhat perfunctory.

Thirty years ago, at the time when I studied medicine, decided progress had been made. The preceptorial system had been abandoned, although the matriculate was still required when he registered to give the name of his preceptor, which appeared after his own name in the catalogue. This, however, had ceased to mean anything; the student and the "preceptor" now rarely saw each other at all. The better class of medical schools by this time professed to demand of their matriculates a high school certificate "or its equivalent." In case a boy

could show no evidence of preliminary education a very easy examination was set him. Unless he was illiterate he was pretty sure to be accepted. Competition between medical schools was quite keen in those days. Moreover, the normal course had grown from two six-months' terms of lectures to three; dissecting was required during the first two terms, and laboratory courses (rather sketchy, as a rule) in histology and pathology had generally been introduced. The better schools, of course, had hospital facilities, and this afforded opportunities for attendance on dispensaries, clinical lectures and demonstrations, and, for some fortunate students, actual work in the wards. There was usually out-clinic practice in obstetrics. Examinations were now written instead of oral, and, at least in the reputable colleges, were a real test of proficiency.

UNDOUBTEDLY there were too many medical schools, mostly private institutions without endowment, depending entirely for their maintenance on tuition fees. A group of young physicians, securing when they could the coöperation of one or more practitioners of eminence, would incorporate themselves as a new medical college. A complaisant Legislature would give its approval, and the new institution was in the market at once, offering a medical education, easy and cheap! The chief incentive moving the founders was, of course, the prestige of being "professors", with the incidental advertising to boost their private practice. And so small was the expense entailed in those days of didactic teaching that these casual medical schools often even showed a profit!

When I was a student there were actually seven medical schools in Baltimore! Johns Hopkins University had just opened one, which set a standard high above every other institution in this country. The old University of Maryland and the College of Physicians and Surgeons ranked with the better class of existing schools; so did the Woman's Medical College (in that day rather a scandalous innovation!); the others graded down from these.

An extremely important and valuable invention, the State Board Examination, had just been set up, and seemed to afford a rational solution to the problem of the medical ignoramus. All graduates must now run the gauntlet of examinations by a body of practitioners not connected with any school. This alone was capable of protecting the public.

In those days it was a common occurrence, taking place everywhere in the rural districts, for a farmer's son to develop an ambition to be a doctor. It was not too difficult nor too expensive an undertaking for any bright young fellow with an aptitude that way, and after three or four years (for he often obtained an invaluable appointment for a year as hospital interne) he returned to his native heath with his precious diploma, and another country doctor had started on his useful and laborious career.

AND remember, for it is an important point, the minimum standard did not, of course, restrict those who had the ambition, the means and the gifts to go higher. The long roll of learned, scientific and brilliant men who adorned the profession during all the period while the requirements were so low is proof enough that those who

wanted it could even then acquire in this country a professional equipment nowhere to be excelled.

But what happened? The idea that our standard was too low in medical education had found a firm lodgment among the leaders of the profession, and, with more zeal than discrimination, they set out to correct this discreditable condition. Year by year they boosted the requirements. The Rockefeller Foundation took up the reform, and all over the country medical schools succumbed. First the "diploma mills" perished; this was certainly a good riddance! then schools a little higher in the scale; then better ones still, finding it impossible to measure up to the stiffer standards, either "merged" with some stronger institution or simply shut up shop and quit. To be exact, the number of medical schools in the United States has been reduced from one hundred and sixty to sixty-nine.

At the same time, of course, the boy with an ambition to study medicine was steadily finding the road longer and thornier. Finally we reached the top of the long ascent: four years in college for the requisite A.B., four years in medical school for the M.D. degree; and *then* a year or two of service as interne in a hospital — from eight to ten years after finishing high school before a man was allowed to hang out a shingle and begin to wait for a practice!

It is asking a sizable price for the honor of serving humanity, the ten best years of a young man's life and probably twelve thousand dollars. Not every farmer's boy can meet the terms, whatever his determination. Few of them will even consider it now-a-days; there are too many more profitable and far less expensive careers to choose from.

The reformers had European standards before their eyes. But in Europe social and economic conditions are very different. For one thing, an immense prestige goes with the degree of Doctor over there. The son of a merchant in Germany, for example, who succeeds finally in achieving this crown of honor has won a prize that richly repays him for all the years and all the toil and privation it has cost him. He is "Herr Doktor" now, and has ascended far above his native condition. On the other hand, money is both more difficult to acquire than here and less honorable. Among us a physician enjoys no social advantage over the merchant, for example; on the contrary, since the latter is likely to be much richer, with a more expensive automobile, he will probably take precedence.

The result of all this might have been expected: fewer men study medicine. Several years ago, while waiting for a surgeon at the University of Maryland, my *alma mater*, I decided to put in the time by listening to a lecture on obstetrics, so I crossed the street and entered the old familiar hall. In my student days a lecture on this, one of the essential courses for the general practitioner, would fill that hall to the last seat. I found the first three or four tiers of chairs occupied; all above was vacancy! And mark this: instead of being only one school in seven as it was thirty years ago (two of the others were quite as large), it is now *one of two;* the other being Johns Hopkins, which limits itself to fifty students a year.

Is it any wonder that country doctors are no longer being recruited?

Enough men (and women) are being graduated today, probably, to keep the ranks of the specialists filled. The honor to be gained in the profession is to be gained by specialists, and beyond all doubt the money to be gained all goes to them! The more they specialize the greater the reward. The profession has not been slow to notice this law, and the results grow ever more astonishing. One can sympathize with the lady who asked a doctor who was being introduced, where he practiced? "I am a Naval Surgeon, Madam," he replied. "How you doctors do specialize now-a-days!" was her not unnatural exclamation.

I HAVE before me a memorial addressed to the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association by the National Grange, petitioning the governing body of the profession to find some means to relieve the alarming and growing "scarcity of country doctors". They quote some highly significant statistics. According to a survey made for the General Education Board there were in 1906 approximately 33,000 physicians in places of 1,000 inhabitants or less, and in 1924 this number had been reduced to 27,000, a loss of 6,000 rural physicians in eighteen years. More recent investigation shows that almost one-third of the towns of 1,000 or less throughout the United States which had physicians in 1914 had none in 1925. The *average age* of rural doctors throughout the country in 1925 was *fifty-two years!* Since the average age at death of American physicians is sixty-two years, it will be seen at a glance that the present generation of country doctors will have practically disappeared in another ten years.

"With this situation staring us in the face," continues the National Grange, "it is ominous, to say the least, that only a very small percentage of the medical doctors graduated during the past ten years have taken up the practice of their profession in the rural districts. Careful inquiry reveals the fact that there are literally scores of rural counties in the United States where not a single doctor receiving his degree during the past ten years has settled."

Meanwhile, the Commission on Medical Education reports that with our present medical school capacity, the graduates averaging twenty-seven years of age, the total number of physicians in practice in the United States is actually decreasing. It is estimated that their number will not again reach the present roll of 130,000 until 1965. In the mean time the population of the country will have increased from 115,000,000 to 164,000,000.

ONE of the committees at the last annual convention of the American Medical Association, held at Washington, deplores the discovery that "the medical profession does not attract so many qualified young men and women as formerly". This may astonish the committee, but some of us old fellows back in the country think we could tell them the reason! And we could also explain the cause for "the dangerous concentration of doctors in cities, leaving the rural communities without adequate medical service".

Dr. William Allen Pusey, a former President of the American Medical Association, stated the case accurately and succinctly: "If the poor boy," he

says, "who is used to the simple life and to effort rewarded only by the simpler luxuries cannot enter medicine, who *is* going to do the ordinary work of medicine in the city or in the country? The man who can live without productive labor until he is twenty-five or thirty years old, who can spend eight or ten thousand dollars on his higher education, is not looking for an ordinary practice among ordinary people in the cities, *or for any practice in the country!*"

It is not fair to blame the graduates of today for their choice of an urban career. Bear in mind, first, what they have invested, of time and money both, in their license to practice; second, the fact that their diminishing numbers, the populations of the cities in the mean time increasing enormously, seem to assure them all a good prospect of pleasant and profitable careers in an ideal environment, convenient to hospitals, clinics, libraries, laboratories and professional societies, with the most eminent consultants always available and the stimulating association with able colleagues. From the point of view of the man of scientific ambition as well as that of the selfish mercenary there is simply no possible hesitation as between the career of a plain family doctor in the country, alone, poorly and irregularly paid, thrown daily on his own resources in face of the gravest emergencies, traveling over miles and miles of dusty, muddy or snow-banked roads, day and night, rarely able to escape from his responsibilities for more than a day at a time; and the highly lucrative as well as profoundly interesting pursuit of one of the medical or surgical specialties in the city, with always the chance of achieving fame and distinction and of adding to the sum of our knowledge. To state the problem is to answer it, because doctors are human beings.

Incidentally, there is another serious aspect to the situation that has been so triumphantly achieved by our reformers of medical education. Not only has the rural population been deprived of competent, practical doctors, but the profession at large is likely to be deprived of some of its leaders in the future. The story of a friend of mine will illustrate what I mean. Today he is one of the three or four outstanding men in his specialty, which is one of the most recondite as well as one of the most important departments of surgery. He does a great deal of original research and blazes the path that others follow. Thirty-odd years ago he was one of a large family, so poor that he was obliged to leave school and go to work when about twelve years old. He was meant to be what he is, and so he entered one of the easy-going medical schools of twenty-five years ago and was graduated M.D. at the age of twenty-one. While serving as interne in a hospital he took advantage of his absurdly youthful appearance to enter a boys' preparatory school, carefully concealing, of course, the fact that he was a doctor! Next, he made arrangements with an obliging college to read for a degree, largely *in absentia*, with the help of a tutor, and so, several years after receiving his doctorate, he was awarded his A.B.! Now, what chance would such a boy, in his situation, stand to enter the medical profession today? And he

represents the kind of material we can ill afford to lose!

WELL, what are we going to do about it? I find myself enjoying the melancholy satisfaction of the justified prophet of evil, for I foresaw the present situation a good many years ago.

The crisis would have arrived long ere this but for two mitigating circumstances that have been developing during the past twenty years, the automobile and improved roads. These modern blessings have enabled us, the active country doctors, to cover far more ground than ever before, and so to close up the ranks as our older colleagues died or retired. But, of course, there is a limit to this process, and it has now been reached. Consequently the gaps that go on occurring must now remain unfilled. So, is there any feasible remedy? Frankly, I can see very little prospect for relief. The National Grange proposes the obvious and rational measure of relaxing somewhat the present rigid standard of medical education. The trouble with this plan is that "revolutions do not go backward", and reformers never admit they were wrong.

I HAVE as little hope of seeing the bars to the medical profession let down as I have of seeing the Eighteenth Amendment repealed! Something more or less Socialistic is far more likely to be developed: young men educated in medicine at the public expense, perhaps, with the duty required of them that they practice for a stipulated period in the country. Perhaps a medical bureaucracy, supported by the groaning taxpayer, will cover the land with medical centres, doctors and nurses supplied. One thing *is* sure, some solution will have to be found, for the agricultural population cannot and will not carry on without any medical care; and when the farmer quits there will ensue an epidemic disease that not even the Specialists can cope with — Starvation.

Classics and Counting-Rooms

By Lawrence F. Abbott

The Bimillennium Virgilianum suggests to a thoughtful observer the possibility that "them dam lit'ry fellers" may win the practical success as well as the highest joys of life

A man who has exercised enough influence on humanity and civilization to have his two thousandth birthday celebrated is *some* person. That is what is going to happen in 1930 to Publius Virgilius Maro, widely and, I fear, unfavorably known to "prep school" boys and candidates for college board examinations as Virgil, author of the *Æneid*, the *Georgics*, and the *Bucolics*. Virgil was born on a farm near the little Italian village of Mantua in 70 B.C. His father was obscure and humble. Some critics think he was merely a farm laborer; others, that he had some skill as an artisan in pottery. He had himself no education, but did have the good sense to give his son, Virgil, the best education that the times provided. Combined with native genius, this education made the son one of the great poets of the world and "his influence on European literature," says a recent authority, "has played a part second only to that of the Bible." Tennyson (if one may venture to quote so mid-Victorian an authority) said that the hexameter verse in which Virgil wrote all his three great poems is

"The stateliest measure ever
molded by the lips of man."

Shakespeare (or whoever wrote the plays bearing his name) was saturated with the legends and the mythology of the *Æneid*, and Bacon, Dryden, Cowper, Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold have all acknowledged their debt to him. The American Classical League is now preparing plans for a unique literary celebration in 1930, which it appropriately calls the *Bimillennium Virgilianum*.

This interesting event raises a question as to the status of the so-called Classics in the American scheme of education. Does some acquaintance with Greek and Latin contribute to a man's practical efficiency, or is it a mere pleasant accomplishment like playing the flute or making trick shots at golf like Joe Kirkwood? The purpose of this paper is to consider this interesting if not important query.

An uncle of mine, long since dead, used to tell with glee a story of his undergraduate days at New York University in the middle of the last century. A freshman, who was still in

the compulsory stage of his academic course, was talking with a senior who had reached the optional period of education, and to whom the greener student looked up with that respectful awe which is proverbially characteristic of the attitude of freshmen towards seniors. The conversation ran something like this:

FRESHMAN [*timidly*] — Didn't you find Greek hard, Mr. Jones?

SENIOR [*pompously*] — No, I don't recall that it was very hard.

FRESHMAN [*in astonishment and with nightmare visions of his grammar and lexicon*] — What! You didn't find Greek hard?

SENIOR [*with an air of sudden recollection*] — Oh, you mean that language with the funny little crooked letters in it? Yes, that was devilish hard!

Such was a not uncommon attitude of the American undergraduate in the days when the study of Latin and Greek was compulsory in our colleges. But today the situation is even worse. I should not dare to say how many seniors there are in American schools of so-called Liberal Arts in this year of Our Lord whose acquaintance with Greek is so limited that they are not even aware that it is made up of "funny little crooked letters".

NO MAN in the early part of the Nineteenth Century could go through Yale or Harvard or Princeton or Dartmouth or Amherst or Williams or Hamilton without some idea of Greek and Latin literature. And there were intellectual giants in those days. May I be excused for wondering who now stands in the shoes of Daniel Webster, or Rufus Choate ("whose aptitude for classical and historical studies characterized him through life"), or Emerson, or James Russell Lowell, or the brothers Hoar (the Senator, Frisbie, and the Judge, Ebenezer), or the first Charles Francis Adams — or, for that matter, the second Charles Francis Adams and his brother Henry? To be sure, they did not invent electric lights, or radios or aëroplanes, or synthetic foods; nor did they produce five thousand automobiles a day or merge banks with assets running into the billions. Neither did Homer or Virgil. But nevertheless Homer and Virgil contributed some immortal joy to life.

I DO not wish to be misunderstood nor to appear pharisaical. I would instantly give up my regrettably limited acquaintance with Homer and Virgil rather than sacrifice my telephone, my electric lamp or my daily newspaper with its cable and wireless messages from all parts of the world. I have no desire to exchange the limited transcontinental train for the stage-coach or my automobile for a saddle-horse. George Stephenson, Eli Whitney, Elias Howe, Henry Ford and Thomas Edison are no less public benefactors than Plato, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Montaigne or Cervantes. Their gifts to civilization have too often been ignored or insufficiently recognized by literary historians. Nevertheless, the present danger to American culture and American education is idolatry of utilitarian science and a neglect of the noble and immortal deities of literature, both classic and modern. Mark Pattison, the delightfully ironical Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, in the '60's, — who once satirically advised one of his pupils to "vote with the Whigs but dine with the Tories", — makes this biting comment in an essay on Macaulay:

The world as it is was good enough for him. The glories of wealth, rank, honours, literary fame, the elements of vulgar happiness, made up his ideal of life. A successful man himself, every personage and every cause is judged by its success. "The brilliant Macaulay," says Emerson, "who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that 'good' means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity." Macaulay is in accord with the average sentiment of orthodox and stereotyped humanity on the relative values of the objects and motives of human endeavor. And this commonplace materialism is one of the secrets of his popularity.

THERE is no adjective that makes an American madder, when applied to him personally, than "vulgar". But Pattison, a finished stylist in the exact use of language, employs the word "vulgar" in its original Latin sense of common, customary, usual, not in its secondary meaning of bad mannered, ill bred, offensive. Without food, clothing, material commodity, of course, there can be little or no physical comfort, and physical comfort, if not the foundation, is at least one of the cornerstones of happiness. Nevertheless, the question may fairly be asked whether the tendency in American life today is not to make physical comfort the sole element of happiness; whether the vulgar aim of American education is not to turn out men who can produce good things to wear and good things to eat; whether the leaders in higher education ought not to combat this commonplace materialism by encouraging a return to a knowledge and enjoyment of the Classics.

In such a combat they will have to fight not only the *vulgus* but some who ought to be their own allies. There is at hand a striking case in point. In a recent and readable biography of Sir Robert Peel, one of the great ones among English statesmen, the author, a female Ph.D. of the University of Edinburgh (the adjective "female" is objectionable, I admit, but I do not know how otherwise to define her), reveals the supercilious attitude of a certain (and regrettably large) school of education toward what is called classical culture. Peel went to Harrow and Oxford. When he was entering political life at the age of twenty-one his Harrow headmaster in a letter of advice urged him to pursue daily his reading of Homer: "Elevate your mind," wrote this good old teacher, "by the continued meditation of the vastness of his [Homer's] comprehension and the unerring accuracy of all his conceptions." Commenting upon this advice Peel's biographer (Miss A. A. W. Ramsay, Ph.D.) remarks that "obviously to Dr. Jackson requisite qualifications for a young man entering political life . . . might be attained . . . by reading, five times in the year, a romantic epic written in a foreign language three thousand years before . . . In justice to Peel I must state that I have never found any indication that he followed his master's advice."

HERE we have what William James called "the Ph.D. Octopus" reaching out its tentacles to strangle classical education. Miss Ramsay implies, if she does not assert, that any man who wastes his time over romantic ancient literature written not merely in "funny little crooked letters" but even in a foreign tongue, unfits himself for a practical, administrative, creative career. Well, let us, by considering a few examples, inquire into the soundness of Dr. Ramsay's contention.

Gladstone was a "double first" at Oxford. That is, he had the rare distinction of taking highest honors both in the Classics and in Mathematics. Some of the intellectual labor this involved is thus set forth by one of his biographers, G. W. E. Russell:

> The course of study necessary at this time for classical honours was comprehensive, and the method of examination searching. A man who aimed at a first-class would "take in" a list comprising from twelve to twenty books, which he was supposed to have mastered very completely, so as to be prepared to bear a pretty close examination in their subjects and language. These might be Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, part of Aristophanes, Herodotus, Thucydides, perhaps Polybius, Vergil, Horace, perhaps Lucretius, portions of Livy and Tacitus, Aristotle's *Ethics*, *Politics*, and *Rhetoric*, perhaps *The Republic* of Plato or two of the shorter dialogues, and Butler's *Analogy* or *Sermons*. The actual examination on paper would be something of this kind: First day, Logic; and translation from English into Latin. Second, English Essay; translation from Greek into English. Third, Latin Essay; translation from English into Greek. Fourth, questions on Aristotle and Plato; Greek History, text, substance, critical questions. Fifth, questions on Butler and Ethics; Latin History. Then came the *vivâ voce* by one after another of the four examiners, who "heckled" the candidate as much as they thought fit in all his books and subjects. This, with good examiners and good candidates, was a very interesting process, as minute knowledge, as well as intelligence and general views, came into play. The Divinity came in at the *vivâ voce*. The candidate was supposed to be at home in the Four Gospels; he ought to know something of St. Paul, and he was expected to have a close knowledge of the language and general meaning of the Thirty-nine Articles. If he "took in" Butler, questions might arise out of that. Metaphysic was not formally recognized; but he might in his Logic expect questions from Aristotle's *Organon*, and other philosophical treatises; and his study of Logic was supposed to have given him some acquaintance with such subjects. The examination was designed to try, not a man's general cleverness or even knowledge, but his power of mastering books intelligently and usefully; to test the way in which he had employed himself in reading during his three years at Oxford. Many brilliant men failed in it for want of knowledge; but it was also a trial of a man's intellectual power generally, as well as of his observation and memory. It was meant to enforce thoroughness of work, not to give honour to cleverness.

This course of study did not turn Gladstone into a pale-faced ascetic, for he was "not averse to hospitality in the way of suppers and wine parties", enjoyed grouse-shooting, was a good horseman, and had a physique that enabled him to do sixteen hours of work a day in middle age and to swing a wicked axe in the woods of Hawarden even in old age. Not content with Greek and Latin, Gladstone went to Italy on leaving Oxford and became proficient in writing and speaking the language of that country. His love of the Classics stayed by him all through life, and when eighty-five years of age he published a poetical translation of the *Odes* of Horace. All this classical and literary scholarship did not prevent his being a first rate man of business and an expert financier. He was the foremost Chancellor of the Exchequer — or, as we should say, Secretary of the Treasury — that England has produced.

GLADSTONE was not the only classical scholar among the English Prime Ministers. Of the thirty-six Premiers covering the period of two hundred years from Walpole to Lloyd-George, thirty were graduates of either Oxford or Cambridge and had to know something of Latin and Greek to get their university degrees. Among them Lord Stanley, the fourteenth Earl of Derby, came next to Gladstone as a Classicist. He administered very large

and important business interests, maintained a famous racing stable which in twenty-two years won for him a half million dollars in stakes, was a distinguished parlimentarian, and at sixty-five years of age produced a metrical translation of the *Iliad* which is still considered one of the excellent English versions of that great epic.

IT THUS appears that classical learning does not destroy the capacity for business and finance. It is possible that Mr. Andrew Mellon, admittedly one of our great financial economists, is a classical scholar. But classics or no classics, he is not richer than the Earl of Derby or a greater financier than Gladstone. Perhaps it is not generally known that we have in the United States a "big business" man who is also a classical scholar, in the person of Mr. Fairfax Harrison, president of the great Southern Railway system. Mr. Harrison is an accomplished Latinist and in a most interesting fashion has translated Varro's useful book on agriculture, *De Re Rustica*, together with Cato's treatise on agriculture, an achievement which this successful railway president does not mention in his modest autobiographical notes in *Who's Who* — perhaps out of deference to the well known American prejudice that a knowledge of Latin interferes with money-making. As long, however, as Mr. Harrison keeps Southern Railway stock at 150⅞ or better (the New York Stock Exchange quotation at the present writing) he can safely indulge in all the Latin he likes, and perhaps even a little Greek.

The late John Sharp Williams, Senator from Mississippi, was known in Congress as an accomplished Latinist. Cultural education seemed to him so desirable that after his course at the University of Virginia he went to Germany and pursued his studies at Heidelberg. While in the Senate he was "regarded by many as the ablest political philosopher" in that body. His genuine love of classical literature did not interfere with his success as a practical man of affairs; possibly it even promoted that success.

Walter Hines Page, one of the wisest and finest Ambassadors ever sent by the United States to England, was a serious Greek scholar and became a Fellow in Greek at Johns Hopkins under Gildersleeve with the purpose of fitting himself to be a college professor of the language and literature of the ancient Athenians. But what he was really interested in was life and literature, not prosody and philology. And when he was asked to make a meticulous study of the history and uses of the adverb πρίν he gave up in disgust, asserting, however, his belief that "without a home feeling in Greek literature no man can lay claim to high culture". This was not mere theory with him for "he acquired," says his biographer, "a living knowledge of Greek that was one of his choicest possessions through life."

IN SUCH a paper as this I should not, during the late political campaign, have thought of mentioning above a whisper the name of Herbert Hoover. But now that he has successfully passed the test of November 6 (a date as ominous for a Presidential candidate as the Ides of March for Cæsar), and is no longer a mere party candidate but the American President-elect, it is not inappropriate to

point out that he is an illustrious example of the harmonious combination of science and the classics in a scheme of cultural training. Of Mr. Hoover's scientific attainments everybody is aware. Not so many of his fellow citizens, however, know that fifteen or sixteen years ago he and Mrs. Hoover translated Agricola's Latin treatise on mining, entitled *De Re Metallica*. The author was a German scientist of the Fifteenth Century named Georg Bauer, who punningly assumed the pen-name of Agricola and wrote in the language of the ancient Romans in accordance with the prevailing custom of scholars of his time. To be sure, Agricola's treatise was not written in the "crooked little letters" of the Greeks, but it was written in the crooked style of mediæval Latin, the hardest kind of Latin to translate, which makes Mr. Hoover's classical feat all the more notable. This is certainly effective evidence that classical interests are not necessarily a bar to a man's vocational, scientific, financial or political success.

PROBABLY the most outstanding instance in American life of the successful combination of classical culture with administrative ability is found in the person of Thomas Jefferson. In 1824 Jefferson, as Rector of the University of Virginia, which he had just founded, laid down the policy of that institution with regard to classical literature:

> No diploma shall be given to anyone who has not passed such an examination of the Latin language as shall have proved him able to read the highest Classics in that language with ease, thorough understanding and just quantity; and if he be also proficient in the Greek let that also be stated in the diploma; the intention being that the reputation of the University shall not be committed but to those who, to an eminence in one or more of the sciences taught in it, add a proficiency in these languages which constitute the basis of good education and are indispensable to fill up the character of a "well educated man".

Jefferson's appreciation of the Classics, and his ability to quote in the original from such works as the *Iliad* and the poems of Anacreon, did not interfere with his being a shrewd and practical politician, a distinguished and money-making lawyer, an excellent farmer and horse-breeder, and one of the best of American architects and builders.

THE chief objection to classical studies is that they rob the student of time which ought to be devoted to the acquirement of scientific facts. This is the age of science, it is said, and the limited number of years that the average man can give to his education are too few as it is for his scientific training. He cannot afford to waste any of his precious time on "romantic epics written in a foreign language three thousand years ago". This was not the view of one of the greatest scientists of modern times. Pasteur, who was, in the opinion of Sir William Osler, "the most perfect man who ever entered the Kingdom of Science," had, says his son-in-law, Vallery-Radot, "the highest regard for the influence of literature in education." He was a frequenter of the literary lectures of Sainte Beuve, and late in life he wrote to a Parisian friend, a well known man of letters: "The brain alone is able to deal with the exactions of Science; but the soul [*cœur*] and the brain are allied in Literature, which explains the se-

cret of the superiority of Literature in leading the march of civilization." Let me interpose that if Literature is to perform this function in civilization, it must be taught in the literary rather than the scientific spirit. If the *Odyssey* is to be used merely as a laboratory for the dissection and analysis of the adverb πρίν, then I gladly take my stand with the Anti-Classicists.

HERE lies the ground for the only just criticism of Greek and Latin literature in a scheme of liberal education. The scientific, philological, grammarian method kills the interest of nine-tenths of the undergraduates in secondary schools and colleges. It is only as vehicles of literary art that the classic authors appeal to the average student, and only thus can they contribute to the liberal culture of society in general. This appears to be the point of view of Oxford — an attitude which has given that queen of universities a profound influence upon British statesmanship.

If the chief aim of life, and therefore the basic purpose of education, is mass production of automobiles, a bullish stock market, high pressure salesmanship, and enormous bank clearings, then the Oxford type of education is useless. But if the object of life is happiness, — mental, moral and physical happiness; the happiness that comes from a joyous appreciation of truth and beauty in nature and the fine arts, — then there is no education which will fit one for life unless it has a cultural background which includes some knowledge of the Classics. For no one has yet improved upon Matthew Arnold's definition of that much abused word, "culture". "Culture," said Arnold, "consists in an acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said in the world and thus with the history of the human spirit."

NOT long ago in an address to the members of the Century Club of New York, Elihu Root, at that time the Century's honored president, quoted with approval a motto which he once saw over the door of an old-fashioned banking house in Holland: *L'âge d'or est l'âge où l'or ne régnait pas.* In the same spirit it might be said that any age of education is golden in which the money value of knowledge is not the dominating motive of either student or teacher. He who reads, even in the Loeb translations (which, I regret to confess, furnish almost the sum and substance of my classical education) the story of the adventures of Odysseus which that great wanderer related to the Phæacians; or the witty and thoroughly modern satire embodied by Theocritus in the dialogue between the two ladies of Alexandria at a street parade and festival; or Pliny's thrilling account of the earthquake and eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Pompeii; or the humorous debate, recorded by Lucian, between Solon and Anarcharsis on the follies and virtues of athletics; or Virgil's romance of Dido and Æneas and their "love nest" (as a typical Hearst reporter might describe it if he should ever hear of it); — such a reader gets all the pleasure that can be extracted from a modern "best-seller" without the post-perusal suspicion that he may have been wasting time that might have been more profitably employed in the stock market. For one of the great charms of classical literature is that one is never tempted to measure its value in dollars and cents.

The Widow's Mite

By George S. Brooks

An "o'er true tale," save for names and some non-essential details, of the futile efforts of a gang of grafters to recover their carefully hidden loot

Michael Conroy came to the restaurant, where he had agreed to meet me for dinner. He was in a very bad humor.

"A client," he explained, as he checked his hat and coat, and accounted for his show of temper. "A client asked me, *me*, if I could furnish references."

"You can give him some of the best names in the country. . . ."

"I'm the one who should ask for references," Conroy interrupted me. "Listen. The worst private detective in the world isn't as bad as his own clients. You don't believe that? Listen. I've been hired by people so crooked that they'd try to run away from me every time I went in to make a report to them. It's a fact."

The waiter served two Bacardi cocktails in coffee cups.

"Here's to Mabel Willebrandt, God . . . . bless her! And the 'noble experiment'." Conroy muttered his favorite toast as he tossed the cocktail down. "He asked me, *me*, for references. I told him that if he wanted me to take his case, he'd have to put up a bond."

Conroy is justly proud of his record for honesty. Concealed somewhere, he has a code of ethics which, while it might not be comprehensive to another, determines his course of action. Certain things he will do for a client; other things he will not consider, regardless of possible remuneration. I have known him to commit burglary for a client, but never to perjure himself. Perhaps, since he is an ex-policeman, he sticks to the ordinary cop's code; with a sneaking respect for a crime of violence, an outspoken admiration for genuine smartness, and a profound contempt for all "sure-thing" grafters, who seek to win without putting themselves in jeopardy.

However, this evening, roast young guinea fowl under glass, preceded by Cape May oysters and onion soup *au gratin*, followed by endive salad and good Brie cheese and coffee, lulled to rest the indignation of the sixty-year old detective. He loves good food. He grinned as he sipped his coffee.

"You think I'm kidding about the clients I've had," he observed. "It's true. Every word of it. When people are so crooked that they don't dare go near the police or the district attorney, they call in a private detective."

Michael Conroy carefully broke, between his thumb and forefinger, the sealed end of his cigar. He had too much respect for imported tobacco to bite or cut off the end. He lighted the *perfecto*, made sure it was drawing evenly, and settled back in his chair.

"I had a job once," he began; "you can draw your own conclusions about the city it was in. Call it Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Kansas City or Cleveland. It wasn't New York. They'd have worked the racket differently here. Not that they're any honester. . . ."

Michael Conroy laughed at the thought.

"Say," he demanded, suddenly, "What would you do, if the Mayor of a big city sent for you and told you to find 622 thousand-dollar bills?"

"I don't know."

"Neither did I," laughed Conroy.

* * *

When Conroy was ushered into the private suite in the City Hall, it was his first impression that he would like the Mayor.

Mayor Parker was suave, attractive, a good fellow. He radiated friendliness and easy-going generosity. Perhaps that was the reason he had been elected.

"Help yourself to a drink, Mr. Conroy," began the Mayor. "Scotch, rye or brandy. Can't use it myself during office hours. A lot of these damn bigots come in here, twice a day, just to smell my breath. So, if you don't mind, I'll take mineral water."

There was a bluff heartiness about it that almost fooled Conroy. Mayor Parker could pose as a liberal and honest executive; in fact, he did pose successfully as such for nearly two terms. Conroy warmed to the man.

"For various reasons, Mr. Conroy," the Mayor continued, "it is necessary for me to employ some trained investigator from out of town. I haven't a man in this whole city administration whom I can trust with this job. I am told that I can trust you; both to do your work and to keep your mouth shut about it, afterward."

Conroy bowed.

"There's been a theft of city funds," the Mayor continued. "We are sure, in fact, we know, the money has not been spent. We've got to put the money back before our December thirty-first audit. We're hiring you to find the money."

"How much?" asked Conroy.

"Six hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars," said the Mayor prayerfully, as if any sum over a half-million were sacred. "It happens to be all in thousand-dollar bills."

To this point, the Mayor's story had been straightforward and direct. He might have been an honest man, trying to insure restitution to the City Government. He claimed he was trying to save an erring official from a jail sentence. But, when Conroy pressed him for details of the defalcation, he became strangely vague.

"Where would a man, an ordinary man, hide any such sum of money?" asked the Mayor.

"It would depend on the man," Conroy replied. "Some men would hustle off to a race track, and get the bills changed on pari-mutuel machines, so the bills couldn't be traced. Your wise sport would do that."

"This man who took it wouldn't do that."

"Some men would deposit it in a bank," continued Conroy.

"This wasn't deposited," the Mayor assured him. "We know that."

"Well, a certain type of man would even bury it in his cellar floor."

The Mayor shook his head, as if this suggestion were as futile as the previous ones.

THE Mayor neither accounted for the primary loss of the money, nor gave any adequate description of the thief. "The money," he insisted, "was taken from a city department emergency fund. It was taken in thousand dollar bills. We've got to have it back."

"Well, who had access to it?" Conroy asked.

"You don't have to know that," the Mayor retorted, with some heat.

"How the devil," Conroy returned, "can I find the money, if I don't know who took it? And how am I going to find out who took it, if I don't know who had access to it?"

The Mayor hesitated.

"I may as well go home," Conroy added, "unless you tell me that. Nobody would hide that amount of currency under a statue in the park."

For some minutes, Mayor Parker was silent. He seemed to be reflecting; either deciding how little he should tell, or quietly determining to make a clean exposition of the whole affair. At length he cleared his throat:

"This is painful to me, Mr. Conroy. It's very painful. But I can see that, if you are to work intelligently, you'll have to know the facts, sooner or later." He paused and swallowed. "Only two men could have taken that money. Every other possible leak has been checked. It was either — Mr. Conroy, give me your word again that this confidence will go no further."

"You can either trust me or not. That's up to you."

CONROY'S gruffness seemed to win the man's respect, even more than solemn protestations would have done.

"Mr. Conroy, either I took the money myself," he smiled, a sort of sickly smile, "in which case I'd scarcely be hiring you to find it for me; I repeat, either I took it myself, or my brother did."

"Then your brother took it?"

The Mayor nodded.

"And you want me to get it back?"

"Hold on, there," Mayor Parker interrupted. "I want to tell you about my brother."

"You needn't." Conroy reached for his hat. "Since your brother did this to you, you'd be the worst witness in the world, for or against him. I'll find out about your brother from someone else."

"But I want to tell you about him . . ."

"If you really knew about him, how to handle him," Conroy said, emphatically, "you could get the money back, yourself, without calling on me."

"That's just it." Mayor Parker leaned forward. "My brother's dead. Died suddenly, about a month ago. If he'd lived, there would have been no trouble. I could have recovered every dollar. But he died. And the knowledge of the place where he hid the money died with him."

"He hadn't spent it?"

The Mayor shook his head.

"It didn't show up in his estate?"

Again the Mayor gave an emphatic negative sign.

"In fact, Mr. Conroy, I'll stake my life that the money was never touched,

after it was taken and hidden. My sister-in-law knew nothing of the money and she was made administratrix of his estate. No, sir. He hadn't spent it, or speculated with it, or deposited it in a bank. He merely took it, hid it, and now it's gone."

When Conroy returned to his room at the hotel, he reflected that the Mayor had lied in part. That was obvious. In spite of his denials, the Mayor must have known when the dead brother abstracted the money. Moreover, it must have been a carefully planned theft. Few banks carry six hundred thousand-dollar notes for emergency, overnight withdrawals. It was not believable that any such sum had ever been locked in a city vault. Even tax money would have been in small bills, and each tax collection day the money would have been deposited to earn interest.

So Conroy went quietly and systematically about the business of tracing the lives of Mayor James Stanwood Parker and his brother, Doctor Edward Parker, deceased.

The two men had been born and had lived their lives in the older residential section. James, the elder of the brothers, had become Mayor. The younger brother had been a dentist, with a comfortable practice. Everyone to whom Conroy talked knew them both. No one could tell him much vital news of either.

One of the curious facts about detective work is the paucity of real information obtainable about the life and habits and associates and tastes of any ordinary man or woman, who is known to hundreds.

At least fifty times, Conroy ran into the stone wall statement, "Why, sure, I'll tell you all about the Parker boys. I've known them all my life. Jim's the older one, he's our Mayor. The younger one's name was Ed. He died a little while ago. He was a dentist."

But further questioning would not reveal an additional fact. Both brothers had been too conventional to attract any attention. They had lived apparently colorless lives, in humdrum middle class surroundings. And, in the end, the sum total of the detective's knowledge was zero.

"Ed was quieter'n Jim. Never dabbled in politics, like Jim did. Didn't like politics, I guess." This, heard on every side, scarcely pointed to a man who had conspired to steal from the city.

Two weeks passed. Conroy had found nothing that would account for a six hundred thousand-dollar steal. The Mayor lived well within his income from his law office and his official salary. The Mayor was secretly stingy, it was hinted. The dentist brother had steadily saved money, since the second year of his practice.

Mayor and dentist alike seemed, to Conroy, entirely too unimaginative, too commonplace, to engineer a huge fraud. Yet, the Mayor was paying Conroy to find out where the obvious-minded dentist had hidden a fortune in stolen money.

Conroy did not neglect the possible "woman angle". He found no trace of expensive mistresses in the lives of the men whom he was investigating.

"I would have left the case," Conroy admitted, "except that I got curious myself."

On the seventeenth day of this painstaking research, Conroy met an undertaker. The man had had charge

of Doctor Edward Parker's funeral.

"Who made the arrangements for the funeral?" he inquired, chiefly to get the man talking.

"The widow, herself," the undertaker replied. "Mrs. Parker. A smart little woman, too. She called me up about this time, one afternoon, told me her husband had died suddenly out at the hospital, after a minor operation. She asked me to handle everything for her."

"Where was the Mayor?" Conroy suggested, without indeed particular interest. "Seeing it was his own brother, I would have thought he would have arranged it."

The undertaker smiled. "They're close-mouthed folks, the Parkers. But I guess the Mayor had a pretty good reason for not taking hold of things. He had to call me up to find out what time and where the funeral'd be. I figured out that Ed's wife didn't like the Mayor. Ed and Jim were good friends, but it looked to me as if Mrs. Ed didn't like her brother-in-law."

It was a slender straw at which Conroy grasped. But it was the first whisper of a possible story which might lie behind the Mayor's tale. Conroy called upon the widow.

Mrs. Edward Parker proved to be a slim, smiling, attractive woman of forty. She was quietly self-possessed, as she greeted the detective. She was also a bit curious about his errand.

"You phoned me?" she began.

"Yes'm," Conroy nodded. "I'd like to talk to you for a few minutes, if you've a little time to spare."

"Come in here," she led the way into her living room.

"My name's Conroy, Mrs. Parker. I'm from New York. I'm a private detective. I think you may be able to give me some information I need."

"If I can help you, of course," Mrs. Parker was very gracious about it. She was not at all frightened by the words, "private detective."

"Mrs. Parker," Conroy hoped to break her by a sudden attack, "I'm here for a sum of money, which you have in your possession."

"Blackmail?" inquired Mrs. Parker, coolly.

"No." Conroy shook his head. "Let me recall a little matter to your attention. After your husband's death, you went down to his office. I can tell you exactly when you went there. It was between the afternoon he died and the afternoon of the funeral. You unlocked his office file and took out some sheet gold and other valuables."

"How interesting!" murmured Mrs. Parker.

"Wasn't it?" retorted Conroy. His heart was thumping, for her journey to the office was guess work on his part and she had not denied it. "And in looking for these minor treasures, you came across a package in the file. You opened it. Quite a surprise."

"Yes. Six hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars worth of surprise." Mrs. Parker smiled as the figures rolled off her tongue.

Conroy had anticipated lies, recriminations, tears, orders to leave the house. Through methods which he does not divulge but which are common to most detectives, he had checked the status of Doctor Edward Parker's account in the savings bank. And he had learned that, the day before the funeral, Mrs. Parker, under her own name, had rented a large safe

deposit box. She had said she had rented it pending the opening of the Doctor's box by the administrator or executor. Conroy had noted, however, that she rented a larger box than the dentist had ever used.

The other bit of information which fitted into the jig-saw puzzle of the Parkers' actions, was a minor burglary of the late dentist's office, a few nights after the funeral. The rooms had been ransacked, but nothing had been taken. This had puzzled Conroy, until the undertaker told him of the unfriendly relations between the widow and the Mayor.

Mrs. Parker had accidentally discovered the loot a few days before the Mayor hired a burglar to look for it. She had been forced to rent a large safe deposit box to hide it in.

Conroy's guess had proved right.

"Well, Mrs. Parker, don't you realize that that money didn't belong to your husband?"

"No," replied Mrs. Parker. "On the contrary, I'm sure it must have been Edward's."

"Well, it wasn't."

Mrs. Parker laughed, easily and quietly. "To whom did it belong?"

"To the city."

"Mr. Conroy," she replied, "I'm sure a man of your intelligence will appreciate my position. If proof should be brought forward that this is city money, naturally I'd be forced to turn it over to the proper authorities."

"Mind if I use your phone?" asked the detective.

"You'll find it in the hall, Mr. Conroy."

Conroy called the Mayor. He got the connection without much difficulty.

"I've found the money," he announced.

"Where?" The man at the other end of the wire gasped the question.

"It's safely in your sister-in-law's safe deposit box."

"Come up to my office," snapped the Mayor. "We'll find some way to get that . . ."

"I suggest you'd better come down here," returned Conroy. "I'm at your sister-in-law's now."

For a second, there was a stunned silence over the wire. Then, "You damned fool! You didn't tell her you knew where . . ."

"No," returned Conroy, "She told me. Confirming my own suspicions, I might add."

"You blockhead!" stormed the Mayor.

"Are you coming over here?" Conroy continued, placidly. He hung up the phone.

"Is he coming?" Mrs. Parker inquired, and she laughed again, when Conroy nodded.

They talked of the theatre, of a motion picture then showing in the neighborhood house, of the weather, of winter sports.

It didn't take the Mayor long to drive from City Hall to the Elm Street house. He came in the room puffing as if he had run every step of the way.

"So you stole it, did you?" he thundered at his brother's widow.

She faced him, without a change of expression. "Oh, no, James. I just found it, where poor Edward left it for me."

"But you know Edward never had any such amount of money." The Mayor's neck veins were purple.

"I was surprised, I grant you. But he must have been skimping and saving . . ." She giggled as she said it and left the sentence in the air.

"I'm not going to let you get away with a fortune," the Mayor rumbled on.

"All right. Start a legal action to recover it," suggested Mrs. Parker, pleasantly.

THE Mayor started to bluster something more, caught himself, and bit his lip.

"It's my idea," Mrs. Parker spoke on, dispassionately as if she had been telling an anecdote at a bridge club, "that you were so afraid, when the papers started that agitation last June, that . . ."

"Lies!" The Mayor shouted it.

"The papers said you had been selling park concessions for about a quarter of their value," Mrs. Parker went on. "I remember Edward said to me that he was afraid you'd got yourself into hot water, that time."

"It's a lie!"

"Well, since you won't admit that you took graft money for the park concessions, this six hundred thousand dollars must have been Edward's," concluded Edward's widow. "I thought, at first, Edward might have hidden the money for you, because you were being watched. But since you say that it isn't so . . ."

"Have it your own way. That money belongs to me and the boys."

"You wouldn't advise me to settle out of court, would you, Mr. Conroy? Not after he admitted that he lied in the first place?" She turned smilingly to Conroy with the query. "I know so little about business."

"You damned double-crosser!" The Mayor shook his fist at Conroy. "You got me into this!"

"You got yourself in," Conroy snapped back. "You should have told me you couldn't prove title to the money."

THE Mayor looked from one to the other, sighed, with a heart-breaking sigh, and left them. They heard him slam the front door. Mrs. Parker sat down and laughed. She laughed long and heartily.

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Conroy," she remarked after a time. "You've lost your pay for this investigation, I'm afraid. I don't think your chances of being paid by the Mayor are too good!" She laughed again.

"I'll get my pay," Conroy spoke confidently. "I'll send the bill to you."

"But I wouldn't pay you. The idea!" Mrs. Parker shook her water-waved head.

"No?" drawled Conroy. "Well, now. If you want to keep that money in the safe deposit box, it's your business. But I looked up your affidavit, made when you filled out the inheritance tax papers, and I fancy the Government would think it was their business . . ."

Mrs. Parker stopped laughing. "Get out!" she ordered.

It was Conroy's turn to laugh.

"I'm going. I'll send my bill right over tonight. Before you forget it, Mrs. Parker. Goodby."

* * *

"And that woman," continued Michael Conroy, "is the mainstay of the Prohibition party in her town. She's saving the morals of the country. Waiter! Bring us a couple more of those things in teacups."

Aces of the Press

By Remsen Crawford

Has news gathering lost its old-time glamor? The author, himself an old-timer, relates dramatic reportorial feats behind recent press sensations

No, the romance of newsgathering has not all gone out of the game. Getting news for the paper still has its fascination and charm, and, while the expansion of the great associations and syndicates and the establishment of chain newspapers by wealthy publishers may have had an apparent effect in dimming the glow of individual endeavor, there still are epics in journalism. Every once in a little while some unknown reporter suddenly leaps into the limelight for scoring a "beat" at the peril of his life: some editor becomes famous for his fearless exposure of social or political corruption.

True, there come waves or undercurrents of popular solicitude about the press, and, particularly among hunkerous old-timers, one sometimes hears such questions as these: "Why do modern newspapers, especially of the morning field, look so much alike, with seemingly the same lay-out of news, similarly placed?" "Why do so many crimes go unsolved?" "How did the oil scandal slumber for months at Washington; disclosed finally by a Senator and not by a sentinel of the press?" "Why has the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University failed to find some reportorial feat in the last several years worthy of the award set aside for such distinction?" "Is the press losing its pep?"

Such questions usually come from elderly persons who recall how Nellie Bly shammed insanity to enter a lunatic asylum and expose inhuman treatment of its miserable inmates; how David Ferguson laid bare the insurance scandal and the evils of interlocking directorates in high finance; and how many other reporters became celebrities of the craft. But, these elderly persons who are in the habit of believing that "old times were the best times" should not lose sight of the fact that one result of those very exposures has been to educate the wrong-doer in the arts of his game. Corruption today is so complex, so cunning in covering its tracks, that the corruption of yesterday is as simple as three-card monte in comparison. Meanwhile, the libel law has been gradually tightening about the press, while the enforcement of the criminal laws and trials by juries have grown certainly more lax, to say the least.

The great difficulty in the way of a fair comparison between the daring reporters of former days and the modern newsgatherers lies in the fact that the game has grown so vast. Thomas B. Fielders, a reporter on *The New York Times* many years ago, achieved fame with his exclusive story of the sinking in mid-ocean of the liner Oregon. The captain of a rescuing steamer had forbidden anyone leaving his ship until she had passed Quarantine. It was then early night and the ship might not be cleared until the next morning. Fielders leaped overboard and swam to a tug. In those days it was a wondrous feat, and stands until now as a notable example of reportorial courage; but the deed cannot outshine the plucky adventures reporters make so commonly today every time they face storms in airplanes. Moreover, it should be noted that Fielders's great risk would be needless today with radio equipment aboard every ship that sails the seas.

SCIENCE has shortened the way in the search for news. The risks taken by a newspaper reporter now are of a different sort. The cost in cash to the publisher, too, in scoring a "scoop" has gone upward by leaps and bounds. The whole business of getting out a newspaper has taken on such prodigious enlargement since the European war that little wonder can be felt at the growing trend for chain newspapers and the tendency to depend largely upon the big associations for a kind of Soviet system of newsgathering.

While it cannot be denied that this pooling of the American press is tending to destroy the competitive spirit of newsgathering on the part of individual reporters, it is nevertheless true that modern newsgatherers still vie with each other to the limit of physical courage and endurance and often at the risk of their lives. Let us draw a few comparisons:

THE writer remembers that night in 1902 when the first news broke about the eruption of Mont Pelée, away down on the northwestern coast of Martinique in the West Indies. The town of St. Pierre was reported almost totally destroyed with a terrible toll of life. Joseph Pulitzer, the man who made *The New York World* the great institution that it is today, was alive then. It didn't take him two minutes to make up his mind to get a man on his way after a story of such magnitude. Louis Seibold was the reporter detailed, and with him Walter Harris, then head of *The World's* photographic department. They caught a ship leaving New York that night for Porto Rico. They were authorized to hire or charter a steamboat from Porto Rico to Martinique. But no sooner were they aboard the ship in New York to begin their journey than Seibold saw that Hamilton Peltz, of *The New York Herald*, was also a passenger for Porto Rico, and that Peltz, too, had a photographer with him. Seibold hurriedly made known this fact to *The World* office by going ashore and telephoning. Pulitzer was notified at his home. He ordered that a steamboat be chartered by cable to come northward and meet the ship from New York, to take Seibold and Harris off, and to proceed with them direct to Martinique.

Thus, two veritable Napoleons of newsgathering—Joseph Pulitzer and

James Gordon Bennett—locked horns in relentless combat for the prize. Seibold and Harris were "on the works" ahead of all others.

What would happen today in a case like that? In the first place, by radio would have come a much fuller story at the first break. Then, airplanes would be ordered to hop off from Cuba, or Porto Rico, or any other near-by point, each carrying reporters and photographers. Almost overnight the full reports of the great disaster would be coming back by radio, and the photographs would be shown in all American newspapers and telegraphed around the world in less than one-tenth the time it took those aces of the newsgathering game to be heard from in 1902.

CONSIDER the case of the landing of the airplane *Bremen* with the German aviators on Greenly Island. This was not a calamity of world-wide concern, as was the Mont Pelée affair. It was no calamity at all. Not a single life had been lost. There was no element of tragedy in the story. Three daring flyers had left Germany and Ireland to attempt the westward flight over the Atlantic Ocean. The whole world wondered what had happened to them, and the modern press doesn't let the whole world wonder very long about anything nowadays. A bulletin from Baron Huenefeld, head of the expedition, to the nearest radio station by dog team reached all American and Canadian newspapers at about the same time. Instantly, the night editors of the large Eastern dailies began calling up the owners of these papers and asking for authority to make extraordinary expenditures in the sending of reporters and photographers to Greenly Island. Before midnight many game New York newspaper men were on their way north, some by train to Boston, some by airplane to Montreal or Quebec. From these intermediary points they were to negotiate for airplanes to continue the journey. Meanwhile, *The New York World* and other members of the North American Newspaper Alliance lost little time in securing the services of "Duke" Schiller, the intrepid Canadian ace, to take the air from a point in Canada on a "relief" mission to Greenly Island. With a good start ahead of the New York men, Schiller was the first to reach the island, and found Baron Gunther von Huenefeld, Captain Herman Koehl and Major James Fitzmaurice, the Irish member of the *Bremen's* crew, safely ensconced within a lighthouse. Turning newsgatherer, Lieutenant Schiller got the story and brought with him Major Fitzmaurice, but they were met at Ste. Agnes, Canada, their first landing place, by many other newspaper reporters who, in turn, got the story from Schiller and Fitzmaurice with photographs, and rushed the story by wire and the pictures by airplane to Montreal, thence by special train or airplane to their respective newspapers.

MEANTIME, a very funny thing was happening. The day that Schiller left Greenly Island with Fitzmaurice by plane for Ste. Agnes — it was a Sunday — Miss Greta Ferris, a nurse from the Labrador Medical Mission of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell at Blanc Sablon, had driven nine Eskimo dogs hitched to a sled over fifteen miles of ice and snow and arrived on Greenly Island.

She was accompanied by another woman worker of the camp. Miss Ferris explained to the astonished aviators that she had come to extend Mission hospitalities to the heroes, but, finding that they were already comfortably lodged in the lighthouse, she and her companion hurried back to the Mission and sent by wireless telegraph to Red Head and thence by telephone to St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, the first real story of contact with the stranded flyers. It was for her hometown papers in St. John, *The Times-Globe* and *The Telegraph-Journal*, but was immediately taken up by the Canadian Press Association and scattered to newspapers throughout the Dominion and the United States. It reached New York City in time to be printed in the late editions of the afternoon papers, prior to the appearance of the Schiller-Fitzmaurice stories from Ste. Agnes, which were carried by the morning papers next day. Miss Ferris had never been a newspaper woman, and her recent years had been spent in that dismal isolation of the frozen Northland, but her story was a masterpiece of news writing.

MEANWHILE, the "regulars" of the press were having a terrible time down around Ste. Agnes and Murray Bay, Canada, trying to get airships to make the last lap to Greenly Island. The first real newspaper men to reach the flyers were Edward N. Jackson, photographer for *The New York Daily News* and the Pacific and Atlantic Photos, James Stanton, representative of the Canadian Press, Fernstrom of the Paramount News, which works with the Associated Press in getting news pictures, and Leslie Roberts, of *The New York American* and International News Service. They all flew to Greenly Island in one plane, piloted by Ramon Vachon. They jointly paid some $14,000 for just one trip in a plane worth $20,000, but the owners figured it as a hundred to one shot if the plane ever came back, considering the hazards of the snow storms and of landing and taking off at Greenly. Indeed, it was at the peril of their lives when these aces of the modern news-gathering game persisted in the face of blizzards and went on to Greenly Island.

A conservative estimate made by *The Editor and Publisher*, organ of the American press, places the cost to the newspapers in covering the stranding of the *Bremen* with the German and Irish flyers at $250,000. This, of course, includes the considerable fees paid to the individual flyers for their signed articles. Times have changed since the Associated Press spent $30,000 to cover the Mount Pelée disaster.

YET there really does seem to have been something more picturesque in the old-time "beats" than in modern press exploits. Consider Henry Guy Carleton, later a successful playwright, and Lucien Atkins, who risked their lives to go South in the yellow fever panic many years ago, passing quarantines with the pretense of being immune from the dreadful plague. And remember how Walter Wellman started for the North Pole in a so-called "airship" in 1906; and how Richard Harding Davis disguised himself and lived in a den of thieves until he had evidence for the arrest of eight of them. It happened that one of them

later entered the Davis home bent upon burglary and was amazed to find his former "pal" all dressed up in "glad rags". Believing that Davis had beaten him to the house with similar intent, "Gee!" said the burglar to Davis as he was being let out of the house, "but dat's a swell make-up you're wearin'!"

Of course, in the days of Richard Harding Davis, a masterly style of writing was encouraged. Now it is sacrificed for speed. Just as often as not the reporter doesn't write his story at all. He simply gives it orally over a long-distance telephone to a rewrite man in the office. There are several editions before midnight now. In the old days what was known as the first edition, or out-of-town edition, went to press around 1 a.m., and the regular city edition came out at 3 o'clock a.m. Naturally, the modern breakneck speed to get the bare facts on the wire and into the composing room and out on the street does not encourage "fine writing".

MODERN press exploits are, then, rather in the reporting than in the writing. In the great Florida storms newspaper reporters and camera men performed true to the game of news-gathering, though few of them were ever singled out by name for honors. The Associated Press sent two reporters by airplane from Florida across the sea to learn of Nassau's fate long before the wind's fury had ceased and while mountainous billows were still pounding Florida's coasts. Meanwhile two Tampa reporters had already hopped off in an airplane on the same mission. Both made the trip safely, but with damage to the planes in landing. Once on Nassau, and with the story of disaster in hand, the question arose, Who is going to get back to Florida first, and where will the nearest telegraph wire be found? At great peril the Tampa reporters put out in a tiny boat and fought their way through churning seas to the Florida beach. Their safe landing and successful covering of the distance by land, over roads blocked by fallen trees, to the nearest telegraph station, were feats that have been classed with miracles by all news handlers familiar with the performance.

FEW instances of reportorial daring in the old days can excel the feat of William B. ("Skeets") Miller, of *The Louisville Courier Journal*, in the spring of 1925, when he found Floyd Collins pinned by boulders to the bottom of a deep natural cave in Kentucky. Collins, an explorer, had been in the cave fourteen days. Searching parties had failed to find him. Miller crawled through the treacherous crevices where boulders had fallen, and brought out the first news that the entrapped man was still alive and breathing. Miller was heralded as a hero, but his "beat", like most "scoops" of modern times, counted for little in so far as his own newspaper was concerned. The story was sent broadcast by the big organizations and was carried next morning by every daily in the country. The point may be raised right here: Has not the expansion of the news associations had the effect of dampening the ardor of editor and reporter alike, and may we not attribute the machine-made earmarks of newspapers to this breakdown of the very keen competition which characterized the press in former years? It is undeniably true

that very few crime mysteries of recent times have been solved by the young gentlemen of the press. The "human torch" murder of a young woman in New Jersey; the almost weekly finding of unidentified dead bodies in New York harbor which remain unsolved; the disappearance of young girls from their homes; the strange case of the young woman missing from Smith College — all of them still are mysteries.

THE strategy of the old-time reporter was never more brilliantly displayed than when Isaac D. White identified the man who threw the bomb at Russell Sage. The story is almost legendary now, but it is worth telling again. An unknown man entered the offices and asked to see Mr. Sage. When he believed he was near the capitalist the man hurled a bomb, which, by premature explosion, smashed the hurler to unrecognizable fragments and killed a clerk who leaped in front of Mr. Sage. Who was the would-be assassin? Was he just one of a band of bomb throwers whose purpose was to kill all the capitalists? The man's identity was the story.

Seven thousand police in New York and Brooklyn and many others in various cities worked on the case for days, and finally gave it up as one of those baffling mysteries which must go unsolved. Isaac D. White gained possession of a button from the bomb-thrower's clothing and a tiny patch of cloth from his suit. The button was manufactured by a Boston firm whose name was stamped on it. White took it to the manufacturers in Boston and obtained from them a list of all the clothiers and tailors in New York to whom they had sold buttons of that description. Returning to New York he checked up on all these clothiers until he found who had made the suit of which his patch of cloth was a sample. This tailor had the man's name and address, later verified by his family or friends, and "Ike" White had the story of his life. It was a "beat" of the first magnitude and was in those days protected as such.

What the reader of newspapers will want to know is this: Does not the paper which scores a "beat" have a legal right to hold that news exclusively its own? If so, why is it that the same news is often seen nowadays in other newspapers of subsequent editions? What is the law about "property rights" in news? That is a very pertinent and interesting matter. The courts have ruled that news is property as long as it has a commercial value to the holder thereof, and the commercial value must still be of force at the time it is taken over by a competitor, or it would not be "lifted" and exchanged for dollars. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld an injunction to stop the pilfering of news from bulletin boards, early editions, etc., "until the commercial value of the news has passed away". But one of the judges of the United States Court of Appeals had rendered a dissenting opinion in the same case to the effect that news is property only until it is published.

IN VIEW of the fact that any newspaper claiming property rights in a "news beat" would have to proceed in the courts against another newspaper for "lifting" it, — and this court proceeding would be obviously too late to be effective, — there is a growing practice among the makers of morning

newspapers, and "evenings", too, for that matter, to disregard the "property rights" in news. Closer and more binding contracts with the big press associations in late years, each newspaper member pledging itself to furnish the pool with all its news, even ahead of publication for other than local areas, have probably had something to do with increasing this spirit of license in "lifting". I can better explain this by relating what happened when Parker Branin, a reporter on *The East Oregonian*, an evening newspaper in the small town of Pendleton, Ore., figured in the capture of William E. Hickman, kidnapper and murderer of Marion Parker, a banker's daughter at Los Angeles.

You will remember how Hickman boldly offered to return the child to her father if the latter would meet him at a certain spot in the street; and how he exchanged the girl's dead body, frightfully mutilated and wrapped in a bundle, for a considerable sum of money, and sped away in an automobile. And then Hickman eluded the police of Los Angeles and San Francisco and several other cities and towns of the Pacific coast. Rewards totalling nearly $100,000 were offered and warnings were sent out describing the green sedan in which the murderer was believed to be travelling. The Associated Press had notified all its member newspapers to keep reporters on the lookout for Hickman. Parker Branin of *The East Oregonian*, which is a member of the Associated Press, went with the chief of police and a State traffic officer from the town of Pendleton to the old Oregon Trail Highway and lay in wait for the green car. They caught their man, and Parker Branin hurried back to Pendleton with the story, arriving there about 2 p.m. Now, the Associated Press has a contract with its members that a "flash", or bulletin of important general news, shall be sent to other papers outside the local area even ahead of publication, and each editor is supposed to have some member of his reportorial staff assigned to the task of sending such flashes. It just so happened that Parker Branin was the man so designated by *The East Oregonian*, and before writing his story for his own newspaper he flashed a bulletin to the Associated Press at Portland. In less than three minutes, by a system of leased wires all working on one circuit, the news of Hickman's capture was given to nearly 1,000 newspapers. Some of them, doubtless, had the news on bulletin boards or out in extra editions before *The East Oregonian* came out with its own beat.

The writer gets this narrative of Parker Branin's feat from a high official of the Associated Press. It shows how difficult it is under present-day arrangements for any single newspaper to hold out against the press at large in scoring "beats". But it also demonstrates that newsgatherers have lost none of the old-time pluck and enterprise.

Nor has the press of modern times "abrogated its duty" to the public, as a certain prominent financier remarked when he started his Federal Research Bureau several years ago. Just as Dave Ferguson exposed the evils of interlocking directorates and ran the "yellow dog" out of the insurance frauds some thirty years ago, so did Lowell Limpus, a reporter for *The Daily News*, and Herbert

McCory, a photographer for The Pacific and Atlantic Photos, quite recently lay bare conditions prevailing in the coal mining districts of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Week after week, month after month, Limpus and McCory inspected the pathetic plight of the striking coal miners and their families around Pittsburg, portraying to the world the distressing conditions there. Limpus is a Westerner with much of the "show me" spirit in his make-up. More than that, he is a West Pointer. He and McCory were sent into the coal fields ahead of any other reporters after trouble had started there with the police and the operatives. The United States Senate, at the instance of Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, sent a committee to investigate what Limpus and McCory had reported from the mining camps. This committee invited the reporter to join in its work and made McCory its official photographer. It seems probable that a general reorganization of the whole coal industry may be the outcome.

EVEN more recent than this crusade by *The Daily News* against the persecution of the coal miners was the successful culmination of Oscar Hewitt's seven-year fight for *The Chicago Tribune* to expose the political conspiracy by which the city of Chicago was trimmed of $1,700,000. The plot which this newspaper brought to light was hatched in 1918 during a campaign for a "City Beautiful". In making plans for beautifying the city, experts on real estate and landscape gardening were to be employed to do the appraising. Mayor William Hale Thompson was then in power and campaigning for reëlection. *The Tribune* contended that these experts were drawing fabulously excessive fees and were being used by the Thompson machine as tools in a huge graft.

Oscar E. Hewitt, veteran reporter on *The Tribune's* staff, got his first tip on the situation from Alderman Wallace. There was no proof at hand. The story seemed too prodigious to be true. It just didn't seem possible that any politician would ever try to get away with nearly two million dollars in a game like that. But Hewitt undertook the great task of getting the proof. Records of Mayor Thompson's political expenditures, files of the various city offices, reports of the Federal income tax office at Washington, and various other records, were studied by Hewitt who, day by day, month by month, kept on building up the foundation for his fight in open court.

SEVEN years is a long time for a reporter to stick on a single job, but Hewitt's labors were finally rewarded by a complete victory for *The Tribune*, which, as a taxpayer, had filed suit against Thompson and his crowd away back in 1921, relying upon the reporter's investigations. Judge Hugo M. Friend, of the Circuit Court, decided on June 20 last that a "conspiracy was formed and carried out", and the judge further ruled that "the defendants are liable for restitution of $1,700,000".

Confronted with such recent feats as those I have mentioned at random, can we doubt that the press is now as always very much on the job?

Demobilizing the Alienists

By Malcolm Logan

Now he's crazy, and now he isn't, according to the fee of the learned psychiatrist; a reproach upon American justice which cries aloud for prompt abatement

It is not improbable that George Remus, the "bootleg king" of Cincinnati, Ohio, who murdered his wife, will some day be considered an unintentional benefactor of society. He escaped the consequences of his crime by pleading insanity, and then escaped the consequences of insanity by pleading that he was only temporarily insane. Incidentally he demonstrated to the whole nation how the insanity plea may be abused, and so gave impetus to a movement started in Massachusetts several years ago to reform this phase of judicial procedure. In so doing he probably served society better than if he had been found guilty and forfeited his life.

Remus, it may be remembered, announced immediately after his arrest that he would plead insanity and conduct his own defense. His recovery of his faculties was quick and thorough. He marshalled an imposing array of alienists to support his contention that the murder was committed while he was "temporarily maniacally insane". The State also had its experts, and there ensued one of those battles of psychiatrists which have become a standard ingredient of American murder trials. The jury acquitted Remus, and the second phase of his campaign was opened in the Probate Court, which held a hearing to determine whether he was still insane. Here the accused produced a new platoon of expert witnesses who said that though he was a "dangerous psychopath" he was legally sane. This fine distinction was rejected by the court, and Remus was committed to the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane. On a writ of *habeas corpus* the case was carried to the Court of Appeals, which ordered his release.

It was possible, of course, that the verdict, though reached by dubious means, was a just one — that Remus was actually temporarily insane when he shot his wife. This possibility does not seem to have occurred to the many persons who publicly commented on the trial. It was generally assumed that Remus had "put one over" on poor, blind Justice. The trial not only showed that there is something wrong with our means of passing on the sanity of the accused

murderer; it also shows that public opinion regards these methods as so hopelessly wrong as to be useless as an instrument of even accidental justice.

At the bottom of this skepticism lies a cynical belief that the testimony of psychiatrists is purchasable by any person accused of murder who has sufficient money. In the Thaw trial, the Loeb-Leopold case, the Hickman trial, and innumerable others in which the defendants were backed by some money, we have been treated to the spectacle of reputable alienists testifying with equal fervor and conviction to exactly opposite opinions concerning the responsibility of the accused. From such exhibitions the Man in the Street has drawn the conclusion that this expert testimony is venal testimony. Lawyers, psychiatrists and the courts have frequently remarked on this unfortunate situation, and in many cases have concurred in the general belief. The Court of Appeals of New York in 1890 said in an opinion:

> The frequent spectacle of scientific experts differing in their opinions upon a case according to the side upon which they are retained tends much to discredit such testimony or to impair its force and usefulness, and inclines us to prefer the formation of an opinion upon the real facts when the case is not one beyond the penetration and grasp of an ordinary mind.

Charles S. Whitman, former Governor of New York, tells of a judge who, sitting on a murder trial in the Old Bailey, said of two expert witnesses in his charge to the jury:

> Gentlemen, you have heard the testimony offered concerning the sanity of the accused. The witnesses are two of the most eminent alienists in England, probably the two greatest in the English-speaking world. You have heard their conflicting testimony. Gentlemen, it has been my experience that in such cases the witness usually testifies according to the wishes of the side that pays him.

In stronger language, the testimony of partisan experts is assailed by Dr. Thomas S. Cusack, Brooklyn psychiatrist. Asked by the defense to examine Henry Judd Gray, accused with Mrs. Ruth Snyder of the murder of her husband, Dr. Cusack accepted on condition that the four alienists paid by the State and by the defense constitute themselves into an impartial commission whose findings would be binding on both sides. Under these conditions the four men were unanimous in declaring Gray sane, with the result that the insanity defense was not raised. Dr. Cusack said:

> Because of the employment of alienists separately by prosecution and defense, an odium and stigma attach to psychiatry. An expert retained by either side must be expected to "deliver the goods". It is natural that an alienist who gets as much as $500 a day should fall under suspicion. The whole system has hurt the reputation of my profession.

It is merely a legal fiction that a man who receives such a fee is an unbiased witness. A man who, witnessing a crime and called as a witness, accepted as much as ten dollars from one side or the other for testifying honestly to what he saw, would be charged with bribery. Yet we allow an alienist to accept as much as he can get, and not only would we be shocked at the imputation that we are countenancing bribery, but we actually consider him an unprejudiced witness. As he is now employed, the alienist is really not a witness at all,

but a paid advocate in the same class with the attorney. He may be entirely honest in his desire to reveal the truth about the prisoner's mental state; but the fact remains that it is humanly impossible for him to accept a large fee from State or defense and remain wholly uninfluenced.

There is, of course, a difference between the psychiatrist who is called into a trial because of his professional ability and the witness who is involved by the possession of some important fact. The expert witness deserves to be paid, and well paid. But we cannot make him a truly impartial and scientific witness until we make him a servant of the community, paid as judge and juror are paid from public funds.

If we assume that two alienists or groups of alienists separately employed by prosecution and defense arrive at honest but conflicting opinions, the question remains whether a jury is competent to determine from their testimony whether the accused is sane or insane. In many cases legal limitations make it impossible for the witness to give a straightforward opinion. He is instead obliged to answer a long hypothetical question, based on the testimony of witnesses for his side. When the opposing alienist takes the witness stand, he is asked another involved and quite different question, based on completely different testimony which witnesses for his side have given. As Judge Frank D. Comerford of Chicago said in a recent trial:

> Alienists do not testify about the actual defendant but about a hypothetical person. For the State they have a photograph of one person and for the defense another. They are asked about two different people; yet only one man is on trial.

I cannot attempt to analyze with authority the mental processes of jurors, which often pass all understanding, but it seems not improbable that Mr. Dooley came close to the truth in his discourse on "expert tistimony". The jurors, he said, would chuck the testimony out the window and proceed to consider three questions: "Did Lootgert look as though he'd kill his wife?", "Did his wife look as though she ought to be kilt?" and "Isn't it time we wint to supper?" This is one way of dealing with conflicting testimony couched in involved and confusing medico-legal jargon, but it can hardly be recommended as a fair one.

We do not expect a juror who is in private life a barber or a salesman to be sufficiently learned in the law to decide those legal points which arise during a trial. We have found it necessary to employ for that purpose an impartial judge who is an expert in such matters. It is perhaps less necessary, but no less reasonable, for the State to employ a commission of experts to determine the grave question of the mental responsibility of persons accused of serious crime.

Another objection to the existing system is that examination of a prisoner's sanity is made only when it appears expedient to one of the interested parties. An indifferent or incompetent lawyer defending a client too poor to pay for expert testimony may neglect to plead insanity when it is a justifiable plea. It may also occur that a prisoner is insane, but his attorney, believing he can win the case, refuses to plead insanity. On

the other hand there is the prosecutor who, anxious to obtain a record number of convictions, contests the insanity plea even when it is well founded. Examination of prisoners accused of capital crime should be automatic and routine.

Finally, examination of habitual offenders is as important as examination of those accused of capital crime, but such examinations are not now being made. It can hardly be expected that a prisoner will of his own volition plead insanity, with the prospect of spending his life in an institution for the criminal insane, when the alternative is a prison sentence of a few years. Thus the State is often forced to try habitual offenders who should be in the asylum.

In two States, Massachusetts and Colorado, legal procedure has been reformed with the purpose of placing the determination of the sanity of accused persons in the hands of impartial scientists. Massachusetts led the way in 1921 by passing a law providing for examination before trial of all persons indicted for capital offenses and of persons previously indicted for or convicted of felony. The examinations are made by psychiatrists appointed by the Department of Mental Diseases, one of whom is usually a member of this department. The examination is continued over as long a period as is necessary, and at its conclusion a report on the mental condition of the accused is filed with the clerk of the court in which the trial is to be held. It is available to the court and the attorneys for the prosecution and defense; and the examining psychiatrists may be summoned to testify at the trial. Being retained by neither side, the examiners approach their task with complete impartiality, without any subconscious desires as to what they will find. Dr. Winfred Overholser, Director of the Division for the Examination of Prisoners, of the Department of Mental Diseases, also considers it of prime importance that the examination is a routine one, applying to certain classes of prisoners whether or not the insanity plea has been invoked in their defense.

There is no compulsion on either State or defense to accept the findings of the examiners. If the law made its conclusions binding, it would probably be declared unconstitutional. A man cannot be deprived of the right to call witnesses to prove he was insane when he committed the crime for which he is on trial. In practise, however, it has been found that the reports of examiners are binding in fact if not in law.

Dr. Overholser said, in an address before the American Orthopsychiatric Association in 1927:

> One result of this law has been that the duels between experts on opposing sides have been almost entirely eliminated in criminal cases. In the last six years there have been almost no criminal cases where the spectacle has been presented of experts arrayed on either side and giving conflicting testimony. The courts and the district attorneys, recognizing the impartial character of the report, have shown a most encouraging willingness to accept its findings and abide by them.

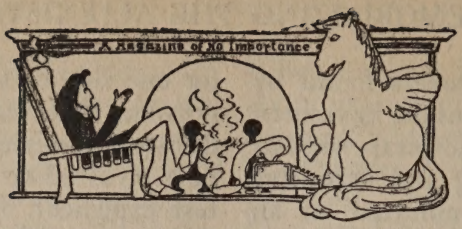
Dr. Overholser informs me that to his knowledge there have been no cases in which the examining psychiatrists have disagreed in their conclusions. This, he believes, is largely due to the fact that their observations can be continued as long as is necessary.

In most cases, prisoners found by the examiners to be insane have been committed to State hospitals without the necessity of long and expensive trials. And once committed to an institution, the insane criminal cannot get out as easily as did Remus. An insane killer can be released only by a pardon from the Governor after the Department of Mental Diseases has again examined him and found him fit to return to the community. Without the approval of the department, he must spend his life in the hospital.

THE law enacted by Colorado in 1927 has the same purpose as that of Massachusetts, but it approaches the problem in a different manner. In Colorado, if the defense of insanity is raised, the prisoner is committed to a State hospital for observation, the examiners reporting to the court. An alternate method is examination by a commission of two or more physicians appointed by the court. In Colorado as in Massachusetts the tendency has been for counsel to abide by the findings of the examiners. The Colorado law, however, requires initiation of the examination by a non-medical person — the judge or counsel for one side or the other. Thus it is possible that some cases of mental disease are missed because the attorneys involved do not consider a sanity test expedient. In this respect Massachusetts, with its routine examination of habitual offenders and all persons accused of capital crime, must be granted superiority.

A sub-committee of the National Crime Commission last year reported on an inquiry made into the abuse of the insanity plea and endorsed the Massachusetts law. "If other States will follow the lead of Massachusetts and adopt its sensible system," the report said, "we can go a long way toward mitigating the disgraceful situation confronting American justice today as typified by the Remus case."

THE revision of judicial procedure along the lines followed by these two States cannot be advocated as a panacea for crime. It is only part of the tremendous task of overhauling our creaking machinery of justice. It is, however, a very necessary part of that larger reform, and one which will, if undertaken by other States, go far toward restoring our waning belief in the integrity of the American judicial system.



Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Now Appearing for the First Time in these Pages and Continuing to Infinity or until Pennsylvania Goes Democratic

JANUARY, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 1

IN EXPLANATION AND APOLOGY

The Responsible Editor of the ancient and honorable journal in which *Stuff and Nonsense* now finds a happy home will perhaps admit a paragraph in explanation of the impertinent intruder.

Stuff and Nonsense was aforetime and until even now a magazine in its own right. It enjoyed one unquestioned and unqualified distinction. At the end of four years of precarious existence it was the most obscure magazine in the United States, our insular possessions and numerous foreign countries. Its editor had realized the full flavor of the experience of the Western editor who was asked by an advertiser to define the length, breadth and thickness of his paper's circulation. He replied: "My paper goes to every town in this county and every county in the State. It goes to every State in the Union, and to Alaska and Mexico. It goes also to Canada and England, and the editor has to stay up until three o'clock every night to keep it from going to hell."

It is a commonplace of educational theory and practice that whenever two or three sophomores are fired out of a university and are gathered together in contemplation of a career, their first impulse is to start a magazine. The editor of *Stuff and Nonsense* was also ejected more or less violently out of the pedagogic sphere — for reasons too humorous to mention — and since nothing else occurred to him at the moment he also followed the line of least resistance and founded a magazine. A benevolent printer, an elastic conscience in regard to publication date, and the singular way in which one thing leads to another, conspired to continue the sheet for years and years and years. And now at the mature age of four, it suddenly finds itself in polite society.

Its singular history is briefly as follows: Its first issue had no subscribers, no advertisers, no contributors and a complete editorial staff of one. At the end of the first month there were fourteen paid subscribers. At the end of the second this number was practically doubled. The process of accretion continued by a combination of arithmetical and geometrical progression — and sometimes according to the square of the distance — until there were literally hundreds of subscribers. With the approach of Christmas the list suddenly doubled again by a sort of amœbic separation of the subscribers, each of whom went forth and captured, cajoled or created a new customer. Since then each year's end has seen the circulation doubled. According to Government statistics and the multiplication table, this ratio of increase would have

produced by 1936 a total of one million and fifty-six thousand subscribers.

It has, however, frequently occurred to the editor, business manager, advertising manager, circulation manager, office boy, janitor and proof reader, that it might prove somewhat burdensome for him to address 1,056,000 envelopes in 1936, or at any other time. It also promised to become increasingly difficult to persuade anybody else to address 1, 056,000 envelopes without remuneration which would cut deep into the totally non-existent assets of the magazine. The editor therefore welcomes this opportunity to retire gracefully from the competitive field of magazine publication and leave its anxieties and responsibilities — particularly the addressing of the envelopes — to people who seem to have a gift for that sort of thing. *Stuff and Nonsense* continues, but under the ægis, overlordship, and benevolent autocracy of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The old customers are still with us, and we have acquired a perfectly elegant crop of new ones without having to hunt for them.

Stuff and Nonsense will, of necessity, continue in the course of sin which has characterized it to date. It will gossip in prose and prosody, in verse and worse, of this and that and the other. It will talk lightly on matters of moment, and weightily on matters of no importance whatever. The editorial family will creep into its pages as it has done hitherto, for the editor has a family and there is no keeping it a secret. The editor's opinions will go their own gait as hitherto and will be, as said Elbert Hubbard, "one man's opinion, worth just that much and nothing more." The thought that this is an amusing world will continue to obsess its editor, who has lived half his life and learned no better.

In conclusion, *Stuff and Nonsense* will continue to be a Magazine for Middlebrows. And what is a Middlebrow? He who can endure both stuff and nonsense without pain or protest is a Middlebrow. He who can not is a Highbrow or a Lowbrow. It is a perfectly obvious and practically invaluable distinction.

Wanderlust

OUT of the drear of the dying year
In its shroud of murk and mist,
My thoughts run wide with the flow of the tide
To a sea that the sky has kissed.
Where summer smiles o'er a thousand miles
Of laughing and dancing foam;
And my heart is away
With the wind-swept spray,
But I think I shall stay
At home!

The morn is shrill on an English hill
And an echoing clarion sounds,
Where the huntsmen ride through the countryside
In the wake of the eager hounds.
And there's manly mirth in the good green earth,
And the birds sing gay and clear;
And my heart is fain
For the hunt's refrain
But I guess I'll remain
Right here!

From a land of drouth I gaze Down South,
Where 'tis sunny and warm and wet;
And laughter lies in the liquid eyes
Of a giddy and gay brunette.
And my spirits surge with a wandering urge,
Which won't come out in the wash;
So I wring a pome
From my suffering dome
And stay around home,
B' gosh!

For Sale or Exchange

Assortment of calendars for 1929, including little ones for the vest pocket and big ones which will cover the hole in the wallpaper. All guaranteed accurate; some have pictures, very beautiful; some have moons and tides and holidays and parcel post rates. One or two rare pieces include thermometers. Fascinating advertisements of banks, stores, printers, plumbers, etc., thrown in without additional charge. Owner must dispose of them or move out. Bring a truck.

The superlative of salesmanship seems to be represented by the man who stands on a city street outside a ten-cent store and sells a ten cent article for fifteen cents.

The Stuff and Nonsense Alphabetical Education

Postgraduate Course

Editorial Note: *For nearly four years* Stuff and Nonsense, *believing with Mr. Stephen Leacock that the adult remains of a high school education can be carried in a hip pocket without disturbing the true trouser contour, has been endeavoring to remedy this frightful condition by publishing the essentials of education in tabloid form for quick digestion. The first course has included fifty-two vital subjects, alphabetically arranged for ready reference. With the present issue we begin the second or postgraduate course, in which numerous further matters will be boiled down for the customers.*

No. 1. Aëronautics

Aviation is a young man's business. Despite all exceptions to the contrary, an airplane's cockpit is no proper place for an elderly gentleman, with or without whiskers, whose arteries are liable to harden at any minute and leave him with no visible means of support except his suspenders. Yet even the older generation, even as you and I, should understand at least the bare essentials of this new science. It is humiliating to realize that some of us would not know an inverted loop if we met it on the street, nor a dihedral or split undercarriage if our own grandmother were wearing them. In these days when youthful ambitions are so commonly flavored with gasoline it is incumbent upon the rest of us to be at least able to distinguish the torque from the tachometer, or the world will move right past us and leave us stranded in a cosmic vacuum.

An airplane is a mechanical device for getting from here to there in the shortest possible time, provided there happens to be an airplane going in that direction at the moment. It may be a monoplane, in which case it looks like a frightened grasshopper, or a biplane, which rather resembles a bookcase with an umbrella sticking through it. Some monoplanes are made entirely of metal, in which case they look like corrugated chicken coops with a great deal more roof than they really need. All airplanes have motors and are very much attached to them. They have also a tail, rudder, landing gear and an assortment of controls, including the pilot.

An airplane flies principally because its aërodynamics insist upon it. The United States Department of Commerce requires by law that all airplanes have a complete equipment of aërodynamics, preferably of American manufacture. The practical effect of these aërodynamics is that when the forward or entering edge of an airplane wing intrudes forcibly upon the circumambient atmosphere it creates a vacuum somewhere or other. Since nature abhors a vacuum — particularly on the upper side of an airplane — the airplane immediately moves upward in order to restore the balance of power, creating what is known as the "lift". The exact formula is $L = KV^2 Sn\cos a$, and if this isn't clear to you, you may console yourself with the thought that it isn't absolutely pellucid to us either.

In order to fly an airplane you should sit calmly in the cockpit while someone else starts the motor. The plane will thereupon move rapidly forward, and you have only to see that it moves in the proper direction and right side up. There are no gear shifts or reverse, and brakes are really unnecessary since with very little encouragement an airplane will stop itself. When it does so by hitting the ground the pilot calls out "Contact!" and has his picture taken for the newspapers.

It will be seen at once that this matter of sailing a plane is really a matter of plain sailing. So if you really want to rise rapidly, young man, take up the science of aviation. Take it up seriously, and don't let anything or anybody stand in your way. If anybody stands in your way, he's going to get hurt. So get yourself a hangar, half a dozen airplanes, a large bottle of liniment and some air, and go to it.

Coffee with the Customers

New readers whose curiosity gets the better of them may care to see copies of *Stuff and Nonsense* in its primitive and ancestral incarnation. If so, they may send word to the editor thereof in care of the North American Review and he will send samples so long as they last. . . .

We also have in stock quite a lot of envelopes, subscription blanks, index cards and a bottle of red ink, all of which are offered to the highest bidder. . . .

We thank you for your kind attention.

Our Centre of Gravity

"Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy."

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet.*

It is a pleasing and distinctive characteristic of our national life that we are able to work ourselves into a veritable paroxysm of emotion and controversy, and yet recover from it overnight with no appreciable aftermath of rancor or headache. Our national temperature goes up to high fever point and beyond, the safety valve begins to wheeze ominously, the lid trembles and the roof shakes, but when the dust blows away from the arena of decision we are all suddenly back to normal and about our business again as sober and sensible citizens. It was so in the last election, which already fades on the vanishing horizon of the past. It took us about three months to work up a pressure of steam sufficient to threaten catastrophe, chaos and the consummation of the age. It took us less than a day and a half to get over it.

♁ ♁ ♁

Yet there is a perceptible and persistent hang-over from the excesses of last November. There is an uneasiness and anxiety which will not surrender to the ordinary bromides of victory or defeat. There is a problem still unsettled, even though we have now dismissed with the crushing gesture of a majority such trifles as Prohibition, Government Ownership, Farm Relief and the Tariff. And the problem is, what is to happen to the voters who strayed off the range?

♁ ♁ ♁

There is a national tradition, hoary, venerable and with an ancient and a fish-like smell about it, that two parties were created simultaneously with the Solar System, and one of them was named Republican and the other Democratic. If the last election did nothing else — as it probably didn't — it busted this notion into at least five million pieces, the same representing the probable total of those who escaped from party allegiance and have no desire to go back to it. They have realized at last that the Civil War is over and that though a guinea-pig must inherit its spots and stripes a citizen need not rely on the Mendelian law for his political complexion. He can possess his own soul and his own vote, with no hurt to anybody but politicians, who really don't matter. But on the heels of this discovery come carking care and an unanswered question. Where shall he go now?

♁ ♁ ♁

The stampede of the last election resembled nothing so much as the underground confusion of the subway station at Times Square in New York. Everybody went this way and that, for an intolerable variety of reasons. By all the evidence, the Democrats gained most and lost most in the scramble. They gained enough to poll a monumental vote, as Democratic votes go, and they lost their shirt as a party in the process. They let down the bars to admit a lot of friendly allies, and when the allies moved out again after the battle, the fences were smashed beyond patching and a lot of the cows and chickens had got away.

♁ ♁ ♁

The foot-loose wanderers who have tasted their political freedom are not likely to be tempted back to the Democratic fold, no matter what the inducements. The Democratic party looks too much like a place to take a good beating. Yet on the other hand there is scant attraction within the fat hosts of Republicanism, which has become a place in which to take orders. The emancipated remnant is all dressed up in its new-found independence, but it has no place to go.

♁ ♁ ♁

The Liberals of this country need a roof over their heads. The politicians will, of course, earnestly deny it to them, and will affect to despise them in public the while they hate and dread them in private. They will tempt them with the old herring by suggesting that the venerable and mouldy parties be reformed from within, as though anything were ever reformed from within. But Liberalism needs its own citadel from which it may come forth on occasion and crack the platitudinous parties of antiquity firmly and healthily on the nose. If they fail to find such refuge a lot of perfectly good voters are going to retire from active politics, which is exceedingly bad for politics. For an anæmic and emaciated electorate is a standing invitation to interested parties to use it as they please for their own purposes.

Liberalism needs a roof over its head. A fraction of the brains and energy devoted in the last campaign to robbing the hen-roosts of both parties could devise such a roof. A fraction of the money spent in organizing the bolting brigades of last November could shingle that roof right well against the weather. And even though this shelter in the wilderness were but a little one, at the next election and the next and the one after that the politicians of both parties would be knocking politely at its door and talking turkey.

Unimportances

Advance reports estimate that Santa Claus will sweep the country on the crest of a wave of popular enthusiasm. The only States reported as unfavorable are the State of Misanthropy, the State of Insensibility, and the State of Chronic Dyspepsia.

The election revealed one fundamental law of economics: that the way to get the minimum satisfaction from spending money is to contribute it to the campaign fund of a defeated candidate.

Despite oil burners, central heating plants and apartment houses, the chimney tops can still stretch a point to welcome Santa Claus with his annual load of Christmas cheer. Unfortunately the stork, whose job it is to supply the other vital ingredients of a happy Christmas, gets from these same chimneys a much less cordial reception.

In many apartments the seasonable touch was represented by a new rattle for the canary and a string of beads for the goldfish. In others the Christmas spirit came exclusively in bottles.

Statistics from the United States Department of Commerce indicate that between five and six p.m. on Christmas Eve nine million men purchased approximately fifteen million pairs of silk stockings. Department stores everywhere reported a run on silk stockings. The ultimate consumers of the silk stockings reported the run some days later.

Our Own Book-of-the-Month Club

Editorial Note: It is only fair that we explain at once that this Book-of-the-Month Club has positively no connection with any other firm of the same name, and is our own personal and private possession. It is a large and healthy club, tough and well seasoned, and studded with knobs which are large but not particularly brutal. At its northern end is a spike, suitable for spearing salmon or waste-paper, and particularly useful for parking the club while on long walks in the country, of which we are extremely fond.

The Book of the Month is chosen with inordinate care from among the hundreds of books published and the three or four received at the editorial offices every month. The books are thrown dispassionately at the ceiling and the one which falls into the waste basket is the Book of the Month. If a book sticks to the ceiling it is the Book of the Year and is immediately banned in Boston.

Behind Your Front, by James Oppenheim. (Harpers, $2.00)

Reviewed by a medium extravert, feeling-intuitive type, I.Q. 58⅜ (closing at 59¼ under heavy bull pressure).

I picked up this volume casually, indifferently. I had no premonition, no prescience that my career hung quivering in the scales of fate. Yet it was indeed so.

With secret pride I have cherished for years the thought that I am an introvert. An introvert, as you doubtless know, is a man — or woman — of the creative, contemplative, speculative, ruminative type, rather than the aggressive, progressive, and acquisitive. An introvert is, roughly speaking, a cross between a middle-aged cow and a blushing violet. While the gross extraverts appropriate the temporal rewards granted to those who go after them with intention, the introvert prefers to hug to his bosom the promise of posterity. He trusts his fame to his tombstone. This secret faith consoles him for the fact that he sits silent and usually alone in society. The extraverts — vulgar fellows — monopolize the ladies, the conversation and the spotlight. The introvert reflects that he was made not to love but to be loved and he bides his time.

I had been biding my time, off and on, for

years and years. I did not care, for was I not an introvert? Or so I believed.

I am a disillusioned man. *Behind Your Front* says I am an extravert. And I am not even a very good extravert. I am just a Medium Extravert.

To learn the worst you put yourself through the cross-examination of the first chapter, with such honesty as is in you. You confess all. You add up your score. You refer to the chart. The Chart places you inexorably, irrefutably in the company of your kind. You'll be surprised.

If I were choosing my company I think I should select a little group consisting of Alice in Wonderland, St. Francis of Assisi, Calvin Coolidge and the late Mary Queen of Scots. These are perhaps my favorite introverts. But the book will have none of them. I find myself stranded halfway between Jack Dempsey and Heywood Broun, which is no place for a medium extravert of approximately 145 pounds ringside.

My wife is located on the other side of the chart, about two degrees southeast of Pola Negri. She doesn't care for the company and I am positively apprehensive about it. But the chart will not be denied. We have gone over the questions again and again; we agree on most of the answers. One involves some embarrassment. "Are you," asks Mr. Oppenheim, "polygamous or polyandrous by nature?" Ah, if I only knew.

This is psychoanalysis adapted for home use. Try it on your sub-conscious mind. Try it on your wife's sub-conscious mind. Try it on the iceman and the janitor and the cook. You may discover that the colored girl is spiritual kin to Greta Garbo, which will be something.

GENERAL INFORMATION

(*This department is maintained for the convenience of our readers and in recognition of the crying need for their enlightenment. Inquiries addressed to us will be here answered by experts on our staff, in association with a large corps of correspondents in every conceivable location. All information supplied is guaranteed to be as reliable as is at all necessary.*)

Question: "I understand that it is a simple matter to replace a washer in a leaking faucet, tap or spigot. Will you kindly give brief instructions for doing so?"

Answer: In order to replace the offending washer it is first necessary to obtain a new washer. This you may do at any department store, hardware emporium or drugstore, but you will at once discover that there are all sorts and conditions of washers and that you have not the slightest idea which of them you need. Purchase a supply of all available shapes and sizes. Those you do not use now may come in handy some day, by which time you will have lost them.

Descend to the cellar and shut off the water from the line supplying the leaking faucet, tap or spigot. You will at once hear from the kitchen that the gas has gone out. Turn it on again and try another valve, which will shut off the laundry supplies but leave the offending faucet, tap or spigot in the kitchen still leaking merrily. Wander round the cellar, regardless of spiders, and shut off everything in sight. You will at last arrive at the water-meter and shut off the main source of supply. Turn on all the other valves again before you forget them.

You may take the spigot apart, preferably without breaking it. The washer or what is left of it will remain deep down inside the surviving plumbing. If your wife is an old-fashioned sort of girl you may borrow a hairpin and fish for it; otherwise you must blast it out with dynamite. Before inserting the new washer — which is much easier said than done — make sure there are no signs of wear, abrasions or rough edges on the metal surface on which the washer is to rest. If there are I'm sure I don't know what you are going to do about it.

Replace as many parts of the faucet as you can and turn on the water. When water begins to seep through the ceiling or run down the stairs you will know that someone has turned on the tap in the third-floor bathroom while the house was temporarily disconnected from the waterworks. Wade up and shut it off. Return and look at the kitchen faucet, tap or spigot. It still leaks. Send for a plumber.

We are reliably informed that the Business Manager or his equivalent on the staff of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is taking good care of the old customers of *Stuff and Nonsense*. Their subscriptions are continued for an appropriate period, which relieves the editor from the painful duty of returning all that money.

Our Monthly Department for Dear Little Noosances

A Man and His Bottle

Whenever there's a vacancy within my small inside,
My mother brings a bottle and I take it for a ride,
And pretty soon I'm full again and calm and satisfied.

Of all the pleasant bottles that I get throughout the day,
I love the best the one that comes just when I hit the hay;
It has such possibilities of wholesome fun and play.

For instance, when I'm done my meal excepting for dessert,
I never waste the milk that's left, but think it doesn't hurt
To pull the rubber nipple off and pour it down my shirt.

And in the morning when the dawn is rising rosy red,
I find the bottle lying there beside my curly head,
And smash it on the radiator just beside my bed.

Or else I pull the nipple off and hide it from my mother,
And throw the bottle 'cross the room and hit my little brother,
And then the game is over and I holler for another.

Our Bedtime Story

(Continued from last month)

"No," said Mr. Henry Ford rather crossly; "I don't want Mary's little lamb. I want the school house but I don't want the little lamb. And I don't believe that's Mary's little lamb anyway. You can't tell me that fleece is as white as snow."

"No," said the poor but honest farmer, "it ain't exactly. I ain't never saw a fleece that was. And maybe this ain't precisely the same lamb, but it's a relative of her'n. Maybe a great-granddaughter. It's a antique, anyway, and only twenty-two cents a pound on the hoof."

But Mr. Ford was firm. "As a good Republican," he said, "I should like to do something for farm relief, but not at twenty-two cents a pound." So he paid spot cash for the school house and loaded it on the back of his car, a nice little coupé which had been delivered only that morning, eight months after he had ordered it from a friend in the business. And then he drove off for the Wayside Inn, which was still doing business at the same old stand. "I've brought you a little red schoolhouse," he told the proprietor. "It will look nice on the front verandah, or maybe in the parlor along with the Tables for Ladies."

The proprietor looked glum. "Wish you had brought me some customers," he said. "Business ain't so good."

"Not so good?" said Mr. Ford.

"Not so good," said the proprietor. "I reckon we'll have to change the name of the joint to Ye Olde Wayside Inne and dish up a chicken and waffle dinner. The hot-dog stand on t'other side of the street is taking all our high-class trade."

"I'll see about that," said Mr. Henry Ford, the glint of battle coming into his eye. He crossed the street. The Hot-Dog Man looked up expectantly, one hand on the mustard spoon and the other on the cash register. "What's yours?" says he.

"What are you doing here?" asked Mr. Ford, sternly.

The Hot-Dog Man relaxed his hold on the mustard. "It's my job," said he, "to live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

"How much are your — er — Frankfurters?" asked the financier.

"A dime a time," answered the man in the distantly white apron. "A dime a time. Come one, come all, come early and often. They clean your teeth, they curl your hair, they make you feel like a millionaire. Hot dogs!"

Mr. Ford took one and laid down a hundred dollar bill. The Hot-Dog Man changed it in eleven seconds by the clock. Henry looked thoughtfully at the sausage. "One cent each," he mused. "Cut it to one-half or one-third by quantity production, standardize the roll, leave out the butter, spray the mustard on by automatic machinery." He broke the hot-dog down the middle and examined it closely. "Calories — vitamines — proteins — carbohydrates," he muttered. "There's millions in it." So musing he crossed the road again and sat down on an Eighteenth Century horse trough. The hot dog wriggled uneasily in its roll.

(*To be continued*)

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One tire out of every five produced in the world is made by Goodyear. More than ever, "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind"

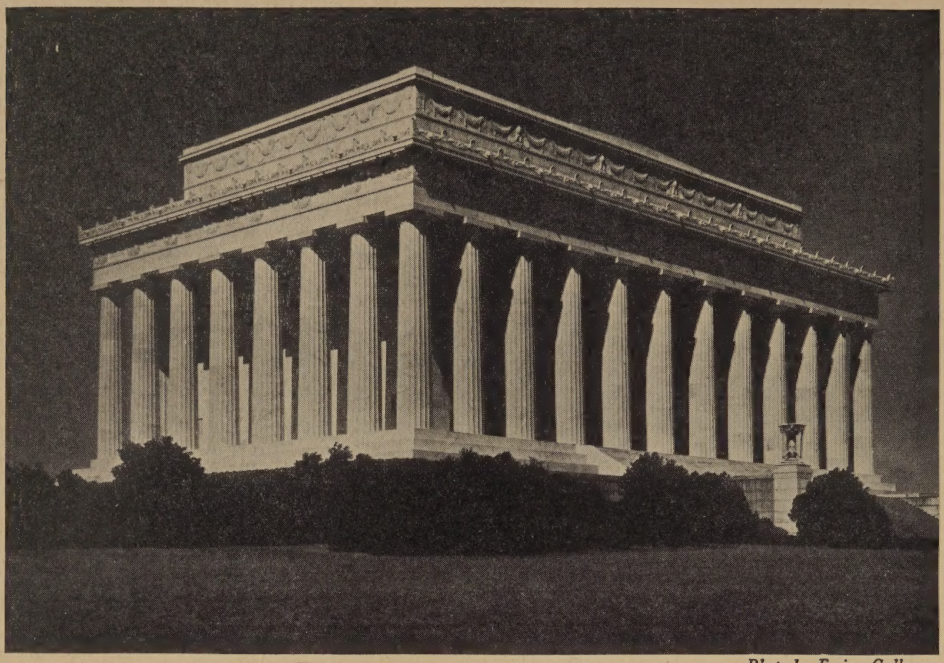

Photo by Ewing Galloway

The Lincoln Memorial

THE Sanctuary of Service stands "last . . . loveliest, exquisite", but happily not "loneliest . . . apart". Instead, it is perhaps closer to the very heart of the Nation than any other comparable memorial ever raised. The lofty obelisk which confronts it beyond the mirroring lagoon appropriately commemorates heroic and unsurpassed achievements, in war and peace alike. But these were done once and for all time, never to need repetition. This classic temple, on the other hand, enshrines the memory of one whose service is a continuing duty in our own time and must thus remain while the Republic endures.

The keynote of his career was sounded, clear and vibrant, in those first words of his that commanded Nation-wide attention: "'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' . . . I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." It was granted to him to be successful in the first, but perhaps not the more arduous, part of that service. Had he lived, we cannot doubt that the latter service would have been as perfect as the former. That was not to be. The completion of his task was left to other hands, to be worked out with immeasurable tribulation, through more than threescore years. Today, however, the achievement appears near at hand. The self-oppressing sectionalism which his wiser policies would never have given cause to arise, is at last shaken and shattered. The house is no longer divided against itself. His service to the Nation is complete.

His service is complete, but ours, bequeathed by him, is never ended. From every stately column, from every carven stone, of this Sanctuary of Service, there speaks the exhortation, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," to "strive on to finish the work we are in . . . to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 227 FEBRUARY, 1929 NUMBER 2

Twenty Million Women Must Be Wrong

BY T. SWANN HARDING

Something about the practical economics of a wife's housekeeping for her husband, and the need of scientific guidance that her labor be not in vain

MY WIFE finds that taking care of me is a perfectly tremendous job. You'd be surprised at what she has to do. In the first place it requires a six-room house with two baths merely to contain us. Not that we fight or anything, but the "standard of living" makes its very definite requirements. We must at least have as much room as the neighbors have, which at once gives a hint of our criteria. Nor is that so silly, for Waite, in his *Economics of Consumption*, deliberately says: "The standard of living is not the best imaginable way of living, but is the way of living which people feel is incumbent upon them to realize, and without the attainment of which they will be oppressed by a feeling of dissatisfaction."

Perhaps we are easily oppressed. I sometimes think so. Anyway, we have a nicely furnished front room with a fireplace fully equipped. We never use it, of course, but we very definitely have it. We have an excellent bed room with a perfectly ravishing bed. We never use it, of course; actually we sleep on the sleeping porch upon collapsible cots which moan and writhe all night in the most distressing way, always threatening to close in on us and smother us.

WE HAVE a pretty little dining room. Not that we use it. As a matter of fact we eat in the kitchen, which is just off my den, which latter is, in turn, the room we use. Here everything collects: my mail, my manuscripts, my files, the dog, the cat, the neighbors, stray children, all visitors, my wife, and everything else that has no place in the tidy remainder of our house. Then, just to be sure we

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have enough room, we have a spare bedroom and — for some inexplicable reason — an extra kitchen.

Eating presents a stupendous problem, for my wife has to buy food for two people, which cannot possibly be done economically; use an individual icebox of her own for storage, and a gas stove, on occasion, for cooking — for she can never use it to capacity. She finds planning the meals tiresome, getting them a heavy responsibility, and cleaning up after them a positive nuisance.

THE aforesaid house has to be kept clean and neat. My wife says it would not "pay" her to hire some one to do this, because help is so slovenly, so she does it herself, and many a day when I return home she is simply exhausted by her efforts. Sometimes she is even pugnacious, by reason of a simple physiological law which decrees that fatigue generates hypersensibility which in turn produces ready irritation. To clean our three rugs, bought at a total cost of seventy-five dollars, we maintain a vacuum cleaner which cost sixty-five and is used one hour weekly.

Our clothes have to be laundered, not to mention our sheets and our table linen. If we have a woman come in to do this, the cost seems prohibitive; we do not know whether it actually is or not. If we send the wash to the laundry, fabrics get shattered with surprising rapidity and the cost then becomes astounding! If we buy a washing-machine and an ironer, we do not know how economical they might be, and we should then have in the house two expensive pieces of industrial apparatus, to be used one day weekly and then not to capacity. So my wife is still further worn out worrying over that.

In winter we have to buy coal and stoke our misbegotten furnace and, odamit, I have to take out the ashes. Then our lawn has to be mowed, our yard kept respectable in appearance, our house repaired and painted, and, as a matter of solemn fact, there is enough to do to keep us both busy absolutely all the time except for my brief excursions into the office. It does seem ridiculous, but it is such a tremendous job for two people to live together — at our "standard of living" — that they can be kept tired to death without any children. What on earth people with children do, my wife and I can only vaguely imagine as, utterly exhausted, we fall asleep each night.

THEN, of course, we "budget". We liked our budget so well when we first made it out that we sent it to a magazine and it was printed! By "budgeting" I mean that we very carefully estimate what we are going to spend for every household item; then we argue about it, our relations become somewhat distant as we fasten extravagance upon the guilty party (never the speaker); and, finally, we spend a whole lot more! The only item which consistently falls below our estimate is "savings". The elasticity and infinite capacity of the item called "sundries" has brought me in recent years to some vague comprehension of astronomical distances. We have tried calling that item "miscellaneous", or "advancement", or "personal", or "higher life", but it remains just as incorrigible as ever. Since the economic books say that "'savings' includes all prospective

accumulations of the family," I suppose we do save. We do accumulate money prospectively. But, I insist, our budget looked better than any of them when it appeared in the magazine.

BEFORE we were married, it was all so different. I had a big room with bath attached. In it I lived. It was heated by means I was not called upon to investigate, and I ate when and where I pleased. Someone spent fifteen minutes daily tidying it, and on Saturday cleaned it thoroughly in an hour. My wife lived in similar fashion before she was my wife, and we had all the leisure we wanted — too much leisure, in fact; for we had time to court, which explains why I am married and now have a "standard of living" in my family. My wife was never tired then.

Now she is simply deviled to death, caring for me. She blames me for all her fatigue. I, having no one else to blame, say she is at fault because she is inefficient. She must be wrong, but unfortunately I lack statistical evidence to prove it. But anyway we work ourselves to death to maintain what the politicians glibly call our "standard of living". It is, therefore, a rather remarkable fact that no one has as yet any scientific knowledge of what a true standard of living is in America and, also, that housewives have so little to guide them as to their economic value, what work they should do themselves, what they should have done for them in the house, and what ought to be done elsewhere.

Housework stolidly remains a distributive industry in a fast centralizing age. Robbing Chase's *Tragedy of Waste* of a very few statistics we find that some twenty million women are occupied with keeping house, and that they probably accomplish very much less productively than their ten million sisters who have entered centralized industry. This is very instructive, and will at least serve to give my paper an edifying character and an authoritative tone. But what is being done about this condition?

SOMEONE at the extreme right of the hall says something about the good-housekeeping institutes established by certain publications. Yes; they are telling the ladies how high their sink should be, and advising them to buy a certain manufacturer's sinks. They tell them that washing is drudgery, and whose washing-machine to buy. They inveigh against the primitive nature of hand dish-washing, and tell them whose patent dish-washing machinery to procure. They expatiate upon food values and then tell whose gelatin, cooked soup and cheese to buy.

These agencies seem very scientific. They wish to introduce modern industrial efficiency into the home, where it is scientifically inapplicable. As a matter of fact, though it may seem strange, they wish to introduce into as many homes as possible the extravagantly expensive household appliances and the patent foods which buy their advertising space so recklessly. Women are caught by this propaganda and buy the goods offered regardless of the basic economic consequences of such buying. Commercial institutes cannot be impartial so long as they are paid for by the advertiser; they can weed out a few obvious frauds and that is all.

But as I survey the grandeur of my wife's fatigue I feel a poignant need

for some impartial agency to investigate this problem of housekeeping scientifically and without a new cereal in one hand and a fancy sort of expensive aluminum utensil in the other. Women need to know what their time is worth, what a standard of living really is, how to centralize their household industry to gain efficiency without sacrificing individuality, and what apparatus it is economically useful to have. To date they buy leisure and efficiency at extravagant prices; the large spheres of housekeeping where machinery will not apply remain uninvestigated, and women have little idea what to do for the best.

PERHAPS the studies of the United States Bureau of Home Economics in the Department of Agriculture will eventually help them to face their profession more scientifically. I sometimes think so. For I find that that organization, which actually expends nearly $125,000 annually in a country which spends a hundred and ninety million dollars annually for perfumery and cosmetics, is seriously undertaking as best it can the basic investigation of the problem of housekeeping from an impartial, scientific standpoint. It is not trying to sell or to prove anything. Its mood is receptive. It is content to permit the facts to speak for themselves while it provides the statistical apparatus. It is typical of our national heedlessness that we should have waited until 1923 before establishing a Governmental agency of such fundamental importance, and that we should then munificently cast it annually one-three-thousandth of what we spend for useless patent medicines.

At this moment of the mechanization age, task planning and mechanical convenience remain enthroned as the ideals of housekeeping perfection. Yet it is economically perfectly asinine to attempt to introduce a factory into the home as at present organized. The small size of the household and the variety of its tasks forbid the useful application of industrial methods. There is no large scale production in the home and our mechanism is built for large scale production. "Standardized operations" and "the one best way" can save only a minimum of my wife's time; hence no marked increase of efficiency is possible by such means. Improvements in housing and equipment today are too much in the hands of the manufacturer, with the home keeper essentially ignorant of the science of housekeeping and playing a passive rôle.

TO DATE women must be wrong, but they have only organized advertising propaganda and the bleatings of ignorant politicians to guide them. They very much need this Governmental agency which is prepared to make a fundamental and unbiased study of their neglected profession. The work has a very definite interest for me, because I have a weakness for individuals and agencies which sweep away the fluffy impedimenta of opinion and propaganda and get down beneath to see scientifically what the facts really are. Dr. Louise Stanley, Chief of the Bureau mentioned, and her assistants, seem to be doing just that. I want to know why my wife must be tired to death all the time. I somehow do not think it either sensible or efficient for even one person to be worked to exhaustion in the effort

to care for the establishment which two persons seem to require. Do they require it, then? Like many other people I want some facts for guidance.

In a general way we know very little about the relations between production and consumption today. Certain agencies whoop it up, and say, "Produce potatoes!" or "Produce wheat!" Everybody jumps in and produces potatoes and wheat. They drug the market, prices drop, and then other agencies cry, "Eat the surplus!" But you can't do it. Man shall not live by wheat alone. The stuff rots and another cycle is over. That procedure is typical.

The world's food supply is still discussed in terms of commodity units of measurement and of population rather than in units of nutritional needs — the calories, proteins, minerals, roughage and vitamins purchasable at such and such prices, the only possible scientific attitude. We are still urged to eat surpluses it is nutritionally impossible for us to eat.

We know as little of clothing standards and their relation to health. At what temperature does the human body function best? Should we wear heavy clothes underneath or on top in winter? Which fabrics permit the unimpeded passage of the important ultra-violet rays? Are open or close weaves more healthful? Does an individual clothed in batiste or nainsook cotton receive more ultra-violet radiation than one arrayed in silks and woolens? And which color is most advantageous? These are things we need to know in price terms before standards of living become scientific.

We know little also of what constitutes adequate housing in a physiological and psychological sense; its appropriate modifications for urban and rural conditions and the flexibility which can adapt it to changes in the health or the size of the family. The economic value of household equipment remains a complete mystery, and home makers are still listed by the Census (with unconscious irony) as "unprofitably" employed.

These few haphazard facts make it apparent that politicians of whatever sect who talk of "full dinner pails" and "raising the standard of living" are simply talking at random and, as usual, do not know what they are talking about. I do not know what my standard of living is. I could not possibly figure that out. We seem to spend roughly twice as much for food as most people we know, but I am not at all sure that we are really well nourished.

I do not know that my clothes are healthful, sanitary and of proper weight and texture. Much cheaper or much more expensive clothes might be far better for me. I do not know that my house is adapted to my physique or cut to fit my temperament. It costs like the devil, but it may be very subtly undermining my health or driving me insane. If I may rely upon your confidence I may say that I do not even know whether my wife is wasting most of her time or not. I am fairly safe, even if she sees this, for she palpably doesn't know, either. No one on earth knows.

Of course Japan has made some seven thousand complete standard of living studies which will in the end enable families to adjust their expenditures to their incomes in a ra-

tional manner. Some similar studies are being made in Shanghai. Fortunately for our rating among the family of nations, such studies are being worked out in Washington, too. Just one instance: experts in nutrition (Sherman and Gillett: *Adequacy and Economy of Some City Dietaries*) know that the American diet is usually low in energy, in calcium, in iron and in phosphorus. As we eat more meat our dietary energy suffers; as we eat more grain it increases, while the minerals come predominantly from milk, fruits and fresh vegetables. Our expenditures for meat usually far out-balance our expenditures for the two last mentioned types of foods; if we spent in equal proportions for each type — meats, grains and milk, fruits and vegetables — our diets would be better balanced. I cite this merely to show that it is not what we spend in food (our "budget") but what we get for our money that counts.

LET us follow this idea a little further. Dibble in his *Laws of Supply and Demand* estimates that one-half of the things we consume respond to conscious wants, while suggestion and direction (advertising and sales departments) shove the rest upon us willy-nilly. Who does the buying? We have fairly reliable estimates to show that women, alone and unassisted, do two-thirds of it. When you remember the wide variety of things a woman has to buy you see that she must, to be expert, have a knowledge that no firm on earth would expect of its purchasing agent, and in many forms of business (of which housekeeping happens to be one) the purchasing department is second to the sales department in importance, or is actually the more important activity of the two.

What is woman up against? As an instance we find the United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin 1317 on *Retail Marketing of Meat* saying that high grade meat merchants of irreproachable ethics shift to lower grades of meat on a rising wholesale market and only restore grade one when a decline in wholesale prices occurs, thus keeping their retail prices uniform. This is a common custom in many lines. Our expert housekeeper-purchasing agent has, to be efficient, to have the ability to detect all such frauds. She simply cannot do it without some guidance.

DURING the war we had a consumer's guide to fair prices, but woman is given no such assistance in decadent times of peace. Consumer standards need to be worked out, goods graded and so labeled that any buyer can get her money's worth. How? I merely take time to cite the United States Bureau of Standards whose 800 scientists and technicians save the Government a hundred million dollars a year by such standardizations on a basis of actual quality, and saved dealers and manufacturers of builders' hardware ten million dollars at one stroke. We need just such agencies to standardize all products in terms of actual quality and to maintain such standards before housewives can regularly purchase with intelligence.

I have spoken of my vacuum cleaner. Is it worth its upkeep? I do not know. Assume that it cost sixty dollars and will last ten years; the interest charge is therefore $3.60 per

year and I should allow at least a dollar for repairs and six off for depreciation; this means an upkeep of $10.60 annually, or twenty cents a week. Assume that the power used costs ten cents, and you get thirty cents a week. I must compare that figure with other methods of cleaning — and I do not know what they cost — before I can tell whether my wife should pay thirty cents an hour, plus her time, to do the rug cleaning by this method. Gas stoves, refrigerators, patent washers, ironers and every other piece of household apparatus involve just such calculations, which we cannot make today.

But the aforementioned Bureau of Home Economics is now involved in a long and complicated study which should indicate the solution of some of these problems. They are studying the time spent by homemakers at various activities in order to determine the nature and amount of such work done in the home and by whom it is done, the conditions which determine overwork or underwork, the amount and kind of help hired, the possibilities of reducing time and energy expenditure, the economic value of mechanical equipment, and whether housekeeping should always be a full time job. When that study is completed we may begin to know a little something, but such studies are frightfully involved and perplexing things to undertake.

Standards of living that mean something may then be set up, for we shall have at our disposal not only figures in dollars spent but some actual knowledge of the relative amounts of really good food, satisfactory housing and proper clothing purchased with this money. To date most budgets are as unreliable and as meaningless as mine.

My wife, of course, likes to think that her time is worth something, but she has no idea what. No definite information exists. Save as she manages to get a job of decoration done by one firm for one hundred dollars less than another bid she can never see her value, and even then we do not know whether we needed the decorating done at all or not. We probably did; at least there would have been no peace in our house otherwise, if you know what I am attempting vaguely to convey.

In studies so far partly completed certain women showed a per hour value of from fifty cents to two dollars or a little more, for some of their time at least. It depended both upon what they were doing and how well they did it. A woman usually works noncompetitively and without close supervision in her home; that in itself is a great drawback. Few men would persevere in industry and efficiency under such conditions — if they could lie down every time they felt like it or leave the job for tomorrow when the spirit moved them, or slack it without chance of a reprimand.

In doing the family wash as compared with the piece-prices of a commercial laundry, some housekeepers have been shown to "earn" an hour rate of two dollars. Others, much less efficient, earned but half as much, though they used the same equipment, the same methods and the same clothes. Speed made the difference. A woman usually wastes her time canning vegetables or fruits in the home, unless the fruit costs her noth-

ing extra, because comparable commercial grades are available at prices lower than her canning costs. How many women know that? Very few, it would seem.

Where machinery has cut into labor costs, however, it appears that the woman in the home cannot compete economically. Even commercial laundry work still demands much ironing by hand, and that is why the homemaker, if her apparatus is not too expensive, can compete well enough to earn two dollars hourly, sometimes, doing the family wash. On the other hand, if she undertakes to make a cheap cotton dress, her time drops to thirty cents or less an hour, because her supplies alone cost about as much as a machine made dress. These are only a few examples. Hundreds pop out from every corner in the house, and the woman today knows practically nothing about the proper scientific course to follow.

LET me grow personal again. My wife and I can get right near our home a well cooked and nourishing meal for fifty cents. If we add ten or fifteen cents more the meal becomes complete; that takes care of a salad. We could not possibly get such a meal in the home for twice what we pay at the little restaurant, when all costs are included. Does it pay us to eat at home? I hardly believe it does, yet I may overlook some factors which a thoroughly sound scientific study would not overlook.

In most homes housekeeping remains a full time job. We look back upon great-grandmother as a combined executive and productive worker of phenomenal efficiency. Was she? Who knows? She left us no time cards and no cost of production records. We have no scientific information to go by. Cresswell in his *Journal* (*circa* 1774–1777) said that the American women of that day wore no stays, had bad teeth, were tall and well made, "good natured, familiar and agreeable upon the whole, but confoundedly indolent." However, he was a marooned English visitor and probably prejudiced. Besides he was living in Alexandria, Virginia, when he wrote that; surely nothing could be more depressing.

WOMAN tries to better her estate, but she begins wrong. She starts in usually by accepting her present list of tasks as it stands, and hopes, by short cuts, to do each task more quickly. If the family wash takes too long she buys a washing machine, raises her tubs to better height, lets the clothes soak over night, and disregards purely economic factors entirely. She gets a self-regulating oven, moves her kitchen supplies and utensils nearer her work table, and thus "solves" the baking problem.

It is much more important for her to know that, for instance, hired help is no economic solution of her problem. For one thing, few families can afford help. For another, nothing is gained by foisting a task upon a worker who is still more unskilled, usually, than the housewife. I am speaking now in purely economic terms. Help may seem to afford relief to individual homemakers, but as a whole it merely shifts the main problem and leaves it unsolved. Indeed it was a shortage of domestic servants which focussed attention upon the household and resulted in the remarkable epidemic of expensive mechanical

appliances now at its height. Yet this too is economic folly. What can be done?

Studies now under way will at least show the housekeeper how she spends her time, what she "earns," how long various tasks take and what the family income really purchases in scientific terms of value, not in appearance. It may even throw families into groups so that we can say, "Mrs. B. with a family of five in Berryville should have her laundry done outside the home, and it would pay the childless Joneses to eat in restaurants altogether."

OF COURSE nothing so definite may be found out by studying actual homemakers. In that case long and involved experimental studies will have to be made in the laboratory. It is certainly obvious that greater centralization would not go amiss. It seems positive that centralized agencies should attend to laundry work, for instance, at prices housekeepers could afford to pay.

But how far dare we go with that sort of thing? When we get to centralized heat, distances have to be shorter, closer community of life impends, and certain good people fear the barracks! I therefore make bold to conclude with a suggestion emitted at random.

My wife is peculiar in that she really enjoys the profession of housekeeping. Give her her choice of occupations, and she would prefer to direct some large institution like a hotel or a hospital, and she would do it capably. Whereas most of the women near us loaf and fret all day, my wife works and enjoys it, but the misfortune is that her effectiveness is limited in scope by the very insignificance of its motive; i.e., keeping me, one man, properly cared for.

There are twenty families in our block; roughly eighty people. Twenty women work "full time" at the job of housekeeping with the assistance of the equivalent of some five other women "full time" employed by the day or week. The extravagance in the matter of equipment is terrible. Give my wife two really trained maids, one really good cook and two thoroughly capable women of all work, and she could take one-tenth of the equipment and run the entire block properly. Six women could thus replace twenty-one with more satisfaction all around and better efficiency, and they could do all the work more economically. They would automatically release the twenty-one for any cultural, charitable or gainful occupation or profession they chose.

I SUBMIT this suggestion in all seriousness as bridging the gap between the frightfully uneconomical home of today and the barracks of frank Communism. It argues centralized laundry work, nutrition, house cleaning, perhaps heating, and child segregation during the day under trained nurses and to the child's benefit; but it would scrupulously preserve the inherent individuality of each home and its intimate possessions. The housework would be capably and competently done by professional housekeepers, the saving would be enormous and the gain in efficiency fabulous. It would not work? Do you mean that we should deliberately prefer household chaos? If so, it leaves me cold.

Bootleg Science in Tennessee

By Orland Kay Armstrong

Since Arkansas has now joined our Anti-Evolution States, this story of how her sister Commonwealth evades the famous Monkey Law is most timely

The sovereign people of Arkansas went to the polls on election day last November and cast a solemn verdict banning the teaching of Evolution from the curricula of all the State-supported schools. Of course the referendum was not unanimous, but a comfortable majority displayed a determination to oust the damnable doctrine. To show they meant business, they approved a law more drastic than that of Tennessee.

What will be the result? Will the voice of scientific truth be heard no more in Arkansas? The answer can be found over in the neighboring State. Four years ago this spring the legislature of Tennessee passed a law which was solemnly styled —

> An Act prohibiting the teaching of the Evolution Theory in all the Universities, Normals and all other public schools of Tennessee, which are supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of the State, and to provide penalties for the violation thereof.

The first of the three sections of the law made it unlawful "to teach any theory that denies the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals;" the second provided for a minimum fine of $100 for such criminal action; and the third stipulated that "This act shall take effect from and after its passage, the public welfare demanding it."

The bill, introduced quietly but determinedly by grimfaced Representative Butler, who sought his seat in that session with the announced intention of putting through such a correction to the grave condition threatening the public welfare of the State, was hilariously passed by the House, hotly contested but nevertheless passed by the Senate, and signed by the late Governor, Austin Peay. Then followed the eruption which broke out at Dayton and gave the courthouse of that town the distinction of sheltering one of the most famous trials in history.

No one expected John T. Scopes, high school teacher of Dayton, to be cleared of the charge they brought against him. He was too plainly guilty as indicated, of having violated the penal code of the sovereign State of Tennessee by teaching Evolution, "then and there unlawfully and wil-

fully . . . against the peace and dignity of the State". And when conviction was finally announced the Tennessee Supreme Court took months to consider thick tomes of testimony and argument, and then announced that the judgment of the trial court was just and right, but that Judge Raulston erred in assessing the fine, which duty should have been assumed by the jury. The Supreme Court then solemnly advised that "We think the peace and dignity of the State, which all criminal prosecutions are brought to redress, will be better preserved by the entering of a *nolle prosequi* herein. We suggest such a course to the Attorney-General."

This little aside remark, indicating how hard pressed were the members of this high tribunal to approve the Anti-Evolution Law and at the same time "git shet" of the Scopes case, must have caused many a grave lawyer of Tennessee to shut himself in his office and rock with merriment. The Attorney-General dutifully cast the case overboard, where it sank with but a faint ripple; and the Anti-Evolution Law as affirmed remained securely tied to the Ship of State of Tennessee as that vessel sailed grandly on.

Now, what has happened in the past four years? Has the teaching of science actually been abandoned in the State-supported institutions of higher learning in Tennessee? And, if not, how in the name of all that is intelligent and enlightened *is* science taught there? Have biology, psychology, sociology and the long list of 'ologies that were dragged into the gigantic farce of the Scopes case been omitted from the curricula?

To find the answer I went from one end of the State to the other, visiting many of the high schools and institutions of higher learning. The answer is that the theory of Evolution is bootlegged into the teaching of science in Tennessee. Instructors of science cheerfully admit that the great cause of learning, including education in scientific matters, is going merrily ahead in their State, and that no fool monkey law could stop it.

"The only change in our system of teaching science is that we have substituted quite generally the word 'development' for the word 'evolution'," one of the ranking members of a State Normal School told me. "Of course it is impossible to teach biology, psychology, sociology or even physical geography without using the most fundamental fact in science, that of the evolutionary development of organic life," he continued. "We are not going to teach a Seventeenth Century science because of a Seventeenth Century law! We are simply making an effort to be inoffensive to the existing law in our promulgation of truth."

This instructor summarized the sentiment of about fifty educators whom I interviewed. One professor sat back and shook with laughter. Then he grew serious, wiped his glasses, rose and went over to his bookcase. He returned with an armload of books.

"There are the texts and references we use in the subject I teach. I presume they are open to the world. Read them."

They are in use as texts and reference books in most of the institutions of higher learning in the whole country. Their authors would as soon have thought to omit using the theory of

gravitation as the theory of evolution.

"Here is the joke on the Legislature, and on the Supreme Court, for that matter," a biology teacher gravely assured me. "We can always get around the law by changing the expressions used. And as a matter of fact, the law missed fire on us, because no modern evolutionist teaches that we descended from 'lower orders of life'. It is agreed among reputable scientists that man evolved parallel to other forms and that he is as old as all other species. As to his kinship with them — that, of course, cannot be denied, and we cannot teach without teaching it. But technically the law could not touch us because of the way it is worded."

Now Scopes was a teacher in a high school, and it is in the high schools that most of the "getting around the law by changing the expressions used" has occurred. Following the Dayton trial there was a hurried revision of most of the high school science textbooks. The textbook commission of the State Department of Education at Nashville thumbed anxiously through the science books. Publishers were asked for the deletion of certain statements that might prove offensive. Authors smilingly obliged. One of them produced this enlightening comment on the effect of Darwin's life and teachings, opposite a picture of the scientist much discussed at Dayton:

> Charles Darwin, to whom the world owes a great part of its modern progress in biology, spent twenty years in getting answers to puzzling questions as to how plants and animals came to resemble and to differ from each other. He then produced one of the epoch making books of all time, *On the Origin of Species*. Even if we cannot hope to be Pasteurs and Darwins, we can at least keep our eyes and ears open; we can be continually learning new and interesting facts; and we may be able to contribute something of real value to the sum total of human knowledge.

In a zoölogy textbook in use in the larger high schools, under "Mammals and their Relation to Human Welfare," the efforts at revision to conform to the Anti-Evolution Law brought forth a discussion of "The Highest Order of Mammals, the Primates," as follows:

> Some of these animals, while resembling the human species in many characteristics, must of course be recognized as having evolved (developed) along special lines of their own, and none of them are to be thought of as the source or origin of the human species. It is futile, therefore, to look for the primitive stock of the human species in any existing animal.

"You see," triumphantly remarked a high school teacher, "we satisfy the law with that paragraph. Those who made that law do not know enough science to realize that this is not an argument against Evolution. They think it is a flat-footed declaration against the damnable doctrine. As a matter of fact it is a very cleverly worded statement that has the merit of being scientific truth, descriptively phrased, of course."

A TEACHER of embryology in the College of Medicine at Memphis (a division of the University of Tennessee), who literally lives in the atmosphere of the dissecting room, declared thoughtfully:

"The law has made no difference in our teaching here at the Medical College. How could it? We are not dealing with fine points in religious dogma. Come to this window. Do you see that building across the street?

That is the Baptist Hospital. Our men study anatomy here and use their knowledge of anatomy over there. They delve into the secrets of what is mortal in God's creatures here to help keep alive and happy what is immortal in God's creatures over there. Do we prostitute our scientific knowledge at the whim of unscientific zealots? We do not! Does that answer your question?"

ALTHOUGH the fog of the Scopes case has long since cleared away, there is still warm indignation among instructors of science in Tennessee schools for three distinct reasons: First, because Tennessee now bears the stigma of being a backward and ignorant State generally; second, because a set of officials in the Legislature and the administrative department of the Government engaged in a game of log-rolling politics to let pass the famous "monkey bill" in the first place; and third, because the Scopes case was pounced upon by outsiders on both sides of the fence to give it the appearance of a gigantic tournament of right against wrong, of religion against atheism. The irritation of these educators is justified by figures which show that, while there is some illiteracy in a few backward mountain regions, there is surprisingly little in that broad sweep of fertile land from the foothills west to the Missi ppi River.

"Look at our school system!" u s one authority. "At the top we have t University at Knoxville, with co plete medical colleges at Memphis, and the three teachers' colleges at Johnson City, Murfreesboro and Memphis. Then there is a Polytechnic School at Cookeville and a Junior College of Agriculture and Home Economics at Martin. We have eight months minimum school in the rural districts and nine months in the towns and cities. Our high schools are among the best in equipment and technique of all in the land."

BUT the fact that the schools are good and the populace literate does not mean that there was not a great surge of public sentiment in Tennessee against Evolution. It was a moral issue to thousands, who believed that the Darwinian theory promulgated a colossal atheistic slander against man. Mr. Butler and his colleagues in the Legislature knew that hundreds of pulpits and forums would resound with praise of his great movement. But the "monkey bill" would never have become a law had not that constant practice of every legislative body, log-rolling, been engaged in. Governor Peay had his heart set on certain progressive measures, the principal item of which, curiously enough, was the expansion of education in Tennessee by the lengthening of the school term and by greatly increasing the appropriations for the university and the teachers' colleges.

"The truth of the matter is that the supporters of Governor Peay's programme were mighty hard pressed for votes," blandly explains a newspaper man well fitted to summarize the matter, "and they were willing to concede the 'monkey bill' to win over the Anti-Evolutionist members who were for the most part holding out on the school programme. This fact has been carefully buried in the big smoke raised by the Dayton case, but it is an amusing commentary that this little exchange of voting power brought

about some astounding judicial horse-play. I happen to know that when the bill reached the Governor several representatives of the State Department of Education worked feverishly upon some of these obstreperous Anti-Evolutionists to line them up for the 'progressive programme' of the Executive, and found them willing to listen to reason if the Governor would sign the Butler bill. He signed it!"

APPENDED to the bill that came back with his signature was a most unusual statement. It explained that the law would be totally inactive, but that it would serve to call the attention of the people to matters of religion and morality! With all his vast lack of scientific knowledge, Governor Peay was never accused of insincerity in that appended notation. But this brief message sounded the keynote which rang through the Dayton trial. In the eyes of the mass of people in Tennessee, William Jennings Bryan came down to champion the cause of Fundamentalism and hence religion and morality, and Darrow *et al.* came down to do battle for atheism and the powers of darkness.

"And that left us holding the sack," gloomily recounted a teacher of science in one of the teachers' colleges. Did you notice that mighty few of the science teachers of Tennessee testified at the trial? It wasn't because they weren't burning with desire to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It was because it meant educational suicide. They tried to subpœna me, but I could not be found. 'Get out of the State,' ordered an administrative officer of my institution. So I loaded up my car, took my wife along, and we drove over into Arkansas, up through Missouri, and around in a great circle, while the trial went gaily on and the sheriff waited on my front porch! It was not very dignified, but it was safe; and that applies to the way we teach evolution since the trial."

A fourth cause of irritation among Tennessee educators might be added, namely, that the Anti-Evolution Law is likely to remain on the statute books for years to come.

"WITH all the progress Tennessee is making in education, cannot the law be speedily repealed, so that the teacher of science need not labor under the handicap of bootlegging evolution under changed expressions and a long devious pathways?" one asks.

"Not in a thousand years," is the verdict, expressed by a prominent scientist of the state. "Of course we won't need to be afraid of offending it so long. Just a generation longer, and the law will be an amusing relic. But these schools are teaching the young folks, and not the legislators and judges of the present. In face of the fact that the law was affirmed, after the issue was fought out, so far as the popular conception goes, on the basis of right versus wrong, the law must stand. We prefer to teach as best we can, and let the law die with the coming of a new generation, rather than have another Dayton trial!"

Why Not a New Party?

By Norman Thomas

The Socialist candidate for President in the recent election sees in the failure of the Democratic Party a chance for his own to become the real Opposition

Our United States is the only great political democracy, real or alleged, in all the world where the two major parties which contest elections have no clear cut difference between them. This is a serious matter, because parties are the necessary instruments of government in modern political democracies. They may be so numerous that effective government requires some more or less stable grouping as in France, or so well organized and inclusive that two or at most three occupy the field, as in Great Britain and heretofore in the United States. In any case the individual voters, no matter how keen their intelligence or noble their motives, must express their desires through the machine of party action.

It is easier to deplore the weaknesses and dangers of party government than to substitute anything for it. The non-partisan government of good men which Washington vainly tried to set up in America is even more hopelessly out of the question in our day than in his. All the elaborate machinery not only of our elections but of our primaries has been established because the intricate business of representative government in a nation of one hundred and twenty million people requires organized and cohesive parties, and our hope of achieving something like political democracy depends upon making these parties our servants, not our masters.

Yet if our original statement concerning the similarity of the Republican and Democratic parties is correct in spite of primary and election laws, we have signally failed in making our parties fit instruments for intelligent political action. Obviously the choice between two parties which do not divide on basic principles, which belong to the same general set of interests, which fight for office and discuss at election time only irrelevant or secondary issues, is next door to no choice at all. We might as well save the expense of an election and draw lots for our rulers.

During the extraordinary campaign of 1928, as the Socialist candidate for the Presidency, I travelled thousands of miles, and spoke in thirty-seven States, from coast to coast, from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico. In scores of meetings and hundreds of conversations with those

who knew my identity and those who did not, I found no one even to suggest a difference between the old parties. My statement of their similarity was always accepted and applauded. The passionate feeling of the campaign had to do with the personalities of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith and what they were supposed to stand for or typify. Al Smith came through the campaign with no programme for the power industry as a whole, no clearly stated programme on injunctions, unemployment, taxation or foreign relations, and none at all on coal. He adopted wholesale for the ancient party of Free Trade the protective tariff notions of the Republicans, and was so successful in proving that he was not a Socialist that he proved he was no true Progressive. In his admirable and sportsmanlike farewell after the election he referred to his as a Liberal party, but did not mention one principle of Liberalism to distinguish it from the Republican. Indeed he could hardly talk a very meaningful sort of Liberalism when six of the eight States he carried are among the least Liberal in the country and one of them — Arkansas — in voting for him, or rather for his party, voted also against Darwin and the theory of evolution!

In short, the career of Senator Copeland of New York typifies American politics. He started as Republican Mayor of Ann Arbor, Michigan; he has just been reëlected Democratic Senator from New York; and all he ever changed was his address. Incidentally he is strongly opposed to mumps and for Pluto water, a personal platform useful to him and characteristically American.

Now this situation may not greatly trouble the average American in the peculiar times of political apathy and fairly well diffused acceptance of things as they are through which we have been passing. But he is blind indeed who thinks that the Coolidge era is immortal. Even now there are signs of unrest on the horizon. Americans when roused are neither patient nor pacific. We have more violence in big strikes than characterizes many a European *coup d'état*. We cannot trust to political drift or the indirect influence of new ideas if political action is to be a way of peaceful change. A new party will not be born full grown out of the brain of emergency. It must be built. We must cultivate the habit of political action, the atmosphere of genuine political discussion. That means that we must have or create an instrument of political action for the masses as distinct from the two parties financed and therefore owned by big business.

For big business, special privilege, the priests and potentates of things as they are, the situation as it was prior to November 6, 1928, is almost ideal, at least in the short view. If we had a dictator we might, metaphorically speaking, shoot him; if we had but one party we might organize against it. But two parties to divert people — what could be more clever? No wonder your General Motors and Du Pont officials, your bankers and others, so nicely divided up their financial support.

But the magnitude of the Hoover landslide awakens a question whether already the two party system as we have known it may not be near its end. The continued vitality of the Democratic party nationally after three suc-

cessive crushing defeats is open to grave doubt. True, it got an immense number of votes in 1928. But — unfortunately as I think — it is not the popular but the Electoral vote that counts practically and psychologically. The Electoral vote gave only eight States out of forty-eight to the Democrats. And what is more important, there is no principle of cohesion in Smith's 14,000,000 votes. Some were for him in spite of the party; some for the party in spite of him. There is no leader, no issue, no philosophy, no national organization, to hold these millions together. Only a name and a tradition. Now it is already evident that astute politicians and business leaders, both Republican and Democratic, will try to use this name and tradition to salvage the party.

We are not, however, so much concerned with what business leaders and politicians may do as with what those who want an instrument of political progress should do.

Logically three things might seem to be possible: (1) to capture one or other of the old parties; (2) to develop the tendency to *bloc* action across party lines; (3) to build up a strong party of opposition not as a third but as a second party, supplanting one of the old parties as the Republican supplanted the Whig.

The first possibility has been tried with some degree of success in the Republican primaries in certain States. It has not succeeded nationally; it will not be welcomed by Mr. Hoover. It is ridiculous to expect the capture of the Republican party nationally by the La Follettes and Norrises at a time when they are losing control in their own States.

Is it not equally ridiculous to expect the capture of the Democratic party by Progressives? In the first place the name Democratic is dearest traditionally to that South, which for definite and easily understood reasons is the least progressive part of the country. In the second place, the Democrats of the North would be more easily united in a party of city sidewalks, anti-Prohibition and non-Protestant, than into any real Progressive party.

Finally, what Smith with his humane instincts and his group of liberal advisers would not or could not do, no Democratic leader can do. The Quixotic dream of certain Liberals that the Democratic party might be rehabilitated is more pitiful after November 6 than before. How will they rehabilitate in defeat this strange conglomeration of Northern wets and Southern drys, how make a unit out of the party of a handful of hopeful Liberals and the masses of the Tammany and the Hague machine, the party financed by the open shop Raskob, voted for by a probable majority of organized labor, and metaphysically interpreted to the élite by the pundits of *The New Republic* and Walter Lippmann in *The New York World?* To expect such a result is to believe in more fairies than Peter Pan ever imagined.

The second political policy is the further development of *blocs*. We have had them for years, more or less well organized and more or less acknowledged: the industrial *bloc*, the labor *bloc*, the farm *bloc*, the progressive *bloc*, alliances which shift and change with different issues. All important Congressional legislation is decided by votes that cross out and almost obliterate party lines. If ours

were a centralized, Parliamentary Government in the European sense, we might expect the development of these *blocs* and perhaps a new political alignment in consequence. But ours is not a centralized, Parliamentary Government. We have forty-eight States to consider besides the Federal Government. More and more great economic problems like the control of electric power require coöperation of States and Nation which Congress *blocs* cannot bring about.

In the Federal Government we have the courts and the President to consider. Not only the power of the President to initiate policies, to enforce laws, to distribute patronage and appoint judges, but his immense prestige as the one official voted on by the entire country, makes ours far more nearly a Presidential than a Parliamentary Government. It is often and truly said that to build a new party in America is harder than in a Parliamentary country. It is also even more indispensable if we are to have well coördinated action under our system of government. Certainly what liberal legislation we have achieved by sheer pressure of facts, by indirect influence and through *bloc* action lags far behind the demands of any progressive programmes. Usually it is either inadequate in itself or comes too late to achieve the purpose which originally inspired it. Even constructive legislation like the creation of the Federal Trade Commission can be largely thwarted by the character of the Presidential appointments or, like the Clayton Act and the Child Labor laws, nullified by the Supreme Court. To sum up the outlook for *bloc* action: while a progressive *bloc* may force through some good legislation and defeat some bad, it can never of itself fill the White House as the French *bloc* can fill the Premier's chair, or lay down a programme for State and Federal action as a strong party might.

It remains to consider the case of a new party. Unquestionably the last election enormously quickened a general belief that such a party is possible and indeed necessary. Letters and conversations since the election make me believe that there is a more widely diffused interest just now in such a party than at any time since the World War, not excepting the year of the La Follette movement. However, something more than diffuse interest is necessary to create a strong party, and it must be admitted that the official leadership of the Labor movement which, alas, has been steadily losing in spirit, morale and idealism since the days of the Conference for Progressive Political Action, is even less ready than in 1923 or 1924 to give effective support to a new Labor party somewhat on the British model. Moreover, various political movements, such as the La Follette movement in Wisconsin, and the Non-Partisan League, have gone backward rather than forward since 1924. The Minnesota Farmer-Labor party, which endorsed no National ticket in 1928, is the only State movement in an encouraging frame of health.

We have two Nation-wide minority political movements to consider: The Communist or Workers' party and the Socialist. The Communists may play a considerable rôle in American life. They cannot possibly form a nucleus of any strong party of achievement through political action, for the very

good reason that they believe in salvation not by political action in the usual sense of the term but by catastrophe. They participate in politics to "educate" — in their sense of the word — the workers. Nothing, they hold, can stop the drift under capitalism to World War, which must be turned to world revolution.

SOCIALISTS on the other hand have proclaimed in season and out of season their faith in a Labor party as a real instrument of achievement. In 1924 not only by words but by deeds they proved their willingness to merge their identity in such a party. The breakdown of the La Follette coalition, preceded by the Communist split and all the troubles of the war and post-war years, left the Socialists far weaker in organization in 1928 than in previous elections. No longer had they the personal appeal of Eugene Debs to offer to the masses. They faced the new American capitalism with official standing on the ballot without filing petitions in only four States, and with very limited resources. From the moment the nomination of Al Smith was certain it was clear that the curious complex of feeling for or against him would absorb all the mere protest vote on which otherwise the Socialists might have counted. It was a foregone conclusion that the result in votes would be small. What made the campaign worth while was the contacts made with people in all parts of the country who mean business in building a real party and the progress achieved in a better understanding of modern Socialism. Here the bitter Communist attacks on Socialism were helpful.

The editor of *The Nation* to the contrary notwithstanding, intelligent Americans of the sort who can build any party at all no longer confuse Socialism with Bolshevism or Anarchy. It is remarkable that not one trace of that confusion crept into ten thousand or more newspaper clippings that our publicity bureau handled. There is, indeed, an immense work still to be done in explaining Socialism in America; whether the party of the future will be called Socialist or not is for the future to decide. Socialists will not fight merely for a name. But the plain fact is that in the 1928 campaign the only well thought out progressive opposition to the Republican party came from the Socialists, and the Socialist party today is the only national body possessing a philosophy, a programme and even a rudimentary organization for the expression of progressive policies through political action.

I BEGIN with philosophy, precisely because this need is commonly overlooked or slighted. No new party will win its way to power without a philosophy, simply on a bill of grievances, any more than the Colonists would have won their independence from England on the basis of their bill of grievances without the philosophy of the Declaration of Independence. By a philosophy I do not mean a narrow and dogmatic creed which every member must accept. I mean a system of economic and political ideas based on the interests of the producing masses, both as workers and consumers, in opposition to the philosophy of property and profit now generally current. The great days of Hamilton and Jefferson were days when parties had their origin in contrasting philosophies resting on the contrasting interests of

a rising mercantile and industrial class and the agrarians. Conceivably a "paramount issue," such as the extension of slavery before the Civil War, might take the place of this philosophy in forming our new party. But there is not now in sight such a single "paramount issue". Our generation is concerned with the management of our intricate machinery, so that it will bring forth the equitably distributed plenty we have a right to expect and are denied, the freedom that is mocked under our economic autocracy, and the peace that is menaced by imperialist rivalries. Our first venture must be a venture in understanding.

THE trouble in America is not that we have no economic and political philosophy; it is that that philosophy is tragically mistaken or inadequate. After all, Herbert Hoover expresses the philosophy of life that the majority of Americans, including its victims, have been persuaded to accept. Mr. Hoover calls that philosophy "rugged individualism" in contradistinction to a Socialism which he fears without fully understanding. "Rugged individualism" is a curious phrase for a system which produces in quantities our economic dynasties, real estate and stock market speculation, yes-men, human televoxes, robots and Babbitts. A more accurate description of the Hoover philosophy is found in the advertising slogan: Milk from contented cows.

Of course the truth is that the type of rugged individualism for which Mr. Hoover and most of his fellow citizens yearn or think they yearn is as dead as Adam Smith; or, better, as dead as the period of the pioneers who settled this continent. Our economic dynasties are already established. Government is already in business by its systems of education, highways, water supplies, its regulatory control over public utilities, its power to make or break by taxes and tariffs. Collectivism is increasingly the dominant fact in industry, the irresponsible Collectivism of absentee stock holders. Every year adds force to Thorstein Veblen's observation that the real social revolution will come when engineers work for society as they now work for absentee owners.

UNDER Mr. Hoover's curiously misnamed system, real liberty for the average individual becomes less and less. Nor is the poor man compensated by the full dinner pail *plus* the full garage. Last year added 52 to the number of those reporting incomes in excess of $1,000,000. Two hundred and eighty-three men and women now enjoy this incredible fortune and the power that goes with it. Each year they receive the equivalent of the earnings of 1,000 of their fellow citizens, who average $1,280 wages, according to Mr. Hoover's own estimate. The claim on our natural resources and the labor of others which is the principal source of this wealth they can pass on to their descendants, regardless of fitness. And these mountain peaks of luxury and power do not rise from plains of general well being. The United States, which has no external excuse for poverty, sees every year unmoved a standing army of millions of the unemployed and a condition of poverty which compels one-third of its people 65 years and over to eat the bitter bread of charity.

The simple truth is that we can have neither freedom nor plenty,

neither true democracy nor true brotherhood, while property for power, the private ownership of land, natural resources and great aggregations of machinery, which are the gift of nature or the fruit of man's collective toil, belong to private individuals and are managed for profit. We may be citizens of the State; we are subjects of economic dynasties. It is an impossible dualism. We shall either progressively democratize our economic life or lose the political democracy we think we have. A new political party is vitally concerned in this task.

It is no less vitally concerned with preserving peace menaced by the rivalries of competing Imperialisms, born of the union of Capitalism and Nationalism. Nothing was so disquieting in the last campaign as the failure of both old parties to discuss the basis of permanent peace. It was not for lack of good intentions or love of war. It was by reason of their steadfast refusal to consider that philosophy and practise of coöperation carried even into international relations which is the only sure basis of peace.

Now it is with this problem of human coöperation in toil of hand and brain that Socialism is concerned. A new party need not worry over much about Marxian orthodoxy; it should talk the American language; but it cannot get far without tackling this philosophy of coöperation in an age of machinery. Only from such a fundamental approach will men acquire the vision before the eyes, the hope in the heart, the iron in the blood, which are essential to the slow, hard task of building an effective party. The appeal to a vague discontent or an ill-defined Liberalism has not, will not, and cannot get us far in this dangerous age, when our social thinking and social machinery lag so far behind our skill in mechanical production—and war time destruction.

It requires less argument to make the case for a practical programme. That programme American Socialists are framing in the light of a basic philosophy. Of course we moderns must keep our complicated machinery going. We cannot stop the watch while we rebuild the works. We must translate dreams into actualities. Therefore the Socialist emphasizes a programme of foreign relations whereby we may avert particular wars while we seek to change the system that is the mother of war. The party is concerned with the increase — not merely the maintenance — of civil and industrial liberties; with a programme for social insurance and the relief of unemployment; with the use of taxation and nationalization to supplant economic dynasties by genuine democracy. Socialists even in America have gone further along these lines than is generally assumed. Nevertheless there is an immense and absorbingly interesting work to be done along all of these lines, especially in deciding where to begin the nationalizing process, how to acquire our natural monopolies, and how to administer them efficiently and democratically with due regard for both consumers and producers. Because the State as agent for society holds title to natural resources and to certain industries and public utilities, it does not have to administer them politically or clothe its enterprises with the kind of metaphysical sanctions with which it sur-

rounds its own sovereignty. Already in our school systems, our administration of highways, the work of the Federal Bureau of Standards, and of our various State, municipal and Federal authorities, like the Port Authority of New York, Americans are learning something of the secret of efficient public administration for the use of the people.

But in building a party nothing will avail without organization. Here the Socialist party is weakest and knows it. Here unorganized Progressivism wholly breaks down. Organization is an all year round job. Engines cannot be run by the occasional heat of campaign bonfires. Organization means knowing people where they live. It means planning on a national scale with careful thought for right relations with labor unions, farmers' societies and coöperatives. It means picking strategic places for local campaigns. It means a great deal of rather monotonous, boring work. All sorts of people with all sorts of abilities can be used in this work of organization. But leadership in such work, even locally, requires rare gifts. And it is lack of this local leadership throughout the country which is the chief handicap of the Socialist party. I am convinced that with the right men and women and a comparatively small sum of money a strong Socialist party can rapidly be built in scores of cities and towns which I could name. Compared with this need of organizing work, questions of name, etc., become of secondary importance. Rival organization of the two old parties without principles or issues between them may keep them going until a crisis appears — and a satisfactory new party cannot be built in a crisis — unless this problem of organization of a party with a programme can be met.

So I close with an almost evangelical call to men and women not to await events but to help shape events. Such fervor may seem out of place in the columns of one of our most respectable magazines in an age of robust Menckenism and tired Radicalism. It arises from my belief that we have no time to waste. The peace of the world depends far less on pious resolutions than on the effort of political parties in different countries to break down Imperialism and Militarism, bridge the gulf of Nationalism, and curb the wastes of our profit system. In this rebuilding of our civilization no political party, however strong its fellowship with similar parties in other lands, is of itself sufficient. We need more than politics. But if political action is utterly useless, what instruments shall we use to avert the war and destruction inherent in our blundering attempts to manage the age of chemistry, physics and mechanical power under the law of the jungle?

Muck and Lilies

By Charles E. Raynal

A deft debunking of the debunkers and a demonstration that there really are, after all, lots of clean, respectable and intelligent people in the land

Has the Realist attained Realism when he has photographed life's filth? Is the world all muck? Or is it all lilies and immaculate perfection? Blougram to Gigadibs used the figure of the chessboard. Is it black, or is it white? The Bishop was neither an optimist nor a pessimist. He was a Broad Church gentleman. Gigadibs, as a newspaper controversialist, was all for the horns of the dilemma and a verdict of black or white. Blougram, having proved that it might be both, swept his own chessboard argument aside to show that life is neither black nor white, but all the colors of the rainbow.

In our present state of sophistication, the Idealist does not figure except as the dodo and entirely extinct. But these busy historians of the very modern school, who have been so earnestly at work correcting misapprehensions, seem greatly disturbed because the Idealist, before passing to his fossil estate, started some reputations down to us all lily white and shining. This is not life, they say, nor truth. The whole business was rooted in muck. Your hero was really something of a cad, and your saint quite a dirty little devil. George Washington drank deep, played late at cards for keeps, and swore awful. And what Saint Anthony was in the habit of thinking about when he tried to say his prayers would shock the movies.

As a contribution to history, this work of debunking the heroes may have some recondite value. These facts may be facts and not fictions. But once having caught the notion that men are men and not angels, the whole business becomes deadly tiresome and dull. Creatures of the dust men undoubtedly are. Science and Genesis as well as history are agreed on that point. But any possible interest that the story may have from that fact forward must be found in what got mixed with the dust. Something of the sea and the sky was very literally mingled with earth when life was breathed into the pitiful clay.

But this everlasting insistence on muck is not only dull but stale. After witnessing two or three performances in which the hero is debunked according to the accepted modern method, we remember that we have

seen the show before. The only essential difference is not in fact but proportion. What the old historian put into a footnote or subordinated to some interesting or useful end, the debunker makes into a book. The assumption is that all this muck is new. But where does he get the very material he so proudly parades? Old Buckle's footnotes alone would not only supply extended employment to a syndicate of debunkers, but add greatly to their sprightliness as well. Pepys told pretty much all he knew about himself, and Hume recorded all he heard reported about the saints. The French were rarely guilty of inhibitions, and the Latins were not squeamish. Plutarch, on occasion, was capable of becoming positively lively, and some of his yarns would make a flapper squirm. And yet their material of history does not have the flavor of a Freudian study in abnormal sex experience, nor is their interest centered in the psychology of morons.

WHEN Carlyle is done with Frederick and Cromwell, there is not much left for the most assiduous detractor, and when he has told David's story, or that of Bobbie Burns, we know the worst. But, unlike the moderns, he does not imagine muck to be a merchandise of great price, nor does he conceive his office as a man of letters, his subject, or his audience in such terms that casting pearls is precluded by the mandates of his art. He makes acknowledgment of "sins enough," "blackest crimes," "no want of sins," in the history of his heroes and the world. But, having done this, he moves on. That remark of his on the diameter of planets, the breadth of the solar system, and the orbit of the world, restores the sense of proportion. He is concerned with the muck, not as an end in itself, but as a slough through which his hero wins to victory and even purity at last. For the inward secret of a life is found, not in the muck, but in the truly astonishing struggle against muck. "That this struggle be a true unconquerable one — that is the question of questions."

Considering how full of human frailty, even to redundancy, all recorded history is, from Moses to H. G. Wells, we are compelled to the conclusion that the debunker's only originality in this matter of muck is his joy in discovering it. And this is strange, too, for the moderns have reduced all sin to a non-moral and almost to a non-existent thing, and it is only when found mixed with good that it becomes in any way reprehensible. But finding

> Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
> Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
> Inflate themselves with some insane delight
> And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
> Without the will to lift their eyes and see
> Her God-like head, crowned with spiritual fire,
> And touching other worlds.

TO WHAT extent this kind of literature owes its vogue to the remarkable popular interest in abnormal psychology may be a matter of doubt. Both may be independent products of the spirit of the age. But that neither covers the entire field of life or represents the age spirit as a whole is certain. Even preoccupation with the abnormal cannot be taken as a denial of the existence of a sound mind, and the devil-possessed and dirty do not constitute the total population.

After all, it is the rest of the popula-

tion, not the abnormal, bedeviled and defiled, that give significance to life. Now, as in all preceding ages, there is a decent, reasonably intelligent, fairly well washed, not altogether savage middle class that do the work, carry the burdens, uphold necessary laws, support the Government, respect themselves, and revere the Lord. These have little to do, pragmatically or subconsciously, with complexes and libidos, and their opinions about adultery were not formed from abnormal inhibitions induced by infantile suppressions. The final evidence that the world is rather decent is the fact that we are alive in it. A population preponderantly subwitted, super-sexed and hyper-egoed could raise hob. The majority, it must be remembered, can not only outvote the minority; it can abolish the minority.

CONTRARY also to a lately manufactured notion, this average decent man is neither despicable nor uninteresting. He does not necessarily live on Main Street and his name is not Babbitt. His share of the world's work is the material on which Wall Street operates, and his son's mail, if not his own, may be delivered on Fifth Avenue. Invention, science, literature, art and progress know his name and number, for genius quite often derives from the average. It was so with Homer, Socrates, Rembrandt, Shakespeare, and Henry Ford. And for all that appears to the contrary, this decent average man may have produced even the debunkers. Scientifically, the "sport" from a good stock has never been fully explained.

The exceptional is, of course, more interesting than the average, and it is even true that the average gains its significance from the exceptional. But it is the exceptional in courage, faith and honor, not the exceptional in muck. And it is just here that the age spirit is to be discovered and just here that our permanent literature will find its inspiration. What on earth has literature to do with all this tattle about tarnished reputations in a world full of untarnished glory? Just look about a little! Science is opening out into all sorts of undreamed-of adventure; chemistry has become a romance; invention is turning time, space and power into human freedom; medicine is winning mastery over the old bedevilments of the flesh; archæology is revealing a culture old to the race four thousand years before the debunker appeared on the scene; and art, literature and music in spite of jazz, junk and Epstein are not dead. Lord, if a man just had time, could afford the books, did not have to sleep, and could stand the strain of the joy and wonder of it, what a time he could have! They are even going to have to invent a new name for botany, for that science no longer is indicated as peculiar to the curriculum for girls' schools, nor can it be classed with freehand drawing and simplified spelling as a course for football stars.

SOMEONE has suggested that the debunkers, having debunked everything else in the universe, will have to debunk themselves. But there is nothing in that, for the very sufficient reason that the material is too thin. The movement to examine their results, however, has already gotten under way. A notable scientist has done this service for Freud, and de-

clares that he may be a literary man, but his methods and materials show that he cannot be called a scientist. H. G. Wells has been examined by several literary alienists with varying results, but the general impression seems to be that he may be writing science, but it certainly is not art. No one has classified Shaw as yet, but "Most vigitarians I iver see," says Mr. Dooley, "looked enough like their food to be classed as cannybals."

ONE of the straws that show which way the tide is settling is a book on the Victorian Age. For several decades now the final reprobation of a thing has been to call it Mid-Victorian. But this Englishman, sick of the whole debunking gentry and casting about for an extreme case with which to refute all their methods and materials, boldly declares that with Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle and Gladstone as only a few of the Victorians that the debunker has not the mental capacity even to understand, he will have to confine himself to smart little comments on art and decoration to retain his present monopoly on scorn.

We impute ourselves, says Emerson, and we inevitably discover muck, lilies, or the rainbow, according to our nature and disposition. But this is not all. There is an objective reality as well as a subjective perception of it, and this objective reality holds truth, purity and beauty as well as muck. The objective reality is as wide and varied as the universe and the range of interest just short of infinite. "I accept the universe," announced the female philosopher; and old Carlyle grunted: "Gad, she'd better." Sane people have to accept the universe. A one-notioned mind is possible only to a maniac.

EACH to his choice, of course, and *de gustibus non disputandum*. We should be tolerant and not unduly prejudiced. When Gryll was wistful for the sty, the steadfast Odysseus and all his brave companions let him return. Circe, the compassionate, opened the gate to him. "Let Gryll be Gryll," they said, "and have his swinish mind." But they went on to new adventures in the wide and beautiful world.

"Anything but Religion"

By Albert C. Dieffenbach

The original crusader against Fundamentalism asks what is wrong with the modern Sunday School and finds it ignores both God and the human soul

A spiritual perplexity, which some persons would call a disaster if they knew the truth about it, has occurred in the Christian religion and its baneful effect has filtered into the Sunday School. Our children, without knowing it, suffer most for the offending. Parents with a glimmer of intelligence about their responsibility perceive something wrong, but they only express their impatience and concern, and ask rather vaguely what it all means. Nobody tells them. For one reason or another, those who are able by training and experience to inform all of us about this extraordinary condition seem unwilling to do so. Is it for fear that it might injure the institution, their church? Or do they shudder at the prospect of irreligion sweeping over the land? It is even hinted that rigid dogmatists in this matter would dislodge those who might enlighten us, for organized religion is still rough with heretics.

In any case, the trouble is real and it goes to the roots. Here and there a father stands up and protests, but, if he is a layman, the subject is probably over his head, and so he rarely gets anything out of his zeal but a fitful fever. Even the expert in religious education is hardly capable of telling the story as it ought to be told, and it may be temerarious of me, a mere editor, to essay the task. I make no pretensions. All of us in this craft of ours admit, when we are charged with lack of knowledge, that we may not know anything, but it *is* our business to know everybody who knows everything. My daily duty takes me among church workers. They are modest and unsure. In religious education they shake their heads and admit it is all experimental. But then everything in life is experimental, and they are not different from the rest of us. I launch into the middle of the business without formal beginning, for, like the typical speech of a certain preëminent statesman of our day, I may start almost anywhere and go in either direction and it will be all the same.

I have borrowed the title for this article from a letter. A commanding personality wrote to me recently about his children. He rounded out a warm paragraph with a veracious list of the various trivial things that the

boys and girls *do* get in their so-called religious education, and ended his blast on this minor chord: "They can learn anything but religion in the Sunday School." This man is a layman; and lest we first discount and then dismiss him because he is a layman, let me say that in the very next mail I found the following, from a brilliant Rabbi, who, on this subject, speaks in the same tongue as that of any modern Christian minister. "Our religious education," said Rabbi William H. Fineshriber, "consists of desultory memorizing of Scriptural passages, scant knowledge of Biblical and post-Biblical history, fragmentary discussion of contemporaneous happenings (the football scores of the previous day), singing more or less traditional chants, and a medley of dramatics and sermonettes." Temporary exposure in the school to such things will foster, we fondly hope, as by a miracle, "the latent religious spirit" in the children. They will be educated in religion! People who believe thus naïvely "construe religion as a complex of vague albeit powerful emotions and traditions, evoked by words and music, moonlit nights, Grand Canyons, tumultuous seas, pomp and pageantry, incense, and memories."

But religion, while it may be induced by all of these things, is also a definite teachable way of life and of living, and the elder tradition, unlike our own, so filled the instruction with the spirit of holiness and dedication that, whatever their church or faith, these children were able to make some intelligent answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?"

Our rabbinical neighbor comes straight to the one essential in all true religion that has been virtually destroyed. He asks, "Do we need a new God-concept, framed in conformity with our new knowledge?" That is exactly what we do need, what we must be bound up to, if religion, the thing itself, is to displace the present hodge-podge of softness and sentimentality which is the curse of our Sunday Schools. I am not making a plea for any particular variety of God-concept. My point is simple, and I believe unassailable: We must have some central and ultimate foundation, call it Person or call it Principle, and to this we must adhere for the discipline of our children as they learn "a sense of values that leads them to the Eternal and the Infinite."

It is a sinister and subtle fact that there has been a loosening of this idea until even notable men among us, it seems to me, have slipped into the error that something else is religion which is nothing of the kind. For example, Dr. L. P. Jacks approves the reply a schoolmaster made to one who asked how they taught religion in his school. "We teach religion all day long," he answered. "We teach it in arithmetic, by accuracy. We teach it in language, by learning to say what we mean — 'Yea, yea, and nay, nay.' We teach it in history, by humanity. We teach it in geography, by breadth of mind. We teach it in handicraft, by thoroughness. We teach it in astronomy, by reverence. We teach it in the playground, by fair play. We teach it by kindness to animals, by courtesy to servants, by good manners to one another, and truthfulness in all things. We teach it by showing the children that we,

their elders, are their friends and not their enemies. We teach them to build the Church of Christ out of the actual relations in which they stand to their teachers and their school fellows, because we believe that unless they learn to build it where they are, they will not learn to build it afterward anywhere else!"

All that is beautiful, eloquent, and moving, but it is not religion, and it never built any churches. It is the fruit of religion, a very different thing. It is ethics and social relations. Undoubtedly such excellent results as these of the school boys are a stimulating example to the religious life, and in so far are to be called religious. But there is no spiritual motivation of a religious nature in the whole array of this schoolmaster. He never touches top or bottom. No man ever learned real religion out of our "actual relations" here with his fellows, but only out of the ideal aspirations which are not of this world, those things which cause him to strive for perfection.

PROF. Francis G. Peabody once said, in speaking of religion and morality, that morality is man trying to find his place in the social order — that is, man adapting himself to the needs of his fellow men as they are grouped together. Religion is man trying to find his place in the universal order. It is mankind trying, in the words of E. Stanton Hodgin, "to adapt itself to the calls of the universal life". It may be that for some the moral life, and thus the moral discipline, is enough. It seems to satisfy. What is said here is not finding fault with the teaching of morality in the Sunday school, but the insistence that such instruction and example must not be called religious. They are limited and mundane, codes of conduct and custom, while religion reaches out for the infinitudes of the spirit, which may seem sheer moonshine to an earth-bound person, though even he has moments of transport and vision which are the common experience of mystical natures and the intelligible reality of the average man or child.

This religious *quantum* has shriveled and shrunk in the churches, until it is simple truth that the child of today in perhaps most schools is taught almost nothing about it and is a beggarly little atheist. His life has no center. It is all circumference. Instead of teaching him elemental ideas of the source, the soul, and the destiny of life, his Sunday School leader and his pastor tell him how foolish it is to think on religious doctrines that may be different from those of his neighbor. Just be kind, is the counsel; which forgets that even a cow is kind. The emphasis is away from the heart of religion to hands clasped in meaningless fellowship and feet pattering to multiple committee meetings. A boy who grows up in Sunday School today will some day be a good luncheon-club booster, and his sister may achieve a place on a programme committee of the Women's Club. But they will not be religious in any worthy sense.

HOW have we got this way? About forty years ago we were going along very well. Doctrines were accepted without question, and there were a dignity and order in religion. A studious Sunday School pupil learned something. About the year 1890 certain preachers of a daring nature began to take account of Charles Darwin's doctrine of evolution. That

was the beginning of our undoing, our present low estate. Man's special creation was one of the primary assumptions of all the churches, Catholic and Protestant, up to that time. In it the fall of man explained the origin of sin, and a theory of the propagation of sin, reared fifteen hundred years ago by Augustine on the basis of the fall, was accepted by virtually the whole of Christendom. The scheme of salvation was by Christ's blood. Darwin, therefore, destroyed that whole theological system. He was responsible for blasting away the foundations of the Sunday School because not one of the great denominations has worked out a new system of beliefs in harmony with the new knowledge, and the old doctrines have lost all their meaning for our day. This assertion sweeps to the farthest horizon. I do not know anyone qualified to speak for the Methodist, Congregationalist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Lutheran or any other orthodox church who would say that in their Sunday School lessons they are teaching religious truths consonant with the learning and experience of modern life.

Bishop Barnes of Birmingham a year ago tried to lead the Church of England into the broad new way in the interest of boys and girls, but he was silenced and rebuked by his Archbishop when he declared, "Man is not a being who has fallen from an ideal state of perfect innocence," as the historic Christian doctrine teaches. "Man is an animal slowly gaining spiritual understanding," he said, "and with the gain, rising far above his distant ancestors." Hosts of intelligent churchmen agree with the Bishop, and they follow through with him when he says: "It is quite impossible to harmonize this conclusion of scientific inquiry (about man's ascent) with the traditional theology of any branch of the Christian Church."

With the spread of scientific knowledge throughout the civilized world, so that it became an element in our beings like the air we breathe, whether we knew it or not, the churches found it increasingly difficult to teach their ancient dogmas, majestic and comprehensive as they were, and God-centered. Instead they have been obliged to turn their instruction into channels of a distinctly non-religious nature. The domain of religious education, as we know it in this country, at least, has been preëmpted by the psychologists. The theologians are in the way of being routed. One arises occasionally to lament and plead, but it seems a lost cause. The warfare between the usurping religious education forces and the old classicist metaphysicians of our Christian America may be a silent conflict, but it is deadly, as it is also tremendously significant. Every divinity school knows it. Theology is going to the wall through sheer fearsomeness of doing any pioneer thinking lest it shake up the churches with heresy trials. Meanwhile the batteries of the educationists fire away and leave only a vestige standing of what was once regarded as religion, — and what many are sure is still religion. All of this, remember, bears down on the Sunday School.

One who checks up the voluminous literary output on religious education feels that it is not much more than psychology thinly sugared with sanctimoniousness. Religion does not get

into the vitals of this new science. There is only casual accommodation to spiritual concern, sometimes in mere pious words without germane pertinence. The major interest in this new education is not God, but human nature. Group habits, folkways, social ideals — these all melted into one, we are told, make religion. Who is God? "God is the ideal person," says Prof. Theodore G. Soares, "whose conduct is all that is good and who summons us to moral endeavor. He is the imaginary person, not as unreal, but as the construct of our imaging ability." Professor Soares admits that "psychologists would tell us that gods are indeed the product of this imaging ability, that men make gods to suit their needs. *But it is open to religious faith to believe that God is in us, making Himself through us to suit our needs.*" (Italics mine.) Dr. Soares proceeds: "The Ideal Person is a member, the greatest member, of the group. His approval is infinitely valuable. Ordinarily that approval is coincident with the approval of the group; but in the case of the man of ideals, the prophet, the religious genius, there is developed a sense of right, different from that of the group, which is conceived to be the will of God, and then the approval of God outweighs all others."

THAT amazing doctrine comes not from a Radical but from a Moderate in religious education, whose reputation is high and wide. Plainly, the God-concept here is not equal to humanism. There is more of it. We are told of people who are not in the church but who have social ideals. "It would be absurd to say to them that they cannot socialize their children unless they give them concepts of God and Providence and unless they give them habits of prayer and worship. They will have their own habits of group expression and their own technique for emotionalizing their social enterprises. That they are not conducting church education does not mean that they are separated from religious education." Religion is plainly a body of group habits. God is gone, in the sense we believed when we were in Sunday School.

One need not find fault with Professor Soares, but there is ground for resentment that the theologians do not have the capacity and courage to carry out the findings of psychology to their proper field of religious doctrine. Suppose a few of them were thrown out of their jobs. What of it? The psychologist is not a theologian any more than a chemist is, and in many an instance he takes on religious coloration because he works under churchly auspices and must be outwardly regular in what he says. But he cannot teach religion.

THERE are Christians of a Modernist mind who, it seems, have given up the serious concern about the idea of God in Sunday School, and, in the words of Harry Emerson Fosdick, say, "We must take Jesus in earnest." This is almost tragic, because here again we face collapse, if our leaders would tell us the truth. Jesus, as we once knew him in Sunday School, is a wraith. The second Person in the Trinity has been eliminated from the first place in Christendom. Once He was unique among mankind. Psychology, the comparative study of other world religions, wider experience with peoples of once strange nations

and races, spiritual literature of saints and seers other than Christian heroes, all these have finished the idea that this religion of ours is a peculiar and final expression of the questing of the human soul for the Eternal Goodness. When Mohammedans gathered with representatives of thirty other great religions of the world, at Geneva, Switzerland, in August of 1928, to discuss peace, Christians from America heard that this supposedly warring and sanguinary faith of the Near East was as profoundly committed to peaceful means and measures as the followers of "the lowly Nazarene". Christians were told that on a basis of wars perpetrated and numbers killed in battle, they themselves have by far the highest war record of all the followers of religion on God's earth!

WHERE, then, do we get our warrant for the revelation and perfection of the religion of Jesus? I repeat what Christian leaders are asking. The truth in their inquiry has flown ahead of them, as truth always does, and the place where this devastating doubt has been felt most seriously is the Sunday School. The ancient note of authority is gone. The ministers speak hollow words on once great dogmas. This is the opinion not of radical and irreligious persons; it is a plain report of a state of mind wherever Christians know and think. Dwight Bradley, a Congregationalist minister trained in orthodox beliefs, is only one of a cloud of witnesses, all modern and respected leaders, who raise the astonishing question, "Do we want an historical Jesus?" They answer, No! The Jesus we read about in biographies, especially the contemporary ones, is "largely mythical hero", says Mr. Bradley; and he cites a dozen examples, ranging from Bouck White's *The Call of the Carpenter*, to Barton's *The Man Nobody Knows*, to Ludwig's *The Son of Man*, to Papini's *Life of Christ*, all of which are in hearty disagreement. "If Papini has sized Jesus up correctly, then Barton — to use a bit of Bartonesque vernacular — is 'all wet'". One writes him down a Socialist, another a super-Rotarian, a third the summation of ecstacy. The Radical makes Jesus a Radical, the fanatic makes him a fanatic. All conceive him in their own image.

Such subjective presentments are worthless and, for one seeking religious verity, confounding. That is why many Sunday Schools give nothing of value to the children about Jesus. They know nothing about Him. Not even the Bible helps as it should, for all the claims that are made for it. Mr. Bradley repeats what Biblical exegetes told us thirty years ago: "If Jesus was such a man as the author of the Fourth Gospel reported Him to have been, He could not have been the kind of man the Synoptic Gospels tell us about." An historical approach to Jesus is an insuperable difficulty. The loss to Sunday Schools is incalculable, but not irretrievable.

WHEN we pass to the actual Bible teachings of Jesus, the problem throws us pitifully on the mercy of truth. Take marriage, for one example. Bishop Doane once said the Scripture recognizes only adultery as a ground for divorce, and as for himself he believed only death should sunder man and wife. Here is a doubly interesting case, as Prof. W. G. Ballantine has said. Matthew does teach divorce for

adultery, Mark and Luke allow it not at all. Now Bishop Doane, unsatisfied in the circumstances, takes his position and becomes not only a higher critic; *he judges for himself*. The Bible and the teaching of Jesus as given are not infallible, for him. Pacifists think Jesus is on their side, yet He is for both peace and war, according to the Gospel, for in one place He says, "They who take the sword will perish by sword," and in another place, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." What are children going to do about it? When we are told by Jesus that one must hate his father and his mother and other members of the family, for His sake, the word in the Greek is "hate" and not something else. Professor Ballantine, who taught Greek for years in the International Y. M. C. A. College and is the translator of the Riverside New Testament, makes that clear. In temptation, Jesus teaches, "If your right eye is a snare to you, pluck it out." No one of sense would destroy his sight, but would find another way to purity. Again it is written by Jesus that we are not to resist a wicked man, but we are to turn the other cheek, and if one sues us for our tunic, we must let him have our cloak also. This means "actual coöperation with our enemies." We are to make it easy for one to double his injury to us. It is wrong.

THESE citations are enough, though there are scores of others, which make great difficulties. Even when allowance is made for faulty records, figurative language, Oriental hyperbole, and illustrations unfamiliar to our time, the stubborn fact remains that no more than Bishop Doane did in the matter of divorce does any one of us accept the literal teaching of of Jesus if it does not suit us, but we use our own common sense. That is the simple truth, and it always has been. People have chosen what they wanted in the Bible, and have put their own meaning into it.

Liberal minded Christians do not hesitate to say that the way to regard Jesus is in the light of our own understanding and spirituality. They would say that Jesus adjusted His teaching to his times, and we are like Him when we do the same thing for ourselves. But that of course makes a tremendous overturning of what we have conceived to be the duty of the Sunday School. To use our best judgment under existing conditions involves a kind of readjustment that causes us to depart from Him and be masters of our own lives. That is what some teachers are undertaking.

THE center has moved from the Bible to the child. All teaching is conditioned by the nature of the unfolding mind and soul. The child must find religion not in remote ages; he must see it "in the eyes and hear it on the tongues of those right about him, whom he admires most and trusts most completely". Beginning with examples at hand, he learns the religious meaning of the heroic lives and great events of our own time. Such men are much nearer than many Biblical characters. As religion the Bible is outmoded. Let us see how Professor William Lyon Phelps makes use of the Book. As a little boy he used to draw pictures to illustrate the Bible. He came to that passage in Romans which says "the whole creation groaneth". At that time he knew nothing of spiritual suffering, and

supposed people groaned only when there was something the matter with them. "Like all small boys", he says, "I had eaten many green apples, sometimes with disastrous results. My conception of this passage was not without a certain vast grandeur. I literally supposed that once upon a time every living person in the world had indigestion at the same moment; hence universal compulsory groaning. I therefore drew a picture of a large number of people standing in a circle, each in an attitude of anguish: and under it I wrote 'THE WHOLE CREATION GROANETH.'" William's mother paid "the tribute of reverent silence" to this art and told him he had made an original contribution to New Testament interpretation. No one had ever thought of it. Years later he considered his exegesis absurd, until by chance he told the story to President Hadley of Yale. Mr. Hadley immediately said that Mr. Phelps was correct for, after all, from the orthodox point of view, "it *was* the unauthorized eating of apples that made the whole creation groan".

THAT is a capital story. It makes a laugh. It is the sort of thing that untrained teachers delight to tell their children, because it will win their attention and interest. But do such things teach religion? The Bible has an archaic, venerable remoteness from the life that now is, which nobody in his right senses will deny. True religious education has to do with a kind of immediate knowledge.

Religion for man or child must never be a borrowed thing. When teachers say their pupils must have the spirit of Jesus and know His teaching, "must take Him in earnest," we ask, What is that spirit, that teaching? At last, it is not an historic thing in a book or a person of long, long ago. It is our own hard-won teaching, and our own spirit. It is the only kind of religion that works and saves. It must be original, because each child is original. Already there are a few pioneers who know this truth and do it. *Nothing but religion is in their Sunday Schools.*

WHEN the child goes to Sunday School, let them to whom he is committed for an hour understand that this little one is a living soul and the object is, in Paul's word, to make him a quickening spirit. Broadly speaking, the child will unfold mentally in one of two ways. Either he will see, as a potential mystic, the distant Perfection, or, as a budding scientist, — a lover of fact, — he will believe and avail himself of what he knows. A wise teacher of our own time, E. Stanton Hodgin, has drawn the distinction:

"One says: 'Here is a road that leads to the sun and I will follow it to the sun.' The other says: 'Here is a road that is bathed in the sunlight; I will follow it as far as I can.' One is fascinated by what he believes to lie at the end of the journey; the other is fascinated by the wonderful revelations and opportunities that are revealed by the way all the time."

What a glorious opportunity the Sunday School has with the "candidates for humanity"! Wherever humanity has been magnificent it has been religious, and organized religion must offer those things that will in no wise offend these little ones, but fulfill their proper heritage — "the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Thank God I'm Forty!

By Joan Hampton

Single blessedness and the apartment hotel have opened a new heaven and a new earth for the modern business woman of middle years

The title to this *Te Deum* is borrowed (without permission) from a friend who uttered it recently in my presence. Because it crystallized thoughts and observations which had been gathering for some time in my own mind, I appropriated it. Never say anything pungent in the hearing of a literary person, if you want to keep the expression for your own.

It might naturally be supposed that the speaker was a man. Not so, Dr. Watson; she was a woman. More than that, she was a "womanly" woman.

As another of her kind, I join her in the proclamation that today a new heaven and a new earth have opened for the young-middle-aged woman if she is (1) a dweller in a large American city, (2) economically independent, and (3) matrimonially unattached. Moreover, I assert that the streets of this heaven are of a brighter gold and the earth pastures a greener green than those inhabited by her younger sisters.

It is true that many women, when registering, still give their ages as "twenty-one plus", but in so doing they are prompted by a vestigial instinct of self-preservation which, like the dislike which some people have of sitting with their backs to a door, is losing its relation to present day facts.

In reality, the middle-aged woman today has many advantages over her younger sisters, providing she comes under the three classifications mentioned above. Practically all young girls and most married women will disagree with this statement, the first because their vision is limited by their incomplete experience, and the second because they must stand by their judgment in choosing early marriage as the road to happiness; to do so is part of what psychologists call their "defense mechanism". (The middle-aged single woman, by the way, owes a great debt to psychology. It has given her more epithets to hurl at her sisters, and more interesting complexes, than it has bestowed on any other group. It has drawn her from the drab and colorless position that she used to occupy at the back of the stage and draped her in a colorful garment of Father Fixations, Sex

Sublimations, Suppressed Desires, Infantile Obsessions and Wish Fulfillment Dreams. It has raised her from a negation to an enigma.)

The matron and the young girl still hold the winning hands in small cities and suburban localities, where the pleasure chase is all in pairs, and the older single woman is as superfluous as the joker in a bridge game. The occasional bachelor — and he is very occasional — who inhabits these latter outposts of civilization, seeks his main diversions in the Big Top. Even in those happy hunting grounds where bachelors and widowers are plentiful, so also is gossip, and a man must watch his step if he does not wish a comradely friendship to be labelled "Object, matrimony".

But oh, my sisters, how different it is in the big city! Here, in Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston and New York, — most especially New York, — here is your paradise!

By actual statistics, New York has a higher percentage of unencumbered men between the ages of 25 and 34 than any other place in the country, and I have not been bribed to say this by the Pennsylvania Railroad or the New York Central. Curiosity prompted me to check up the statistics on what was at first just an impression, so I know. New York, and in a lesser degree the other large centres, are the modern El Dorados, whither flock the fortune-seeking males of today. More gold has been dug from the cañon of Wall Street than was ever wrested with pick and shovel from the richest vein in the Rockies. Young men no longer go West. California is no longer the place to make money; it has become primarily a place to spend it, a haven where old men, their working days over, may sit in the sun and play checkers, with an occasional stimulating side glance at the hordes of movie queens (classified in the casting director's card catalogue as "elderly" if they are over twenty-one) who inhabit the vicinity.

Not only are the single men hurrying to the big cities in spite of the blandishments of the Department of Agriculture, but, once there, they are continuing to be single men, and hence cavaliers for the unmarried women. The marriage rate in New York City has been steadily declining for the last seven years. Young men cannot afford to marry, and middle-aged men are too comfortable to marry. Concrete evidence of this may be seen in the recent amazing increase of apartment hotels, which are God's gift to the bachelor. In one downtown section of New York City, a section covering considerably less than four square blocks, there are seven apartment hotels, containing nearly a thousand apartments, most of them built within the last four years; two more big apartment hotels are under construction in this section, and the ground has been bought for a third. The nearest approach to an indication of family life in this neighborhood is the nightly eleven o'clock parade of the poodles, a feature which recently led one of the inhabitants to remark that walking the dog seemed to be the only use for husbands in this part of town.

As a method of living, the apartment hotel, with its maid and valet service, is the last word in comfort

for the single man and the unattached woman. From its special wall sockets for curling irons, to its electric refrigerators with their little cubes of ice ready at a moment's notice to cool cocktail or highball, it is a potent discourager of matrimony. It has loosened the hold of the sock-darning woman on helpless masculinity, and has given the business woman a chance to have a home, a job and perhaps an "affair", all at the same time, without much injury to any of the three.

Though not, as has been hinted, unless she happens to be young-middled-aged. Before she can enjoy the full flower of this latch-key freedom, she must be old enough to live alone without causing tremors of apprehension among all her relatives, and stimulating gossip among the scandal mongers. She must have learned the technique of "self expression" in its many phases and even, sometimes, how to make a "false step" with social aplomb. She must, in short, have that *savoir faire* which is gained only by maturity and experience, and which gives her command of almost any situation. (This cannot be learned from books. A few moments' thought will recall to the Gentle Reader's mind quite a number of situations whose proper handling has not been provided for by Emily Post!)

Nor is greater freedom the only advantage that this woman holds over her younger sisters. She has reached an age when she picks her pleasures with a more Epicurean palate, instead of drowning everything in the tabasco sauce of emotion. Though it is true that the older unmarried woman does occasionally go off on an emotional tangent, I believe that she is less likely to do so than the average married woman of her age, especially if she has the restraining influence of a job.

We have deified emotion in this country. We have put it on a pedestal and worshipped it. Our captains of business send up incense and prayers to it. In its name we ask one another to buy perfumes and pianos, stocks and stockings, kiss-proof lipstick and mauve automobiles. First youth is a time when the reaction to almost every phase of life is emotional — and we are a youthful nation. In the national cacophony of jazz we cannot catch the subtle intellectualism of a Bach. Not until we reach that age when we can pull our emotions down from a gallop to a trot do we notice the inconspicuous, though none the less beautiful, flowers by the roadside.

To be able to do so is one of the joys of the middle-aged unattached woman. She can taste the savor of life in all its delicate gradations, unhampered by the sweet but terrible pressure of human ties — a privilege which used to be exclusively masculine. It may seem to many people a sterile privilege, but it is one for which philosophers have been willing to die, and one whose loss has stilled the songs of unnumbered poets.

Most important, perhaps, of all her advantages, is that the middle-aged single woman has come to the time when it is safe for her to admit the possession of brains. Very old and very young men still prefer their women young and dumb, but the middle-aged man of affairs, with

whom the business woman associates, is looking for mental as well as emotional stimulus. The successful executive has vindicated his good opinion of his own ability; he does not have to bolster it up, as does the younger man, by association with women who have, or pretend to have, inferior intellects. He has learned the fine art of friendship, and whether he plays the rôle of friend or lover, he is a far more interesting type of companion than those men whom the average young girl wins for her portion. The big cities have the largest proportion of bachelors who fit this description, and by the time the group has reached the age of forty or thereabouts, their ranks have been augmented by widowers, by the masculine halves of broken marriages, and — let us be honest — by the men who, after fifteen years or so of domesticity, are just beginning to wake up again and take notice. There is an increasing tendency, especially in big cities, for husbands and wives to take their diversions separately, a custom which does not necessarily weaken the bond between them, but may even strengthen it by giving it greater elasticity. This custom of course adds to the single woman's circle of masculine friends.

It is a sordidly material point, but nevertheless worth mentioning in this symposium, that the masculine friends of the middle-aged woman usually have more money to spend than the youngsters, and know how to spend it with more *finesse*. For though the young men flock to big cities by every train and motor highway, they do not, except in correspondence school advertisements, achieve instant fortunes. The average youth in New York and other big cities is more put to it to give his girl a good time than when he lived on the farm where there were no expensive restaurants nor fifteen-dollar theatre seats toward which she could cast longing eyes. Not until he reaches his forties, or thereabouts, can he hail a taxi as nonchalantly as he would light a cigarette.

And if the middle-aged-single woman decides to forego all this freedom in favor of matrimony, what then are her chances of happiness compared with those she might have had if she had married earlier? Statistics, as far as a diligent search can reveal, have provided no answer to this question, so one opinion is as good as another, and it is the opinion of this commentator that her chances are excellent, though her happiness will take on, probably, a quieter flavor than the bittersweet of early wedded years. Nor is this meant as a plea for making late marriages universal. Such a custom would quickly depopulate the earth. It is, rather, a hymn to celebrate the passing of an old order and an old attitude of mind — the attitude which regarded the most private affairs of life as matters for public decision.

Games for the Gate's Sake

By a Former Coach

An inside observer frankly challenges collegiate sport as an out-and-out commercial enterprise, employing star entertainers for financial ends

THERE are persons who believe the football season is over until next fall. They probably believe that a kindly stork delivers Freshman football material to the campus on or about September 5 of each and every year. And they don't realize that seven letter men from the squad will be graduated in 1930. Speaking as a practical football exponent, now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their college. The coach's football season really begins about the time that his team breaks training.

Dear Muggs:

In spite of everything, I know that in your heart you're still interested in the school and the team. It was, of course, just another one of those seasons, with an in-and-out combination that looked like world-beaters against . . . Univ. only to slump lower than a manhole for the homecoming game. I wish you'd had one chance to work with the material we misused this season.

Next year's Freshman prospects look even more disheartening. Nothing in the local schools except cheer leaders. We've got to find something for the Freshman team, because we'll lose all the present 'varsity squad in 1930.

You're saying to yourself, "Ha, ha, here's the catch!"

I wouldn't ask you to do anything for the college or the Alumni Assn. I know how you feel about them. But will you do a favor for me, personally?

I hear there's a sweet schoolboy center playing on the Haven High team, up State. Will you go up, look him over and talk to him if he's right? I'm taking the liberty of enclosing a check to cover your time and expenses. Don't hesitate about using it, as I've charged it to "extension work".

The boy's name is Harrison and you have my permission to make any reasonable arrangement, if he's up to specifications. P.S. — Both . . . Univ. and . . . College are after him, I hear.

THAT is the reason why Thanksgiving Day found me on the Lincoln County fair grounds, watching Haven High School play Devon High. There were no seats. Some 800 spectators and 35 dogs stood about the sidelines. The admissions represented a record gate of $312.50.

But I was there to watch "Butch" Harrison. I saw an awkward, 185-pound, 19-year old youth, who was scarcely noticed by the crowd. The townspeople and the dogs were all barking for a flashy running halfback who'd been burned out in "prep" school contests and couldn't make a college scrub eleven.

Harrison, whom they ignored,

showed the hall mark of a coming player. His very awkwardness was in his favor, as it showed his natural talent, undirected by coaching of any kind. He followed the ball like a greyhound. Through some curious twist that we call "football brains" he seemed to sense plays that took place behind his back. He didn't have his growth, either.

Harrison didn't mean a dollar to the management of the Haven High School Athletic Association. But I decided he was worth $60,000, potentially, to any big college. I mean he could be built into a gate draw of $20,000 a year for three years. The boy had the makings of a star. All he needed, it seemed to me, was experience, much coaching and the proper exploitation.

I UNDERSTAND that some will object to my use of the word "exploitation". It doesn't sound like amateur athletics. But "exploitation" is precisely what I mean. Personal exploitation made sell-outs of certain games in which "Ken" Strong of N. Y. U., C. K. Cagle of Army, Paul Scull of Pennsylvania, Harpster of Carnegie, Brazil of Detroit, Carroll of Washington, Hoffman of Stanford, and many others played.

"I ain't peddlin' a socker or a fighter but a personality," said one of Gene Tunney's managers, about the time that the heavyweight champion-to-be went in for sunsets, plug hats and Bernard Shaw. Colleges "peddle personality" in much the same way and for the same reason: the grosses at the gate. Illinois hawked 'Frosty Peters" to succeed "Red Grange". And what university can point an academic finger at "Bob" Zuppke's owners for so doing? Fair Harvard with Guarnaccia and French? Syracuse with Baysinger? Carnegie with Rosenzweig? Princeton with Miles?

Poor Yale had a bad season. There wasn't a player in the squad who showed enough to pull much newspaper notoriety. Brown, after our banner year with its well advertised "iron men", was likewise in a publicity slump, in spite of Cornsweet. "Five yards McCarty" was in his day a box office natural, as a Chicago ticket speculator once said.

ANYWAY, to return to "Butch" Harrison and the Haven High team, the youngster had verve and a style to his playing that I felt sure could be turned into cash by an up-and-coming college. He made one open field tackle that the customers at a stadium would be wild about.

The next morning, I dropped in to have a talk with the boy. He knew who I was, where I'd played and coached. Was he flattered by my visit? On the contrary. High school players are far from naïve. They know their market value and usually overestimate it. Harrison claimed he'd had some kind of a cash offer from another college and expected me to top that.

My school does not pay cash and never has; at least, not since 1910. The day of the "ringer" or tramp athlete is about over. There are reasons why an amateur team can no longer be recruited from professionals on a strictly cash basis. The one year residence and the three years playing rules are two of them.

I don't mean to imply that graduate managers are more honest than ever before. But football teams are now so closely watched that the risk of detec-

tion is greater. It's difficult for a husky iron worker to change his name and play four years at each of three successive colleges, as was sometimes done in the gay 'Nineties and Nineteen Hundreds.

The classical story, from a prominent Eastern college, is the football coach's lament: "Seven regulars in the infirmary. My God, I'll have to play some of the students!" which harks back to those good, old days.

THE best offer I could make to young Harrison was a promise to give him his tuition, an easy campus job for board and room, and the expectation of "a little more" in his sophomore year. He was not impressed.

Nor was I discouraged. "There's more than one way to catch a sub-freshman." When they won't volunteer or enlist, they can frequently be drafted. I spent a day inquiring about the status of the Harrison family.

I was able to notify the Alumni Secretary that he could put some alumni to work on the boy's father to good advantage. "Butch's" father, a hardware merchant, was none too prosperous and a constant borrower at his bank. The banker is one of our alumni and so is the head of the District Federal Reserve Board, and so on. I fancy it will be possible to reach the boy through the United States Treasury extension.

I know of one case where a United States Senator's aid was enlisted to secure a smart End. But a Cabinet officer outbid him, for one of the service schools. The joke was that the player turned out to be a "bust."

As I write this, between eight and ten other sub-freshman, "prep" school stars, are being persuaded to enter our school by similar methods. In each instance the letter but not the spirit of amateur athletic regulations will be observed.

At my school, they will be required to pass entrance examinations and the college will solemnly go through the motions of making *bona fide* students of them.

I REALIZE that this sounds like the anonymous ravings of a disgruntled coach who lost his job. Perhaps it is. I was not liked by one clique of the alumni and, after a disastrous season, I was thrown out.

But the reason why I write this anonymously is not that I am afraid or unable to back up my assertions with definite proof. It is not because I like the alumni association of my own college. On the other hand, I have a number of real friends in the college football business. If I identified myself, I would embarrass them. Moreover, I love football, as a game, more than any other sport. I constantly regard it as my trade, although I no longer draw a regular salary from it. Which does not prevent my realizing the ridiculous lengths to which our colleges are being drawn in their efforts to supply football for the masses.

Even professional sport writers seem to misunderstand certain aspects of the football phenomena. "Why do the colleges do it?" asked one nationally known sport page columnist, with whom I had lunch before the final game of the season.

"Because of the college governing bodies," I replied. "The governing bodies demand it."

Permit me to elaborate that statement. I realize that it is difficult to

believe that President John Doe, of Whoosis University, has deliberately turned his educational mill over to a group of sports promoters. He would emphatically deny such an allegation. He would believe his own denial and, since no man could be a college president if he possessed a sense of humor, would be burned at the stake rather than admit a word of the truth.

But —

College presidents, as a class, are no longer representative of a scholarship tradition, rooted in conventionality, idealism, Greek, Latin and three modern languages. College presidents are now chosen because they are handshakers, go-getters and business men who can panhandle endowments. They are the spirit of Rotary with a spurious Oxford accent and a Phi Beta Kappa key, some trick degrees, and a good supply of after dinner stories for (a) mixed and (b) stag gatherings.

Such a college president is forced to recognize that it is impossible to build up endowments without athletics to ballast and advertise the appeal for funds.

For example: A certain university had the promise of $5,000,000 from a member of its Board of Trustees, with the proviso that the college raise as much more from its alumni. The president approached an organization that conducts all kinds of philanthropic campaigns. They take 50 per cent. of the sum collected for their work; which meant that they would have to raise $10,000,000 in order to get $5,000,000 for the college. From the alumni of this college, $10,000,000 seemed to be a huge sum to expect.

These racketeers replied to the college president without mincing their words.

"Get yourself a winning football team," they said. "We can't get money out of college alumni without a winning team."

Upon such mundane proposals does the "athletic consciousness" of our nation seem to depend.

The president took counsel with his trustees and advisers. They went out on the open market and hired the best football coach available. They paid him $12,000 a year, plus an agreement to buy all athletic equipment through him, which enables him to double his salary "and doesn't appear on the auditor's list of expenditures."

"How long will it take you to build up a winning team?" they asked the coach.

"How much coöperation do I get?" was his immediate reply.

"Everything, Mr. Coach."

The coach nodded. "In three years, I'll turn you out a nationally famous team, one recognized from Coast to Coast."

There was much fervid handshaking.

"To start," added the coach, "I want every available scholarship put at my disposal."

So, in reality, college football games are staged by the college for the alumni. This practice seems to have become general about 1920. The "drive" system of extracting money had been demonstrated during the World War. Colleges developed teams, hired press agents, something like Creel's United States Publicity Bureau, and started out for a bankroll.

The college press agent by now has become an institution. He has three

main subjects to "plug": 1 — The football team and other athletics. 2 — Human interest stories dealing with athletes. 3 (and a poor third it is) — Stories dealing with the scholastic work of the college. The press agent keeps Dear Old Whatsis in the news columns and rotogravure sections with pictures of visiting potentates receiving honorary degrees or planting century plants upon the campus. In addition he gets out a weekly letter to alumni, keeping them informed, confidentially, on the gross receipts at all games, the tonsilitis endured by the crack hockey goalie, and other matters that pertain. In the football season, he supplies miles of copy to the sports departments, including descriptions of the home life of the 'Varsity guard who's so good to his mother.

WHEN the writer was playing his first football, it was purely a competitive contest; sometimes brutal and tinged with professionalism. But it remained a game, in that winning was the only consideration. Now, the football teams play for the gate receipts. Consider the colorful pet names of the teams: the Praying Colonels, the Golden Tornado, the Scarlet Wave, the Homeless Irish, the Thundering Herd. All of them are good, sound box-office titles, as movie exhibitors say. In my time we played, let us say, Notre Dame, and patriotically hated them. We didn't enter into a joint production of a matinee performance with "The Homeless Irish." If our schedule called for us to meet Georgia Tech, we took our licking as a team, and weren't merely a minor part of a Roman holiday. Teams still play to win, because only a winning team can be a good attraction in the grosses. But a widely-advertised running back, like Cagle or Marsters, does more for the college treasuries than an unbeaten and less "colorful" team.

AN AMAZING thing has happened. The spectacles staged by the colleges for their alumni have become tremendous "draws" to the general public. For example, within five years, the Notre Dame–Army game, a contest that had previously been played to a gate of 12,000 persons, grew into a pageant that sold out the 87,000 available seats. At least 25,000 more seats would have been filled if they had been available, and good seats went to a speculator premium of $35 each. The actual alumni interested in this contest are almost negligible in numbers.

Colleges are finding themselves in the sport promotion business. Teams with a seven-game schedule are playing to million dollar grosses. And, like Tex Rickard, the university authorities are finding that business demands a staged entertainment instead of an athletic contest.

The routine reply to this is a perfunctory statement from the Alumni Director of Athletics that "the college cannot control the whims of the public. President John Doe deplores the overemphasis, but is helpless." President Doe's deploring, to date, hasn't gone to the length of firing his press agent.

Then there is this other statement: "Football profits make other sports available to the students. Only basketball and football pay. Crew, tank teams, baseball, track, tennis, golf, polo and all other activities are supported by the football earnings. Nine-

ty-one per cent. of our students take part in some form of organized athletics."

In other words, the college says, "We've invested in a football team, exactly as we might have bought an interest in Colonel Ruppert's New York Yankees, the world's professional baseball champions. From the profit on our investment, we will pay out money for other athletic equipment that we want."

The great joke is, to the writer, that the Federal Government allows football tickets to be sold tax free. If football seats are not taxable, then prize fighting in the Madison Square Garden, New York, is run for charity. True that most football players are not paid much. Well, the preliminary fighters in Tex Rickard's big shows don't get rich.

This is, I believe, an unemotional presentation of the situation. It explains the football coach's greatest difficulty, the finding of football material.

THE search for football brawn (football brains are so rare that when they appear they are considered a miracle) is conducted month in and month out. Right now a certain New England high school boy is being beguiled by flattering offers from nearly a dozen rival colleges. His case is just the latest I know of. It is typical of a continual practice. There are more than 400 colleges, technical and advanced schools, and universities, with 600,000 undergraduates and uncounted alumni, who wish to be represented by football teams. In most of them, the college authorities, for financial or sentimental reasons, wish to coöperate. And, frankly, there isn't enough football material to go around.

No wonder the market is more and more bullish on players.

And no coach or graduate manager can honestly deny that some players in most colleges are very well paid for their services. That the payments aren't in cash but in kind doesn't alter the bald commercialism of the transaction. A player who gets whatever benefit there may be in a college education, and whose tuition is paid by neither himself nor his parents, who never even sees a bill for room and board, who finds a brand new overcoat or such needed articles as shirts, socks and gloves, left casually in his room, who is given a monopoly of the cigarette sales or pants pressing business, is in fact a subsidized player.

THAT is college football today. All camouflage aside, it is a commercial spectacle, carried on in part by hired entertainers for objects that have nothing to do with athletics or sportsmanship. Not that I hold it against the players. The subsidized player is, at the worst, a misguided victim of the accepted system. At the best, he gets and gives full value received. The undergraduates are largely innocent of the whole thing. The trustees, faculty and alumni are guilty.

"My boy," announced a practical-minded alumnus, "has got to play football. If he's good, he'll get a swell education out of it for nothing. And it'll mean $5,000 more salary to him, the first two years he's out of college."

"There's money in football, pard," gasped the dying alumnus. "Thar's gold in them stadia."

It is an explanation of football which even a visiting Englishman could understand.

The Newest Generation

By Jesse Lynch Williams

What of our youngsters today? A noted observer reports them in counter-revolution against yesterday's flaming rebels

I

The formerly "new" generation is old now, old and ugly — I allude to the group, not the individuals composing it — old and ugly and disillusioned. To be sure, they never were very happy. Even in their exuberant immaturity you could see that, by watching their hard young faces when they did not know you were looking. They were rather pitiful, like the hard-faced Puritans they despised. It is as absurd to go out after happiness through self-indulgence as to cultivate character through self-negation. Happiness, like character, comes as a by-product, if at all.

Even those who had the capacity for happy hedonism were naïvely ignorant of the only two things that seemed to interest them, love and liquor. They thought all you had to do was break through your inhibitions, release your suppressions, let yourself go, and not give a damn. But, unfortunately, the sybaritic enjoyment of life in a complicated civilization is a highly technical art, and requires care, cultivation and a knowledge of the best traditions. One has to give a damn.

To be sure, not all of them were so silly. It is unfair to judge any group by its noisiest exponents. I am writing merely of those representatives or misrepresentatives of their generation about whom its own self-conscious advocates have already written, and are still doing so, usually with a charming conviction of originality and often without verbs — those who led the "advance", meaning the recent reactionary movement back to savagery.

But the poor kids did not even make successful savages, because, while it is easy to act like one, to react like a savage is a different matter. We are still about ninety per cent. primitive, but that ten per cent. of civilization interferes psychologically. They were born too late, were too highly evolved, to enjoy savagery.

One notable result of the revolt has been to make the revolutionists revolting — even to themselves, in some cases. Hence the depths of depression throughout the modern world, more of it than ever before, psychiatrists say. Deans of colleges tell me the same thing.

But that is not the only nor the best result. The world may not be "a better and happier place for their having been in it" — as yet. But it is going to

be. So we ought to thank them, as we say hail and farewell. For as a new generation, they are dead now and done for. No longer are they in the spotlight, never again will they be the centre of interest, except to themselves. For now we have a brand-new younger generation making its entrance upon the stage. What kind of a part are they going to play?

II

To be sure, it is arbitrary to draw a sharp line between these two groups. They overlap. There are certain distinguishing characteristics, nevertheless, as I shall show, between the still rather young people who were growing up during wartime, and the very young ones who have been doing so since that historic event. But to understand, or even guess, where this latest crop of youngsters is going, it is necessary to find out where their retiring predecessors came from.

The ex-new generation was not begotten by the war, though it is comforting to blame everything on the war. One dislikes to divulge the secret of their birth. It was so disgraceful. They were produced by the Victorian era they detest. That brave determination to "face the facts of life as they are, and not as told to believe they are by tradition and authority," did not originate with them. It came from the pre-natal influence of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Huxley and other eminent Victorians. I hate to destroy illusions, but even their beloved Freud announced his epoch-making theory away back in 1894 — the 'Nineties!

The scientific spirit had been gradually suffusing and inspiring humanity in a quiet, orderly, evolutionary way. Then suddenly the Great War broke. The shock of battle precipitated the psychological birth of a whole litter of young people. They came into a distraught world prematurely. It was not their fault. They were war victims.

But now we have a newer and healthier brood, conceived and brought forth normally, without any war to cause complications. How are they going to react in a civilization started in superstition, still largely ruled by bunk, inspired by taboo and tyrannized by traditional beliefs?

Within the last few years, I have enjoyed some unusual privileges with representatives of each of these two groups, both on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, and during recent sojourns at a couple of our large state universities I also came in touch with young people from the regions in between. It really was a privilege. I did, indeed, enjoy it. One of the pleasantest modern improvements in young people is that they neither fear nor object to the presence of older people as much as we did — provided the old people know their place and don't try to teach or preach. Besides, it is more interesting to let them teach and preach to you, especially when you have much to learn.

I am grateful to our young *intelligentzia* for all the pains they took to tell me what I ought to know. But I really got a better line on the spirit of the age from those who expressed it less consciously in their actions and in their engaging prattle, without knowing that they were animated by the *Zeitgeist*. So often the way. Intellectuals, who think they think, are likely to fool themselves and puzzle the poor pupil.

For example, I recently returned, after a longer absence than usual, to our modern Bagdad on Manhattan Island, eager to note the changes in the manners and customs of the natives. Many of my own contemporaries of both sexes, it must be confessed, were still emulating the post-war generation to the best of their waning powers, thus suggesting, by their incongruous cavortings, the unbecoming ambitions of mature cows to kick up their heels like the frisky colts in the adjoining pasture. It has been most deplorable, the evil influence of young people upon us old people. I wondered how it was affecting the newest generation; the boys home from college, the girls now coming out. So I accepted an early opportunity to drop in for a few minutes at a débutante dance, given for a friend's daughter.

I CAN tell only what I saw with my own Rip van Winkle eyes. I beheld youths and maidens dancing with daylight between them. Only, there was no daylight because this was not a revel lasting till dawn. This party broke up at one o'clock. I saw no hip-flasks. To be sure, even in the good old days they seldom were in evidence on the dancing floor, but the effects often were. There were no such effects here, nor at any of the youngest generation's parties I attended. Indeed, most of the "drinking" was done by us shameless old people, sipping champagne as we looked on from the side lines.

It must be admitted that these youths were mostly the sons and daughters of "our nicest people", and that the scene was not a supper club nor an artist's studio in Greenwich Village. Moreover, there always were some comparatively conservative dances, even in the early post-war period. We must not forget that. But one cannot help remembering also certain other parties pulled at the homes of our "best people" only a few seasons ago. Breaking the hostess's furniture is no longer considered legitimate indoor sport.

AND I witnessed even more radical conservatism. For example, most of the girls wore long hair, and most of the boys wore long coats. Dinner jackets have been banished from such parties — "long ago," I was reliably informed by no less an authority than a Princeton junior. Even this unimportant concession to formality seemed significant as an outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace.

I also ascertained that the young people who attended this dance were, all of them, invited to do so. Gate-crashing has gone out. Moreover, these youthful guests not only took the trouble to say good-night to the hostess, but the boys actually made low bows when they did it. They said pleasant, appreciative things, even to that former nonentity, the old man who paid for the party.

But the strangest, most reactionary reaction of all I got from the faces and expressions and unconscious atmosphere of the girls. If I had met any of these flappers walking on the street, I could have told at a glance that they did not belong on the streets. Only a few seasons ago, it was difficult to be sure which was which. These pretty little dears had the low voices and quiet manners of breeding, and apparently were not trying to live it down.

I would hate to insult them by suggesting that they were in any way like

the girls of the 'Nineties, who blushed and wore skirts to hide their ugly truth, but I must confess that some of this year's buds actually possess something awfully like bloom! What are we coming (back) to!

III

Does this revival of manners, this recrudescence of taste and kindness and gentleness, mean the renascence of civilization? Is "the pendulum swinging back" at last, as so many of my contemporaries have so long and so wistfully hoped?

If it means swinging back to the same sort of civilization we had, God forbid. Did we really make such a success of it that we want them to be like us?

Well, don't worry. They won't be. Their inevitable mistakes will not be the exact duplicates of ours. But, it seems, neither are they going to emulate the blatant vulgarity of their immediate predecessors. Of that we can be pretty sure, because of a characteristic in human nature, especially in youthful human nature, which is more deep-rooted than mere manners or fashions.

When we were undergraduates, there hung upon the walls of the athletic training quarters, for our inspiration, photographs of the football teams of the past — framed in golden oak. We reverenced their records, but we laughed at their side-whiskers. Since then I have seen modern undergraduates display the same convulsive merriment upon beholding the pictures of my day. Our deities did not wear sideburns or even walrus moustaches, but they had such ridiculously long hair.

Youth always feels a sense of amused superiority toward the era immediately preceding its own. This newest generation has already begun to laugh at some of the weird customs of the post-war period. They are not so much shocked as their parents were; they are not shocked at all; but they are far more bored. To these youngsters now coming into their own, much of what they call the old stuff seems as dull and old-fashioned as the antique slang of the early 'Twenties, which they, of course, disdain to use.

Youth is ever self-conscious, always inherently snobbish. "Oh, we don't go in for that sort of thing," a sweet child remarked. "Ordinary people are doing it now." It means so much to young people to feel the security of exclusiveness. For youth is inherently timid as well.

"Look at that funny old thing making an idiot of herself," the same one said. "She thinks she's being snappy. But those boys she's trying to vamp are too sophisticated for her line."

The "old thing" was about twenty-seven years of age, and the young one had all the arrogance of slim nineteen. The sophisticates must have been nearly twenty-two. One of the latter remarked to his mother in regard to that poor "old thing", "Oh, she's one of those old-fashioned girls who paint."

IV

The post-war crowd were pioneers, explorers; an army, indeed, drafted by themselves, to fight Puritanism, Victorianism and suppressions; shock-troops who went over the top to make the world safe for sexuality. They were discoverers, too. Didn't they dis-

cover sex for us? Well, at least, they uncovered it. They bravely stripped it bare, and have been pointing at it honestly and talking about it candidly ever since, at the tops of their voices.

Their successors are interested in sex, too. So were we, or else there wouldn't have been any more generations! But this insistent shrillness strikes the new crowd as funny. "Why, yes, of course," they say; "what of it?"

Well, that's natural. The telephone and the radio became part of the familiar household equipment. Those who use them normally now take them as a matter of course and can not get so excited about these great discoveries. Nowadays even airplanes hum overhead without making us look up from our work.

MAKE no mistake about this newest generation. They, too, are eager to "face the facts of life as they are." But — and here's the significant thing — they want more of the facts. They will not regard this age as "too scientific", but as not scientific enough. Life contains more than bunk. It includes Beauty.

Meanwhile these newer young people are also learning to talk about "fixations" and "transferences", and other things from the doctor-books, as glibly as any of the older boys and girls. But the novelty has worn off. It no longer shocks anybody, even their parents. So they are not so generation-conscious. They will not rest with half-baked, psuedo-scientific psychology gleaned from psychopathic cases. They are not so likely to use all that as a defense mechanism for "rationalizing" self-indulgence. The better specimens have already seen that there is a catch in that "philosophy of life", as Freud himself did, and, being a great and growing man, recently acknowledged it.

They have already begun to take more interest in objective ideas, to be less preoccupied with subjective emotions. At one of our colleges there is a group earnestly studying the technique of sublimation, bless their hearts!

FINALLY, the newest generation may even discover that what their elder brothers and sisters were pleased to consider negative suppression is, nine times out of ten, positive self-direction, that the result is more likely to be character than complexes, and that this is the way civilization is made — even the real civilization they may help to build.

Chains for the Years

By Samuel Grafton

Shall the familiar and variegated Calendar of Caesar and Gregory, not to mention the Mayan tonalamatl, be discarded for a drab and deadly concoction of internationalism?

He was a great genius, the cave man who first remarked to his wife as they sat and watched the sunset, "My dear, I do really believe that the sun will rise tomorrow, not because it wants to, but because it has to." Of course, doubts must have assailed him the very next moment, and it is more than likely that he blushed an aboriginal red at the thought of his own daring. But blush or no blush, he had said it, and the phenomenon of recurrence had been noted for the first time. As for his wife, she probably hoped that none of the neighbors had overheard this first scientist, and she sighed — first of a long line of women to sigh for the peculiarities of their philosophic husbands.

One can imagine how the rumor went abroad in the tribe, and how finally all of the men and most of the women came to the point where they could believe in the compulsion under which the sun labored. That moment must have been a moment of triumph, and it is a characteristic of all people never to leave triumphs unadorned. If the sun was compelled by some divinity to push its ruddy face above the Big Dinosaur Ridge every morning, what was more logical than to believe that the same, or an associated divinity, kept it to the task of observing all of its solstices and equinoxes? They thought the thought; no lightnings came out of the heavens to destroy them, and it became at once an established axiom. One sees the little cave boys and the little cave girls shaking their fists in wicked glee at the subdued light of the heavens, and one sees the primordial scientist bringing the keys of the city home to his scoffing wife. The sun had been subdued, and the first step in the long struggle to create a calendar had been accomplished. There were many steps to come on the heels of that one, many more scientists to be made famous, and many strange wonders to arise.

These wonders have marched in unbroken succession since that historic sunset, growing ever greater and greater. From the more or less floating calendar of the Semites they have progressed to the five epogomenal days of the Egyptians, and from the Sixteenth Century battle over the New Style they have culminated in

the glory of Moses B. Cotsworth and his International.

It is a strange urge, this one which makes us want to alter the calendar. It is perhaps to the essential modesty of mankind that the urge must be ascribed. The sun is such a powerful beast, and the idea of chaining him is so very tremendous, that we can never be quite sure we have done it adequately. And so we unchain him every now and then, to have the fun and the sport and the exhilaration of tying him up again. He has been submitting very patiently to the repeated operation for as many centuries as there has been anything in the way of civilization. There have been years with twelve months, with thirteen months, and with no fixed months at all. There have been years with floating days, nameless days, intercalated days, and days with no port of call whatever. The moon has been taken as a guide; the sun; the dog star Sirius; and the omens from the viscera of slaughtered cattle. Priests have named days and months after their favorite deities; emperors have added months and named them after themselves; scientists have tried to add still other months — but in general the influence of the scientist upon the calendar has been vague. There is something about the scientific temperament which prevents people from taking it seriously when it pretends to change the established order of the sun's going. It is only lately that there has been anything like a change from this, only very recently that the man in the street has begun to realize that there might be some legitimate reason for changing the calendar apart from the gratification of the imperial vanity or the praise of a pagan god.

We must furnish our house, and we must furnish it well. The universe is settling down for a nice long period of living, and it is putting its dwelling in order. It took a long time for this concept to reach the street. Science, in the form of science's half-brother, invention, turned the trick. We have revolutionized transportation. We have done the same for communication. We have devised new and unearthly amusements. We have more ways of making money, spending money, saving time, killing time, being happy and curing unhappiness than the world has ever known before. We have furnished our house beyond the dreams of most earthly realtors. Only a few things remain to be put in order. The calendar seems to be one of them, and it is coming in for its share of notice.

More than its share, some might say. Acting on the principle of the family confab over the question of the new living room furniture, the League of Nations, last year, lifted its weary eyes from its world-task, and turned them upon this matter of making the world more comfortable through its calendar. It stared profoundly about it, and looked the world over — just as the more elderly members of the family stare about them at the living room and plan the new sticks. It agreed lazily that there might be something in this calendar business after all, and it appointed a committee. This committee did just what the family does — it went shopping. It issued a pronunciamento, or whatever Geneva calls it, and asked for volunteers. All calendar experts hailing

from approved and recognized nations were invited to submit plans and estimates for a good, workable, international calendar, acceptable everywhere, and subject to none of the ills the scattered days are heir to.

THEY got them. From every side and all sides the experts swooped down upon the committee. Breathing fire and fury to the old established order of the days, they descended panting upon Geneva. In a few seconds one hundred and eighty-five plans, from thirty-three countries and in as many languages, had been piled upon the desks of the Committee members, flung in at them through the windows, and sent screeching to them over the hot wires. All nations, including the Scandinavian, seemed to be certain that the calendar needed fixing; and if they were more certain of anything else, it was that they had been ordained the fixers. The hoarse yell, "Down with February twenty-ninth!" resounded through the quiet streets of the Swiss city, and was only equalled in fury by the challenge flung to heaven, "We don't want a floating Easter!" The evacuation of the Ruhr and the recognition of Russia were forgotten in the battle over the five-week months, and the question of international opium-smuggling gave way to the question of the irrational year. The League had been roused from its lethargy, and stirred to action; a really pressing problem had been stumbled upon, and the Committee sat over it. It is still sitting.

Similes are playful horses, but this one fits: Grandfather, deciding that there had been too much delay over the ordering of the new living room furniture, had selected one hundred and eighty-five sets, flung them into the room, and told the family to make its choice — quick! But he had neglected to remove the first set.

One name rose pyramiding over the mass of names, as the lightest of the acrobats in the act rises pyramiding over the shoulders of his fellows. This was the name of Moses B. Cotsworth. I have mentioned Mr. Cotsworth and his International before; the International is, of course, the Cotsworth International Fixed Calendar. It has received more attention, and rightly, than all of the other plans together. It is simple, logical, easily understood — and has Mr. George Eastman, of of the Eastman Kodak Company, back of it. And thereby hangs more than a single tale.

MR. COTSWORTH, it seems, was — he is no longer — a railroad statistician. More than thirty years ago he took a sidelong glance at the calendar, in somewhat the same spirit as my first caveman looked at the sun, and decided that it was not so much. He had found in his work that a great deal of confusion resulted in the preparation of statistics because of the inequality of the months and weeks, and because the year was not a multiple of its weeks. So he sat himself down and evolved the Cotsworth International — thirty years ago, remember. So far he could well report progress. But then, as often happens, nothing happened. The world had the old calendar, and the world had Mr. Cotsworth. Mr. Cotsworth had the new calendar, but the world, in a way incomprehensible to philosophers, did not. So Mr. Cotsworth waited. With a sincerity really deserving of great respect and admiration, and with a sense of altru-

ism rare in his day and ours, he worked patiently at his great idea.

And then, some twenty years ago, — things happen slowly in the calendar world, — the Royal Society of Canada in convention assembled, invited Moses B. Cotsworth to expound his plan before it. He did so — and it was unanimously adopted. This was the first of a long series of unanimous adoptions which led to little else, and if the League does approve of the Cotsworth International finally, to Canada will go the honor of its first recognition. For one, The Liberty Calendar League, in convention at Washington, decided that the Cotsworth Calendar was the best of many offered. Thus encouraged, Mr. Cotsworth buttoned up his unanimous acceptances in his breast pocket, and waited.

He waited single handed for approximately twenty-five years, paying for propaganda, and for the advice of experts in all lines. Then, in 1924, — the very mention of which year is enough to make the old calendar tremble, — the attention of Mr. George Eastman, maker of snapshots by indirection, was called to the Cotsworth International. Big business methods were applied. Mr. Cotsworth was sent abroad to organize foreign countries, and to influence the League, while Mr. Eastman and staff attended to the missionary work at home. Now they are both waiting, but they are waiting in company, and that must make it much more comfortable.

IT WOULD be a shame to delay giving the details of the Cotsworth International any longer. They are, briefly, these:

Instead of the usual month of irregular length, we shall have the fixed month — and each fixed month will not be a second longer or shorter than twenty-eight days.

Instead of twelve months, we shall have a baker's dozen — thirteen. An extra month, to be called Sol, — oh, modesty! modesty! — will be intercalated between June and July.

Each month will begin on a Sunday, the year will begin on a Sunday, and each year will begin on a Sunday.

The total of the thirteen months will bring the number of days to three hundred and sixty-four. The extra day will come before New Year's Day of each year; it will have neither name nor date; it will not be Monday, nor Tuesday, nor any day but Year Day. For Leap Year an extra nameless-dateless day will come after the last day in June and before the first day in Sol.

Easter will be fixed, and all the legal holidays will come on Mondays — a good reason for renaming the Cotsworth International the Week-ender's Delight. The automobile vote alone ought to be enough to put this feature across. Think of having Sunday driving two days in succession!

AND there, as the cicerone says, she stands! Look her over, ladies and gentlemen! Does she conform to what your ideas of a nice, respectable calendar have led you to expect? Shall we discuss her advantages? She has many of them which are obvious, but a few need exposition. It is not surprising that it should be so. It takes a good eye to pick out the softest seat in the new living room set without a little investigation.

Like a mighty chorus of triumph, like a chant almost religious in its

exaltation, the recitative of the advantages of the Cotsworth International rises to high heaven. Mr. George Eastman himself, writing in *The Saturday Evening Post* last March, leads the associated calendar glee clubs of America, and his subordinates, standing in positions of lesser, but still significant, vantage, help him in the work. In a pamphlet; in an article in *The Bulletin* of the Pan American League; in an article in *The Journal* of the National Educational Association, the educational research staff of the Eastman Kodak Company sings the golden promises of the revised calendar. The chant goes: it will stabilize business; it will stabilize banking; it will stabilize statistics; it will stabilize budgets; it will stabilize saving; it will stabilize recreation; it will stabilize schooling; it will stabilize the concept of stability itself.

To take up these items and give them their due one by one would be an unending and ungrateful work. There is however, and fortunately, a phrase which travels in the company of each of these points, a phrase used to demonstrate, in brief space, the glory of the Cotsworth International. For instance, take business: The new calendar will release one billion dollars into general circulation, because of the fact that twenty-eight days of money will be made to do the work of thirty or thirty-one, in the matter of paying bills. Take banking: Interest calculations will be greatly simplified. At present we know what a day means, and what a year means, but a month means precisely nothing at all. A three month's note will come to mean something, and the poor fellow who writes one will never have to guess when it is due. He'll know — Cotsworth will see to it. Take statistics: Months will be multiples of weeks, and calculations will be easier. Business organizations will know where they stand. For instance, in the hotel game: The big paying days are Wednesday and Thursday. Under the present calendar, a month with five Thursdays will show itself as more profitable than a month with four, though the smaller month may have the greater daily average. Or take schooling: The school terms will always start on the same day and date, without confusion. Credits in different States for terms will be standardized. And last, take your watch: You can make a calendar of it by having twenty-eight numerals in order placed about the rim and inserting an extra hand into the works.

In the face of so much fact, one is permitted to do anything at all — but argue. The proponents of the calendar refuse to permit dispute. It's a shame to change tradition, say you. Say it once, and find out: Julius Cæsar added a month for his own amusement. So did his nephew. In 1582 ten days were dropped. In 1752 England added eleven. The old Hebrews had an extra Sabbath every once in so often. The Babylonians added intercalary months whenever the high priest felt like it. So did the Arabs, until the Prophet forbade it. In short, you have only to mention tradition, to find that the only tradition connected with the calendar is a constant tradition of change.

But still, like a faint melody in a minor key, the voice of objection manages to rise now and then. It is always downed, firmly, quietly, but definitely. No question can be asked

for which an adequate answer has not been prepared. Who would change the calendar? Why, a convention of scientists, like the one called by President Arthur to determine standard time. Before that there were seven different times in Chicago, six in New York, and two or three in every city large enough to have as many public clocks. Is the plan practical? It is already used by the Fuller Brush Company in all its business, and by several other corporations; beside which it is endorsed by F. E. White, President of Armour and Company; by Babson, of statistical fame; by Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railways; by Statler, of the hotels; and by Dollar, of the Dollar Steamship Lines. The burden of their approval is in the single line: The new calendar is sensible, the old one just a bad habit. . . . The old one is just a bad habit. One remembers the peasants in 1582, who staged riots when the calendar was changed, in the belief that they were being swindled out of so many days of their lives.

But no one will worry about that, in this modern day. The thing must be done, and it should be done as quickly as possible. It is proposed to let 1933 be the fatal year, for that is the first year from now which starts with a Sunday and is not a leap year; the first year in which the month, week, day, hour, minute, and second all start at the same instant of time. Let us take that instant of time by the forelock, and throw it with a half-Nelson. Too long have we been ruled by the vagaries of an inconsistent calendar. Too long — too long. The point is incontestable when presented that way.

And yet, though it is almost impious, I can find it in my heart to sniff, and to sniff deeply, at the piles of logic massed up above. Drab, gentlemen, drab. With those three words and with the thing people call affection, I am not afraid to battle against all of your endorsements, and all of your gold medals. Who will replace golden October with a vague eleventh month, neither October nor November, but a disreputable both, half fish, half red herring? Who will give up the dear old rhyme of his childhood, for the deadly, stupid certainty of these dismal thirteen — I cannot call them months — these thirteen excresences?

> Thirty days hath September
> April, June, and November,
> All the rest have thirty-one
> Save February, which alone,
> Has twenty-eight, and one day more
> We add to it each year in four.

How many times have I not seen a sober and respected man of business smile fondly and repeat the rhyme wordlessly, in order to find when a certain note was due! How many times have I not used the dear, dear uncertainty over the month's closing as a pretext for stopping short, and thinking, and finding that I could not accept the engagement after all! How many times have I not removed myself from a dangerous position by pretending to be confused over the coming of the Fourth of July, or Labor Day, or what not! Shall we, at one vile stroke, cast off this sweet refuge in a world which is, at best, uncertain? What is so rare as a day in June? Are we going to make them rarer by three? I mean, are we going to make them rarer, by two?

Drab, gentlemen, very drab. If we were going to make a new calendar we

should have rolled up our sleeves, opened our eyes, and mixed a little imagination with our altruistic energy.

WE SHOULD have invented a real calendar, not something with the general fascination of a board fence. We should have worked out a calendar with say, eight months, or ten, or sixteen — something good. And then we might have had varying weeks, one of ten days, followed by one of nine, and then by one of eight, and so on down to one of only one day. Think of the amount of borrowing this would have saved, from pay-day to pay-day. As one's salary refused to cover the week, the week would obligingly have grown smaller. This is real altruism — all your League Committees aside. And then think of keeping the old names for the months, when the opportunity to rename them came along! Why not be bold? How pleasant it would be to spend a year in which the months were named, say, Hortense, Mabel, Victoria, Daisy, Edith, Cleopatra, and the Daughters of the American Revolution! This shows insight into the needs of human nature, but I have little hope of its adoption. The world has grown too old.

However, if the Cotsworth enthusiasts have precedent for their drab and deadly effort, so have I for my more interesting year. Remember the old Mayans before you adopt a calendar. They had a cycle of two hundred and sixty days, formed in a pattern like that of the Chinese sexagesimal cycle. It was called the *tonalamatl*, and consisted of twenty symbols representing days, combined with the numerals one to thirteen. The twenty symbols, each indicated by a real, live glyph, corresponded to such things as the wind, night, a snake, a storm, a death, a set of teeth, a king. In addition to this cycle they had a cycle of fifty-two years which combined the *tonalamatl* with the solar year. The solar year consisted of eighteen months with five residuary or epogomenal days at the end. Why can't we have epogomenal days? The Mayans had a real calendar, but, as I have said, the world is grown too old. Affection is an indecent thing to bring out in public, and the only virtue is practicality. One can appeal to reason, to avarice, to stupidity, to anything but romance. Even the touching picture I have it in mind to close with can avail nothing. I will use it, but I know it is a lost cause. Those who believe in Cotsworth will not be lightly swayed.

"YES," he said. "It is sad."

"So sad," she said. "So very hard to bear."

They looked together over the western hills to where the sun was setting.

"To think — to think," he murmured. "After all these years — our last March thirty-first together is drawing to its close. Next year it will be April sixth."

And for a moment all was still.

Affairs of the World

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

Mr. Hoover's Mission

There is ground for belief that Mr. Hoover's mission of neighborliness and good will to Latin America has very largely undone the mischief of President Wilson's Administration, just as the latter undid the great good which had been accomplished by Secretary Root's tour of years before. It is of course regrettable that there should be such changes in our attitude toward those or indeed any foreign countries. However domestic governmental policies may vary, our external relationships should flow in a direct ~~and not an~~ alternating current. But we may hope that, once they are laid as effectively as they seem to have been by the President-elect, there will be no revival of the fearsome bogies of "Yankee imperialism" and the "Colossus of the North" which the Wilson-Bryan policies conjured up. The conception of such a mission, as his first important act after his election, was a sheer stroke of genius on Mr. Hoover's part, and the manner and evident spirit of his reception in all the Republics demonstrate its timeliness and wisdom.

Worthy of especial note, too, is the fine fact that he has made it purely a mission of good will, without the slightest suspicion of commercialism. There was, it is true, no need, from even a sordid point of view, for him to play the travelling salesman, since our commerce with those countries has under the present Administration been increasing by the proverbial leaps and bounds. In 1913 the West Coast countries got less than one-third of their imports from us, while in 1925 our share of their greatly increased imports was practically one-half. But such matters are to be left to private enterprise, and to the Department of which Mr. Hoover was formerly the head. The mission of the President-elect was conceived and conducted upon a higher though not less practical and certainly not less important plane.

The Nicaragua Canal

Mr. Hoover's visit to Nicaragua and Costa Rica revived discussion of the projected interoceanic canal through those States, and raised the pertinent question why, since it will soon become a necessity, the work of construction should not be undertaken now. It will not do to say that the Panama Canal will serve all purposes. Commodious as it is, that great highway is already nearing the point of congestion; and it is obvious that its capacity cannot be indefinitely increased. The carrying capacity of a lock canal is inflexibly determined by

the amount of water available,) and that is in turn determined by conditions beyond the control of even a Goethals or a Lesseps. (With additional flights of locks and larger dams, utilizing every drop of water that Isthmian meteorology affords, it is estimated that the capacity of the canal can be increased seventy per cent. Beyond that, nothing. And its traffic increased in 1928 eighteen per cent. over 1927. It is not difficult to reckon how soon, at that rate, the limit will be reached. If the Nicaragua Canal were begun today, it is not unlikely that before it was finished Panama would be overcrowded and would be turning shipping away.)

There are three other major reasons for making the new canal. One is, the diplomatic benefits to the three countries directly concerned. Another is, the inestimable value of an alternative route in case of a blockade at Panama. The third is the superiority of the Nicaragua route for traffic with the North Pacific Ocean, comparable with that of Panama for the South Pacific. Another generation will doubtless see such a division of commerce between two canals, both operated to their full capacity.

Diplomatic Buffoonery

Not often does a public man share the lot of Representative Britten, of Illinois, in being himself wrong in every detail of a performance, and all the other fellows absolutely right. He was wrong, of course, in his disregard for the Constitution and laws, and in his gross discourtesy to his own Government and his equally gross impertinence to that of Great Britain. Mr. Baldwin was right in sending him a reply which was, paradoxically, a refusal to reply, and which implied a rebuke which would have excoriated anybody less pachydermatous than a hippopotamus; Sir Esme Howard was right in transmitting his chief's letter, even at peril of personal embarrassment; and Mr. Kellogg was right in refusing to receive something the acceptance of which might have made him *particeps criminis*. However, an international sense of humor prevented any harm being done; and the world knows that while we have our full share of them, we have no monopoly of what my old friend Count Seckendorff used to call "diplomatic daisies".

"Thalatta! Thalatta!"

The cry of Xenophon's Ten Thousand still sounds stirring. We have seen in Europe more than one national demand for an outlet to the sea, even at peril of war; and we have just seen the same among our Southern neighbors. For the origin of the trouble between Bolivia and Paraguay dates back forty-five years, to the time when, as the price of peace with Chili, Bolivia was compelled to relinquish her title to a frontage on the Pacific and thus to become land-locked. Thereafter she cherished a hope that a settlement would be achieved between Peru and Chili which would restore to her at least a "corridor" and a port. But when, last year, there seemed imminent a settlement in which her claims would be ignored, she turned in sheer desperation toward another outlet, and sought in the No Man's Land of the Chaco Boreal an expansion of territory which would give her a real port on the Paraguay River instead of the inadequate Porto Suarez, and thus assure her access to

the South Atlantic. It must be recognized that her desire for a commercial outlet to tidewater is legitimate, and one with which Paraguay, herself landlocked and dependent upon river ports, might have been expected to sympathize; though not, of course, to the extent of gratuitously surrendering valuable territory to which she herself had title. In fact, however, title to a large part of the Gran Chaco is in dispute, and ought to be determined by arbitration. It was with peculiarly good grace that this country could urge that course, seeing that a century and a third ago we set before the whole world the example of thus disposing of a boundary dispute.

Latin American Stability

IT SEEMS to be high time to quit all the twaddle about the "disorderly little Republics of Latin America", which Germany and other European countries were a few years ago denouncing as "uncivilized", "barbarous", and unworthy to be recognized as members of the community of nations, and which were for such reasons debarred from membership in the first Hague Congress. I remember that one of the most liberal and enlightened journals in England declared, within the present century, that those Republics were quite unworthy to possess so valuable a continent, and that the overcrowded peoples of Europe would one day be warranted in disregarding their sovereignty and going in by force to possess the land. But I cannot remember an occasion, at any time, when twenty or half of twenty European Powers ever took so prompt, so decided and so effective a stand as those despised "little Republics" have just taken to check the hasty passions of two of their own company and to constrain them to settle their differences by arbitration instead of war. Contrast against this the unanimity with which the European members of the League of Nations went by on the other side when Italy and Greece began fighting.

Incidentally, it is absurd to speak of them as "little" Republics. As a matter of fact their average population is larger than that of the majority of European States, while one of them would rank in size among the Great Powers and is exceeded by only four European countries apart from Russia.

Why Fight?

MUCH talk continues in Europe about the certainty of another war, in the not distant future, but with a most impressive absence of suggestion of any adequate cause for it. Doubtless Germany would like to destroy the Polish "corridor" so as to restore the geographical integrity of the Reich; though we can regard it as no greater hardship for Prussia to be divided, as of old, than it would be for Poland to be debarred from the sea. So, too, Russia would like to regain a more extended "window looking on Europe" by seizing the Baltic States. Yet no prophet of evil forecasts one of these as the cause of the impending war. It would be interesting to know what the coming war is to be about; and also what the League of Nations will do to prevent it.

It is also to be observed that while these fearful forebodings prevail in Europe under the benign influences of the League of Nations, in the Americas, under the Monroe Doctrine, there is full confidence in the main-

tenance of peace. The Doctrine is not, of course, a "regional understanding for the maintenance of peace", as the Covenant grossly misdescribes it; yet it certainly seems to be a more effective peace-keeper than the League.

Three Prime Desiderata

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is understood to desire very earnestly the completion of three major transactions before the expiration of his term of office. These are the enactment of the Naval construction bill, the ratification of the Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war, and the adherence of America to the Permanent Court of International Justice. There can be no hesitation in saying that because of his consistent and enlightened advocacy of these causes, the President richly deserves the honor and credit of having his Administration crowned with their success; and that such an achievement would make his Administration one of the most noteworthy and most beneficent in our history. Nor should there be less readiness in regarding these things as highly desirable, if not vitally essential, for our National welfare. As for the strange pretense that there is inconsistency or incongruity among them, it is worthy of only those who perceive inexorable antagonism and conflict among the hub, the spokes and the rim of a wheel. It would in fact be difficult to recall or to suggest three major measures of National policy more harmoniously interlocking and complementary than these.

Where Is the 5–5–3 Rule?

AFTER all, the most pertinent consideration concerning our Naval construction programme and Naval negotiations with other Powers, is found in a few authentic facts and figures of record. The intent of the Treaty of Washington was that the naval powers of America, Great Britain and Japan should be in the ratio of 5–5–3. At the present time, of modern cruisers of all calibres, built and building, America has 18, of 146,000 tons; Japan has 33, of 206,415 tons; and Great Britain has 66, of 409,976 tons. If a reminder of these facts be Militarism, make the most of it!

Southern Republicanism

THE breaking of the "Solid South" in the late election has given rise to much consideration of plans for such a reorganization of the Republican party in those States as will enable it to retain control of the States which voted for Mr. Hoover. There can be no doubt that a division of the Southern States between the two parties — just as they used to be divided between the Democrats and Whigs — would be a good thing for them and for the Nation. It would be logical, too, because there is doubtless just as much a division of opinion there on fundametal policies of government as there was a hundred years ago. But a single issue, of comparatively recent origin, restrains millions of Southerners from joining the Republican party. The five States which voted for Mr. Hoover were not in fact thus carried by the Republican party, but by "Hoover Democrats" and "Anti-Smith Democrats". To what extent they can be persuaded to act regularly with the Republican party, is problematic. There seems, however, to be ground for saying that if the Republican party is to be a vital and effective organiza-

tion in the South, it must adopt a new and decisive policy toward the issue which has for years been holding aloof from it millions who would like to join it. It either must accept the practical nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment which has prevailed there for fifty years and become a "White Men's party", and thus win the support which it desires from those who are now Democrats; or it must insist upon and in some way secure the enforcement of that Amendment, and thus win commanding strength by virtue of the Negro vote. Otherwise, it can have no important future. In familiar phrase, it must either fish, cut bait, or go ashore.

A Lesson from Sweden

CONSIDER Sweden. That country has just been commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of its adoption of scientific forestry as a policy of government. Even before that time it had for centuries enforced the ancient rule that anyone cutting down an oak or a beech tree must plant two others in its stead. But a hundred years ago there was enacted an elaborate law, not only for the planting of trees for reforestation, but also for the protection and cultivation of them, the avoidance of fires, the economical cutting of timber, and indeed all the details which go to make of forestry a scientific industry. Now note the result. The forestry industries of Sweden, comprising timber, charcoal, wooden ware, woodpulp, wood paper, etc., form the greatest of all in the kingdom, employing more work people than any two others put together, and having an output of about twice the value of any other. Yet — and this is the significant lesson for America to observe — with all this draft upon them, of a quarter of a billion dollars' worth a year, the forests of Sweden are not being destroyed nor depleted, but are actually increasing in extent and value; growing much more rapidly than they are being cut. And in America, what? Our forests are being cut and destroyed four times as fast as they are being replanted.

For Uniform Statistics

AMERICAN delegates at the International Statistical Conference at Geneva made an earnest plea for international and universal uniformity in the gathering, recording and publication of statistics. That would seem to be a prime necessity. One of the chief values of statistics is for purposes of comparison, and without uniformity comparison is always difficult and often impossible. But it would be well if that wise and pertinent plea could have some reaction upon our National statistics, which are often so lacking in uniformity as to be little better than valueless.

Congressional Unconstitutionality

HAVING for seven years contumaciously flouted the Constitution of the United States of America, in the matter of reapportionment of members, it is not surprising that the House of Representatives should now consider ways and means for evading the plain provisions of that instrument in the nominal performance of its long-neglected duty. We hear of grave discussions of a "major fractions" plan, as a substitute for that of "equal proportions", for the characteristically sordid reason that the

latter would reduce the number of members of some of the large States. Also there is a blithe and jocund proposal to make an apportionment based upon the number of American citizens, excluding from the reckoning all unnaturalized aliens. That might be a good thing. But it would certainly require an Amendment to the Constitution, which could scarcely be secured until some years after the taking of the next census. It is an interesting question whether this proposal is made for the sake of causing seven years' further delay, or with the exhilarating notion that, having defied the mandate of the Constitution by refusing to make a reapportionment under the 1920 census, the House can now further defy it by making a reapportionment in an unconstitutional manner.

By the way, all proposals to increase the size of the House are frowned down, on the ground that a larger House would be unwieldly. With objection to adding to the House more members of the quality of some who now adorn (?) that body, it is easy to sympathize. But seeing that other countries have much more numerous legislatures than ours, which, far from being unwieldly, are much more practical and expeditious in the transaction of public business, is not the plea of unwieldiness a damaging aspersion upon American capacity for self-government?

Bicameral Parliaments

For years Radical "reformers" have clamored for the abolition of our Senate, the British House of Peers, and all similar bodies, and the reduction of all legislatures to single chambers. No country has yet taken such a step, however, while here is Greece, for more than half a century presenting the one important example of a unicameral Parliament, adopting the bicameral form and creating a Senate. The element of Conservatism is obviously not yet to be eliminated from human government.

The Fatherland First

Amid all "the tumult and the shouting" over Naval competitions and Naval reductions and what not else in the way of international mindedness, let me commend to Jingoes and Pacifists alike two sentences from a recent utterance, for prayerful consideration:

> American foreign policy is meant to serve American, not British, ends. . . . The foreign policy of Great Britain is to serve British, not French or American, ends.

They form a part of the peroration of an article by Sir Charles Petrie, the eminent English publicist, in the current number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

China's Five Power Constitution

The quintuple apportionment of coördinate governmental powers, prescribed by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen in the Chinese Constitution, merits careful observance as perhaps the most novel experiment in government since the American Constitution established the triplex system which is now recognized by a majority of nations. The Five Power instrument of Dr. Sun continues, of course, the legislative, executive and judicial departments, but it adds thereto the Department of Civil Service Examinations, and the Department of Censorship. Strange as this may seem to Western minds, the omission of these

two departments would seem equally strange to Chinese minds. For, as Liang Yueng-li reminds us, Dr. Sun got them, not from any alien example nor from his own fecund faculties of invention, but from the immemorial theories and practices of the Chinese Empire itself. It will be interesting to follow the practical workings of the quintuple organization in the great development of popular government in which China is now engaging.

Direct or Electoral Vote?

SINCE last fall's Presidential election there has been a revival of talk about the discrepancies between the popular and the Electoral vote, with much urging that the latter be abolished and that Presidents and Vice-Presidents be elected by the direct vote of the people. But, as actual examples show, still more glaring and quite inequitable discrepancies often occur, between the ballots and their results, in cases of direct voting. Note the polling and the results in two recent elections in Manchester, England. In one the Conservatives polled 104,027 votes and elected only one Member, while the Laborites with only 79,885 votes elected four, and the Liberals with 71,141 votes elected five Members. Ten months later another election was held, in which the Conservatives, with 135,195 votes, got six Members, the Laborites with 88,637 got four Members, and the Liberals with 50,350 votes, got none. It would be difficult to find more inequitable results under any election system. Yet something worse might occur under direct popular election of a President; for it would be quite possible for a man to be elected by virtue of carrying a single State, with the other forty-seven against him; and of course, conversely, for a man to carry all of the States but one, and yet be defeated. That, we should say, under our Federal system, would be far more objectionable than for a man to get four-fifths of the Electoral vote by virtue of only three-fifths of the popular vote.

Still Slacking

ON THE principle that nothing is ever settled until it is settled right, we may regard it as pertinent to call attention to vote slacking until that ominous evil is abated. There has been a flood of gratulatory comment upon the enormous popular vote polled at the last election. The facts are, however, that only about 63.2 per cent. of the legal voters were registered, and only about 53.6 per cent. actually voted. That is a little improvement upon the disgraceful records of 1924 and 1920, but it falls sadly short of the standard of 85 to 95 per cent. in other countries.

Robert Lansing

IN THE death of Robert Lansing the public service of America lost a scholar, a diplomat, a statesman, a gentleman. He was an admirable example of the kind of man that we greatly need to have more numerously in official life, in preparation, in training, in experience, in integrity of character. He was the impersonation of that consistency and stability in foreign policy which are a fundamental need, and in his gallant defence of which he was made to suffer official martyrdom. History will give him a higher rank than did most of his contemporaries.

Admiral von Scheer

THE death of the commander of the German High Seas Fleet at Jutland called forth unstinted tributes to his skill and valor, from his former foes as well as from his countrymen. It suggested, too, the interesting reflection that with the solitary exception of "Old Tirps", as Lord Fisher called him, German Naval officers in the World War have escaped the severe criticisms and in some cases execrations which were freely applied to a number of the Army chiefs. This is the more strange, in view of the "frightfulness" of the submarine operations, and seems to indicate that war at sea is judged by a different code of ethics from that on land.

Curiosities of Tariffs

"SAFEGUARDING" is the latest British synonym for "Protection". As General Grant is reported — at least by good old *Ben Trovato* — to have said on a memorable occasion, it means the same but sounds better; at least to the ears of those who were moved by the seductive eloquence of Gladstone to regard a protective tariff as the Abomination of Desolation. It recalls, however, an example of safeguarding rivalling in its devious ways the utmost vagaries which Free Traders have ever charged against Protection. About a century and a half ago, tobacco culture was practised very profitably in England, and bade fair to become one of the great industries of that country. But thereupon the Government, of George III, made a law absolutely prohibiting the growing of tobacco anywhere in the United Kingdom. Why? Because, so they said, the existence of tobacco fields was ruinous to the wheat fields, making the grain unfit for human food. That, however, was a fine example of what is scientifically known as "spoofing". The real reason was that the more tobacco there was grown at home, the less tariff revenue there would be for the Treasury from tobacco imported from abroad. Therefore to "safeguard" the revenue, tobacco culture was forbidden. In the name of Adam Smith — wisdom!

"Noah, he did build an Ark"

CHICAGO wants Noah's Ark, for an exhibit at her forthcoming World's Fair. Why not? Explorers have found at Kish some wooden chariot wheels five thousand years old, in a fair state of preservation. Why, then, should not the durable cypress timbers of the Ark have been equally well preserved, in the benevolent climate of Mount Ararat? (Of course, we shall have to give up the cherished and chanted notion that "he built it out of yellow pine bark"!) Seriously, the extraordinary confirmations of Scriptural narratives which have recently come to light make even this quest seem only a little fantastic. And then we must remember that the legend of the Ark is practically universal, in the myths and traditions of every ancient people, including even the Mayas and the Algonquins. The fascinating and supremely picturesque feature of the enterprise is, that the search for the Ark is to be made with airplanes!

State Medicine: Boon or Bogy?

By G. W. Haigh, M.D.

The medical and surgical system of the United States Navy proposed as a model for a State or National service for all the people

The time has come seriously to consider the institution of State medicine. By State medicine is meant, not a system retaining all the deficiencies of the individualistic competitive form of medical practice such as the panel system of Great Britain or the sickness societies of Germany, but an organization based upon the economic principle of the division of labor and designed to insure coöperation in supplying a public necessity; to wit, a complete, free, in time compulsory, health and accident service maintained by each Commonwealth. It would necessarily embrace the present departments of public health and of industrial accidents. It would furnish for all who accepted its benefits the same service as that provided by the medical corps of the Navy for its personnel.

Today, health is recognized as of prime importance. Since scientific medicine can do so much to promote, preserve, and restore health and vigor, no one should be denied its full blessings. Yet, at a time when the right of every citizen to the possession of *optimum* health should be esteemed as inalienable as his right to the pursuit of happiness, under the prevalent expensive competitive form of medical practice many do not enjoy its greatest advantages. Even though more than a decade has elapsed since an eminent physician and sociologist writing in a lay periodical showed that the great middle class was not deriving commensurate benefits from modern medicine, nothing significant has been done to remedy this flagrant social defect. And why? Simply because nothing will avail but a radical change from private individualistic practice to a Government coöperative health and accident service.

To many, such a proposition smacks of Socialism. But let them reflect that after the need for public education was generally acknowledged, the idea of offering to all children free instruction was no more Socialistic. Whereas education concerns only a part of the people only a part of their lives, health concerns all the people all their lives. Since, moreover, there is no constant or exact demarcation between preventive medicine and curative medicine or between private health and public health, private

health becomes a matter of public moment as soon as private agencies are found to be wanting. Since the medical profession has signally failed to furnish proper service at a reasonable cost, it behooves the people to provide for themselves the needed organization. As a matter of fact they have already established Government departments for the care of patients with mental diseases, tuberculosis, and in Massachusetts cancer. To forestall the successive founding of independent State hospitals for chronic rheumatism, heart and kidney diseases, and diabetes, however, it is positively imperative that they forthwith contrive a free, unified and coordinated health service.

Such a public service obviously would demand, as our public schools do, that its beneficiaries forego their choice of any individual physician and accept the offices of the one or more medical men designated to serve them. This would not entail any hardship but would be a distinct advantage in this day of specialization, when most persons have to be directed to the source of the best treatment without the delay that so often results from their having exercised this privilege. Surely the doctor is far better able to judge where the most prompt diagnosis and the most effective treatment can be obtained than are the patients themselves, who now wander from one rival physician to another without relief till at length they reach the hospital beyond cure. Already the physician or surgeon engaged in hospital practice is losing his identity; for whereas formerly the common inquiry was, "What doctor did you have?" today it is, "To what hospital did you go?" Formerly, persons might be served by their family physicians from birth to death; nowadays they are brought into the world by obstetricians, attended by pediatricians, operated upon by rhinologists, examined by school physicians, treated for broken bones by orthopedists, operated upon for appendicitis by general surgeons, examined by factory physicians; subsequently, they may consult cardiologists and specialists in diabetes; in the mean time they have without doubt required the services of the Roentgenologists, dermatologists, and dentists. Is it not quite evident that in such a jumble of divided responsibilities, in order to take the place of the vanishing family physician with his intimate knowledge of the patients and the patient's family, there is urgent need of some directing and correlating agent and complete permanent health records?

Since the specialties are bound to grow and multiply with the progress of civilization, which begets new knowledge and new ways of applying such knowledge, the sooner they are coördinated, the better and the easier. Only by organization can they be properly joined for efficient coöperation. For some time coöperative medicine has been practiced in hospitals, especially among the charity and the wealthy patients, when the expense of such has not had to be taken into account. The superiority of such cooperative practice over the individualistic form was implied in the statement of the previously mentioned famous clinician and teacher, that the large middle class who did not or could not avail themselves of such team work in the practice of scientific

medicine were not receiving the greatest possible help. Since such service is too expensive for the working people who are accustomed to pay their way, it can be furnished only by a Government medical corps.

THE ability of such a corps to maintain the present high standard and steady progress of scientific medicine, however, is doubted and even denied by many conservative doctors and laymen. They assume that individual competition is requisite as a goad and that initiative is repressed by orderly coöperation. Now in any profession to which only the learned should belong an opportunity to work intelligently, itself, suffices as a stimulus to effort. A decent living is sufficient material compensation. For several decades, in fact, most contributions to the advancement of medicine have emanated from clinics, laboratories, or institutes manned by salaried personnel working together. Even members of the medical profession financially independent have shown initiative and energy in the pursuit of such scientific research or in the establishment of renowned clinics. Since 1916, furthermore, the high professional standing of the medical offices of the United States Navy as well as those of the Army and Public Health Service, has been acknowledged by the American Medical Association to be above that of civilian physicians in general, because the former are admitted to fellowship automatically, by virtue of their commissions, whereas the latter are eligible only by meeting certain conditions. Since only representative graduates in medicine enter these Federal services, the organizations themselves must foster a grade of practice higher than that of civilian doctors, who are embarrassed by monetary considerations and distractions in their struggle for a living. Moreover, it was to be observed by those physicians serving in the Navy for the duration of the World War that the naval personnel had the utmost confidence in its medical officers. Some of those who were financially able and physically free to consult eminent civilian doctors gladly availed themselves of the services of their medical officers.

ANOTHER objection to Government medicine is its alleged prohibitive expense. Just reflect upon the extravagance of the present incoherent multifarious health agencies in Massachusetts. First, there are the State organizations, including the Commission of Public Health with its manifold divisions, with field and hospital forces of mental diseases, tuberculosis, communicable diseases, cancer, bacteriological and serological laboratories; the Department of Public Welfare with its hospitals; and the Industrial Accident Board with its medical problems. Second, the Federal health services, public health, child welfare and maternity and also various private national societies and institutes of hygiene and medicine with State branches. Third, the local board of health with its hospitals for contagious diseases, and the school health department, ambulance service, diverse hospitals, municipal as well as private, charitable and industrial, general and special, different health centers, district nursing societies, Red Cross workers, private physicians and nurses, pharmacists, masseurs, cultists, mediums, quacks, abortionists,

herbalists, fakirs, and dispensers of patent medicines. To what the total expenditures of these multitudinous factors amount transcends the imagination. They are as prodigious as prodigal in comparison to the probable cost of a system arranging and uniting the many diverse worthy agents and eliminating competition in a public necessity more important than all the public utilities. The expense of the latter would prove to be as much less than that of the former, as its efficiency would be greater.

As the value of hygiene comes to be better appreciated and as the progress of civilization renders mankind economically more and more interdependent, the functions of the civilian physician become identical with those of the naval medical officer, which are primarily to keep the personnel fit for duty, and secondarily to restore them to fitness for duty. Without an excellent organization the medical corps of the Navy and the Army during the World War would surely have broken down under the strain of the sudden and vast recruiting of their respective numbers. That they met that supreme test nobly, no one would dispute. Then why can not that organization be applied to civilian practice? To serve effectually the civilian population relatively immobile and constant, in contrast to the mobile and variable naval and military forces, would be a far less difficult task. Actually, it would be found to possess such reserve capacity as readily to cope with the human disasters caused by storms, floods, accidents, or conflagrations.

In the application of such an organization as the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy to the public in general there arise three questions of interest: the method, the cost, and the efficacy. Of these the first two, being rather technical, will not be discussed in as much detail as the last. Moreover, since a way is always found for bringing about a needed reformation, the first two are of less immediate importance than the last.

In the adaptation of this Government medical service to the public the unit would be the district hospital with such different departments as eye, ear, nose and throat, orthopedic, obstetric, pediatric, neurological, mental, convalescent, and incurable. It would vary in size according to the populousness of its territory. In the largest cities the different departments might be represented by institutions separate from one another but closely affiliated with the general hospital, which would serve as a clearing house for patients and as headquarters for the personnel and the health records. Besides, there would be auxiliary health and accident stations in factories and shops where enough people were employed, and also in rural communities too remote to be served directly by the central hospital staff. Temporary relief stations might be set up for celebrations, exhibitions, athletic contests, and entertainments when people collected in large enough crowds. Mobile field companies might be dispatched for service among communities stricken with epidemics or catastrophes. Medical officers on the hospital staff would minister to those unable to visit the out-patient clinics, whether or not in need of hospital treatment. Eventually, however, all patients incapacitated by curable dis-

eases or remediable injuries would be confined to the appropriate hospitals.

Over these medical groups would be a central professional bureau like that of the Navy. This would be manned by medical officers and hospital corpsmen under the direction of a surgeon-general, who alone would be appointed by any layman. In order to eliminate politics from the operation of this service he would be selected by the Governor only from those medical officers of the one or two highest ranks. This State Health Department would encompass the existing Commission of Public Health and the medical duties of the Industrial Accident Board and the Department of Public Welfare.

THE personnel would comprise three bodies: Medical corps, composed of doctors of medicine; hospital corps, of nurses and technicians; and auxiliary corps, of non professional employees under the civil service. The professional members would have a pay schedule similar to but slightly lower than that of the naval medical officers, who require somewhat more money than civilians because of having to perform duty away from their families. The salary with the usual allowances for living quarters would be determined by two factors, the length of service and the rank. Promotion would be governed up to a certain grade by seniority, beyond that by examination. Bonuses would be given to those performing their duties in an exceptionally meritorious manner or making notable contributions to the progress of medicine. There would be provided, also, insurance against disability on account of health or accident and a pension for retirement.

The funds for the maintenance of State medicine would be obtained from about the same sources as those for the existing medical agencies. People with taxable incomes might be assessed a small percentage of their incomes for this purpose. Those who accepted the free service would be directly compensated; those who could afford not to accept it would be indirectly compensated by not being obliged to contribute to any medical charities. Industry would be taxed about what the workmen's compensation costs, less two portions, the one expended upon the payments for disability of injured employees and the other allowed as a profit for the insurance companies. If the Government or the employers, themselves, handled the insurance against lost wages of employees, the saving resulting would add to the funds. Private life, health, and accident insurance companies would be charged for medical reports furnished them for the issuance of policies and for the payment of claims. Private medical charities might assign their endowments and their plants to the Government at nominal prices. Any payments for temporary or permanent disability arising out of illness or injury being extraneous to this medical proposition, would be made by a separate insurance department or by private companies.

HOW well State medicine patterned upon the available precedent offered by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy would function will now be shown. It would supply to any and all a free, universal medical service, which might be just as compulsory as our educational system, since no patient should be permitted

to lose his life or health through ignorance or fanaticism. Satisfactory substitutes would have to be recognized, since the wealthy might continue indefinitely to employ private physicians and nurses. They would be compelled, though, to comply with the accepted standards, as are our private schools. Those individuals not sufficiently educated and morally fit to administer to the sick and the wounded, it would largely eradicate, directly by exposing them with impartiality and with no personal profit to the profession itself, and indirectly by providing an organization which would assure harmonious coöperation in proffering to the public the full blessings of up-to-date medicine.

STATE medicine, furthermore, would remove for many the present inhuman impediment to prompt diagnosis and effectual treatment; namely, the expensiveness of competitive medicine, which has instigated the formation of a private commission of nationally prominent persons to investigate its causes. In many instances, nowadays, necessary operations upon children are postponed for purely financial reasons. Too many tired housewives and harassed fathers must forego the cure of annoying impairments because of the forbidding cost. In some cities the member of the middle class with self reliance pays ten times as large a fee as he ought because nine others without self respect pay nothing. People with precarious equities in their homes are often inequitably compelled to pay for services rendered to their families, whereas those with intangible property escape payment.

It would assume entire responsibility for returning patients to work as expeditiously and as impartially as possible. The conscientious would be discouraged from resuming their occupations too soon, the dishonest would be discouraged from prolonging their convalescence unduly. It would insure patients receiving an examination at the end as well as at the outset of any illness or injury severe enough to keep them from their usual duties. The final examination might disclose defects that would indicate a change of habits or occupations. Nowadays the unintelligent and the parsimonious are willing to spend money upon ineffective, even harmful therapy, but unwilling to pay for a thorough examination uncovering the root of the trouble. Free medicine, alone, would not only make available to every patient all the resources in knowledge and skill of the whole system, but would also supply the means by which they would become most accessible. It would, of course, guarantee physical examinations at whatever periods were deemed desirable for those of different ages and of various occupational hazards.

THIS system would correct the incongruous and unreasonable positions of doctors in the present chaotic condition of medical practice. Recent graduates would become members of the medical corps as soon as they were accepted as internes in a general hospital. As paid officers in the service, they would take more personal interest in their patients and more pride in the standard of their work; whereas now they are too prone to regard their patients' afflictions as impersonal medical problems and are too anxious to finish their appointments which mark the final stage in a too expensive

and extended preparation for their careers as private practitioners. Besides, they could be supervised more closely and disciplined more efficaciously. Instead of serving one or two years during which they give less than they receive they would remain in the status of internes with pay for about five years, being worthy of their hire.

The aspirants for specialties would be trained only after thorough experience in general medicine. When fully trained they would be granted suitable degrees and would not, as are so many immature and untrained specialists of today, be forced to continue to devote a part of their time to general practice in order to eke out a scant living. Being interested only in the financial aspect of general practice, these latter are not infrequently guilty of haste and carelessness, and also of abusing the confidence even of long trusting patients.

THE older physicians in general would not be constrained to do things in which they had ceased to be interested and which they had done just as well earlier in their careers. Under individualistic medicine doctors are frequently compelled to attend to minor cases of illness or injury which do not warrant their particular attention. After any one as learned as a doctor of medicine has lanced one hundred or two hundred boils or repaired an equal number of scalp wounds, he can muster up little enthusiasm for them. He is apt to be rather slack in his technique. And no wonder! At this stage in our civilization the metropolitan bank president would hardly be expected to operate the comptometer or to count out the pay roll for a customer's factory. The medical officers of higher ranks would also be relieved of emergency and night work so as better to perform their duties of supervision, consultation, teaching, and administration. To undertake delicate operations, in justice to their patients, surgeons should not allow their judgment and skill to be impaired by loss of sleep.

THERE are several other glaring evils of competitive medicine that would be abolished by systematic coöperation. The necessity for individual physicians to render personal service to their patients at all times of the day and night too often induces weariness and brain fag. Under competitive practice, however tired they may be, they are impelled to cater to their patients in order to retain their patients' good will. However fatigued, they must always be ready to solve the most baffling problems in diagnosis demanding keen perception and clear reasoning, or to undertake the most difficult operations, requiring calm courage and manual dexterity. The effects of fatigue can be demonstrated in the physiological laboratory. The direful results of fatigue upon the part of the overtaxed popular doctor have been brought home to many families bereft of dear ones or burdened with invalids.

Haste with its baneful consequences would also be discouraged by collective practice employing the economic principle of the division of labor. Dispatch inevitably gives way to hurry where, on account of the gregarious nature of man, the sick and the hurt flock in increasing numbers to successful practitioners who dare not refuse their services to any for fear of offending them, or who desire

not to miss any fees. Overworked practitioners have been known to dispose of their patients at the rate of one every six minutes; and yet the finger nail is more intricate than the most complicated machine. Hurry results, too, when the idolized busy physician, though jeopardizing lives and limbs, is constrained to make hay while the sun shines. For, competitory practice is so exacting physically, as well as mentally, that the earning power of successful physicians begins to decline at an age earlier than that of other professional men. It is in fact so strenuous that the mortality of the medical profession recruited from a picked class of persons vigorous enough to devote nearly half their lives to study and training is greater than that of the general population, including steeple jacks and aviators. The family physician conducts a one man business entailing continuous hours of duty with multifarious responsibilities as counselor not only in medicine, but often in law and religion, as bookkeeper and investor, chauffeur and mechanic, teacher and head of a family. Little wonder that he blunders tragically.

CARELESSNESS upon which individualistic practice exercises no direct check would be curbed by State medicine. Today even reputable doctors make fatal errors through the negligence of examining their older, more familiar patients incompletely, because of assuming too much knowledge about them; for the human body is so complex that symptoms arising from an affection of one part may be referred to another part. More than one observant interne have remarked about the superiority of the treatment of the ward charity patients who are put through the routine hospital examinations, over that of the private room pay patients whose doctors assume that their familiarity with them renders the cost of such a thorough study unnecessary.

CARELESSNESS is rife among a less reputable class of busy physicians who practice the art of medicine, the easier phase, in contrast to the science of medicine, the harder phase. They have no time or need to keep up to date, because their very success is assured by the foibles of the benighted and the unintelligent. Indifferent to the cause of diseases, they dispense a separate pill for each of the complaints, however numerous. To serve is not their motto, but to exploit. Other doctors equally negligent are those loath to relinquish the care of patients to colleagues better qualified to treat them. Since it has been estimated by experienced drug salesmen calling upon the members of the medical profession that eighty per cent. of the medical work is done by twenty per cent. of the doctors, it is manifest that carelessness as well as fatigue and haste must do incalculable harm, and that there should be adopted a coöperative system with its guides and checks upon its members.

A need that private agencies have not supplied for the public, the public must provide for itself. Since the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the United States Navy, a truly efficacious organization, offers a practical model for the needed medical reformation, it is surely time to dispel the bogy of State medicine and to found this proposed system of Government Medicine.

The Enigma of Telepathy

By G. H. Estabrooks

The world-wide credulity of former years waning under the influence of laboratory experiments, yet with many of its phases still inexplicable

Man's interest in our subject seems to be as old as the race itself. By telepathy or mind reading or thought transference he means any action of one mind on another at a distance and without the aid of the normal five senses. That distance may be one foot or one thousand miles, and the action of one mind on the other may consist in making the "subject" hear voices, see visions or ghosts, read a list of numbers, or merely have a feeling that something is wrong. In any and all cases it would be merely one form or another of telepathy, so long as the ordinary sense channels of communication were not involved.

This type of action was perfectly clear to the savage. To him telepathy was an everyday experience and anyone who questioned its existence was simply a fool. Why not? He went to sleep and dreamed. In his dreams he was many, many miles away. But, of course, his friends could assure him that his body had never moved. This was proof positive that his spirit had left the body and had gone on these long journeys. Moreover the savage has a firm belief in all kinds of magic and a horrible fear of the same, so these dream experiences might very easily have tragic results.

For instance, a Zulu chieftain had a dream wherein a white man was giving him something to drink. He awoke from it with a bad pain in his stomach. This was to him ample proof that the white man was trying to poison him by magic, so he collected his warriors, swooped down on the settlement and massacred the lot. A perfectly valid reason to the savage for a bloody revenge, but to the British Government merely another example of senseless brutality which could be answered only by machine guns.

This action at a distance which is the essence of telepathy is absolutely unquestioned by primitive man. Perhaps it has its best illustration among the old Australian natives, who are generally placed as the lowest and most primitive of all known races. To the Australian, death was never a natural thing. It was always a result of magic. And magic was something which worked at a distance, involving telepathy in some form or other. So

let us suppose my brother died. According to Australian belief he had been killed by magic. Also, according to Australian customs, blood revenge was a sacred duty. So I went to the medicine man and asked him to discover who killed my brother. He might do this in various ways. One was to take a certain fly, say a few magic words over it and let it go. Then the guilty party was in the direction in which the fly went. So I got together my war party, started off and killed the first member of another tribe whom I met. Justice had then been done. Needless to say his friends promptly organized to pay off the blood debt, and everything proceeded as it should in a well conducted savage society.

In late years science has become definitely interested in this whole subject of telepathy. Probably no one seriously questioned its existence in some form or other up to the middle of the last century. Now there is a hot battle raging over it wherein science is demanding proof of its existence, and those who believe in thought transference are striving to produce the proof so demanded. This argument resulted, late in the Nineteenth Century, in the formation of a number of Societies for Psychical Research. The British Society and the American Society were easily the most important of these, while the newly formed Boston Society is now doing excellent work. These groups are pledged to a scientific investigation of all evidence for the so-called supernatural. Telepathy comes under this head as does also the whole question of spirit survival.

Science has, however, a definite method of securing facts. Some one has said that proof in science is "repeatability". In other words, I know that certain chemical substances will always behave the same way. If we mix zinc and sulphuric acid, we will always get hydrogen as one result. If we mix nitric acid with glycerine, we are liable to feature in the next day's accident headlines, for we have obtained the terrible explosive nitro-glycerine. In other words science demands an invariable result from every cause, be it in physics, chemistry, mathematics, or what not. When, however, we consider telepathy or any other branch of psychic research, we find that these conditions are never present. I cannot take a medium into a laboratory and guarantee that on every occasion she will give me good examples of telepathy. This may be due to the fact that in my laboratory there is always one very important factor lacking which may be necessary if we are ever to prove telepathy. That factor is emotion.

For instance, in all the most spectacular cases we have violent emotions present. The drowning son appears to his father as an apparition or ghost. The husband suddenly has a horrible feeling that something is wrong with his wife and later discovers that she was seriously hurt in an automobile accident at just that time. The mother leaves a party because of a nameless fear that something is wrong at home and arrives to find her house in flames. In all these cases we are dealing with violent emotion, generally that of fear. But unfortunately we cannot get these into our laboratory. It is quite useless to attempt to frighten a subject

every time we wish him to carry out an experiment in telepathy. It simply can't be done, and as a result of this we may never be able really to prove thought transference by laboratory methods. Whether science would ever accept proof by other means than those which she herself has demanded is an open question.

BE THAT as it may, we are here interested in such proof for telepathy as is at present in existence. First, you must bear one fact clearly in mind. Science is emphatic in her claim that telepathy has not been proved. That particular branch of science which is most entitled to an opinion here is psychology. I do not know of one eminent psychologist in America who would openly make the statement that telepathy is a proved fact, while those who regard it as a possibility could be numbered on your fingers. This naturally seems a harsh judgment. You immediately recall at least a dozen cases which seem to yield absolutely certain evidence of thought transference in one form or another. How are they to be explained? Frankly, I do not claim to explain every instance which you might advance, but my purpose is to take such evidence as you may submit and show just why the psychologist is so reluctant to give it the stamp of his official approval.

First, there is the very evident danger of deliberate fraud. The average individual is quite unable to tell when a performance is faked and when it is not. This is a matter for the professional conjurer or for the psychologist who has received especial training along these lines. Examples which would seem to yield absolute proof can very frequently be shown to owe their *bona fide* nature simply to a clever hoax. For instance, a man recently entered a well known London club and, in the course of the evening, began a heated argument on telepathy. He was emphatic in his claims that it existed and could easily be proved. Finally he offered to bet another club member that he could prove telepathy to the satisfaction of all concerned. He had a friend, he claimed, who had demonstrated it to him a dozen times. The bet was taken up and he proceeded as follows. I venture to say that any one of my readers would have declared the performance genuine.

THE people present were to select a card and show it to the visitor who was defending telepathy. Then they were to go to the telephone, call up a certain number which he would give them, and ask for a certain man who would tell them the card of which they were thinking. Let us suppose they chose the ace of diamonds. The champion of telepathy would then tell them to go to the 'phone, call up, let us say, River 2419, and ask for Mr. Smith, who would tell them the card which they had chosen. You will notice that the instigator of the trouble did not go near the phone nor did he speak to the Mr. Smith in question. And yet, strange to say, Smith immediately named the correct card.

This certainly looks like a very remarkable case of telepathy, but in reality it was simply a clever fraud. The man who was victimizing the club members had, of course, a confederate at the other end of the telephone. Then if you chose the

ace of diamonds you were told to call up River 2419 and ask for Mr. Smith. But note how very simple the whole thing was. He merely had fifty-two names, one for each card in the pack. So if you chose the three of clubs you would still call up the same telephone number but you would be told to ask for Mr. Jones. If the four of hearts, for Mr. White, and if the five of spades, for Mr. Murray. The name you asked for over the telephone immediately told the confederate what card you had chosen. Needless to say, the trick could not be worked twice with the same group of people. But once was quite enough, provided the bet could be made sufficiently heavy.

STAGE performances of telepathy or mind reading are probably always faked. To the spectator they appear marvellous, but actually they could be worked by anyone with a little practice. Generally the mind reader sits blindfolded on the platform while the confederate walks around the audience. By means of a very simple code he signals to the individual on the platform the names of various objects which are handed him. "What have I here?" stands for one; "What is this?" for another; "What do I now hold?" for a third. You can readily see that a good memory and a little care in selecting objects would be quite sufficient to astound the onlookers. Actually you may have seen certain cases wherein the operator in the audience did not utter a word or even where there was only one man on the stage and no one in the audience at all. In the latter case the people in the seats are called on individually and told what they wish to know. These cases are extremely impressive but can easily be reproduced with a little conjuring apparatus.

One of the most startling types of performance is where the mind reader works in league with a trained confederate, generally posing as a commercial traveller. This trick is especially useful for the small town. The confederate will arrive and proceed to collect all the latest gossip of the town, photographs of the townspeople, the business success or failure of everyone, and forward them to the mind reader. You can readily see that a week in the average small community would give him about everything worth knowing, especially as he is always a "good fellow" who knows exactly what he wants and as no one suspects his real purpose. He forwards all this to his friend, and leaves the town. Next day the mind reader arrives and stages a performance which is often almost uncanny. To be sure he has never been in the town before and can truthfully say he has never seen one of the audience in his life. But the information from his travelling friend is quite sufficient to make up for this handicap.

IN EUROPE last summer I heard of an extremely clever piece of fraud. The mind reader was giving sittings in his own home to a committee of people whose scientific interest could not be doubted. He would retire to one end of the house behind half a dozen closed doors and the committee would choose an object, or a verse of poetry; in fact anything. It seemed absolutely impossible that he could hear them making their choice. Then he would return to the room and tell them of what they were thinking with startling accuracy. The secret was a

powerful microphone concealed in the wall of the room in which the committee were sitting. This carried to the mind reader in his distant corner of the house every whisper that was spoken and of course gave him the information he needed.

For such reasons as this you will readily see why the scientist demands that all experiments in telepathy be held in the laboratory behind closed doors. Even then he is liable to have some very severe jolts. Thus, I once set up an experiment which I would have sworn was fraud proof. And yet a couple of mere college sophomores duped me by a trick which I have never seen described and which they thought out themselves. These were the circumstances: I always sat with the sender, or the man who was thinking of the card. The two college men had already worked for me on this experiment, so they knew my habits perfectly. They knew, for instance, that I would have the sender gaze at fifty-two cards one after the other, that I would thoroughly shuffle the cards each time and return the card on which he had been concentrating to the pack, and that I would choose the card by cutting the pack with a knife. Also they knew that my electrical signalling device would sound the telegraph key in the room of the receiver every twenty seconds, as a signal for him to decide what card the sender was at that time thinking of. I had absolute control of choosing the cards and of the signals. Moreover three closed doors and one hundred feet of laboratory separated the receiver from the room in which I sat with the sender. Anyone but a college sophomore would have given it up.

The amazing success of these boys in "transmitting" the idea of the cards I turned up bewildered me until I learned their trick. They had concealed a confederate in a room down the hall where he could watch the sender's door. The sender knew just where I would have him sit and also knew — here was the catch — that his shadow would normally cut off all light from the table lamp we were using, so that none would shine out through the crack underneath the door. So he seated himself in such a way that by a simple and apparently careless movement of his shoulder a beam of this light was allowed to pass and could be clearly seen shining through this crack from the outside.

The rest was simple. Follow it carefully. They knew perfectly well that they could make an astounding record of "telepathic" success if the receiver could only guess the color — red or black — correctly every time I cut a card. So they agreed that they would *expect* every odd card to be red and every even card to be black. If the cards came up as expected, no signal would be given; if otherwise, then the sender would so shift his position that the light ray would flash out under the door. Thus if on the fifth, or any odd, choice I cut a red card, nothing was to be done. The receiver got no signal, and put down any red card of which he thought. But suppose I turned up a black card, say the ace of clubs. This was contrary to their agreed system, so the sender very carelessly shifted his position in the chair, a ray of light flashed out under the door, the confederate down the hall saw it,

and at once rapped on the receiver's door by means of a piece of string and a weight. This said to the receiver: "That card is not as we have agreed to expect it. Change the color from red to black." Similarly they would expect black on an even color and signal only if it were red. That particular trick I consider one of the cleverest I have ever encountered.

BESIDES these cases of conscious fraud we have unconscious fraud which is at the basis of many parlor tricks. This is well illustrated in what is termed "muscle reading". For instance, you all agree to "will" that so-and-so, who has left the room, will return and play the piano. So you call him back and one of you rests your fingers on the back of his neck. After a few false moves he will generally walk up to the piano and start playing. This is simply because the individual who is touching his neck is quite as anxious for him to succeed as is the mind reader himself. As a result he gives little unconscious pushes and pulls which in the long run steer the performer to the piano.

This "muscle reading" was even better shown in the classical mind reader of twenty-five years ago. He would come to town and announce that he could find any object that a committee of leading citizens would conceal. So the committee would carefully hide a key to the town hall under an ash barrel on the base ball lot and tell him to locate it. He would take the hand of some committee member, in order to get the "thought waves", jump into a buggy and start off down the street at a furious pace. His companion was probably as anxious for success as he was, and in the general excitement didn't realize that he was always involuntarily pulling the professional mind reader in the direction of the hidden key. The latter simply paid careful attention to these little changes in pressure and eventually arrived at his destination.

THERE are many other factors, however, beside conscious and unconscious fraud, which make the scientist very suspicious of the so-called proofs of telepathy. Chief among these is the amazing acuteness of the senses which many individuals seem to possess. For instance, it used to be a common trick in hypnotism to give a deeply hypnotized subject the handkerchiefs of a dozen people in the room and have him return them by smell. Bergson, the French philosopher, reports an astounding case wherein he thought that a hypnotized boy was reading a book which Bergson was holding open but the back of which was toward the subject. Actually it turned out that the boy was reading the reflection of the page of the book in the eye of the operator! The image of the entire page was only about one millimeter high! Certain points in these claims are questioned. In the main, however, we can definitely say that some people have an acuteness of the senses which is almost uncanny. For this reason experiments wherein the subject might possibly see or hear the operator will always be open to question.

Closely akin to this wonderful acuteness of the senses we have a strange ability of certain animals and men to pick up tiny cues which quite escape the eyes of ordinary people. This may be done either deliberately

or quite unintentionally. For instance, there was once a very wonderful horse in Germany called Clever Hans. He had the remarkable ability of answering questions in arithmetic which would have given a mathematics professor a violent headache. More wonderful still, he did them mentally and tapped out the numbers with his front hoofs while you waited. Now obviously, for the dignity of humanity in general and mathematicians in particular, something had to be done about this mere horse. After careful investigation, it was found that Clever Hans could only answer these questions if there was someone present who already knew the correct answer. People then thought he was a mind reading horse and obtained his results by telepathy. Further careful investigation showed that he was really watching very closely the individual who knew the answer. He would start off tapping and when he came to the correct number that individual would give a tiny but quite involuntary movement of expectation. The horse would detect this and immediately stop.

This tendency of animals to watch for "incidental cues", as it is called, is so important that in many laboratory experiments on animals it is necessary for the experimenter to remain completely out of sight. Otherwise the animal will watch him and do what the operator *expects* him to do rather than what he would do if left to his own devices. You can see that if this is such an important factor in a mere animal, the psychologist will always be very skeptical of human "mind reading" where these incidental cues may have given away the information.

Somewhat different from the foregoing but very important for our subject is the tendency of some people to suffer from hallucinations. The most common hallucinations are those of sight. For instance, in hypnotism we can say to a subject, "See the elephant walking down the street!" and he will see it. Or, "Look, the lake is on fire!" and he will agree that it is so. We are literally fooling his senses, and can not only do this with vision but can also make him hear things which are not present, and taste or smell fake substances.

Now, to the average individual a ghost is a very strange and wonderful thing. To the psychologist it is only a visual hallucination such as he can produce at will in hypnosis and which occurs in certain otherwise normal people without the use of any such device. The typical ghost story is the one in which the son is drowning in South Africa and appears to his mother in England as a ghost at just that moment. Or wherein a man is awakened in the dead of night and sees the figure of his wife standing at his bedside. Afterward he learns that she was in a motor accident five hundred miles away at just that hour. We have many such cases in the literature of Psychic Research.

The psychologist will answer these ghost stories with two objections. In the first place, deliberate fraud. Many people seem to get an unholy pleasure from inventing these stories, simply because of the publicity they gain. The second objection takes us right over into probably the most important point to be considered in all

proof for telepathy, namely the statistical evaluation of the evidence. This sounds rather formidable, so we will take an example or two. For instance, in the case of ghosts, we well know that certain people have these visual hallucinations at various times. Now it is quite within the laws of chance that I might have a vision of my father at just about the hour when he was having a severe accident, or was in great danger or was actually dying. And yet it might be purely and simply due to chance. Thus a friend of mine was very much worried over his little girl, who was sick. He was fifty miles away and awakened one night to see her "ghost" standing at the foot of his bed. Panic stricken, he seized a friend's auto and drove at breakneck speed to his home, only to discover that the child was sleeping peacefully and all was well. Had the little girl died that night it would have made another wonderful ghost-story — but actually it would have been simply a coincidence.

PERHAPS we can illustrate the working of these laws of chance a little better if we apply them to material which is familiar to everyone, namely, playing cards. Suppose I shuffle a pack of cards and then cut them. I will use a knife blade to cut with so that I will be perfectly certain to get a random cut. Now, there are two colors in that pack, black and red. So you say I have an even break or a fifty-fifty chance of cutting either a red or a black card. Let us suppose I actually cut a red card. The chances were even or one in two that I would do so. Now let me return it to the pack, shuffle and cut again. The chances are one in two times two, or one in four, that I will cut a red card twice in succession. They are one in eight against my doing it three times and one in sixteen against its turning up four times in succession. We will not carry this matter any further, but there are means by which I could calculate the chances of my turning up any particular card or combination of cards in that pack in any series of cuts. The same applies to figures or letters or to a series of diagrams.

Science is adamant on the necessity of having data which can be statistically treated. Then, you see, if the mind reader uses such material and puts through a performance wherein the chances against him are five hundred thousand to one, science is immediately interested. Such a remarkable performance would at once demand an investigation.

THERE are, as I see it, two fairly simple laws to bear in mind so as to insure statistical accuracy. The first of these requires that the material be absolutely unequivocal. It is either right or wrong, and there is no room for argument. For instance, I have been present at a number of seances in telepathy wherein some well meaning people would try to impress on the mind reader some object, let us say a cup. The subject would concentrate and then draw something or other on a piece of paper. After this all would gather around and proceed to prove to their satisfaction that they had secured proof of telepathy. Here obviously was a funny line that resembled the handle; and this one here looked like the top; and of course this other one was a very close resemblance to a side. To be sure they were out of place and looked like the psycho-

analytic interpretation of a futurist drawing; but then, what was a little thing like that between friends? The proof was obvious.

But to a hard boiled scientist it either is or it isn't. It's a cup or it isn't a cup, and that's that. He won't compromise and he won't allow you to do so. You're either right or wrong, and there are no half way houses. Consequently he insists that you use such material as cards or figures. Then you can't have any excuse and he can reckon exactly what your chances are of doing a certain performance. If you are consistently above chance, he wants to know why. If you aren't, then no excuses are of any use.

FINALLY, under the head of statistical evaluation we have one of the trickiest of all factors, which must still be watched. This is what we call "habits of thought". Suppose you allow me deliberately to select a card from that pack. Suppose there are fifty-two people in the room, and I ask them to guess the card I have selected. It would be simple to prove telepathy in a single evening if I could but do so. Since there are fifty-two people and the pack has fifty-two cards you would expect that one person in the room would by pure chance make the right guess. But I know that some cards are more popular than others, so I choose the ace of spades. Actually there will probably be half a dozen people guess the card I have picked, and I could beat chance indefinitely if science would but accept such proof. In the same way if I ask you to think of an animal, you will probably choose a lion, and if I ask you to think of a geometrical figure you will pick a square.

As a result of these thought habits you must take not only the precautions already outlined, but must make your selections absolutely mechanical within the given material. You must, if using cards, see that they are thoroughly shuffled each time and you must then select the card in such a way that you will get an absolutely chance selection. Cutting the pack with a knife does this. Other material must be similarly treated.

YOU now have some idea of what science would regard as a good experiment in telepathy. It must take place within a psychological laboratory. Even the suspicion of fraud must be eliminated, which means that the investigator must have the right of prescribing any system of controls he may see fit at any time. Every possible precaution must be taken to guard against that uncanny acuteness of senses which so many people have. This will generally mean either sound proof doors or considerable distances between the sender and receiver. The material used must be subject to close statistical check, and finally those very annoying habits of thought must be ruled out. So tricky are these last that the only certain way of handling them is to have all signals electrically controlled and worked in such a way that no one, either sender or receiver, can interfere with them once the experiment is under way. This is in addition to the chance selection of the card or number or whatever the material may be.

Thus you can see that the picture which science would draw of the good telepathy experiment is a long, long

way from what you would consider satisfactory proof. Perhaps the most elaborate piece of scientific research along these lines is that by J. E. Coover, entitled *Experiments in Psychical Research* and published at Leland Stanford University in 1917. This huge volume describes a mass of experiments on people who thought they were naturally "psychic" and on others who had no such notion. He worked with various kinds of material, such as playing cards or series of numbers, and his subjects were sometimes in actual contact, sometimes separated by various distances within the same room, and sometimes in different rooms. Finally his results are treated with mathematical formulas which would cause Einstein to pucker his brows.

As an example of his experiments he decided to find out if there was anything in the idea which some people have that they can tell when they are being stared at — the feeling of being stared at, he calls it. So he got ten students from the university who were certain they had this power, which would, of course, be a form of telepathy. He gave them one hundred trials each in his laboratory, tossing dice to decide whether or no he would stare at them. They sat with their backs to him in the same room and on a given signal said whether they thought he was staring at them or was not doing so. Then he analyzed the results of the one thousand experiments and concluded that he could find no evidence for the power they claimed. Through all his elaborate experiments, which he describes at great length, we find that his results are completely negative.

Not long ago I myself carried on certain experiments with playing cards in the psychological laboratory at Harvard University. These experiments were always with perfectly normal subjects, generally students at the university. Moreover, sender and receiver were in different rooms, these rooms sometimes being next one another but separated by doubled doors, sometimes one hundred feet apart with three doors between. I have previously described our technique.

Now actually, the results of these tests were positive, that is to say they were above chance. Yet I hesitate to place too much stress on them for various reasons. In the first place, they were only positive when the rooms were next one another, not when the distant rooms were used, and this looks very peculiar. Then the hoax I have already described, as practised by the two sophomores, showed clearly that fraud was quite possible. Then there were a number of puzzling little factors which were a source of trouble. For instance, even though the adjoining rooms were built to be sound proof, one could hear such a small noise as the dropping of a card in one room or the other with the doors closed. You will see that this gives an excellent chance for the subject, by means of that acuteness of the senses concerning which we have been speaking, to pick up any cues which might be of value. On two separate occasions I had definite evidence that the receiver obtained hints by having the sender quite unconsciously mutter the card of which he was thinking.

Yet there are several reasons why I

would not like to rule out my results as worthless. In the first place they seem too consistent to be explained by fraud or by incidental cues. Secondly, my results showed a peculiar grouping of successes at the beginning of each experiment, before the subject had time to become tired. If fatigue was the only variable factor in the test, and if results varied with it, then the question might be held open as to whether a human faculty was mysteriously involved. Such men as W. F. Prince and Warcollier have also commented on this tendency. It seems peculiar that it should turn up in other experiments if there were nothing in it.

LASTLY, I cannot help but feel that the great requisite to any telepathy experiment is of necessity missing in the psychological laboratory. This is strong emotion. The literature indicates that emotion is necessary, and until we can devise some experiments which make use of it I do not feel we have given telepathy a fair trial. Every now and then I saw this factor apparently working. For instance, on one experiment I was using a new and valued pack of cards. I turned up the jack of diamonds for the sender to gaze at, and as I did so a leaky fountain pen rained ink on the upturned picture. My thoughts were profane, and probably I said a few things under my breath which Webster does not list in his dictionary. Now the strange thing was that the receiver, when we examined his record, had that choice correct and had a star opposite it. He said that the impression had come with peculiar force and certainty so that he felt practically sure it was correct. Yet, you will see how very difficult it would be to get this element of intense irritation in a long series of experiments. It simply could not be done.

THUS, you see, telepathy is still as unanswered puzzle. Those cases which seem most striking are very hard indeed to refute. But proof in science is repeatability, and every time we attempt to repeat these experiences in the laboratory we have a dismal failure. Why? I do not know. Possibly because the whole thing is a mass of fraud, superstition and faulty observation. But also possibly because we cannot introduce violent emotion into laboratory technique. Which of these alternatives is correct we must leave the future to decide.

A Post-Mortem in Bonds

By George S. Brooks

The financial Odyssey of a once reverend gentleman which suggests that even the halcyon days of the South Sea Company "had nothing" on our own times. The story, incidentally, is based on fact

A middle-aged woman opened the door. She eyed Conroy with no little suspicion, as if the mere ringing of the doorbell had been a vulgar disturbance in the quiet street.

"What is it you want?" she demanded. "I'm Mr. Webb's housekeeper."

"I came to see Mr. Webb," Conroy replied.

The woman looked doubtful. "He seldom sees anyone. Was it about a book?"

"He phoned me. Asked me to call." Conroy shrugged his shoulders at the chill of his reception, to which he was not accustomed.

The housekeeper's face lengthened from an expression of distrust to one that indicated complete disapproval.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "You're the uh . . . detective person. Mr. Webb is waiting for you." By the tone of her voice, she contrived to make Conroy feel self-conscious and apologetic because he had delayed the unseen and mysterious Mr. Webb. "Come into the library. Mr. Webb will see you there."

She said "library" in much the awed manner in which a royal flunkey might speak of the throne hall.

The house had been built, it seemed to Conroy, merely to contain the library. And the occupants of the house evidently had been born to serve it, as if the library were a living, rare and valuable mammal.

The very walls of the room were bookshelves from floor to ceiling mouldings. On these platforms, erect and trim, stood squads of volumes, like infantrymen upon parade. And on each wall, the squads merged into platoons, the platoons into companies, battalions, regiments, columns, brigades and divisions: which, in turn, combined with their associates on the other walls, resolved themselves into an army of leather and paper and cloth-backed tomes. Like good soldiers, too, the books were not fresh recruits, still smelling of the presses that had turned them out. They were old, trusted veterans that had supported more than one generation of scholars. Except for an occasional replacement here and there, they were

slightly smoke and dust colored, presumably all the more reliable for their age and experience.

In the center of the room, faced by the four walls of his books, stood the man who owned them, like a Marshal of France in the hollow square of his army.

"He should be up on a shelf himself," thought Michael Conroy.

It was a fanciful idea which made the detective smile, while they were shaking hands.

From a chair, Nathaniel Webb carefully lifted a collection of unbound pamphlets and motioned to Conroy to take the place thus vacated. Webb, himself, then stood unhappily in the center of the floor, the pamphlets in his hands and he uncertain what to do with them.

In Webb, Conroy saw a man old as the first edition of Thackeray's *Pendennis;* yellow-skinned as the crumbling pages of Swift's *Intelligencer;* thin as the Biblical *Concordance* on the overloaded mantel shelf; pedantic as the maxims of Lord Chesterfield; modestly self-effacing as an Anthony Trollope heroine, and, lastly, as dry in wit as Nathaniel Webb's own treatise *Upon the History of the Manufacture of Indigo.*

Nathaniel Webb saw no unoccupied spot where he could deposit the pamphlets he held; so, at length, he sat down in his own chair, holding his precious leaflets like a delicate baby, upon his knees.

"They're very rare," he explained apologetically, to Conroy. "They're the printed reports of the famous South Sea Company."

Michael Conroy had never heard of the South Sea Company and the South Sea Bubble and the London riots that followed its bursting. So he nodded sagely and waited for Webb to explain.

"A detective like yourself, Mr. Conroy," Webb continued, "would find them very interesting. As I see it, the great question is, 'Was there conscious fraud on the part of the directors of the South Sea Company or were they as deluded as their victims?'"

At the phrase "conscious fraud" Michael Conroy straightened up. This was, after all, his province.

"It's all governed by the criminal intent," Conroy observed in a business-like tone. "The tough part of these here jobs is proving the criminal intent in court."

"Precisely," Webb agreed, warming up to his subject and not realizing that their ideas were two hundred years apart, "Now, in 1760, it seemed definitely proven that there was such criminal intent on the part of certain minor officials. . . ."

"When?" Conroy demanded, incredulously, thinking that his ears had blundered. "When?"

"Well, either the investigation of 1759 or 1760 or '61. My memory is so tricky at times, Mr. Conroy. But I'll look it up in a minute and make sure. . . ."

Conroy blinked. He wondered if this old man had sent for him to investigate an Eighteenth Century fraud.

"Please don't bother," Conroy interposed, "Seventeen sixty's near enough to suit me."

"But I like to be accurate," said the elderly scholar. "It won't take long to verify the date."

"Mr. Webb. Before you do that, I

just want to ask, this 1760 job must be all outlawed by now, isn't it? Because I'd hate to have to look all over hell for my witnesses?"

A smile spread over Nathaniel Webb's thin face and his parchment like skin wrinkled as his lips parted with a little chuckling laugh.

"Quite right, Mr. Conroy. The devil took that case under advisement, long ago. But, you know . . ." he spoke regretfully, "it would make an interesting investigation, if you had the time for it." He paused, waiting for Conroy to offer.

"I guess I'd do better at something more modern."

At this, the owner of the house laughed aloud.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized. "I have something more pertinent in mind. In fact, it is something quite of the moment. For your sake, Mr. Conroy, I regret that you'll find it very dull and prosaic, when compared to the South Sea Company's peculations. It's only . . ." he gestured depreciatingly, "only a matter of forty thousand dollars."

"Is it your money?" Conroy had never heard the loss of money discussed with such an academic, nonchalant air.

"It was mine." Nathaniel Webb chuckled dryly. "Now, it seems, it's theirs."

For a second, Conroy entertained the disquieting suspicion that the old man was teasing him.

"I bought the bonds of a hotel corporation," Webb explained. "I bought forty thousand dollars' worth of bonds. Now, the hotel is bankrupt, in the hands of a receiver. I'm told that I'll be fortunate if I get fifty cents on a dollar back."

"Yes?" Conroy encouraged him.

"Yes. So I just thought I'd have the matter investigated, Mr. Conroy."

"But if it's gone into a receivership, it's doubtful if I can recover any more for you than the receiver will."

Nathaniel Webb beamed, with great good nature. "So my attorney informed me, Mr. Conroy. Oh, I'm quite satisfied that the money's gone. But, as I told you, I'm interested in these quasi-criminal matters. I wish to be informed of the methods by which my money was taken. If you get my meaning, I'd like a full report of the several processes employed to separate me from my investment. A sort of financial post-mortem, Mr. Conroy. I'll be glad to pay you your usual fee for the information."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Michael Conroy.

Again the old man chuckled happily. "Between my physical limitations, I'm not so young as I was, and my dieting, Mr. Conroy, I may add that my curiosity is the only part of me I can indulge."

"I'll be God-damned!" Michael Conroy was as close to speechless astonishment as he had ever been.

* * * * *

It was nearly five weeks later when Conroy returned to the library where, again, Nathaniel Webb was awaiting him. As on his first visit, the pamphlets piled in the visitor's chair had to be removed before Conroy could be seated.

"How do you want me to make my report?" Conroy asked.

"Would you mind just telling me, in your own words?" With perfect

courtesy, Nathaniel Webb hesitated, "I take it that you're not, well, not a specialist in literary composition and, if you don't mind, I feel it would be a more graphic narrative, if you spoke, rather than wrote."

Conroy sighed with relief. "I hate writing like the devil."

"Quite so." Nathaniel Webb settled back to enjoy himself.

THE Reverend Daniel Thompson (said Conroy) was 53 years old and weary of small town Methodism. Providentially, an offer was made to him to "enter business". This financial manna dropped from the lips of a well-fed, well-groomed, glad-handing New Yorker who came all the way from the metropolis in answer to the Reverend Mr. Thompson's prayers and, incidentally, his reply to a "blind" ad. in the business opportunities column of a religious weekly.

The New Yorker brought into the Reverend Mr. Thompson's study the opulent flavor of Havana cigars and a faint aroma of real Bourbon whiskey. This memorable interview was staged in the Methodist parsonage in Hambright, Wood County, Ohio, sometime during the early winter of 1922.

As a result of the interview, an offer and a contract were tendered and, with something like a sigh of relief, the clergyman quitted the ministry to become a bond salesman. His clients consisted of the members of former congregations; small town and village shopkeepers, retired farmers, pious widows and even laborers, who were scattered through rural communities in Indiana, Northern Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The Reverend Mr. Thompson, prospering in his new occupation, thought, spoke of and advertised himself as an "investment specialist". He was successful to a degree that astonished the small town bankers and his own employers. He had much to recommend him to his clients. As a clergyman, he had always been letter-perfect in theology, friendly to his parishoners, punctilious in paying his bills. To these assets in bond selling, he added a confidence-inspiring front and a mouthful of investment jargon that sounded as profoundly wise as the leading editorial in *The Wall Street Journal* during a bull market.

"Pardon me," Nathaniel Webb interrupted Conroy. The old man was twisting uncomfortably in his chair, in evident embarrassment. "But I'm not a Methodist and this Reverend Mr. Thompson didn't sell me the bonds. . . ."

Conroy laughed. "That part will come later. I'm just showing you the background of your own story."

AT THE start, Conroy admitted, the Reverend Mr. Thompson was perfectly honest in his representations. In fact, he was as appalled as any of his unfortunate dupes, when the corporations that had employed him went crashing into the Wall Street gutters.

And Mr. Thompson's surprise was as genuine as his grief, when an inquisitive Grand Jury ordered him to appear before its august self and questioned him searchingly about the securities he had been selling. It was obvious in the Grand Jury room that Mr. Thompson had been, himself, so sure of the financial integrity of the companies that employed him, that his misrepresentations had been made without criminal intent.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," he roared, in his pulpit voice, to his inquisitors. His record, his dignity, his age and his appearance helped to save him from the shame and disgrace of indictments. But, by the time he left the Grand Jury room, the Reverend Daniel Thompson, aged 55 years, was an outcast among men.

In every community where he might have continued in business, defrauded widows, sarcastic men and penniless orphans pointed or seemed to point accusing fingers at him. With such a blot upon his character, he could not return to the church. The self-assurance which had helped him sell the bonds now reacted against him. His own savings were gradually eaten away.

The Reverend Daniel Thompson was "through".

DESPERATE and embittered, he came to New York. He found employment, selling first mortgage bonds for a real estate firm that was building a series of apartment houses in Harlem and the Bronx. It was the only job he could obtain. This time his customers were the sole dupes. He knew the true value of the paper he was peddling. Again he was successful and he forced his employers to pay him the "wise-price" in commissions, which the real racketeer salesman always demands.

When his company crashed, Mr. Thompson had an even $100,000 in the type of negotiable securities which he did not sell. He was, now in his own eyes, admittedly a crook.

He borrowed the sophistry which rules Broadway from the financial houses by Bowling Green, up through the coat and suit and furs and silks district to the theatrical forties: "No income tax guy asks you *how* you made it. All they want to know is *what* you made."

Now, Mr. Thompson had a hundred thousand dollars of working capital. And, added to it, a working knowledge of the science of promotion. He decided to launch himself in business.

"It must have taken frightful courage, you know," Nathaniel Webb remarked. "You've got to admit he was resourceful. Now, if I were caught in any such predicament, I'd be absolutely helpless."

"But I'm trying to tell you," Conroy's tone was grieved, "Reverend Thompson, he's the fella got your forty-thousand, took you for all that jack. . . ."

"I understand, Mr. Conroy. At least I judged that was the point you were making. But you can't help admiring his resourcefulness, can you?"

Conroy looked very blank.

So (Conroy proceeded with the history) the Reverend Mr. Thompson went down to a resort on the Jersey Coast. He selected a sprawling city that is patronized extensively by religiously-minded people and there, the ex-minister decided, was the spot where he would build a hotel.

Nathaniel Webb, with his air of complete satisfaction, rubbed his thin yellowed hands together. "Pray continue, Mr. Conroy. I find this very stimulating," he said.

THOMPSON, for he was now dropping the "reverend" except when actually selling stock, spied a desirable site for his hotel. It was a vacant lot, on the beach front and board walk.

The price of the property, Thompson learned, was $120,000. It had

risen to that figure from $80,000 as soon as Thompson exhibited a willingness to buy it. Deducting living and promotion expenses from his hundred thousand, Thompson had but $65,000 to spend.

"I'll pay you $60,000 cash for half the lot," Thompson told the owner. "For the front half. That's all I need to build on. I'll buy the front half outright for sixty thousand and put a mortgage of an additional sixty thousand on the rear half. As soon as I get my building under way, it will increase the value of the rear half enough to protect you on the mortgage."

This struck the real estate dealer as a sound proposition. His price had been really $80,000, so he was getting three-quarters of that in cash plus a mortgage of sixty thousand on an improved property. The deal was made.

THOMPSON, now owner of a sufficient frontage for a hotel, hired an architect to draw preliminary plans, and incorporated as the "Great Eastern Hotel Corporation", a corporation organized under the laws of several of our best Eastern States. This company had, as its avowed business, the building and operating of a $3,000,000 apartment hotel—"to be operated for Christian people and without the objectionable features of the usual resort hotel," the prospectus stated.

"That means one must have references and two must have baggage," Conroy added.

Thompson promptly spent $20,000 in excavating for a cellar on his lot and $10,000 in printing and promotion.

At this point, Thompson went back to the real estate dealer.

"I want a tax valuation assessed on my hotel lot," he said. "I want it right."

The real estate dealer was "very close" to the city's Mayor, Common Council and Board of Equalization and Assessment. It was very simple to arrange to have the lot, worth $60,000 and now holding a $20,000 excavation, assessed for a modest $360,000. The improvements, the assessors figured, easily made the property worth so much more. With most property owners always protesting that assessments were too high, it was a pleasure to meet a philanthropist like Thompson who begged them to raise his.

So the Reverend Daniel Thompson, the individual, made arrangements to sell to Thompson, president of the Great Eastern Hotel Company, the site of the hotel. And what was fairer than to sell it for its assessed valuation? No stockholder could protest such an arrangement.

"Let's see. That makes Thompson a net profit of $270,000, doesn't it?" Nathaniel Webb remarked with beaming tranquillity.

THE Great Eastern Hotel Corporation now owned a site worth, officially, $360,000. On the basis of this real estate, the company was enabled to sell first mortgage bonds for $3,000,000, to cover the construction and furnishing of the building. And, strangely enough when all the bonds had been sold, the Reverend Daniel Thompson had retained none of them. He had graciously permitted the general public to absorb them all.

"And he'd made $270,000 out of it," Webb repeated, wonderingly.

"Wait," Conroy warned, "that's only a drop in the bucket."

Webb settled himself to listen.

About this time (Conroy added) Thompson organized several small corporations. There were a plumbing company, an electrical firm, a flooring concern, a hotel supply corporation and several others. They all furnished labor or materials to the Great Eastern Hotel, got paid in cash although the building contractor was not so reimbursed, and then went out of business.

THOMPSON was perfectly legal in his manipulation of these small companies. As required by law, he advertised for bids on the work to be done. But, in each instance, only his own companies could entirely meet the specifications which the Great Eastern Hotel Corporation had laid down.

"Let's be conservative," Conroy remarked, parenthetically. "I guess Reverend Thompson made $250,000 through these little companies."

"That's $520,000," Webb reckoned, triumphantly.

"Call it an even half-million," Conroy replied. "He'd had some expenses, too."

Then, as the hotel neared completion and the building contractor was clamoring for a substantial payment, the $3,000,000 collected by bond sales vanished from the bank. It had all been spent, although experts had pronounced the sum ample to build and launch the hotel.

The Reverend Mr. Thompson had one last, profitable card to play. As president of the Great Eastern Hotel Corporation, he leased to Daniel Thompson, the individual, the entire top floor of the hotel as a private residence at the very nominal rental of $10,000 a year. The lease was to run ten years.

But, just after the lease had been drawn, he changed his plans. He sold his lease to a mid-western millionaire for $50,000 cash. He felt the need of a long rest abroad, and on December 11, last, he sailed for England. I think his name, on the passenger list, was Hickson. I'll guess that he's changed his name at least twice since."

"BUT the hotel's there, all right?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Webb. The hotel's there. It's running under a receivership. But, as I explained to you, the builder wasn't paid and so he has a contractor's and mechanic's lien upon the building. By the time that's paid off, the property will be all run down. First mortgage bonds are valueless, while a contractor's or a mechanic's lien is on a building. I'm sorry to say, Mr. Webb, that you might as well figure your $40,000 gone."

"And there wasn't any way I could have been protected?"

Conroy considered. "Not really, unless you knew the property and the people who were running it. You see, if Reverend Thompson had been on the level, he would have bought a bond, from a bonding house, to protect his own bond holders against loss by contractor's and mechanic's liens. He could have done lots of things. But, he didn't have to. He was almost legal in every move he made."

Nathaniel Webb digested this information. "I'd like to meet the Reverend Daniel Thompson," he sighed, regretfully. "Don't you think such a man could write a very interesting book, now don't you, Mr. Conroy?"

Our Inefficient Police

By Howard McLellan

If the civic spirit of America equalled that of England, would the costliest police force in the world permit an unequalled reign of lawlessness?

On a fair night last April two plain clothes men from Scotland Yard were making their hourly round through Hyde Park in London. They came suddenly upon a young woman and an elderly man seated on a bench at the edge of a path. Now it is no offense for representatives of the two sexes thus to make use of the benches in this famous park, for the conveniences obviously were placed there for that very use. But Hyde Park has been the spawning ground for many crimes, and discretion is vested in London police to pick up whosoever they think are deporting themselves in an unlawful manner in the park. Patrols work the park in pairs to eliminate the possibility of an abuse of this discretion.

The two Yard men arrested the couple, and over their vehement protests escorted them to the nearest police station. It developed here that the man was Sir Leo Money, aged 57, of Bishopgate Avenue, East Finchley. He had served twelve years in Parliament and had been a member of the War Government. His companion was Miss Irene Savidge, aged 22, member of a highly respected London family. She had known Sir Leo a long time. He was, in fact, the intimate friend of her fiancé, and it was about her forthcoming marriage that the two were talking when arrested.

In the station house Sir Leo's wrath flamed. "You do not realize what this means!" he cried at the two officers. "We are both respectable persons!" Sir Leo then went to the telephone and called the Home Secretary, who is overlord of Scotland Yard, and protested to him. While he was pouring his wrath into the telephone, a stranger stepped into the station and handed one of the plain clothes men an umbrella, which Sir Leo had left standing against the bench. The stranger then departed hurriedly. In the confusion the police let him go without questioning him or asking for his name and address.

In magistrate's court the prisoners were discharged. "It is strange," the magistrate remarked, "that in this case there was an opportunity for the police to obtain corroborative evidence from the man who came up with the defendant's umbrella. They

did not grasp that opportunity." Costs in the amount of $50 were assessed against the police.

And within a month after this court action, Parliament instituted an investigation of Scotland Yard's methods. A little later Sir William Horwood resigned as Commissioner of Police and Viscount Byng, hero of Vimy Ridge, accepted the call to his place. In October, Major-General Sir Wyndham Borlase Childs, Assistant Commissioner of Police and head of the British Secret Service, tendered his resignation. The Money-Savidge case led to these retirements. In the gray building on the Thames Embankment which houses Scotland Yard there is considerable fear and trembling and much shifting of personnel. It is unusual to hear of inscrutable, fearless Scotland Yard trembling at anything, yet so it does and the issue which inspired the tremor has assumed national political importance.

THOUGH there is some talk that Scotland Yard overstepped itself in calling Miss Savidge before its trained inquisitors after her discharge by the magistrate, the Parliamentary inquiry and the upheaval are attributable to a simple inefficient act. The Yard men who made the arrests did not grasp their opportunity to question the man with the umbrella. From the British official and civilian viewpoint this was an unpardonable police sin.

Apparently to the British mind it makes little difference that the 19,880 men and 50 policewomen who comprise the Metropolitan Police solved every one of the twenty-seven murders in London during 1927; that the force, although 181 men below its normal strength, increased the number of arrests and convictions in that year. The rights of two citizens were jeopardized by a neglectful act of the police. That, to the British mind, constitutes an offense which warrants Parliamentary investigation and a shake-up of what is perhaps the most efficient police force in the world! They take their police seriously, also their constitutional rights, in the British Isles.

* * * * *

HOW vastly different in the United States! Here we have the world's highest murder rate, flood tides of crime, gang murders at the rate of two a week in our largest cities, a crime bill that costs ten billions a year, according to various estimates, and the most expensive police establishments known in the history of civilization. We have underworld combinations, racketeer alliances, murder and kidnapping clubs, twenty-thousand-dollar funerals for ex-convict gangster kings, gambling, beer running, pickpocket, fence and burglar trusts, and the weirdest assortment of criminal organizations. The colossal crime machines with which fictionists regaled us and overtaxed our imaginations a decade ago are today realities surpassing the imaginative creations of the story writer. Alliances between ward politicians, the police and crookdom have been revealed in official investigations in six different States.

Yet during 1928 not a single legislative investigation comparable to the British inquiry was started, so far as is known, in the United States. The Briton finds reason to mistrust his police machine over a simple act of

neglect, and instantly starts the legislative machinery. Though Scotland Yard is the most efficient police organization in the world, it is not quite efficient or safe enough for the British citizen. On the slightest provocation, one that would be sneezed at in the United States, the British Parliament jumps down the throat of the Metropolitan Police. With this picture, contrast the American police machine.

* * * * *

On New Year's Day, 1928, the Department of Commerce, regarding the occasion as appropriate for retrospection and new resolutions, put out a bulletin showing that the cost of policing American cities is ascending the same steep road travelled by the costs of being respectably born, correctly married, adequately doctored and decently buried. Statisticians in the Department of Commerce laid emphasis upon the revelation that police departments in 250 American cities in 1926 cost almost double what they had cost in 1916.

In 1926 the cost of operating and maintaining police departments in 250 cities, representing 35 per cent. of the country's total population, was $171,167,243, exclusive of pensions, interest on city bonds and charges for equipment and buildings. Expenditures for police represented 10.4 per cent. of the entire cost of the city government, while the *per capita* cost was $4.09. In 1916 the cost of policing 213 cities in the same population class was $67,647,508 and the *per capita* cost $2.10; an increase of $103,520,000 or almost threefold in ten years.

Weighing these figures, one's mind may run presumptively to the conclusion that a police machine that has doubled in cost in a decade must be twice as efficient. Bigness reflected in tremendous costs is impressive. It staggers the citizen and it should stagger the crook. And to be sure there are more policemen on the streets, who dress better, smile oftener and excite the taxpayers' admiration. In a detached way the citizen feels safe, but unfortunately in spite of the increasing cost and size of American police machines the crook, too, shares that sense of security and reflects it in demonstrable ways. Are there not more gunmen and bandits at work, operating oftener and for bigger returns, and organized on a basis hitherto unknown in history?

The winning smile of today's well dressed police perhaps has much more to do with our sense of added security than is imagined. On this score is the evidence of an expert, J. B. Waite, instructor in criminal law at the University of Michigan, who in addressing the assembled hosts of law and order at a convention of police chiefs said:

"Police should adopt a courtesy slogan, 'Courtesy Pays: Service with a Smile.' They will find that without any change whatever in the amount of service they give they will have the average public *thinking* it is getting fifty per cent. more service than it is now."

Whereupon the convention endorsed a movement to set aside one day each year as Police Day in every city, "so that proper respect be made to the Police Department." This spirit was further fostered by a resolution calling upon police everywhere to

"pay attention to the tendency on the stage to provoke laughter at the expense of the police, so that reports may be submitted to chief executives of all departments with full particulars as to time and place where such entertainment is being given." Here is a warning that the smiling police of our cities must not be kidded!

* * * * *

IF AMERICAN business men applied the same tests of efficiency to the police that they apply to their sales and factory forces, what would they find?

Let us assume that the business man is one of the 6,000,000 persons who depends upon New York police for protection of life, limb and property, which is the only reason we have police. The New York department is the oldest, largest, costliest and popularly conceded to be the most efficient force in America. It is a fair criterion by which to judge other departments, for the New York department is their pattern, or they hope that it is, and the increased cost of policing is true of all cities covered by the Department of Commerce survey.

In 1927 the New York department had a personnel of 17,672 policemen, or about three policemen to 1,000 inhabitants. The cost of operating it in that year was $45,018,725, which was $3,714,147 more than was spent upon the same task in 1926. Salaries of patrolmen range from $1,769 to $2,500 annually. In 1917, when war called forth one grand protective movement and all, including youngsters, were enlisted in protective organizations of one kind or another, the New York force consisted of 10,916 men, and the cost of the department was $18,200,000, or approximately only 40 per cent. of the cost in 1927.

The $3,714,147 increase in 1927 over the previous year went for salaries of 1,722 new men added to the force. In 1926 1,800 men were added to the force, making a total increase in personnel of 3,522 police, added at a cost of $6,000,000. At the end of 1927 the crime rate in New York city, according to police statistics, was four per cent. lower than the previous year.

IF A business man had employed 3,522 new salesmen in his private business, thereby adding $6,000,000 to his payroll, and discovered only a four per cent. increase in sales, very likely he would not call in efficiency experts but would, instead, get rid of the entire new increment. But with the public police business infinitesimal returns are satisfactory. Said *The New York World;* editorially:

> It is a gratifying picture which the Police Commissioner paints of the fight his department is making against crime. . . . What is so discouraging the criminals? First and foremost the increased efficiency of the police — and the stronger efficiency of an increase in numbers.

The New York Times editorially echoed its neighbor's comments, but added that "less than half as many citizens were the victims of robber-gunmen in 1927 as in the preceding year".

A reassuring picture. Instantly one envisions the armed policeman standing between murderous thug and honest citizen, ready to battle and protect; and of course it is to be confidently presumed that in the artillery duel the citizen will suffer less from the

fire of the policeman's gun than will the fusillading robber. The police are trained shots. One takes that for granted.

Yet, incredible as it may seem, the odds favor the bandit when police shoot. During 1927, although the fact is not recorded in annual police reports, seven innocent persons were killed and eight were wounded by what are officially described as "stray police bullets". These victims were not involved with the police; they were bystanders. Each was shot in a separate police battle with men who were not being sought for murder or other major crimes but for lesser offenses, from grand larceny to "supposedly being wanted by the police of other cities". Three of the men under pursuit were killed and three were wounded, and of the others shot at the majority escaped.

During the same year seven policemen were killed in the performance of their duty, so that the number of citizens killed by the police equalled the number of police slain in action. Thus, in a year when 1,722 new men were added to the force and the cost of the department increased by almost $4,000,000, police safety and efficiency were reflected in an appalling increase in the number of citizens slain by police bullets.

But, the explanation is offered, the police were at war with criminals, and in war the innocent must often suffer. According to the rules of war this holds true, but if more innocent noncombatants were killed and wounded than soldiers it is not difficult to perceive that such a war would not be a success. Officially, the citizen casualties were described as "unavoidable accidents". New York is terribly congested. Bandits are brazen. The police can afford to take no chances. They shoot with caution and precision. Accidents will, they must, happen under such circumstances. But were these killings and woundings "unavoidable accidents"?

On this score *The New York Evening Post* in August, 1927, furnished relevant testimony:

> A survey by *The Post* following the death of five civilians from police bullets this year disclosed that there are only fifty expert revolver shots in the force. Only 800 men — five per cent. of the force — have qualified for the two lower grades of sharpshooter and marksmanship.

From this evidence it is fair and logical to conclude that the casualties to citizens were due in large part, if not altogether, to poor marksmanship. It raises the presumption also that the more policemen distributed among the populace, the greater the risk to citizens. There were far fewer casualties among citizens in 1917, when there was one policeman to every five hundred inhabitants, than in 1927 when the ratio was increased to three policemen to 1,000 population. Figures are not available on citizen killings from other cities, but the marksmanship is as bad, if not worse, in large cities outside of New York. In Chicago a policeman chasing a negro fired seventy-two shots at his quarry, fifty of which were discharged at a range of not more than seven feet. None took effect. The negro was not killed until he crawled under a platform and lay motionless upon the ground. Many similar instances of wild or inaccurate shooting are on record in many cities. In a recent year

eight policemen on the force of a large city died of gun-shot wounds, five of which were self-inflicted.

There is no desire here to belittle the bravery of the rank and file in police departments. The number of officers who have met death in performance of their duty has greatly increased in the last five years. Perhaps poor marksmanship, such as that reflected in *The Post* survey, in the civilian casualties and other instances of disastrous gun-handling by the police, partly explains the fatality rate among policemen. It probably has a lot to do with the fact that gunmen no longer flee from police fire in abject terror, but stand their ground and give pitched battle. Would they do this if the police were up and up on their shooting?

THE police theory that all citizen killings and woundings are "unavoidable accidents" and therefore lack the elements of negligence which would hold the police criminally and civilly liable, is not tenable. The city has admitted its liability. Faced by threats of heavy damage suits, the New York City Board of Aldermen in December, 1927, after the citizen casualties had caused sharp criticism, passed an act providing for awards to persons wounded by stray police bullets. A woman who was shot in the ankle by a policeman who was chasing thugs he did not capture, collected $6,740 from the city and was voluntarily given an additional $2,000 by the Police Benevolent Association, a mutual benefit organization within the department. Another woman was awarded $550 by the city for wounds inflicted upon her nine-year-old son by police bullets. Many other demands for damages arising out of "stray bullet" casualties are pending.

Nor did the head of the department act as though the civilian shootings were wholly "unavoidable accidents". When the alarming increase was coupled with the discovery that only five per cent. of his force were qualified shots he forthwith increased the target practice periods from two to four a year, but he did not discipline the officers who were responsible for the death and wounding of the non-combatant civilians.

IT IS presumed that a policeman upon entering the service expects to see much of gun-play and should, therefore, be inured to it. Gun-shy men are not supposed to find their way into police departments. They do, nevertheless. A story is related by a rifle instructor about three rookie policemen who had assembled for target practice. One was toying with his revolver. It went off and shot him in the leg. The two brother rookies standing by fainted! Two policemen were in a speak-easy when a pair of bandits entered with artillery in firing position. One policeman fainted in front of the bar; the other ran to a back room and began firing. When the smoke of battle cleared it was found that one of his bullets had passed through the visor of his comrade's cap, as he lay upon the floor unconscious. Observing this, the policeman in the back room fainted while the bandits, unharmed, walked away with the bootlegger's takings.

Poor marksmanship is not an evidence of police incompetence — that is, from the standpoint of the department. Two years ago a young New York policeman was in a restaurant

when his revolver was discharged, the bullet striking and seriously wounding a waiter. The Police Department classified it as another "unavoidable accident". The officer was not disciplined. He claimed to have been cleaning his gun at the time, although it would seem that there are better places than public restaurants in which this hazardous task may be done. One of the remarkable sidelights on accidental police shootings is the preponderance of cases where gun-cleaning is done in public places. At least the defense interposed at coroner's inquests and police hearings is most often built upon gun-cleaning accidents.

In the summer of 1927 a corporation paymaster asked for a police escort to guard him while taking a large payroll from one part of the city to another. The policeman who had shot the waiter was detailed to the job. He rode in the paymaster's motor car. Next day the paymaster was found slain. The policeman was missing and so was the payroll. The money was traced to the policeman. He was arrested for murder, tried and convicted and is now in the death-house where, until a few months previously, another policeman, also convicted of citizen murder in New York City, awaited execution. The defense of "unavoidable accident" was not interposed in behalf of the paymaster's slayer, as had been done in the shooting of the waiter. He disclaimed any and all knowledge of the slaying.

OBVIOUSLY it would be unfair to stigmatize entire police departments as poor shots because of the shortcomings of a few. The general run of our hired protectors are brave, and their jobs are difficult. But from the standpoint of the public are they as safe as they should be, as safe as one would expect them to be, in return for the heavy tax investment they require? Is there a danger that as our departments grow in cost and numbers they become more unwieldly, less safe?

"Well," Mr. Citizen probably would say, "they may shoot a little wildly in a moment of excitement, but on the whole they are more efficient than ever."

Are they?

* * * * *

IN OUR systems for administering criminal justice the police form the most vital element. It is their task to catch the criminal, gather the evidence against him, and then turn both over to the prosecutor and courts, who in turn hand over the offender to probation boards, prisons and corrective institutions. If the police are inefficient or indifferent, the rest of the elaborate and costly machine breaks down with chaos and tremendous waste in consequence.

Yet, as important as police efficiency is to our scheme of self-government, no scientific method has been devised to measure that efficiency. Statistics there are, in great abundance, covering the number of arrests and convictions, but the data are gathered in haphazard fashion and poorly classified. From these we get what solace we can. If there are fewer arrests and more convictions, crime is decreasing and the police are growing more efficient. We must be safer. No attempt is made at scientific study of the policeman's ability or intelligence or his aptitude for the important work

assigned to him. Time study and other efficiency tests are applied to workers in business but not to the police.

In all the other activities of municipal government — education, transit, traffic, water supply, finance, building, street cleaning and garbage removal, expert methods are employed to determine the efficiency of men and machines. The services of these experts are not in greater demand in police departments because police tradition is against them. The belief exists within departments that policemen are born, not made, though the expert invariably finds to the contrary. The public, too, regards the policeman as a romantic figure. The so-called high-power mystery stories help along this romantic view of the police. Their detective-heroes are transcendental fellows with rare powers of deduction. Even the patrolman has a camera eye and a ratiocinative sense. By instinct he knows a crook when he sees one. The reading public imagines that cops in real life follow the story book pattern. The number of policemen who possess these qualities in actual life are to be counted upon the fingers of one hand. But that hardly matters. The thrillers lull us into the conviction that our police are not only efficient but are gifted with uncommon psychic powers.

In the writer's contact with many detectives he ran across one sleuth who was supposed to be a Sherlock Holmes in the flesh. He got his man where others failed. He did not look the part. He was crude, uneducated and spoke almost entirely in the slang of the underworld. He was pointed out as a true "born detective". Newspapers widely exploited his prowess and gave him a fancy title. But the romance built around him fell when the secret of his success was accidentally exposed. In his vest pocket he carried what the police dub a "gow box". In this, a small pill container, he packed a supply of cocaine which he forcibly took from drug peddlers.

When he sought information about a crime, or the perpetrator of it, he disappeared into the slums and in an out-of-the-way alley met a cadaverous drug addict. The "gow box" was brought out, the addict was invited to take a pinch of "snow", and then the detective told him what was wanted. The drug fiend, to whom cocaine meant more than gold or liberty, immediately set out for underworld haunts in search of the desired information. Underworlds are honeycombed with drug addicts; they come and go as they please; they see and hear much that the police want to know but cannot learn first hand. Presently the addict returned to the alley and gave his information to the detective and, in return, got another pinch of the drug. The detective got his man; his efficiency was played up on newspaper front pages, and inwardly he swelled with pride and counted himself a good samaritan to the dope fiend whose cravings were satisfied with drugs taken by the detective from prosperous and well supplied peddlers.

If our increasingly expensive police are more efficient than they used to be, why do we have the elaborate systems of private protection which have been built up during the last decade? Consider the private detective. He flourishes in greater numbers than ever. His services are available to

clients at from $8 to $25 a day plus expenses. We have certified, guaranteed, bonded and licensed detectives. At least 100,000 private sleuths make up this large army, which is chiefly at work supposed to be done by highly paid public police. The head of a large private detective agency says that there were not more than 20,000 private detectives in the country ten years ago. Thus, along with the increase in public police, has come a fivefold increase in private sleuths.

Private detective agencies supply the so-called "crime preventive signs" seen in great abundance on private property throughout the country. These signs are intended to warn thieves away. The supposedly potent element is the name of a well-known detective who heads the agency. The signs are rented at an average cost of $3 a year. Hundreds of thousands of them are in use. One large corporation employs 10,000 signs and renews the service each year. No one ever goes to the trouble of hanging out a sign warning thieves that now that police departments have doubled in man power and cost they are more efficient and hence a greater menace to the thief. It is fair to assume that such a warning would carry little weight either with the business man or the thief.

THE Mayor of a large city consulted a private detective agency about a criminal investigation involving irregularities in his private business. It was a matter the police should have handled.

"What? You have no faith in your own police department?" the Mayor was asked. He was reminded that in his annual message he never failed to refer to the police in glowing terms.

"Oh, a man's got to be a good fellow!" he explained; "and travel along with the crowd and pat the boys on the back. The public likes to have the police praised."

In addition to private detectives are special police in the permanent hire of corporations, hotels, banks, theatres, industrial plants, stores and transportation systems; spotters, credit tracers, repossessors who locate missing mortgaged property like motor cars and furniture. They are in evidence everywhere. They draw good wages, for the jobs are in demand. About 300,000 men find employment in this field.

OF MECHANICAL devices to prevent and detect crime there is no end. The variety is extensive and ranges from tear gas billies, which emit blinding fumes that overpower the thug, to massive bank vaults and protective wiring systems for entire skyscrapers. Doors, windows, showcases, residences, hotels, banks, factories, are wired against crooks. Bullet proof windows, devices built into bank vaults so that imprisoned victims may get fresh air from the outside, burglar alarms of more than one hundred different types — the supply of anti-crime devices in this day of bigger and better police would easily fill a 200-page catalogue. A glance at advertising pages in bankers' magazines will reveal any number of new devices and systems that have been placed upon the market in the last decade when, as the Commerce Bureau points out, our police costs have been doubling.

Armored money trucks, each carrying two or three armed guards, are common sights in city streets everywhere. Banks are built today with

hidden machine gun emplacements. Check protecting machines, and safety check paper of many varieties, have a wide sale. One of the first questions asked about a mechanical device when it is perfected today is, "Can it be used in anyway to prevent or detect crime?"

AN IDEA of the cost of private protection may be found in the experience of a group of public utility corporations in one Far Western State, who got together in 1925 and computed their losses from crime and their protective costs. They charged the criminals with taking or destroying $36,000,000 worth of their property. For private protection during the year they had spent $35,000,000. Apparently it was the kind that didn't protect, which presumption led one of the corporation heads to remark that "We would have saved money if we had piled $35,000,000 worth of our goods in a vacant lot and invited the crooks to carry it away. That would have eliminated the payment of $35,000,000 for private protection, which brought the total charged to crime up to $71,000,000 for the year."

Nowadays nearly every industry that produces things men can steal has its own cooperative protective agency. The total cost of this huge protective machine, private and public, is not known. Some authorities say it costs three billions a year; others say the figure is double that. The latter estimate is generally accepted as the more accurate. If it is, then the cost is $6,000,000,000. That being so, why worry about comparing police costs with education expenditures? The New York Police Department alone now costs more than the National departments of State and Justice combined! And $6,000,000,000 annually for the entire police machine, private and public, means that for this vital commodity of organized government we are paying more than the total cost of our national Government, including Army and Navy!

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A VETERAN city editor once told his reporters that when news was scarce they could turn about and roast the police. He justified this by saying that unless the police were occasionally reminded that they had to be on their toes they would lapse into a state of self-content and let the public go hang. He was a far-sighted journalist, with a capacity for looking beyond police smiles, nine figure costs, and huge machines. His theory was not far wrong. It finds support from the police themselves. A police chief in a medium sized city was asked by the New York State Crime Commission what training he gave each of his rookies. He replied:

> I tell him he doesn't need anybody to tell him how to enforce the law. I say, "You know the Ten Commandments, don't you? Well, if you do, you go out on your beat, and when you see somebody violating one of those commandments you can be sure that he is also violating some law.

To which he might have added, recalling the advice of an instructor of the University of Michigan:

"And smile, damn you, smile!"

The Retarded Tenth

By Samuel D. Levy

A Justice of the Children's Court of New York discloses the prevalence of juvenile sub-mentality, from whose victims the underworld is recruited

Some historian of a wiser future is going to grow a fruitful crop of reflections from the discovery that when the United States, in the third decade of the Twentieth Century, became suddenly excited over the increasing criminal menace, it took no step effectually to bar the enemy from his most fertile recruiting ground.

This recruiting ground is the public school system with its two million-odd children who are below average mentality. For it is these children, this Retarded Tenth, made up of the dull, the backward, the border-line or actually feeble-minded, who today provide an underworld depleted by internecine strife and the heavy artillery of punitive laws, with its most dependable source of recruitment.

To speak of the Retarded Tenth is, of course, to coin a phrase for the sake of emphasis. The figure is, after all, only an estimate. A scientifically exact ratio is impossible, because too few communities keep the necessary records. Odd as it may seem, such records are not kept even by all cities struggling with a crime problem. And on the basis of incomplete returns authorities differ widely. Ten per cent is probably a safe compromise, and is, moreover, based upon the records of thirteen years' work upon the bench of the Children's Court in New York City. Certainly no startled citizen will be justified in calling it an exaggeration.

Just why this Retarded Tenth, who would seem likely to be less resolute and therefore less harmful than their more normal schoolmates, move so inevitably toward criminality, is easy to demonstrate. And perhaps the best demonstration lies in the chronology of a typical case. Consider, then, little Johnny White.

At six, Johnny is enrolled in some community school system. All such systems are built around the admirably democratic but unfortunately erroneous theory that all pupils are able to do the same work in the same time. At eight, however, it becomes plain that Johnny isn't doing as much work as the majority. His teachers note this, but they ignore it. They can do nothing else under the circumstances. They already have twice as much work on their hands as they can properly perform. The overworked

teacher is one of the practical defects that public indifference has grafted upon the nation's theoretically perfect scheme of equal educational opportunity for all!

Johnny reaches the age of ten. Suddenly the teachers find they cannot ignore him. He is no longer a harmless dullard. He is a dangerous problem. A constant trouble-maker. A constant truant. A constant bully. A thief, to boot. He may have faults even more vicious.

At eleven, Johnny lands in a juvenile court. There, under some very gentle handling, he gives an explanation of his conduct.

"Aw!" he says, "I wasn't going to let them laugh at me. I was twice as big, and two years older, and everybody kept calling me, 'Dummy!' Well, I showed 'em. I hit that kid with a brick to learn him not to laugh at me." Or, "I swiped that stuff to show 'em I was smarter than they were."

Upon analysis, Johnny's explanation reveals two motives. Revenge! "I hit that kid to learn him not to laugh." Sorely hurt self-esteem: "I swiped that stuff to show 'em I was smarter."

It is unnecessary to follow Johnny White's chronology any farther into crime. We have discovered the two spurs that would, almost inevitably, goad him down to the underworld.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the Retarded Tenth are not born just a little more akin to Robots. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that they possess the normal emotional reflexes. If they didn't, if they were placidly indifferent to the cruel young mockery of their brighter schoolmates, society's criminal problem would be considerably simplified. Unhappily, they are, when all is said and done, human. One of the two emotions of revenge and injured self-esteem is certain to be aroused. And then, inevitably, Johnny White becomes malignantly anti-social, a menace, and a menace which must have an increasing amount of attention. Because Johnny White is not merely Johnny White. He is the Retarded Tenth. He is two million and more Johnny Whites.

I say, "an increasing amount of attention," because of course society is already doing something. Society has been, for these many years. There are ungraded classes, a great boon to Johnny, in most of the important school systems. Welfare workers keep an attentive eye upon him. And more and more cities are establishing that benevolent supervision which only a juvenile court, functioning at its highest level, can give.

Everything which is being done, however, is not half enough. It isn't a quarter enough. How can it be, when recruitment to the criminal ranks causes the Oregon Legislative Assembly to stand alarmed at "the *constantly increasing* number of delinquent, incorrigible and subnormal children, *already* a burden to the State"? How can it be, when J. E. Wallace Wallin, of Miami University, finds that among 2774 children examined for suspected mental deficiency, 444 had misconduct records?

And I will go even beyond Mr. Wallin. I dare say that out of fifty children brought into my court, forty-five will be below normal mentality.

Perhaps all that society is doing is not a tenth enough.

An editorial writer in a Middle West

city, when discussing a public evil, is fond of assailing a class of people he calls "forgodsakers." A forgodsaker, he explains, is one who hears of a problem, and then reaches for his golf sticks and bolts away, crying, "For God's sake! Why doesn't somebody do something about this?"

The United States is made up almost one hundred per cent. of "forgodsakers" so far as the Retarded Tenth is concerned. For of course everyone has heard of this problem. It is fully understood. No one, any longer, believes that criminals are the growth of a night. Everyone concedes that they are the consequence of such conditions as bad environment, bad associations, irreligious or otherwise bad homes.

And even the most casual observer is aware that such conditions are made-to-order to affect, above every class, the one discussed here. What other class is so likely to yield to the enticements of bad companions, to the subtle suggestions of a bad environment, to break down because of a lack of that guidance which only truly moral homes can give?

THE "forgodsakers" will, naturally, pay for their indifference. Until they do something the criminal population will exact a heavier and heavier tribute as more and more children, turned anti-social by neglect, bring forth more and more offspring who will in turn become anti-social.

In this there is an ironic justice which would be rather pleasing if one could forget the children who are being neglected today. The thousands and thousands in every State—inheritors of congenital diseases—the unwanted members of quarrelsome, unmoral, irreligious households — the issue of submental or subnormal parents. The tossed and battered survivors of divorce courts. The unguided offspring of working fathers and mothers. The worse than unguided offspring of drug addicts.

For it is from such parents as these that a majority of the Retarded Tenth come; from such that almost all of the Retarded Tenth who drift to the juvenile courts, or worse, come. Children who grow up under such unhappy, unholy, improper or unfortunate auspices, have an initial predilection to do wrong. And as those fatal impulses toward revenge or self-justification are quickened by cruel experiences, such a predilection easily develops into deliberate, anti-social decisions.

SUCH decisions are far less likely to result when the child comes of parents who are comfortably situated. These probably have no greater sense of responsibility, but they have the means wherewith to meet that responsibility.

Truancy, or some slight misdemeanor, the usual initial manifestation of anti-social tendencies in the Retarded Tenth, is likely in the case of a child from a poor, or poor and indifferent, family, to be the first paving stone on a road that leads inexorably to the underworld. In the case of a child from a well-to-do family it is more likely to be the alarm bell which arouses the parents to thoughtful, special guidance. Such guidance almost surely leads the child into activities which develop a full social competence.

For of course nothing in this discussion is to be taken as meaning that the vast majority of the Retarded Tenth cannot be made into useful citi-

zens. If this were not so this article would make a plea for bigger and better asylums and stop.

The dull child, the backward, all save the most extreme case, can be easily made into a valuable member of society. Indeed, once he clears those formative years in which most criminals germinate their anti-social tendencies, he is likely to surprise us with his competence.

FIFTEEN years ago there were two brothers. One was bright, unquestionably so. One was dull, unmistakably. Both were in an orphan asylum, the first because he had no other home, the second because of misconduct which included truancy. Both were put under the kindly care of volunteer welfare workers. In such hands the bad, dull boy steadily developed a single talent. This was a gift for shrewd bargaining. Today he owns a profitable business. His brother, on the contrary, has failed to achieve any success. Yet today if the two were given an intelligence test the dull brother would rate fifteen, even twenty-five per cent. below normal and the bright brother would rate twenty per cent. above.

This may incline someone to argue that such tests prove nothing. But this very anecdote indicates that they prove a great deal. Without them the dull boy's dullness would not have been uncovered, he would have received harsh treatment and his anti-social tendencies would have developed. Today, instead of standing forth as a worthy member of society he would, probably, figure in the news as a gangster.

It must not be overlooked, either, that this is an exceptional case. Not all, or even an important fraction of those rescued from the anti-social element of the Retarded Tenth, make outstanding successes. Miracles are not as easy as that. They do, however, almost always prove competent. They follow manual trades easily and efficiently. They may rise a grade or two above the rank and file in such trades.

The fact to be marked is this. They cannot attain such efficiency, or so rise, without help. And at present society's neglect is so general that hardly any receive help: Only the few who can be snatched up by the woefully overworked courts and aid societies, and the still fewer who luckily possess responsible, understanding parents.

The rest, the vast majority, fly from the bitter experiences of school to the streets, and in that psychological moment become potential criminals. From then on they are recruiting material for the underworld.

WHAT can be done by a few juvenile court judges, however earnest? What can be done by earnest Protestant and Catholic and Jewish Big Sisters and Brothers? What can be done by all the other meagrely equipped welfare agencies?

Much, in the individual case, of course. But how very little in the aggregate. How little more it is, even when the welfare agencies combine with the teachers in the ungraded schools.

How much must be left undone when, even in New York City, where remedial work has been going on for twenty years, there are only 361 classes for 50,000 mentally handicapped children, according to the Superintendent's report. If this report

is correct there should be not 361 classes but 2500. In other words, on the basis of this report, the backward child in the richest, greatest city of the richest, greatest nation in the world, has less than one chance in six of receiving that special training which would make him into a valuable citizen, and an asset to the State.

The probability, however, is that the Superintendant is too optimistic. His 50,000 represents only five per cent. The total ought to be doubled, judging from juvenile court records and from the records of child-caring institutions and from the reports of leading psychiatrists. And in this event 5,000 classes would be needed, each with its specially trained teacher.

In New York City, alone, this would mean forty additional schools, and throughout the country thousands.

For it goes without saying that ungraded classes cannot be crowded into the present physical equipment. Such classes are made up of problem children who are totally different from normal children, socially, mentally, physically. In many cases they exhibit at the earliest possible age sex perversions of the gravest character. They are, then, a menace to normal mates. And yet, notwithstanding, it is common sense for the State to turn them into useful citizens. And over and above this it is the State's solemn, humane obligation.

It is, however, an obligation which the State is not meeting. Beyond cavil, the public schools are turning out an army of failures. It is, moreover, an army of failures which becomes at once a menace, since the unhappy experiences of each member have bred a "grudge complex" no less dangerous for the state than for the individual.

* * * * *

The condition being set forth, what is the cure? Or, to begin with, what is not the cure? Says an eminent investigator: "Sentimentality, hysteria, blind rage, or drastic punishment will not cure youthful delinquency. It cannot be checked by threats of prison walls or the gallows." Then he goes on to answer the first question. "Youth needs profound understanding, skilful guidance and all the resources of modern science during the critical period of growth in order to solve his infinitely difficult problem of readjustment."

But this is, of course, an abstraction. What are the current concrete suggestions? Well, they are many and, alas! largely superficial.

Wages should be raised to attract a higher type of probation officer. Juvenile court judges should be appointed for life, subject to dismissal only because of misbehavior. And the police urge more police. And the religious man urges more religion. And the social worker urges more humanity. And the economist argues for a bigger family income. And the legislator cries for more severe laws!

"Given these," they all say, "your Retarded Tenth will cease to figure importantly in the criminal problem."

If that were only true!

There would be some improvement, naturally. All of these suggestions are good.

But we are constantly raising welfare workers' wages. And would juvenile court judges be better if appointed for life? And the police forces grow

every year. And religion is more and more stressed. And so on.

Yet the condition grows worse. Having swung through the familiar circle of more police, more this, more that, we find we must swing through it again, and again.

The permanent gain has been little. Particularly do more drastic laws give little permanent gain. They deal only with effects. If permanent good is to be had it is the causes that must be eradicated.

In a word, if the Retarded Tenth is to be reduced to something less than ten per cent. our efforts must begin with the child at the earliest possible age. We must start from the etiological foundation if we are to check crime. For crime has its genesis in the criminal's infancy.

TO MAKE such a start we must have, first of all, largely increased appropriations for educational purposes throughout the United States. The sums that are set aside now to punish the criminal adult must be spent upon the child to prevent him from becoming a criminal.

There should be such funds available as would make it possible for every community to start every child in a kindergarten at the age of five, if not four.

Upon entering kindergarten every child should receive a thorough mental and physical examination, regardless of cost. However expensive, it would be a saving over the future court costs that it prevented.

The records of these examinations should include the family history as far back as possible — data on the mental, physical, sociological, economic, biological, and pathological antecedents of parents, grandparents and all other blood relatives, on the order of the exhaustive reports now being made by the Child Welfare Bureau of the United States Department of Labor.

These records should be permanent and supplements should be added not less often than every six months.

With such records and supplements it would be possible for schools to establish the normality or sub-normality of the child at the outset and to detect the first sign of retardation immediately.

Promptness in such detection, naturally, is the crux of the programme. Any measurable delay might seriously impair the individual's chance of becoming a useful social unit.

At the first evidence of retardation, or of any subnormal or abnormal condition the child should be put under close, sympathetic supervision. If the condition persisted he should be turned over to the physician and psychiatrist for medical treatment.

JUVENILE courts have found that a large percentage of their cases are suffering chiefly from a lack of proper medical care. Dr. Max Schlapp, in his posthumous book, *The New Criminology*, written in collaboration with Edward H. Smith, has much to say upon this. "Feeble-mindedness," he states categorically, "in which the seeds of a vast amount of criminality repose, is constantly on the increase." This conclusion he bases upon investigations which include the treatment of many hundreds of cases in the New York Post-Graduate School clinic.

But he points out that this increase can be checked, that "the mere provision of a lacking gland hormone," is

sufficient to change a cretin, a potential criminal, into a normal, social-minded being. This he has done with children of all ages. It is a treatment successful in many extreme cases. Such a case is that of a boy, "A".

"A" was brought to the clinic at the age of two, unable to stand on his legs, gravely retarded, feeble-minded. After only fifteen months he showed marked progress. At the age of eleven (when the Johnny Whites frequently are well started on careers of misconduct) he was " a healthy, bright boy, *ahead of his proper grade* and ready for a life of usefulness."

INDEED whatever the ailment, glandular, congenital, luetic, if it is discovered in time and promptly treated, there is a strong probability that it can be cured, or at least arrested in a majority of cases. If, on the other hand, the condition is of a different sort, if, let us say, the child shows simply an unconquerable inaptitude for purely mental work, then to protect him from those contacts which foster anti-social emotions he should be placed in a group where manual aptitude is admired. There, in all likelihood, he will find his niche and be happy.

The extreme case should be sent out from the special classes to special institutions. Whatever the cost, such an institution would quickly pay for itself.

ALL OF these things the State should do. Years, naturally, must elapse before such a programme could be completed. But it is the final decision of the most thoughtful students of child delinquency that once established it would never be abandoned.

Coming generations would continue it with gratitude. Whether the present generation would see important results is beside the point. Someone must make the start. The results in the future are in no doubt. In such a future the criminal problem will grow more and more simple in so far as it is complicated by the Retarded Tenth. There will be no Retarded Tenth. There may not even be a Retarded Twentieth. Perhaps not even a Retarded Thirtieth.

The Resistant Strain

By Donald and Louise Peattie

Science and sentiment, human passions and the blind forces of Nature, blended in a romantic drama of the land of the Creoles and exiled Acadians

All night the wind swept in steady onslaught over the lonely leagues of the cane fields. And all night long, Chris Crane, in his bunk under the rattling tin roof of the improvised field laboratory, listening to the guttural Teutonic snores of his comrade-in-arms, had lain wakeful, as one who watches in stealth beside a trap he has set for his enemies.

Now, in the early daylight, his boots dripping with the fecund black muck of the Louisiana bottom lands, he slid under the microscope the plate he had brought in from the plumy marsh edge, and peered down upon it, trembling with more than the cold of a rain-fraught morning.

They were there — the seeds of the cane rot he was fighting, the infinitesimal hordes of destruction, pitted against the Government of the United States in the tall, red-headed, brown-skinned person of Christopher Crane. Mysteriously they had moved, spreading ruin from mile to mile of sugar wealth, defying sprays and soil sterilization and quarantine; and now he had caught them, millions of almost invisible spores, magnified to fantastic demons, shot into the culture on his plate like bullets. He heard Von Kahlden come yawning into the room.

"This thing is wind-carried," Chris said, in the low, taut voice that with him masked excitement.

"*Donnervetter!*" said the German, nudging him away from the lens, "Let me see. Herr Doktor Professor Crane," he grinned, straightening, "you haff done it again! Thousands of plates haff been exposed by the local State specialists, with noddings on them. Now you produce spores like rabbits out of a hat."

"Trouble was," Chris explained, one eye screwed to the plate, "they all exposed their plates in the daytime. Left out the important little factor that during lowered nocturnal temperature the relative humidity of the atmosphere increases, causing the spore cases to rupture by absorption of water vapor, releasing the spores. Last night's high wind has probably spread these nasty little critters twenty miles."

"And vot," propounded his as-

sistant, setting podgy fists athwart his girth, "iss to be done about it?"

"The planters," Chris told him decisively, "have got to quit raising cane for a while."

At the dictum, Von Kahlden's fuzzy eyebrows shot up. "Dod will make them raise Cain of anodder kind. A regular Red Revolution of Cain."

"Can't help it," said Chris with brief finality. "It's the thing — the only thing — to do to check the cane rot."

THAT was Chris Crane — if it was the thing to be done, one did it. That was the clean-cutting unison of mind and action that was making his name known as far away as the other side of the world. Men in Berlin or Tokyo or the laboratories of Russia, men who scarcely cared to know the name of the President of the United States, would say, when some one spoke of the Department, "Oh, yes, they have Crane. They do some fine work there."

At Washington, that knife-like purpose had made him the hope and despair of his official superiors, who knew him as "The Kid," the *enfant terrible* who quailed not before chief clerks, Congressmen, or budget-worshippers. Though he worked contentedly for the lowest salary, for his rank, in the service, he spent appropriations like a Grand Duke on a spree at Monaco, when it came to spectroscopes for detecting some rare salt in the chemistry of a plant cell, or laboratory glassware which, if it was graduated wrongly to a fraction of a millimeter, went with a contemptuous clatter into his wastebasket.

It was that resolve without ruth that had brought him now to a lonely twenty-nine, and this little frontier blockhouse of science against the invading armies of *Schlerotina sacchari.* Chris quit the microscope and sat down weakly, his head ringing.

"Goffee, you need, and more quinine," pronounced Von Kahlden, putting the pot to boil and shaking a white capsule into his horny palm. "I haff seen malaria the way they haff it on the Guinea Coast. We haff no time to get malaria here. Svallow him, boy."

"Lord, my head rings like a bell already!" groaned Chris, gulping the pellet and fixing a muzzy blue gaze on the corrugated iron wall opposite.

THAT sound in his head was like the clatter of Placer Creek when the mountain snows melted, and it shot, a yellow arrow, in its gulch that bisects the town of Chimborazo, Colorado. He had an odd vision of himself, at fifteen, scuffing down the sands along the gulch, walking alone, with his mind on chemistry, that had been his high school gateway to the kingdom of science. Other sounds came to him now — the screaming of the magpies in the mating season, rising, blurs of black and white, in clouds before him as he trudged among the cañon willows and the alders; and from the porches of the shanties above the gulch came the strum-strum of ukuleles and the laughter of girls' voices mocking his solitary walk. Girls' voices in the vague, unhappy beauty of green spring twilights. Girls up there on the porches, behind the cheap enchantment of morning glory vines, sitting close to their beaus in the hammocks, bending their heads together over the ukes. Chris knew

that Chimborazo thought of him as "queer", a boy with a resistant strain that kept him off the siren rocks of those front porches. But Chris knew too that science is a jealous mistress, and the years it takes to woo her are lean ones.

THEN had come Harvard, long hoped and worked for, and the true world of science. And at the end of it all — four years' work in three — there had been Class Day, when the night sky was spangled with confetti, Japanese lanterns, and the light-tossed water of the fountains that play for Harvard men just once in a lifetime. Light as the spray of those colored waters had risen the bubble of girls' laughter. Girls, lovely girls, admitted for this one night to the monastic quiet of the ancient Yard, till the shocked and upright walls of the Georgian dormitories echoed with the carnival of their voices. And Chris had slouched against an old door frame and thrust his hands into his pockets — the only hands, that night, empty of a slimmer hand, warm, fragrant, thrilling.

Chris sighed and rubbed his foggy eyes, and got up to go to the laboratory table, where, pushing back racks of test-tubes and trays of chemical reagents, he found a clean sheet of paper amid the litter of books and notebooks. And while Von Kahlden at the other end of the plank table rattled expensive forms of laboratory glassware like a Swedish cook, Chris set about the task of making out his disturbing report to the Department.

When the last of the closely written pages had been sealed in the envelope, he gave them, characteristically, no further thought. He plunged forthright into a fresh and vital problem, the task of finding something with which to back-fire on the wildfire spread of the epidemic. In five more days he had found out enough about the life history of the new parasite to convince himself that none of the old disease defenses would do.

"Air-borne spores, soil-infection carried by nematodes, and chronic root-trouble — this thing has got us buffaloed if we can't find a resistant strain," he complained to Von Kahlden.

"*Ja!*" snorted the German, "and while you demonstrate the resistance, we rot down here like the cane — years, maybe."

"Weeks only — if what I'm doing has any theoretical value."

"Well, I can't eat theoretical bread. The pantry's about empty."

"I'll go into the store at Bayou Barataria for more supplies. Write me a list of what we need," said Chris, turning back to his alchemical tasks. Not even Von Kahlden wholly understood what it was that Chris Crane was trying to discover, as he sat at a table with a pair of earphones over his head, these connected with little bottles full of juices of different strains of sugar cane, and these in turn buried in a bath of warm water, and connected with electric batteries.

"When you're through lizzening to sugar cane talk," said Von Kahlden, "here's your grocery list."

CHRIS took it and got up, removing the earphones reluctantly. On the table were pages and pages of closely tabulated figures in columns marked Strain A, Strain A1, Strain B, etc. Von Kahlden shook his shaggy head in a mystified admiration for the

painstaking, cabalistic records of "The Kid."

"Can't hear anything, anyway, what with the rain on the roof and the quinine in my head," said Chris as he climbed into his rain coat and drew his shabby old hat down over his red thatch.

"You can't get your Lizzy through that road," Von Kahlden warned him. "The rain's made it a mud wallow. Better go by river."

"Somebody's getting through the road," Chris said, looking from the window where a big car came slashing through the muck. He had a momentary vision of slim shoulders in a glistening green slicker, of a dark head bared and lifted to the wind, as the long gray giant shot splashing on toward the village.

"*Ja!*" admitted Von Kahlden. "That car gets through. Mud is noddings to such people. But ve are the proletariat — take the clamboat."

SQUELCHING down to the rowboat, Chris pushed out into the waters of the Bogafalaya, lazy child of the Mississippi, coiled tress of the great waters streaming to the sea. All down the water lanes, under the arching boughs of the cypresses, the surface of the river dimpled in the rain. Lick-lock, lick-lock went the monotony of the oars. From time to time Chris stopped, amid the ghostly gnomes' knees of cypress, to wipe the rain from his glasses. The water broadened out now into the Bayou, and his little scow shot through a flotilla of pelicans, gabbling solemnly; for all the world, thought Chris, like retired Admirals in the smoking room of the Army and Navy Club. Ahead on knock-kneed stilts rose Dascom's General Store, a weather-silvered shanty that supplied necessaries to the whole neighborhood.

As he moored the craft and climbed the rickety ladder, Chris saw on the dock the big gray car again, but it was empty, though a group of the loafers who flourished on the docks like the moss between the planks had gathered to examine its shining nickel appointments. They gave him a long stare as he passed, and followed him into the dim, cheesy-smelling jumble of the store, where the pale, equivocal face of Dascom rose above his coffees and calicoes.

THE Crackers strayed into the shadows at the back of the store, oddly watchful. Chris, nodding to them, fished his list from his pocket, and began: "I'd like a pound of coffee, Mr. Dascom, five pounds of sugar, four cans of condensed cream — "

"Ain't got no condensed cream for you," said Dascom.

"Well, I'll take the coffee and sugar, then."

"No coffee. No sugar neither."

"No coffee or sugar! Well, give me tea."

"No tea, for you," said Dascom.

Chris looked levelly across the counter into the malarial yellow of the storekeeper's eyes. "What's up? Why the boycott?"

"Your money ain't no good here, that's what," Dascom told him grimly. "We know what you're up to, you and that Hun down in the marshes."

"I don't get you," Chris shrugged, nonplussed.

"You run the cane out, and you'll run us all out." Dascom leaned on his

ham-like knuckles in menace on the counter. "This country *is* cane."

"And I'm trying to save it."

One among the shadowy loafers laughed. "Tryin' to git the Gov'mint at Washin'ton to run us out! We've heard!"

"I RECOMMENDED," began Chris with serious patience, facing the audience ranged at the back of the store, "that sugar growing should be suspended for one year, to starve out the spores of rot that have now established a chronic center of infection here. By that time a resistant strain may be found. But if you give the rot a chance to spread, the whole Delta will be a source of ineradicable disease. The spores will live on in wild grasses and in the soil, and ruin the industry here permanently."

"We don't want no four-eyed the'rists comin' down here and tellin' us how to grow our cane," said a belligerent voice from the crowd.

"And we don't want your trade," said Dascom, and pushed Crane's list back across the counter with a hostile thumb.

Chris shut his jaw and turned to the doorway. It framed, against the silvery shimmer of rain-pitted waters, a slim young figure in wet green, dark head spangled with drops — a flower blowing on its stem.

"Will you wait just a minute?" the girl commanded swiftly, and went to the counter, while Chris stood staring, with the old ache of springtime starting freshly through his blood.

"Mawnin', Miss Bienville," said Dascom, richly willing; "what can I do for you?"

The girl picked up the crumpled list that Chris had left on the counter.

"I'd like a pound of coffee, if you please, Mr. Dascom. Five pounds of sugar. Four cans of condensed cream. Two loaves of bread, a dozen oranges, a box of salted crackers, two pounds of bacon and a pound of American cheese. How much will that be, Mr. Dascom?"

Dascom stared, a long blank stare, and then collecting himself, he turned to his shelves and selected the order, while a muted snicker rose in the room and died discreetly out. The girl put the things calmly in her market basket.

"That's two dollars and eighteen cents, Miss," said Dascom, shortly.

"That will be two dollars and eighteen cents, please," Miss Bienville politely told Chris, and handed him the basket.

Speechlessly he got the money out of his pocket; she took it and laid it on the counter, and they walked out together into the blowing drizzle.

AS CHRIS began to stammer thanks, she broke into blithe laughter.

"Wasn't that fun? The fat pig — he trimmed sail rather quickly, didn't he? The Acadians around here call father 'the Gran' Seigneur,' you know. I am Jeannine Bienville." She said it with a quiet ease of privilege more simple than any air of modesty.

Christopher Crane introduced himself diffidently.

"I'm down here on this cane rot problem."

"I know," said the girl. "Or I thought I did until I heard you explain yourself in there. There's going to be trouble about your report, you know — the news of it came down from Washington. You're up against a very

big problem," she told him gravely. "Sloth. We've been settled in these backwaters for centuries, and life's as sluggish as the bayou waters. They can't think new ways. They don't know anything but cane — cane as it's always been and always will be, they think. These spores of yours — they just resent them."

"But the cane's done for if they don't rotate for a year," Chris argued incredulously. "Surely, the intelligent element — the big planters —"

"My father," said Jeannine briefly, "is the biggest planter in St. Lazaire parish. He's four-fifths of it. And he's dead set against you."

She had got into the big gray car, and now she turned her dark cropped head, curling finely in the wet, and looked down at him with brown eyes that flooded him with perturbation, so that he was washed for a moment quite off his disciplined balance.

"And what do you think?" he asked, recklessly plunging deeper in the clear brown warmth of those eyes.

"I think," said Jeannine, turning her gaze to the hands that played with the wheel, so that only a momentary tuck at the corner of her red lips betrayed her, "that you have got some missionary work to do. Why don't you come to dinner tonight at the Manse and give us a lecture on spores?"

"Might I?" he accepted with an awed gratitude, watching those slim and blue-veined hands that would have played the spinet three generations ago, as they deftly started the car and slipped the clutch.

"Tonight, then, at eight," she told him, with a bright nod of her blossomy head; and the gray dragon roared back along the dock, wheeled and plunged down the Barataria road.

Chris rowed foggily back to the little sheet iron shack in the marshes. For weeks he had lived in a fantastic world, minified to the diameter of a microscope's sharp lens — the glades and forests, turquoise and emerald, the hyaline and ghostly world of the fungi, the horde of man's ambushed enemies that some day may destroy him with their cobweb threads as the Lilliputians bound down the sleeping Gulliver. Into that Neverland of monstrous *minutiæ* Jeannine had come walking, a laughing wind, a blowing flower.

On the top of the litter swarming over the laboratory table a letter lay, greeting Chris as he stamped wetly into the shack — a long official looking envelope with the Government frank. Von Kahlden looked up from the slides he was staining.

"A *billet doux* from the Chief, to answer my report," said Chris, with his mind on two slim wrists, and slit the envelope with a dissecting knife.

In a moment he put the letter down with a short laugh like iron jarring granite. "We're recalled."

"*Zum Teufel!*" Von Kahlden clattered slides. "Vat's up?"

"He hints that opposition to our work from the powers that be is causing the Department considerable embarrassment."

"Politigs!" grunted the German.

"Politics," agreed Chris bitterly, "putting the nose of science to the grindstone. The Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled hold the purse strings — and the old Chief has to bob and duck. Somebody up there on the Hill is go-

ing to get in bad if we raise trouble by a sugar cane ban, and is pulling strings. Strings that are meant to tie us up tight — this letter is practically an order to pack up and come home like a good boy."

Von Kahlden gave an asthmatic sigh. "When do we start?"

"WE DON'T." It was the relentless purpose that was Chris Crane's essence speaking. "I never left a problem unsolved, and I never will." He fished in his khaki pockets. "Twenty-seven dollars and thirty-four cents. How much have you?"

Von Kahlden conferred with his treasury. "Thirty-two."

"Total: fifty-nine thirty-four," said Chris. "And the stuff in the basket can be rationed out to last quite a spell. Before we starve, I'll have found out what I'm after."

"You are going to get in bad," remarked Von Kahlden softly, watching Chris with contented gooseberry eyes, as he stripped off his coat and sat down before the batteries. "Und I am going vit' you."

"Good egg," said Chris briefly; and slipping the earphones over his head started the generator running beside the water bath. He slid the indicating needle down the scale, seeking that tiny gap of silence in the ringing sound that was the noise of the electric current running through the cane saps in their tubes. That gap gave the index number of the plant's resistance to the current. If he could find a sap with an index number high enough, he knew he had the strain of sugar cane he sought, the strain with the high salt content, that, if God was good, would mean resistance to the invisible hosts of the disease.

The rain drummed more heavily on the tin roof as the hours slid by. Under the monody ran another sound, the boiling hiss of the Bogafalaya, spilling over its banks, swelling in wrath. Thunder rumbled a sullen threat over the Delta, and a green-stemmed blossom blew lightly before the man's tired eyes as he scribbled and figured and made the same tests methodically over and over.

At dusk the rains paused, and by eight o'clock, Chris, in what clothes of ceremony he could conjure up, had rowed his way up the seething river to the lights of the Bienville Manse. They shone across an expanse of drenched lawns made mysterious with ancient magnolias shedding a reminiscent perfume. As he approached the portico looming whitely high into the sweet and sodden night, an air of tragic dignity and age stole out to him. There was nothing like that in Chimborazo. Not even Brattle Street, Cambridge, with its fan-lights and elms, had it. Nothing wholly American could ever take unto itself that melancholy content, that serene conservatism, that a French country house, on either side of the Atlantic, inevitably acquires.

THE colored butler admitted Crane, and in a moment he was taking the white petal of Jeannine's hand and being led forward to meet Bienville, a man so silvered by time that he reminded Crane of nothing so much as a mountain pine drifted down by Placer Creek and left to bleach on the sandbars. A touch of palsy gave his head, an extraordinarily long head, with the skin drawn white across the skull, a continually negating air. To everything that aristocratic cranium seemed

to say "No, No!" but the voice of Bienville greeting his guest was perfect courtesy, not cold so much as it was remote.

THERE was another guest, a heavy, handsome man, with high color and a silky moustache, and Chris, acknowledging his introduction to the Honorable Beaufort Porcher with a grip of the large moist hand — like a piece of raw beef — saw light in a sudden flash. Porcher — the name had gone back and forth over his unconcerned head up there in Washington — Porcher, then, he gropingly put it together, was the *deus ex* the Government machine.

"I believe it's thanks to you, sir, that the Department sent me down here," said Chris.

"We had hoped," admitted the Honorable, smoothly touching his moustache, "that you would find us a cuah for our cane trouble." There was regretful reproach in his voice, the soft-voweled voice of the professional Southerner.

"I had hoped," said Chris cheerfully, perceiving the attack, "that you'd take it when I found it."

"Giving up cane," Porcher suggested, "is hahdly a cuah for cane."

"It's the only cure," Chris told him, still undismayed by the heavy tone of censure. "They've only to rotate for a year."

"Only to rotate!"

"When are you up for reëlection, Mr. Porcher?" queried Chris affably.

The Congressman slanted the oysterish whites of his eyes towards Chris, and said shortly, "In anothah yeah, suh," before he turned to Jeannine.

What a simple formula it was, thought Chris, as Jeannine drew them in to dinner. This Porcher, concerned for the temporary prosperity on which his vote would batten, was willing to let the future of the Delta go hang, to let the rot spread unchecked through its acres.

Then, taking his seat at her left, Chris caught the gleam of Jeannine's shoulders in the candlelight against her high-backed chair, and was drawn again into that garden where the fruit of life hung shining, tempting him who had so long gone hungry. Aloof and unattainable she shone in the lustre of dozens of candles in silver and crystal sconces that alone lit the room, until she turned from the sonorous Porcher on her other hand and met Chris's eyes in a glance like a handclasp. Not a flower on its stem, he thought — a flame on a taper.

"WON'T you tell us what you are doing for our cane, Doctor Crane?" Her clear voice cut through the polite murmur of Porcher and his host. They turned, the two men, a gaze toward him, at once inimical and courteously amused. And Chris, who never in his forthright life had paused to argue, apologize, or justify himself to the opposition, methodically arranged a spoon beside his plate, and turned his grave attention to Jeannine.

"Just now," he explained to her, "I'm trying to find a strain of sugarcane that shall be resistant to the rot. I think I've almost got it. But of course after that its resistance will have to be practically demonstrated, and if it is a success it will take time to propagate it. Meanwhile, as I've reported to the Department, cane must be dropped in the infected area for a year".

"An obviously impracticable course," observed Porcher smoothly; and the pale blue twinkling eyes of Bienville gazed through Chris, as chill and far away as Vega.

Under the soft command of Jeannine's eyes, Chris went on to explain inherited resistance, and F-one and F-two generations, and the freezing-point lowering of saps, and the delayed germination of encysted spores. She followed him with an eager intelligence, and deftly, now and then, managed to draw in Porcher and her father, but only for the merest indulgent moment. Chris knew that the charge she had so gallantly launched for him was lost at the beginning. Suavely the enemy refused to join in battle.

"HARK to the rain!" Bienville said dreamily, pausing with his delicate wine-glass upheld. "The rains in Spring are charming. They so bring out the perfume of the magnolias."

The Honorable touched his moustache with napery in an apology for contradiction.

"I feah, Monsieur, these rains are moh' serious than you'll consider. Really you shouldn't stay on at the Manse. If the levees should fail to hold —"

"The levees have always held!" Bienville set down his glass like a gavel of pronouncement. "The rains will pass." He waved them away with his withered white hand. The swollen river muttered from below the perfumed lawns, and Bienville smiled and lifted his glass and said, "Jeannine, *petite*, go play us something of Mozart while we finish our wine."

She rose obediently, a froth of rose and silver that ended surprisingly where crinolines might well have begun foaming into billows, and caught Chris's eye so that he went numb with happy anguish. "If Doctor Crane will come and turn the pages."

Chris went after her like a sleep-walker. "Oh, God, I'm in love!" he said silently, between horror and prayer.

IN THE music room, a chill, austere, high-ceilinged chamber, candle glow shed soft light on the belly of a cello; a harp stood mute in a dusky corner. At the rosewood piano the girl sat down and began to play a sonata. The rain upon the French windows tattooed faint, savage drums of warning, and Chris, standing ensnared, strained to listen to the undertone of this strange night. Was it the bass chords trembling under her fingers — was it the river muttering menace? Suddenly he wanted to snatch her out of this house of phantom security, to stride with her in his arms into his own world, the world of today where the airs of life roved widely. He stood moveless, staring at the faint dimpling of moving muscle in her white shoulder, and Porcher's cigar smoke came in a rich whiff into the room.

Her fingers stroked a soft closing chord from the keys, and she rose swiftly. "Let's go out," she said.

Following through the door he found her on a low bench faintly white in the darkness of the pillared veranda. She drew the froth of her skirts aside for him, and he sat down, breathing in the scent of wistaria unsteadily.

"All this," he said with a gesture which took in the orange squares of the Manse windows, the drenched

lawn, "is very different from anything I have ever known."

"It's what I have always known," Jeannine said softly.

"You are part of it. No," he contradicted himself swiftly; "it is part of you."

"You think, then," she laughed, a little wistfully, "that I'm more than a family heirloom?"

She was completely of this place, aloof, enchanted, as she sat there, but Chris said dauntlessly, "You'd be exactly the same in Chimborazo, Colorado. You're real."

"Am I? You don't know what it is to live under the eyes, under the laws, of people who have been dead for centuries; in a place where change simply isn't permitted."

"Change," said Chris, "is a stronger law than even Congressmen can pass. Some day this place will go back to the cypress swamps, to the wilderness."

She gave a little shiver. "Poor Father!" she said absently. "The Gran' Seigneur has always been obeyed."

HE WAS there now, an upright shadow in the glow of the opened door. "Jeannine!" His courtesy was imperious. She rose, her hand like a white moth brushing Chris Crane's in the darkness, and rustled in. Chris could see her in the lighted drawing-room beyond, lifting vivacity to Beaufort Porcher over the silver coffee service that the butler had brought in, as he stumbled in the window where Bienville awaited him with polite scrutiny.

"The night is rather too damp for Jeannine, I think," said Bienville, stirring the little porcelain cup of coffee.

Chris agreed mechanically, watching the smiling face swimming in the candlelight beyond. Was she youth to his youth, or was she age, invincible, privileged age of name and state? he wondered, aching. Bienville said:

"You will be leaving us shortly, Beaufort says. Too bad. He too is returning to Washington tomorrow. He is perturbed about the floods." He spoke as though the Honorable might take official action. "We regret his going," he went on in his silvery, tree-frog voice. "Mr. Porcher, I might tell you, is to marry my daughter." He put the cup with a little click on the saucer, smiling. "Will you take a hand with us at écarté? It is an old man's game, I know — I don't play your bridge or poker."

"Thank you," said Chris, politely refusing, and stood for a brief moment watching his dream die. He collected himself. "I'm sorry, but I have to be at work very early tomorrow — I'm pressed for time. I must go."

"Of course," acquiesced his host gracefully; "you are leaving the Bayou so soon."

IN ANOTHER minute Chris was bidding a wide-eyed, flushing Jeannine goodbye — a brief goodbye, but one, he knew, that would have to last forever. When the pain cleared a little, he was in the old boat, in the drenching downpour, borne on the ruthless river back to his desolate last stand in the marshes.

The waters, he noticed, plodding up from the moored boat, had risen to within five hundred feet of the shack. If the rains didn't stop, something would be up. He turned the knob of the laboratory door. It resisted.

"I say! Von K.!"

No answer. The laboratory was quite dark. He banged angrily, and from inside a moan answered him.

"What the devil, Von K.! What's the matter?"

Chris set his big shoulder to the door, gave it three battering-ram lunges, and burst the frail cast iron bolt. On the dark floor he stumbled over Von Kahlden's body.

"Good Lord, what's happened?"

The stocky Teuton sat up on one elbow weakly. "It's all right. Just lost a lot of plud," he said thickly.

IN FIVE minutes Chris had lit the lamp, torn strips of a clean shirt, ripped off Von Kahlden's coat, and got the arm bandaged too tightly for any more blood to ebb away.

"There vass some Crackers," the German hiccoughed over a draught of whiskey, "come in here looking ugly. Talked wild about how we got to get out of here. I giff one of them a paste, and slammed the door locked. They potted me through the window. I doused the light, and den I guess I fainted."

Chris sat meditating. "We are invited to go, officially, unofficially, and with a shot gun. Do we go, old fellow?"

"We go, *Gott sei dank!* When you haff found your resistant strain. Hurry up — I wish to eat again biscuits dot are not mildewed."

For three days Chris was a fire of mind in a numb body, a hunting hound of a brain that raced down tangled forest lanes of the evil fungous wood, and scented the fleeing foe through the emerald hells, the high lights and half-lights and dark vales of that microcosm.

Von Kahlden, nursing an arm fast mending, watched the rain splashing on the window pane and the brown sullen waters creeping through the woods, creeping nearer and nearer, and held his tongue.

THE waters on the third day were fifty feet from the laboratory window, and Von Kahlden, smoking a rank meerschaum, was watching the roof of a corncrib floating by with a pig squealing on top of it, when he heard a hoarse shout behind him.

"Yay! I've got it!" Chris stumbled up dizzily, slapping Von Kahlden's back till the stubby man reeled. "Got the whole darn thing! One hundred and twenty transfers of the rot virus to culture media made up with strain 114C, and not a darn thing growing on them after ten days' high incubation. Every one of the controls showing high infection. And strain 114C has the biggest electrolytic resistance in the bunch — just the way I thought. The secret of it's the salt content of the cell sap. It's immunity, I tell you!"

He took off his fuzzed glasses to wipe them, and then he stopped stock-still, staring.

"Good Lord!"

"*Ja*, it iss a flood," corroborated Von Kahlden. "You are done — let us go. Better be quick."

"Why in blazes didn't you tell me, you *verdammte* Hun?" The lawns of Bienville Manse, serene and perfume drenched, tossed in green waves before his frantic eyes. And at that moment, past the window, through the trees, came bobbing a white thing, a low backed bench that brought to Chris in a flash the scent of wistaria blossoms and the touch of a white moth hand.

He was splashing down to the

boat that Von Kahlden had provisionally moored to a nearby tree, fumbling with the rope when the German came stumbling out of the shack with two microscopes and autoclave, a bundle of Chris's tabulations, upwards of a hundred culture plates, and a spectroscope.

"Chuck it!" directed Chris, grimly, "we've got to make sure the Bienvilles are safe. No time for that rot."

The German's eyes popped as he dumped out his load save for the bundle of Chris's papers, the fruit of all his labors. These he shook belligerently in Chris Crane's face.

"*Dumkopf!* For these the Department will forgiff all your badness. Now row — it would be a pity if we lost them by drowning."

A MILE of this, if he could make that mile, would bring him to Bienville. The bend and tug, bend and tug, of Chris Crane's back over the oars brought the sweat streaming down into his eyes. He shook it out, and stared through foggy glasses, at the serene façade of Bienville Manse, white columns rising out of a rush of flecked waters that poured in a dark invading torrent through the open doorway.

Had she gone? Was she there, behind that incredibly indifferent high white portico? "Jeannine!" he shouted, and "Jeannine!" And her voice, wild and frightened over the sibilant roar of waters, floated from out the house.

They got the boat over the drowned lawn, in between the pillars, and steadied in one of the French windows. Up to his knees in water Chris splashed through the music room.

"Jeannine!" He pounded up the stairs and saw her there, at the head of the curved flight of steps, the frailest blue clad reed it seemed, supporting the shaking figure of Bienville against the balustrade.

"Oh, take him," she cried desperately. "He can scarcely stand on his feet now. It's the shock. He wouldn't go — he wouldn't believe the levees would ever break."

Chris had swept him up in strong arms. "Where are the servants?" he called over his shoulder, plunging down the stairs.

"They took the boat and left us." Her voice floated after, as he splashed toward the boat with Bienville in his arms. Von Kahlden took him, roughly tender, and got whiskey down between his chattering teeth by the time Chris had Jeannine down the stairs.

IN THE middle of the drawing-room where the ancient portraits stared in horror, Chris stopped short, and looked at her, nested in his arms.

"You're going to marry that fellow Porcher?" It was out, with his devastating directness.

"Heavens, no! Where did you get that idea?"

"From your father."

"Poor father! He's lived so long in a world of his own building. The flood has swept that all away."

She raised brown candid eyes too near his hungry own.

Von Kahlden, making his scientific observations over Bienville's drooped shoulder down the flooded hall, chuckled to himself.

The resistant strain, then, had been proved to be, after all, not immune.

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, without good Rhyme, Reason or Responsibility, Reflecting Nothing beyond the Peculiar Mental Processes of its Editor

FEBRUARY, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 2

THIS BOOK COLLECTING GAME

I REALLY cannot say just when I became a collector. Perhaps it is a family weakness, rooted in my endocrine glands, and well do I remember that my maternal uncle was a rent collector in his younger days and was rarely seen far away from his little black books, which even then fascinated me intensely. And then there was my other uncle, who was a book agent or a road agent or a press agent or something. He was a great lover of poetry; he carried a ten volume set of the English Poets with him wherever he went, which was practically everywhere. But that is another story. Perhaps in my next book —

We were a literary family. Even when I was no more than a tiny tot of six or perhaps seven, one room in the house was always known to us as the Library. Mother used to dry the wash there on wet Mondays. There were books there, too, and on the bottom shelf within reach of my eager little hands a copy of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* and *The Secret History of the Papacy*. How I loved those books! But you don't find such books in libraries nowadays, and if you do you keep it to yourself. But I digress. We were talking of book collecting.

I first became a collector in a serious way at the age of eight. Perhaps it was cigarette cards or matchbox covers, but I think it was buttons. I started with just one or two buttons, but in no time at all I had a bagful. Even at that tender age I learned the joys of patient pursuit of a rare specimen. I would follow a fat man for miles through the streets hoping that his trousers would weaken. They never did.

We knew nothing of Behaviorism in those days, and my parents probably had no idea that I was to become a book collector. They never suspected that my habit of collecting tram car tickets — for you must know that we lived in dear old London, down Brixton way — would have any serious or psychopathic consequences. Nor did they inquire into the origin of my weakness for rarities and oddities. They admit that I fell heavily down the cellar stairs at the age of three and landed on my head and an iron shovel, but they argue that nothing can be done about it now.

I turned to book collecting practically by accident. I had been collecting this and that in a casual, trifling sort of way — safety razor blades, blotters and stamped envelopes, and tubes of toothpaste which were stale, flat and unprofitable but not quite squeezed to death. But I knew nothing whatever of the amenities of book collecting. My collecting was, in fact, a magnificent farce. There was nothing either permanent or profitable about it, and all my collections have been broken up and scattered with the exception of my set of non-refillable bottles, of which I have down cellar the finest collection in the world.

One day Long John Slugg dropped in to see me. Long John is one of nature's noblemen, a

little decayed but still a rich, ripe personality. About him there are unmistakable evidences of breeding and culture — agriculture, to be specific, and the breeding of guinea-pigs. I am very fond of him and he never lets me forget it.

"Now that there last book you gave me," said he, "that was a good 'un, and no mistake. Finest book I ever see. I don't think rightly you should of parted with her, but that ain't fer me to say. I got a lot of good out of that there book."

I recalled the book. It was a souvenir guide to the Centennial Exhibition, illustrated, quarto or even pint-o size. Long John and I stepped out into the garden. He pointed with pride to the long row of celery, its tops now neatly encircled by paper collars. "There she are," he said proudly. "She stands up good under the weather and the celery sure likes her. A fine book." He slipped the paper collar from the last head of celery and showed me its blanching stalks. I glanced at the paper. It was the title page and on it was imprinted, "First Edition".

I shall never be able to express all that I owe to Long John for this accidental introduction to the book collecting game. There was always some difference of opinion as to what I owed him, and now he is gone and the greater debt must remain forever unsatisfied. For from that day I became a collector.

Step into my library with me. Take yonder chair — the one with the cat on it. I remember as if it were yesterday the day when Mrs. Carruthers-Ewing sat in that chair. She also was a collector, and at the moment was collecting for the Foreign Missions of the Reformed Episcopal Church. I remember vividly my embarrassment, the embarrassment of a man of some little knowledge and experience in the presence of enthusiastic ignorance. For I had painted that chair that very afternoon, and Mrs. Carruthers-Ewing didn't know it yet. But I digress again.

Here is one of the prizes of my collection. A *Sears-Roebuck Catalogue* of 1914, in its original covers and complete except for the order blank. Very rare indeed, and a real treasure, though I shall never be quite satisfied until I replace it with a perfect copy. Your true collector knows no second-best satisfactions.

In the glass case is my set of *Bell Telephone Directories* for South Jersey. Not complete, of course; I don't suppose any man in the world has a perfect set. The jewel of the lot is the Spring Edition of 1921, with the blue cover instead of the usual buff. The reason for the difference is one of those romantic tales which give this book collecting game its inexhaustible fascination. Most collectors are satisfied with the buff copy and never realize that they have what is virtually a second edition. On page 87 of my copy there is a wrong number. I'm not exaggerating at all, a genuine wrong number. It was, of course, discovered almost immediately, and a new edition was issued at enormous expense. It's a long story, but to those who know its details a buff copy is virtually valueless. My dear wife gave me this treasure on my eightieth birthday.

Here is my *Stamp Catalogue* for 1898. Practically complete and fully watermarked; it was left out in the rain during the panic of 1907. And this is the *Prospectus* of the New York Automobile Show for 1908. I should like to tell how I obtained it, but there are people still living whose reputations are somewhat involved. I need not tell you that this little book, the *Wanamaker Diary* for 1918, is quite priceless. I have tried everywhere to get a price for it, and nobody can begin to estimate its value. I have also some desk diaries of the late nineties that are extremely rare, and a beautiful copy of the *Methodist Hymnal* with annotations in a hand which may quite possibly be Walt Whitman's.

That fine collector, the late Mr. Morgan, paid $25,000 for a book that is practically identical with the one you hold in your hand. It is the same size, color and thickness, though they differ somewhat in subjects, authors and publication dates. My own copy has no colophon, but it may never have had any. And on the high shelf is my set of Third Readers. I have always had a personal weakness for Third Readers. First and Second Readers hardly touch me at all, but I can't resist a Third Reader. You must remember that book collecting has tremendous educational possibilities. I hope eventually to reach an appreciation of Fourth Readers or even Fifth and Sixth. But alas, life is so short!

Before you go, let me show you my choicest prize. A genuine copy of *The Bartenders' Guide* autographed by Jerry himself. A quaint and lovely book. I was offered ten thousand for it, right in this room, just last week. A friend of mine—I can't tell you his name, but he may yet

be known as one of the great collectors of America — offered me five thousand at first and by midnight was up to ten and still going. But I didn't care to sell and it was getting late anyway, so I loaned him a dime for carfare and he went home heartbroken. That's the way it is with this book-collecting game; sunshine and shadow, tragedy and comedy, triumphs and disappointments.

But I digress again. I hear that a copy of the *Postal Regulations* for 1905 has turned up at a private sale. I must lay down my pen — regretfully indeed — and go after it before Dr. Rosenbach hears of it.

My Financial Career

It is six months now since I got my premonition that Radio stocks were due for a marked advance. I can't say what led me to think so, but I felt that it was a good time to buy. There was some doubt about the comparative advantages of the aviation stocks, but I felt sure that Radio was the young giant in the investment field.

There was some doubt as to the advisability of buying on margin, but I am naturally of a daring and speculative disposition. I figured that a thousand dollars or so would give me a pretty nice block to hold for the inevitable rise. The more I studied the situation the more certain I felt that opportunity was indeed at the door.

Within two months Radio gained nearly a hundred points. It might go higher, but here was a sure profit. And I was right. There was a reaction of thirty points or so and a brief steadiness, just long enough for a bold reinvestment. Then came the soaring advances of the bull market. Radio went to 300 and far beyond. It looked like 500 by Christmas, but I am not greedy. I felt satisfied when it topped 350 and showed another fat profit.

Sure enough, Radio broke almost overnight and was down to 260. I saw it was good for another brief reaction, sufficient for a neat little profit in quick trading. After that the logical thing was to sell short, counting on the post-Christmas depression. Later on there might come another opportunity to get aboard for a rise.

It has been an amazing demonstration of what can be done by careful analysis of the market and a conservative willingness to be guided by good judgment rather than greed. Throughout the experience I made only one serious mistake. Six months ago, at the very outset of my financial career, I unfortunately neglected to buy any Radio stocks.

Our Own Book-of-the-Month Club

BOSTON. By Upton Sinclair. (Boni, $5.00.)

Reviewed by a free-thinking vegetarian who read *The Jungle* when he was too young to know any better, and can still scarce look a can of beans in the eye without thinking of the uncertainty of human life.

This, roughly speaking, is the story of what happens to a grandmother when she forgets the respectability due to a grandmother, and decides to take in washing or something in order to support herself in the style to which she is not accustomed. The fact that this is a Boston grandmother, with ancestors and everything, is Mr. Sinclair's idea of a polite kick in the pants for America's snootiest society.

Nobody can blame the grandmother — her immediate family being what it is — from extending her grandmothering to a more responsive and emotional circle of acquaintances. This circle includes a couple of other fellows by name of Sacco and Vanzetti, who were a pair of high-minded idealists or a brace of Bolsheviks, according to how you feel about it. Concerning their alleged crimes and offenses, Mr. Sinclair is quite sure they didn't do them and also is disposed to feel that nobody could much blame them if they did. He also feels that there are a lot of people in Boston and elsewhere who need a little capital punishment and penal servitude worse than they did.

Mr. Sinclair has a lot on his mind. The world is so full of a number of things and most of them are all wrong. Under such circumstances he cannot enjoy his rest and royalties unless he periodically goes probing into the sensitive corners of our national conscience with a barbed stable fork. His chief mistake, aside from the assumption that the world can be reformed by reformers, is that he takes two fat volumes to push his point and preachment home. Most of our moods of repentance and self-examination simply won't last that long.

The Stuff and Nonsense Alphabetical Education

No. 2. Alchemy

Alchemy is the art or science of converting the baser metals into better ones, such as gold or silver, though gold is considered preferable. We don't know anything about it. If we did we should do something about the old cook-stove which has been down cellar for fourteen years waiting for something to happen to it. A junkman has offered us twenty-five cents for it, but we wouldn't think of parting with half a ton of machinery for twenty-five cents, and we can't get it out of the cellar, anyway. We got it down there but we can't get it out again. There is also a box in the workshop containing carriage bolts, iron washers, bent nails, and a lot of keys none of which fit any door in the county. We have tried for years to throw these away, but at the last minute our courage always collapses in a heap. Unless we find out something about alchemy, we shall continue to cherish them in the expectation that some day we shall use them in one of the odd jobs around the house for which we are so justly famous.

No. 3. Anatomy

Anatomy is the geography of the innards. Its study is essential to surgeons, osteopaths, tailors and all doctors except those who believe you can cure anything, from flat feet to a pain in the neck, by drinking a glass of hot water before breakfast.

Anatomy reveals a lot of inside information about the human race. It discloses, for example, that there are in your body something over two hundred bones, the number varying according to your age, the destructive tendencies of your dentist, and the exact date on which you last dined on shad or mackerel. Anatomy can make you personally acquainted with your own skeleton, from which you will get practically no satisfaction whatever. A skeleton is an ingenious arrangement, but its æsthetic appeal is distinctly limited and it makes a mockery of human vanity. If you are at all sensitive you had better avoid anatomy and keep your illusions.

In addition to the bones there are the nerves. In our own academic youth we studied the nerves by separating a cat named Seraphina into her component parts, whereby we learned that she was really frightfully complicated. The nervous arrangement of a cat looks like a map of the Bell Telephone system of Pennsylvania, though their purpose is somewhat different. Those desiring to prove this for themselves may have a cat or two cats by applying in person at the editorial offices, where there is a practically unlimited supply of cats. The reason for this is that we have a warm cellar and a kind and gentle disposition. Any stray cat can win our sympathies with a single pathetic purr and find a night's lodging thereby beside the furnace fire. And it is well known to scientists, zoölogists and psychologists that a cat once warm and well-fed in a house is there forever. You may throw her out by one door but she will come back by another, and neither indignity nor insult will permanently hurt the feline feelings.

Returning briefly to anatomy, we note that this is only the first in a series of essential studies designed to prepare you to take the human machine apart and put it together again. Its study reduces *Homo Sapiens* to a composite of bones, vessels, muscles, ligaments, filaments, and ornaments. Next comes Bio-chemistry, by which you reduce it further to the equivalent of the by-products of a ton of soft coal. Then comes Physiology, which reduces it to an aggregation of electrical phenomena. Finally there is Psychology, which reduces it to an absurdity. When you have mastered all these, you are ready to open an office and practice medicine. That also is the way it will appear to your patients, if any.

No. 4. Banqueteering

The question as to why people attend banquets is a subject for the consideration of psychologists, anthropologists and alienists, but the fact itself is sufficiently obvious. In this gregarious age no young man is even approximately educated who fails to recognize that civilization is largely a matter of the fully starched shirt and the after-dinner story about the two Irishmen. Since we must positively insist that life is real, life is earnest, we include in our post-graduate and advanced alphabetical education the essential elements of Banqueteering.

The average banquet is a light lunch with raw oysters attached to one end of it and cold coffee to the other. It is an opportunity for people to look steadfastly at dirty china and

bread crumbs while listening to other people talk about nothing in particular. All banquets are alike, but some banquets are more alike than others. Their menus are indistinguishable except by reference to the price of the tickets, and a croquette at a banquet is either a chicken croquette or an oyster croquette or a ham croquette, according only to the conscience of the caterer.

No way has yet been devised by the wisdom of man whereby the coffee and the cream and sugar shall arrive simultaneously at the banquet table. No genius has yet discovered a system for seating the guests so that mortal antipathies and antagonisms shall not inevitably arrive at the same table. There is no known case of a guest at a banquet admitting that his location with relation to the head table is all that he has a right to expect.

Brilliant conversation at banquets or formal society dinners is found only in short stories and English novels. The frozen faces of the waiters at a banquet are not an accident nor an inherited taint; they are the consequence of the repeated inhalation of the same after-dinner stories. The really bright moment in any banquet is the flashlight picture. Portraits of individuals caught in this illuminating moment are invaluable to alienists in subsequent criminal lawsuits.

The standing army of the United States is the guests waiting until eight o'clock for the banquet to begin at seven o'clock. The unhappiest man at a banquet is the toastmaster, and his unhappiness is infectious, contagious and epidemic. The speakers of the evening may be recognized as the gentlemen with the stiff and bulging shirt fronts. Under excessive strain of emotion and elocution their studs will usually fly out.

No. 5. Basketball

Basketball is loosely described as an indoor sport, and is distinguished from others by its costume, which begins late and leaves off early, and is therefore scarcely suited to bridge, dominoes or ordinary shuffle board. The object of the game is to throw a ball into a basket, but since the basket — through some inexplicable oversight of the rule-makers — has no bottom, the ball must be thrown into it repeatedly, and there is really nothing final or conclusive about the game. Practically the entire attention of the players, officials and spectators at a basketball game is devoted to fouls, and penalties in atonement and repentance for them. If a player turns suddenly logical and tucks the ball under his arm or walks or runs away with it, it is a technical foul. If he seizes one of his opponents by the slack of the trousers — of which there is none to spare — it is a personal foul. If he hits him in the nose, bites his ear, kicks his shins or breaks his ribs, it is a very personal foul, and arouses to fever pitch the æsthetic sensibilities of the audience.

No. 6. Bathing

By grace of the advertising pages of the national magazines there is no longer any mystery to personal or private bathing, except the fundamental and eternal mysteries as to where the soap is gone, what happens to all the towels, and how the operator knows that the proper and acceptable moment to ring your telephone is when you are in the very act of total immersion. Mystery is equally lacking to seashore bathing, which consists chiefly of the bather being forcibly up-ended by a wave and filled to the brim with salt water. Our educational hints will therefore be restricted to taking a bath at a Public Bath in the chief European cities, which is about the only way you can get one unless you take it with you.

The attendant will draw your bath for you, and ask your opinion as to whether it is hot enough. Since this seems to be your last chance to get hot water, you let him draw it at a temperature only a little south of boiling point. He locks you in and leaves you. You hang the epidermis of civilized life on a hook or two and step into the tub. Unless you want to be boiled like a lobster, you immediately leap out again.

You look around for the cold water tap. There isn't any. You call gently and modestly for the attendant, but he has gone away elsewhere to reflect upon the peculiarities of Americans. You shout and pound on the door, with no visible effect except a faint protest from a middle-aged lady who is occupying the bathing machine on the other side of the aisle. You subside into silence and try to get in the tub again. It can't be done.

So you sit awhile on the edge of the tub and sprinkle yourself locally. At the end of twenty minutes or half an hour the water is not perceptibly cooler and you are constrained to conclude your ablutions. The attendant turns up in time to accept a gratuity and to wonder

secretly at the further peculiarities of Americans, who can spend fifteen minutes in a bathtub and still leave the water clear and unsullied. You leave him with his illusions and move on to the next town, where you take a cold tub and try to like it.

No. 7. Bookkeeping

The study of Bookkeeping presents to a young man some splendid opportunities for advancement with no place to go. You can keep books for twenty years and at the end of that time you will still have the books and very little else. Bookkeeping is the favorite study of business schools, and has no organic connection with the social custom of borrowing books and failing to return them.

A good stiff course in Bookkeeping has led thousands of young men to become ambitious and energetic vacuum cleaner salesmen. The rest of them become expert accountants; the output of expert accountants is in fact much greater than their income. Enough accountants are turned out of business schools — for one cause or another — to account for anything.

Bookkeeping includes accounting, posting, billing, cooing, filing and the emptying of waste baskets. It is the only proper way to take care of the profits of a small business, since if there is enough Bookkeeping there will be no profits. It is really quite a complicated process. The bookkeeper takes a dollar and transfers it to the day book and then to the ledger, and the puzzle is then to find the dollar. If you can't find it you call it petty cash and let it go at that.

Advanced Bookkeeping is intended only for big business, and is almost entirely double-entry. By means of double-entry, income taxes may be reduced to the vanishing point. In extreme cases double-crossing may be substituted for double-entry, and in this case the Government owes you a refund. Try and get it.

Two small boys were discussing religion, and particularly the existence of a personal devil. "Do you believe there really is a devil?" said the first. "Sure there's a devil," said the second. "Don't *you* think there's a devil?" "No," said the first. "There ain't no devil. It's just like Santa Claus; it's just daddy."

The Internal Infant

IT'S an undetermined question, I believe,
What the infantile digestion can achieve;
What assistance can we render
To a child of either gender
When its appetite is tender and naïve?

Are carbohydrates safe and sure to please?
Will proteins leave the children more at ease?
It hardly seems computable
What diet may be suitable
To stomachs so inscrutable as these.

But on careful observation it is clear,
If no troublesome relation interfere,
The child I'm designating
Can eat coal or armor-plating
Without abbreviating its career.

From the fragments scattered wide upon the floor,
To the garbage pail beside the kitchen door;
And anything between,
From glue to gasoline,
And apples — sour and green — and the core.

And it doesn't fundamentally distress him,
Or even incidentally depress him.
And with awe I testify it
Is a fearful, frightful diet,
But it keeps the darling quiet, — Heaven bless him!

Household Hints

The latest suggestion from Paris is the evening gown of pink chiffonier, trimmed hither and yon with mineral wool. The skirt is bouffant and the second story distinctly soufflé, with touches of ribbon dental cream to heighten the effect. The skirt is heavily gored and gimbelled in every direction. Ten yards of material will make this dress and leave enough over for new curtains for the living room.

A good recipe for homemade wine is as follows: Squeeze the juices of ten pounds of seedless raisins and three canned pineapples, adding three or four or maybe sixteen pounds of sugar. Place in a large crock or the baby's bathtub, stirring frequently with your wooden leg. Leave the brew to stand until the wife insists that you remove it; then bottle in gallon jugs and label plainly as Prune Cordial. After six months the jugs should be opened and the contents poured down the sink.

Our Centre of Gravity

"Remember that all things are only opinion, and that it is in your power to think as you please." MARCUS AURELIUS.

Out of the litter of current literature there has been born a new and ungentle art — the delectable diversion of debunking. In part this is no more than a name for bad manners in journalism, but it serves also to define a serious effort to get at truth and away from illusions. It is in the spirit of the age in that it applies the scientific code to the province of letters and demands realism and accuracy above romance and pleasant illusions. It is also impatient of dupes and their delusions, and ruthless over tin idols and gods of gingerbread.

The debunkers, however, preen themselves a little too consciously. They imply that it has been reserved to them to discover that this is an over-believing world. They glory too much in their housecleaning; they are too proud of their broom and mop. And they throw so much into the ashcan that there is little left to live with.

Two hazards hover over the debunkers. The first is that their vision is not so keen as they think it to be, and may be astigmatic or cross-eyed by occasion of their own spiritual indigestion. The other is that nobody will take any real notice of them. This, by all the signs, is the final danger that threatens them. A man can sleep soundly in the shadow of a boiler factory and another will hear not at all the familiar roar and screech of the elevated train that passes his window, and in such fashion these loud speakers may find themselves ignored. Their dyspeptic gospel is liable to be dismissed as no more than need be expected of them. Suspicion of the source will at last outweigh the importance of the message.

Of bunk the world is full. It is our chief article of diet, and though our tastes vary we all have appetite for it, for which reason our contempt for another man's credulity has its angles of comedy. The clever boys who write so scathingly against the believing mob are proof enough of this, since they themselves follow the weirdest and queerest collection of prophets that the world has yet endured. One man's bunk is another man's gospel; faith to one is fantasy to another; and those who think too hard and painfully in any cause whatever will cheerfully hang an unbeliever. Lacking opportunity for such wholesale eliminations, the crusader spleen has vented itself in printed pages, and the controversy is more entertaining than enlightening.

The term of debunking might best be applied to the destruction of illusions that are founded in lies. There are enough of these. Business, politics, and personal ambitions supply all men with occasion and material for lying, plain and fancy, and there will always be many to believe any lie that is uttered often enough. A lie may be pilloried and dissected. It may be exterminated by plain fact and clear thinking, and this is debunking with a sound mission. It is welcome, though often a little uncomfortable.

But it has one weakness, which is not its own. The bunk will not stay out of a human concern, just as flies cannot be kept out of bakeshops. The air is too warm and congenial, and there is at hand so much on which to live and thrive. Take the bunk out of what you will today and it will crawl back by tomorrow.

A survey of the magazines of a month shows a dozen articles which take the hide off a popular delusion based on a lie. They are conclusive in that they prove the lie and leave the bunk no excuse or protection. It is inconceivable that anyone can read them and still be vulnerable to such stuff again. But it is truer still that Barnum was right, and in this reflection bunk may rest in comfortable assurance of perpetuation.

Valentine to a Patient Wife

I OUGHT to spend a lot of time
On Valentines in rhythmic rhyme,
To summarize in some degree
The things that make you dear to me.

And if I did, I have no doubt
I'd wear a dozen pencils out,
And reams of paper overspread,
With still a hundred things unsaid.

But on the whole I think it best
Your chief achievement to attest;
That, spite of years of *ennui*,
You're willing still to live with me.

GENERAL INFORMATION

(This department is maintained for the convenience of our readers and in recognition of the crying need for their enlightenment. Inquiries addressed to us will be here answered by experts on our staff, in association with a large corps of correspondents in every conceivable location. All information supplied is guaranteed to be as reliable as is at all necessary.)

Question: "I am a young girl, considered good looking by both sexes. One day, on a street car, a strange man offered me his seat and I refused. I am afraid he was offended for he got off the car right away. Since then I don't take street cars. Please advise me whether a young girl should accept such attentions from total strangers."

Answer: Your letter shocks me a little, but I find that as I grow older I am shocked easily and often. Of course a young girl should not accept attentions from total strangers, but she may accept almost anything else. Most of the young girls I know have very taking ways.

I am glad you do not take street cars any more. The last time I took one I didn't know what to do with the thing and had to return it under cover of a municipal election.

Question: "I have some unfermented fruit juices which I wish to store away for future use — say about next Christmas. I have also a five-gallon keg, but it has a sour and musty air about it. How can I restore its youth?"

Answer: The brewers and distillers, a species which inhabited this country about the XVIIth Dynasty, commonly used live steam to cleanse their kegs and casks. It is difficult, however, to get live steam nowadays for domestic use. It may be obtained from certain industrial plants, but it almost invariably dies on the way home.

You may, however, clean your keg by washing it thoroughly with nitric acid or with a strong solution of lye in hot water. The only difficulty is that this adds a distinct flavor to the subsequent contents of the keg, which may prove pleasant and invigorating but not necessarily wholesome. Or you may burn sulphur in it, which leaves you with the new problem of getting rid of the sulphur.

So we suggest that you simply turn the keg inside out and scrub it.

Question: "A minor disagreement over a purely personal opinion has led me into a serious difficulty. I have been challenged by the other party to a duel. I am quite unfamiliar with the conduct and etiquette of duels, and would be grateful for your advice."

Answer: We must call your attention to the fact that duelling is contrary to the law. At least we assume it is, though we have not personally seen the law on the matter. If it isn't, this is simply an oversight on the part of legislators.

However, law or no law, honor must be satisfied. You can't get out of a duel, any more than you can deny a date with the dentist or argue with the monthly statement from your bank.

You are in a tight place, and the only comfort in the situation is that by the rules of duelling you are entitled to the selection of weapons.

Here you have a wide choice. Very pleasing duels can be fought with sabres, bayonets, pistols, rapiers, bread-knives, buttonhole scissors or steam-shovels. A less spectacular duel can be fought with cigarette lighters, best two out of three and the winner to take all. Machine guns make a quick and convincing duel, but rather spoil the loser for the subsequent festivities. In cramped quarters, such as an apartment house or subway entrance, two men can fight it out with opened umbrellas. When one or more eyes have been put out the seconds should intervene.

The most deadly and terrifying duel we have witnessed was fought between two men carrying a full-sized mattress up three flights of stairs. On the first flight both parties suffered minor bruises and contusions on the stair rail, steps and electric light switch. On the second flight the lower man was practically crushed and smothered, while his opponent strained a ligament and lost two finger nails. But on the last flight the upper man was dragged head over heels down seven steps and completely lost beneath the mattress.

In view of the decreasing birth rate and the high cost of permanent funerals, perhaps it will be well for you to insist that your duel be fought with billiard cues at fifty paces; the scissors-hold, full nelson and rabbit punch to be barred, and the moving picture rights to be divided equally between the two principals.

Our Monthly Department for Dear Little Noosances

Fun for the Little Tots

For you younger children who have not yet learned to climb on the roof or use sling-shots there is no toy so delightful as a nice sharp par of scissors, such as the ones mother has hidden in her desk in the fond delusion that you don't know where they are. You can pretty nearly satisfy your natural instincts simply by running around with the scissors and falling down occasionally, but if this begins to pall you can begin to cut things. You can, for instance, cut off one or more of your curls. You have plenty more curls, and even when one is cut off you still have it. And then you can cut nice lacy designs in your dress and petticoat, and even in the tablecloth if the scissors are really sharp.

When these possibilities are exhausted you can cut out paper-dolls. You will find a lot of pictures suitable for paper-dolls in the new magazines which came this morning, and a whole lot more in the Sears Roebuck catalogue or — as most children call it — the Sears Roebook. You can cut out hundreds of paper-dolls and papa will send for a new catalogue when he comes home. The manager of Sears Roebuck has a whole lot of people busy all the time sending out new catalogues for little children like you to cut into paper-dolls, and you wouldn't want any one of them to run out of work and lose his job, would you? He might have a little golden-haired darling like you who would have to go without her paper-dolls if her dear father was out of a job, and that would be terrible.

When there is no more room on the piano or mantel for paper-dolls you can get mother's writing paper and fold it into squares and triangles and snip it. This will make a lot of pretty patterns for you to show mother. It will also make a lot of snips. You must cut the holes real small, because this makes a great many little snips, and little snips stick to the carpet much better than big ones. Don't forget that mother will be home soon, and *won't* she be pleased to see that you have been having such a nice time?

Our Bedtime Story

(Continued from last month)

You remember, children, that we left our friend the hot dog wriggling in its roll while Mr. Henry Ford sat and thought about a new model and quantity production. This hot dog's name was — strangely enough — Algernon, and he had a brother named Tobias who was largely involved in a chicken croquette on Fifty-Seventh Street in New York City. Tobias was thinking at the moment of going into the artistic profession. But for the moment the artist had lost his appetite.

"I don't say it ain't a good picture," he said mournfully to his lady, who was awfully interested. "How should I know if it's a good picture or not? If I knew a good picture from a bad one I wouldn't be painting 'em; I'd be selling 'em. Yes, I would. But they put me on the judge's committee and the two other fellers went off to Philadelphia for the week-end and likely as not have died there and will lie around for weeks and weeks until somebody thinks to bury them. And I've got to judge the pictures and hang 'em, and if I get one wrong side up I'm ruined. I've a mind to quit painting and go into politics."

"That would be nice," said the lady, between bites. "But what's the matter with the picture?"

"How should I know?" mourned the artist. "It may be all right. It looks like a fried egg hanging on a Christmas tree, which is why he called it 'Troubled Waters'. What'll I do with it?"

The lady had a bright idea. "You might hang the picture in the hallway," she said, "and the artist in the gent's washroom. Would that help?"

"Not much," gloomed her companion. "The guy that painted it has a brother-in-law on the show committee. I got to figure on his feelings or he'll never buy that still life of mine — the one with the fourteen-inch frame. Lord, when I think of all that gold leaf I wish I could eat it." He rose from the table and groped for his hat and coat. The watchful waiter snatched Tobias from the table and took him back to the kitchen for another incarnation.

(*To be continued*)

North American Review

March

Leg Shows and Billingsgate
E. H. Sothern on the Present Plight of the Drama

Why I Have Ten Children
Marjorie Wells Takes Exception to Birth Control Dogma

Wall Street's Machinery
By President E. H. H. Simmons of the Stock Exchange

The Roosevelt of 1929. *Sidelights on a New Leader* . . . . . S. J. Woolf
Babbitt Mounts the Pulpit . . . . . J. A. MacCallum, D.D.
White South, or Black? *The Fears of an Eminent Southerner* Pierre Crabitès
The Master of Ballyhoo . . . . . Jack Kofoed
We Still Save Men. *Drama in the Salvation Army* . . . . Ferdinand Braun
Sky Line House. *A Fantasy* . . . . . Charlton L. Edholm
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Birds of an Old Rice Field . . . . . T. Gilbert Pearson
The Grand Opportunity. *Australian Adventure* . . . . . Louis Kaye
Need, Blood and Gold. *Loan Sharks and the Remedy* . . . Samuel Grafton
Are We Governed by Lobbies? . . . . . Oliver McKee, Jr.
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Can the Poor Have Justice? *A Lesson from Los Angeles* . . . Justin Miller

HERSCHEL BRICKELL *on Books*, ALAN H. TEMPLE *on Finance, and* DONALD F. ROSE *with his Inimitable Humor*

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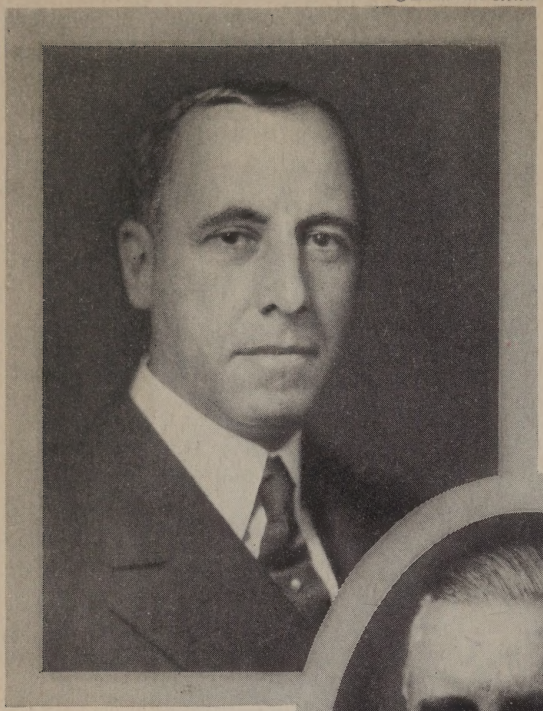
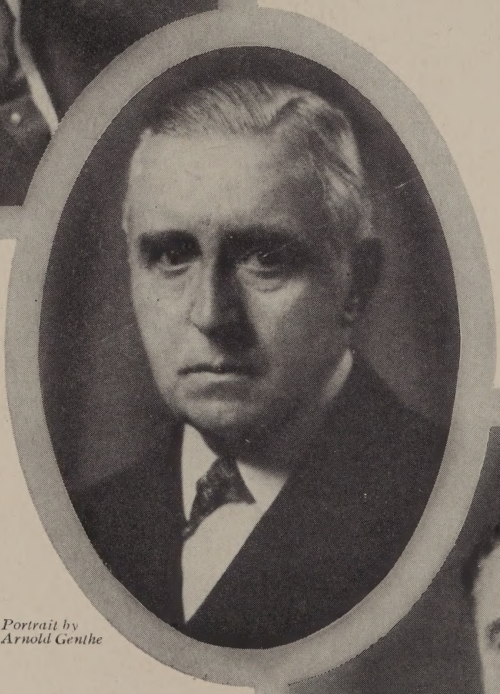


Among Those Present

E. H. H. Simmons, *President of the New York Stock Exchange, who writes (Page 287) on the machinery of Wall Street, which so many Americans have been using but which so few understand*



Portrait by Arnold Genthe

E. H. Sothern (*at left*) *who has some subtly vitriolic things to say (Page 308) about the present state of the drama and its critics*

Franklin D. Roosevelt, *more and more discussed as the possible leader and future Presidential candidate of the Democratic Party*

© Marceau

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 227 MARCH, 1929 NUMBER 3

The Roosevelt of 1929

BY S. J. WOOLF

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York State, has the courage, charm, curiosity and personality of the famous "Teddy" of thirty years ago

THIRTY years ago a Governor Roosevelt took his seat at Albany, and made of it a way station in his progress to the Presidency and a place among our immortals. Today a new Roosevelt reigns in the Empire State and hangs his soft felt hat where once the brown derby triumphed. It is a tempting opportunity to accuse history of again repeating itself.

The parallel between the new Governor and his illustrious fifth cousin is more than a matter of names. In character, in political achievement, and in personal tastes, habits and hobbies, they are close kinsmen. They do not look much alike, but in matters that are more than skin deep they belong to the same dynasty. Their political history shows that both served in the State Legislature, and both were Assistant Secretaries of the Navy. Both of them ran for the Vice-Presidency, with the important difference that T. R. was elected, though he held the office for only a short time.

There is also the matter of political prospects. Theodore Roosevelt survived a political burial in the Vice-Presidency and became President because of a tragedy. Franklin D. Roosevelt withdrew from the political arena and was virtually drafted back into it as the only man who could save New York State for his party. He is now within range of necessities which may take him further and deeper into political life. He is the only surviving Democrat of National proportions; the only Presidential possibility on the Democratic horizon. He may yet follow the footsteps of "Teddy" into the White House.

BUT the family likeness goes deeper than politics and involves personalities. T. R., a weak child, called on

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his natural resources of courage and overcame his weakness, and became at last the chief champion of the strenuous life. F. D. R., an athletic youth, was stricken with infantile paralysis seven years ago, and with the same determination and courage has practically conquered his physical disability. In mental capacity and characteristics a similar likeness appears. Both men were born "with silver spoons in their mouths", but their essentially democratic dispositions preserved both from prejudice against those who eat with their knives. The new Governor resembles the late President in diversity of interests, in his healthy curiosity as to what is going on in the world, in a keen interest in history, and in a taste for collecting. The charming and cordial personality of the present Governor is likewise reminiscent of the warm-hearted Governor of thirty years ago, though where T. R. was effervescent and effusive, F. D. R. is genial and gracious; where T. R. was "delighted", F. D. R. is pleased.

SOME forty-odd years ago a little yellow-haired boy was given a couple of puppies by his father, with the understanding that he should look after them. A few years later he got a pony. This happened on a large estate on the banks of the Hudson, in Dutchess County. Today that small boy, now a man, still lives part of each year on the same property, and still has the same love of animals which he had as a child.

Franklin Roosevelt grew up during the Little Lord Fauntleroy period, when little boys went about with curly locks, dressed in velvet suits with lace collars. But, although as the only child of a wealthy family he was reared in luxury, he preferred the wooden bench of experience. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn appealed to him more than did the sweetness of Cedric Errol.

Many a fright he gave his staid parent when he appeared minus a shoe, with torn trousers and a dirty face, on his return from collecting birds' eggs, for no tree was too high for him to climb, and no cliff too steep to scale. He has been collecting ever since. Following the eggs came a botanical craze, and he knew the name and personal peculiarities of every kind of tree and bush in the vicinity. Today a large part of the Roosevelt estate is given to experiments in horticulture, for, as he says, "T. R. chopped down trees, I plant them." But he has never outgrown the collecting habit.

ALTHOUGH he was active in athletics at Harvard, he spent much of his time delving into musty volumes in the library, and while still in college he made up his mind to collect everything that he could pertaining to the American Navy. The large library in Hyde Park and the smaller one in his town house on Sixty-fifth Street contain 9782 volumes, of which he is said to have read 9781, the extra one being the catalogue, which he never needs to consult. But his collecting did not stop at books. He started in on ship models and naval prints and today the rooms resemble naval museums.

Like T. R., Franklin Roosevelt is an omnivorous reader, and while history, biography and exploration are of special interest to him, this does not prevent him from reading every detective story upon which he can lay his hands, nor from collecting first

editions of Kipling and also postage stamps. And it is a question whether he prizes more his copy of *Soldiers Three* or his triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp. He does not care much for poetry, though before the last election he was often heard quoting, "The Smith, a mighty man is he."

In art he belongs to that large class which knows what it likes, and subject rather than technique appeals to him. He picked up for a song the original painting from which the well-known engraving of Paul Jones was made, and in his library it hangs opposite a large marine by Claude Lorraine, while in Mrs. Roosevelt's sitting room are two water colors by Turner. At a second hand dealer's store he discovered an entire collection of original cartoons by Thomas Nast, and bought them all, and facing his bed is one of Assemblyman T. R. standing before Governor Grover Cleveland. There is not a second-hand book-dealer in New York who does not know Franklin Roosevelt, and old timers still remember the young man to whom so many naval books were knocked down at Bangs's auction room on Fourth Avenue.

LIKE most of the Roosevelts, he married early. Almost all his life he had known Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, the niece of Theodore. At college it was taken for granted that the tall, willowy girl who went with him to the football games and enthusiastically waved the Crimson banner was to be his wife, so it was no surprise when the engagement was announced. The marriage took place on St. Patrick's Day. The Presidential uncle, "tickled to death" that the bride was keeping the name in the family, gave her away to the strains of the "Wearing of the Green" and the tread of the marching feet of the Ancient Order of Hibernians as they paraded up Fifth Avenue.

UNTIL he was twenty-nine, Franklin Roosevelt's life had been spent in managing the estate of his father, and in the practice of law. But this did not prevent him from taking interest in local government up in Dutchess County. He knew most of the inhabitants for miles around. His cronies were the farmers of the neighborhood, and many were the political discussions that went on under the reflection of the green and red gas-lighted bottles amid the smell of licorice and ipecac in the village drug store. The tall, broad, good-looking young man with the keen blue eyes, the firm thin-lipped mouth and the determined chin, was popular with the people in his neighborhood, and the Democrats of Dutchess County nominated him for the Assembly. The nomination apparently did not mean much, for there had not been a Democratic representative from that locality in the Legislature for more than twenty years.

When Lou Payn, the Republican boss of the county, heard that young Roosevelt was going to run, he removed the half-chewed cigar from his mouth, stroked his white goatee, and said it was a "helluva joke". But Roosevelt did not see it quite that way. He went out and bought a car, and no town or village was too small for him to visit. When the votes were counted it was seen that the joke was on the Republican boss and not on Roosevelt.

When in January, 1911, the bell hop deposited three suitcases in a room

in Albany, he left the owner of them a very much puzzled man. Roosevelt had defeated the bosses of the opposing political party, but now he was confronted by those of his own political faith. The gentleman with the rimless glasses, on Fourteenth Street, had decreed that "Blue-eyed Billy" Sheehan should be New York's next representative in the United States Senate, at that time to be elected by the Legislature. But Roosevelt was not the type of man who would take orders from anyone, particularly when those orders did not fit into his way of thinking, and Sheehan's methods were not to his liking. Some nineteen other members of the Legislature felt the same way about it and, in spite of the numberless messages from Fourteenth Street to Albany, after sixty-four ballots had been taken on the subject not Sheehan but Judge O'Gorman was chosen Senator.

In Albany, Roosevelt made many new friends. He is the type of man who naturally attracts people. He is not a professional handshaker, but is genuinely interested in people and shows that interest. There was the Speaker of the Assembly. At first shocked by the "ain'ts" and the husky voice, Roosevelt soon saw that together with thorough honesty, Al Smith possessed one of the keenest intellects he had as yet encountered. He also became friendly with "Bob" Wagner and "Jim" Foley, and he discovered that there was something more than graft in Tammany Hall. At this time he met Louis Howe. He was the seasoned Albany correspondent of the old *Herald*, and recognized in Roosevelt the type of man all too seldom found in public life. Moreover, Howe had ideas of his own about politics. In Roosevelt he saw a fitting leader to whom to pin his faith. He advised the young legislator, carried on one entire campaign for him when Roosevelt was ill with typhoid fever, and eventually gave up his job on the newspaper to act as assistant to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy when Roosevelt was appointed to that position by President Wilson.

When Roosevelt was stricken with paralysis, Howe stuck to him, becoming, as he puts it, Mr. Roosevelt's legs. He has been with him ever since, living in his home as one of the family and conferring with him daily on questions of policy and business. Howe wants to keep in the background, and if you ask him what his position is, he'll tell you that he is "Franklin's 'no man'", by which he means that on general principle he disagrees with everything Roosevelt says and is the anvil upon which Roosevelt hammers out his ideas.

Of course the sickness from which Mr. Roosevelt is recovering has made it necessary for him to keep in touch with the outside world through a third person. He has been to a theatre but once in the last seven years, and that was to see a musical revue to which he went through the back door of the theatre. He has never been inside of a modern movie house, and the movies that he has seen have been shown in his own home.

His father has been dead a number of years, but his mother has a house in New York adjoining his. She built both of them, one for herself and one for him, and they are so arranged that, when necessary, both dining rooms and both drawing rooms can be turned

into one, by the removal of partitions.

He has four boys, the oldest of whom, like all good Roosevelts, is going to Harvard, while the other three are at Groton. He also has one daughter, who is married and has a child of her own, with which Mr. Roosevelt was photographed while he was running for the Governorship.

As for Mrs. Roosevelt, she teaches, runs a business and also takes a hand in politics, but this has not prevented her from doing a lot of entertaining; there is indeed hardly a night when there are not dinner guests. In eating, as in reading and friendship, the Governor's tastes are catholic. He likes everything from *pâté de foie gras* to corned beef and cabbage, drawing the line at but one thing, and that is, bananas.

On nights when he is alone, if he does not read, he rearranges his stamp collection or builds model yachts; not the ornamental kind, but those that sail, and many a race is held on the Hudson between those made by himself and his friends.

Seated, he appears to be in perfect health. His color is good and his expression reflects vitality. His clothes have an English cut, but he seems to be oblivious of his appearance. His collars are too low to permit his picture to be used as a collar advertisement, and as for his ties, if Mrs. Roosevelt did not buy him new ones he would wear the same one until it fell to pieces. True to tradition of Harvard, he refuses to wear a new hat, and during the last campaign he wore the same battered old brown fedora that he used when he ran for the Vice-Presidency eight years ago.

Politics in the sense of office-holding means nothing to him. He is a believer in the purest form of democracy, and to his mind the people are always right in the long run. At all times he has made an effort to prevent government from becoming too commercial and utilitarian and from remaining in the hands of a chosen few. He is always endeavoring to translate ideals into realities, and concerning human endeavor in any form he is intensely curious. It is as likely as not the new Governor will keep any number of Albany statesmen waiting while he listens to the adventures of some traveller who has just returned from the Arctic, or some scientist who has evolved a new theory of light.

In truth, Roosevelt's principal fault is his versatility. It is difficult for him to keep to one subject. Physics means as much to him as politics; he finds as much pleasure in the grace of a Doric column as he does in the rake of the mast of a clipper ship. On a hot day last July, the first thing that he did upon returning from a meeting of the Democratic National Committee at which Mr. Raskob was chosen chairman, was to sit down and examine a tattered first edition of a naval pamphlet he had just secured.

Now that he is Governor he is entering office with a determination to carry out his own theories of popular government, and on that subject he has very definite opinions. Without being a Socialist he has social ideas. He believes that the State exists for the benefit of the individual rather than the individual for the benefit of the State. And eventually he believes the State will be the principal reliance for the happiness of its citizens, as well as for their health and prosperity.

Are Ten Too Many?

By Marjorie Wells

A young mother of an old-fashioned family states its case, reckoning its assets and liabilities and finding it profitable in peace and happiness

I suppose I am old-fashioned. I am quite sure many of my friends and neighbors think so, while some of them do not stop at so kindly and sympathetic a judgment. I am aware sometimes of their pity, condescension and amusement, and even of contempt and a veiled antagonism.

The reason is that I have a large family, stretching already as far as the eye can reach and with the end not yet in sight. In an age when two or three children are considered the civilized and respectable achievement, I have ten to date and am still unchastened and unrepentant. I am even mildly ostentatious about it, and find a reprehensible satisfaction in projecting my oversized family like a bombshell into polite society, where it is variously greeted with congratulation, consternation, interrogation or condemnation. The friendlier reactions concede that this is indeed an old-fashioned family, supposedly endowed with indefinite but admirable old-fashioned virtues and advantages. But I am aware of other attitudes beneath the polite surprise or careful congratulations of casual conversation. There are those who clearly count me as no better than a deluded female, unkindly outlawed from the pleasures and privileges of modern life by an unfortunate biological habit. There are some who would weep for me and with me, if I gave them but half a chance. There are others who probably think me a scab and blackleg, traitor and backslider, in these days of feminine emancipation.

I have no intention of apologizing for my family. I have never done so nor tried to keep it a secret, which would in fact be difficult. I am, indeed, candidly and brazenly proud of it. A large family is liable to have that effect upon its perpetrator and proprietor. All ordinary parents are publicly proud of two children or even three. Most parents become a little reticent about five or six. But when the score mounts up to nine or ten, parental pride gets a second wind. There is something monumental about such a family, and it is asking too much of human nature to expect its parents to keep it entirely to themselves.

But I sometimes feel like speaking out against the undertones of unpleasantness which often answer my parental pride. Especially I resent the insinuation that I am somehow related to the old lady who lived in a shoe, who had so many children because she didn't know what to do. In this age of grace and gossip, ignorance must keep company with stupidity in order to preserve itself entire. There is a clinical candor about our reading, our conversation, and even the advertising in the most respectable of our family magazines, which makes it difficult to retain the innocence of ignorance unless one is firmly determined upon it. Ordinary curiosity has been enough to introduce me to Dr. Marie Stopes and all her works, and the name of Margaret Sanger is not as unfamiliar to me as might be supposed. I am, in fact, reasonably sure that I know as much about keeping the stork from the door as do most of my friendly and unfriendly critics, and that I know vastly more about practical biology than most of these young modernists who regard me with such a pitying and patronizing eye.

So in the natural course of events I come upon Mrs. Sanger's latest book, *Motherhood in Bondage*, and am thereby much tried and exercised. It is a tragic and terrible book. It is made up principally of letters — hundreds of them — from women and some few men overburdened with the bitternesses of too much parenthood. It is a grim collection of hard luck stories, every one of them outlining a human tragedy. It is a compilation of case records in marital misery, full of pain and poverty and protest against the blind inhumanity of natural law. Its purpose is clear, even though it is published in a country where there are still some things which must not be talked about. The letters are chosen and grouped to prove that families should be made to measure and not left to luck or the lack of it. It is overpowering in its picture of human misery and entirely sincere in its conviction that something should be done about it, but its specific plea is for public approval and dissemination of a practical doctrine of Birth Control.

I am really not much interested in this particular question. It seems likely that the curse of Anthony Comstock might well be lifted in this age of reason, but it also seems likely that a certain amount of damage might result from too much eating of the tree of knowledge. It strikes me as a delicate problem, as delicate as some of those which every parent knows who tries to bring youngsters safely through adolescence. As I have suggested above, the vast majority of parents have access to all the knowledge there is on this subject, and the fact that it is sometimes a little difficult to get at is probably a moral safeguard rather than a national calamity. Knowledge is an excellent thing, but it won't cure all our personal or social diseases. It never has. And it is often, much too often, turned to evil account.

But my complaint against Mrs. Sanger's book is that it lacks a certain letter. I have never felt the urge to write to Mrs. Sanger, but I think now that I should have done so. I should have written in the following fashion and thereby contributed my share to the great American tragedy.

DEAR MRS. SANGER:

I am only thirty-eight years old and have been married less than fifteen years, but we already have ten children and I am beginning to feel that there is no reason why I should not have ten more. When we married, my husband was earning just ten dollars a week as a school-teacher, and at the end of ten years he was getting less than three thousand a year and we had seven children. We have never had any income except what we could earn, so I have always done practically all my own work, including the cleaning, cooking, washing and everything. For years we hardly ever went to a theatre or concert or took a vacation. Four years ago my husband lost his job and had to start in an entirely new line, but the children kept right on coming. Now we have ten of them and the oldest not yet fourteen, while the youngest is about six months. During the time before the last one was born my husband was taken ill and had to go away to a hospital for a serious operation, and my mother was also taken ill and died. I had to let my own work go in order to help nurse her. Through all this trouble I wondered many times what would be the effect of it all on the new arrival.

When I was married I knew very little about marriage and all its responsibilities, and had to learn as best I could by experience. Just now I have a cold in the head and the boys have kicked a football through the living-room window and the dishes aren't washed and the coal man has sent a bill with "Please Remit" on it, and what's going to become of us I don't know.

Perhaps Mrs. Sanger would have published this confession; perhaps she wouldn't. The point is that while its facts are all true, its implications are all false. I don't feel sorry for myself, and I never did. There's nothing the matter with my family, and there's nothing the matter with me that I can blame on the family. There's nothing the matter with the latest arrival, who is a healthy, happy, good-looking little rascal and the pride and joy of the whole household. Other people may feel sorry for us because we have practically the largest and noisiest family east of the Mississippi, but we don't feel sorry for ourselves. We have a tremendously good time with our family, and we don't much care who knows it.

THE trouble with all this loose talk and careful propaganda about Birth Control is that it implies, more or less subtly, that the large family is in itself a dangerous, undesirable and even reprehensible performance. It is inferred and even stated that overproduction involves a tempting of Providence, an invitation to poverty, and a gamble with maternal health and childhood happiness. It ignores all chances that the large family may have positive and intrinsic advantages of its own, and its own rewards and compensations for all the toil and trouble attached to it. It implies — without actually saying so — that the small family is the right family and the large family the wrong family, and that therefore people like myself are in some sense a public nuisance or a public menace.

So although I have been steadfastly uninterested in Birth Control propaganda as such, I find myself compelled to have some ideas on the subject. I have, in fact, been publicly debating the problem in a definitely practical fashion through fifteen years and by means of ten children. Every new bud on the family tree has been not only a hostage given to fortune but a challenge and even an affront to all these people who seem to know what is good for me and good for my children and good for the human society in which we all find ourselves. Mrs. Sanger might conceivably approve of my family, but only as an exception to prove her rule, for we are fundamen-

tally on opposite sides of the argument. I am doubtful of my abilities as a debater, and therefore when the subject came my way I have kept quiet. But there is nothing quiet about a family of ten. It is an assertive, obvious and concrete argument in itself.

But apart from particular cases and present company, I feel that the vital consideration in the Birth Control discussion is the matter of proper proportion. Nobody denies that there are many mothers who have more children than they know what to do with. Everybody must agree that the world holds too much misery which is a by-product of unrestricted childbearing, particularly now that Mrs. Sanger has filled a book with it. But it should be remembered that other books of human misery might be filled readily enough with the dreadful things wrought by tight shoes, aspirin tablets, radio sopranos, home cooking and cocktail shakers, without actually proving anything except that it is all too bad.

Mrs. Sanger has collected abnormalities and horrors in such quantity that the whole of humanity seems tarred with the same brush. In effect she preaches that uncalculating parenthood is a sort of universal disease, which can only be relieved by the universal practice of her pet doctrine. She is deeply distressed by all the troubles she has seen, so that her theories have become badly scrambled with her emotions and she attempts to be both sympathetic and scientific at the same time. Therefore she at last makes the usual mistake of women who attempt the guidance of public opinion, and tries to transfer to public responsibility what is essentially and inevitably a private and local problem.

I have said that this seems to be a matter of proportion, and it is certainly so in a private sense. Every married woman must draw up her own balance sheet of debits and credits in this business of motherhood. Every married man must do the same. Children are both a liability and an asset, and in order to reckon the net values of the family — natural, moral and spiritual — the parents must have an honest show-down with their own consciences and convictions. What they do about it is their own business, and should have nothing to do with the current fashions in families or the legal status of this doctrine or that. When the subsurface agitation in favor of Birth Control begins to assume shape as a popular notion that three or four or five children are enough, it takes away from the most conscientious parents something of the freedom to which they are entitled.

It is a matter of proportion. Each and all of us have our own scale of values by which we measure the worth of the pleasures, privileges, duties, comforts and satisfactions of life. Our attitude toward children, real and potential, will reflect pretty closely what we think and feel about these various elements. It really has nothing to do with the rights and wrongs of Birth Control. Birth Control, rightly or wrongly, is no more than another device which we use or decline in deference to our sense of what is important. We ought, in honesty to ourselves, to resent the suggestion that it is anything more, that it is an article of faith for the scientific age. We

ought, in a word, to feel free and be free to take it or leave it alone.

So though I do not believe in Birth Control, neither do I disbelieve in it. To announce that I believe in it means that I believe in it for somebody else, which seems to me to be none of my business. It happens that I don't believe in it for myself, under present circumstances and conditions, but that also is an entirely personal conviction and one which has no relation or importance to any other woman's problem. But I do believe that the contraceptionists are unwittingly making things uncomfortable for the large family, by giving scientific encouragement to the human liking for scandals. People do love to think the worst of their neighbors, and there is no such likely target as the parents of a large family. There ought, I think, to be a closed season for such parents, during which it would be a breach of the peace for mere theorists to add bedevilment to their burdens. Bachelors, maiden ladies and scientific reformers should in particular be warned to stay off the matrimonial grass where they have no proper business.

It is a long time since any one made out a case for the large family. The argument has all been on the other side. I find at least four general arguments in favor of the small family. (1) Its cultural advantages. (2) Its possibilities for health and intelligence. (3) Economic necessities. (4) Racial hazards and obligations. To keep my conscience clear I must make some sort of a settlement with each of them.

The eugenists tell us that the small family is the really civilized achievement, in the face of all experience that one child or two may be totally unpleasant products and that the small family is perilously near to extinction with the first epidemic of whooping cough. They argue that the small family gets its full rations of educational and other advantages and turns out a higher type of citizen thereby. The answer is that it doesn't. Other things being equal the large family gives better social training than the small one, and offers more stimulus to imagination, enterprise and intelligence during the most critically formative years. My own children knock the corners from each other, sharpen their wits on each other, and practise the social virtues on each other. They must necessarily learn to work together and play together. They must take small responsibilities early, and their affections and ambitions have small chance to get self-centred. It is possible that they may go short some day on the high-priced privileges of education and travel, but it won't matter much. They are learning already how to find their way about and make themselves a place in the world, and they are learning it at home.

In regard to the second point I take refuge in the record. My children are perfectly healthy and reasonably intelligent, and the later ones seem to have a slight edge on the earlier experiments. The suggestion that they might have been more so had there been fewer of them does not much interest me. Children, it seems, are healthy and intelligent principally according to the health and intelligence of their immediate ancestors and the parental progression in mutual development and usefulness, and if there is any rhyme or reason to the matter the

later child has the best chance. Concerning my own health I am equally free from anxiety. I weighed a scant hundred pounds on my wedding day, but since I have increased by nearly four per cent per annum the family regards me as a good investment.

THE third argument concerns the economic probabilities. To this my answer is that we have never yet been justified by our income in extending our family. We have extended the family, and then done what might be done to bring the income up to scratch. We were as financially embarrassed by one child as we are by ten, and we shall probably continue that way. Nothing in our married experience leads us to suppose that a small family guarantees financial independence or a large family forbids it; the two things simply don't have any cause-and-effect connection. We have no certainty as to what the morrow may bring forth, any more than do our more cautious neighbors, but we are sure of this, that the constant challenge and spur of increasing responsibilities and necessities have been fundamentally good for us. If we ever amount to anything — socially, financially, and particularly as to character and worth — my husband and I are agreed that we shall blame it on the children.

I am not entirely clear about the racial obligations involved in the doctrine of the small family. Very few people seem to be clear on the matter, with the exception of Havelock Ellis and a few others whose opinion, I suspect, is a fairly academic one. But I understand that a certain Mr. Malthus, aided and abetted by higher mathematics, has demonstrated that the human race, unless checked in its mad career by Act of Congress, is due either to be squeezed to death or starved to death. This is important if true, though it is probably not my business. But it may not be true. History is full of the dead bones of prophecies that have come to a sad end and the future is full of unknown quantities to upset all human calculations. Further, I am impressed by the obvious standstill and even retrogression of population increase within my own range of experience. Despite all my own contributions to the cause, the generation to which my children belong is falling short of its predecessors. There are families of my near acquaintance that are literally dying out; and nobody knows why. Civilization, I suppose, is taking its own toll by many secret ways, without much direct help from statisticians and scientists.

ONE other thing I have discovered by dabbling a little in vital statistics. The apparently alarming population increases of the past generation or so don't mean all that they seem to. Many children were born, for our country attracted chiefly the young and hardy; few old people died, for the dying generation belonged to a previous period of much smaller population. But now the numerical advantage shifts up the line, aided as it has been by the lengthening of the expectation of life during the past generation, and a lot of people must die soon as the consequence of having been born in the busiest times of the last century. Looking around a small circle of acquaintance, particularly in our cities, I can't see that the coming generation will do more than com-

pensate for the ordinary wear and tear of time on the ones that are passing. My friends and acquaintances aren't having any too many babies to take the place of all the uncles and aunts and grandparents and such whose time is nearly over. So much for statistics, which don't mean much anyway.

To get back to my own family, which — as usual — is in danger of neglect whenever I mess around with speculations, the four popular arguments in favor of the job-lot of children simply don't apply, so far as I am concerned. And I am aware of substantial arguments on the other side. I leave out of the discussion certain spiritual considerations which are entirely personal, and I prefer to ignore all unconvincing statistics about everything. I rest the case for the large family on the simple fact that children are desirable because they are pleasant and stimulating things to have around the house. They vastly increase the happiness of life. Happiness is made up of responsibility, ambition and achievement, of mutual appreciations that are a bond and blessing for two people who understand each other, and of numerous intelligent appreciations. A family of ten children will supply these in quantity and variety.

Children are, of course, sometimes a nuisance and always an embarrassment. They keep you out of bridge clubs, poker games, golf tournaments, uplift movements and the movies, and even out of the divorce court. They insist that you shall make a reasonable attempt to live happily with your own husband or wife, which is not a very dramatic, exciting or fashionable accomplishment. They demand that you shall devote most of your time to plain and unvarnished hard labor, but if this is undesirable or abnormal then the world was very badly designed on the first morning of creation. And they keep it up without much interruption until they pack up and leave you, which is an eventuality to be regarded as philosophically as possible.

I concede that my philosophy, such as it is, ignores such charming contingencies as inherited lunacy, disease, and abject poverty; also pathological abnormality, confirmed criminality, and inherent immorality. These things do not belong in my personal problem; they belong rather in Mrs. Sanger's book. But I claim that the code of normal people is not to be determined by the behavior and condition of the unfortunates.

For myself I am deeply thankful for all those enriching accidents which permit me the pride and delight of an old-fashioned family. I admit that I am fortunate — fortunate in having good health, a home in the country, kindly and forbearing friends, and a calm and perhaps cowlike disposition. For some of these advantages I thank the children themselves, and my family doctor is inclined to agree with me. And since I am fortunately free of some of the bogies that are frightening family folk out of their proper rights and responsibilities, I can enjoy my family as the veritable "heritage and reward" of the Biblical phrase. For I have found that a real family of children pays an adequate daily dividend of satisfaction and delight, and if you don't believe it you may ask at least one woman who owns one.

Babbitt Mounts the Pulpit

By J. A. MacCallum

Where are the great spiritual leaders of other years? An eminent churchman explains the waning power and smaller calibre of our modern clergy

No matter how buoyantly we strike the major chords of life, "the eternal note of sadness" is always creeping in. The old order is ever in process of dissolution, and even though we are convinced that the new days are better than those they have displaced, we should be more or less than human if we did not shed an occasional tear for the glories that are passing or altogether gone. Perhaps there is no more striking illustration of such change than that which has undermined the exalted place held for so long by the Protestant clergy, with their traditions of authoritative leadership based upon divine sanctions and sustained by superior education. A full break with the past is never possible, and though the Reformers renounced the authority of Rome, they did not, as indeed they could not, escape from the control of many of the regulative ideas by means of which the priests of the ancient church had guided the life of the people for many centuries. Among these ideas the status of the clergy remained long unchanged, with the exception of minor modifications growing out of the new forms of ecclesiastical organization.

Difficult of realization though it may be for the present generation, the day is not so far past when the minister exercised an almost despotic control over his parishioners. Long after the War of Independence, particularly in New England, he was regarded with profound reverence. He was the oracle of divine will; the sure guide to truth. If any one of his parish absented himself from worship, the tithing man hunted him up, and if he persisted in the offence, he was fined, exposed in the stocks, or imprisoned in the cage. Equally severe was the punishment inflicted upon those of loose tongue who spoke disparagingly of the minister's odd ways or found fault with his sermons. His advice was often asked on both public and private matters, nor did he hesitate to volunteer his opinions upon acts of the highest officials of the State. His province was the entire range of human interest and welfare, nor were there any "no trespassing" signs to warn him away from political or economic questions.

The sermon was the one event of the week. To the village church with its rude benches the whole countryside flocked, and with note book and pencil recorded the text for future reference, together with as much of the discourse as the hearer could grasp. For three hours the preacher held forth, until his voice was husky, raining denunciations upon the sects and finding evidences of the divine wrath in the simple tragedies of the countryside. The Scriptures furnished an inexhaustible supply of weapons for use upon the enemies of the faith.

But the harsher side of the preacher's theology was in part corrected by his native kindness and human sympathy. He explored the treasures of the Bible for the light it throws upon the primary need of the human heart for comfort, hope, and assurance of victory, and was always apt in reënforcing its teaching with illustrations from what he called profane literature and history. The farmers and artisans who made up his congregation must often have simulated an interest they did not feel in his abstruse discussions upon remote points of doctrine. But, however dull the treatment or foreign the subject to their daily thought, they rarely allowed the latent hostility they must have felt to become articulate, and accepted without reservation the preacher's opinions upon such questions as Sabbath observance, the rearing of children, and the conditions of salvation.

THE mere recital of these facts concerning the clergyman of four or five generations ago is sufficient to show how vast have been the forces which have since transformed the social order. His successor of today holds no regal place in the esteem of his parishioners, to say nothing of the rest of the community. Such a phrase as "man of God", which was formerly used to express the reverent appreciation of his neighbors, is so out of fashion that its meaning would not be understood by the rising generation. Instead of being immune from criticism, he is its constant object. This applies to his manner, his dress, his method of living, but above all to his message. To begin with, this is greatly restricted, as there are wide areas of life upon which he must not trespass at the risk of losing not only his influence but his position. He is warned by a thousand voices that his work is "to preach the gospel", by which is meant a highly generalized exposition of the principles of religion. Political, economic and social questions are beyond his province.

WE HAVE a recent illustration of the firmness with which the public insists that the clergy must refrain from the discussion of such matters. For a time after the initial agreement upon the League of Nations, it was generally expected that the United States would ratify the Treaty of Versailles, and the church was outspoken upon the desirability of prompt action. Suddenly, however, with the development of partisan opposition, the question became political, and forthwith there was an immediate cessation of its discussion in the pulpits of the country.

It is true that there is an apparent contradiction to this position in the active part taken by large numbers of the Methodist and Baptist clergy in the recent Presidential campaign. This, however, was made possible

by the extraordinary circumstances of a Roman Catholic and anti-Prohibitionist candidate. Such a combination in one personality offered almost perfect leverage for the exploitation of the intense anti-Catholic prejudice in large sections of the country. The fact that Governor Smith favored the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment strengthened the belief that the Pope was the undying enemy of all that is virtuous. Bishop Cannon and those who responded to his call were no doubt sincere in their conviction that the election of the Democratic candidate would prove to be a national calamity of the first magnitude. But sincerity is only one of several essential factors in moral leadership, and the readiness of a multitude of clergy to surrender their intelligence to the sway of the emotions in an orgy of blind partisanship in which the capacity for a detached judgment was utterly lost is one of the most sorrowful revelations of our time. It is not surprising that under such leadership Arkansas should vote against the teaching of evolution in the public schools of the State.

But even though the conditions under which the election took place were uniquely favorable to militant leadership, the sequel has yet to be told, and already there are signs on the horizon which indicate that many a fanatical parson will before long find his influence bankrupt. While the individual may be left to shift for himself and pay his own penalties, the church at large is bound to suffer when the people of the backward communities awake to the fact that they have been victimized by ignorant leadership.

The waning influence of the clergyman is particularly evident in his own special field, theology, where one would naturally think his opinion would be heard with respect. But the veriest ignoramus in his congregation is often ready to withstand him to his face, if he expresses ideas at variance with the crudest traditions. This is anomalous in the light of common experience. People accept without argument the decision of the engineer, the electrician and even the plumber. Few laymen will oppose the conclusions of a physician, however modest his standing. But the greatest thinker and scholar in the pulpit may be flouted at any time by multitudes who have no more conception of the issues involved than a navvy has of the significance of Einstein's discovery. F. W. Robertson, Bishop Colenso, W. Robertson Smith, Charles A. Briggs, Henry Drummond and many another prophet and scholar have been the victims of the ignorance and prejudice of the crowd, which is always ready to follow the lead of the demagogue who exploits its ignorance by innuendoes to the effect that the plenary inspiration of the Bible, or some other doctrine that he holds to be fundamental to the faith, is in danger.

The evil effect of this potentially hostile attitude upon the rank and file of the clergy is obvious, tending to keep them silent upon many questions where common honesty should prompt them to speak out. It is distressing to recall that in scholarly circles the critical approach to the Scriptures has been established beyond question for nearly half a century, yet this knowledge has been sedulously withheld from most of the boys and girls of our Sunday Schools.

Large numbers of the clergy who have been trained in the new school give their message in such terms that their real position is never suspected, excepting by their more critical hearers. One has only to examine the ordinary Sunday School lesson helps to learn how pitifully they lag behind the knowledge of the time. While it is true that conservatism is perhaps stronger in religion than in any other sphere of life, the belated state of current religious knowledge is largely due to the abdication of leadership on the part of the enlightened clergy. They have been frightened into silence by the fierce attacks of the obscurantists who have thus been able to keep a large measure of control in religious education. The man who claims to be a "hundred percenter" in his estimate of the Bible is sure of the popular franchise. The crowd never stops to analyse such an assertion. When the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church declares by popular vote that the writers of Holy Scripture were so inspired by the Holy Spirit as to be kept from error, it is safe to say that not a single person in the majority had ever made a conscientious attempt to discover or weigh the reasons which might be offered for or against this declaration.

GRESHAM'S law, which holds that the base metal always tends to drive out the good, works as effectively in life as in economics. Thus the intellectual level of the clergy is steadily declining. Less than forty per cent. of the Protestant ministers of the country have had any college training. The so-called Bible Schools of the Fundamentalists are educating an increasing number of religious leaders. These require only the slightest intellectual preparation and are equally modest in their demand for initial culture. They profess to teach the Bible as it is written without relation to history or science. It is a closed system of revelation with definite creedal plan according to the sect of the interpreter. Psychology, sociology, and the implications of biology are taboo. The conceit of knowledge in the graduates of these schools is vigorous, and they can always be counted on to stand firmly against the attempt of the scholar to harmonize religion and science. While it is true that men of this type hold only a few of the more important pulpits, measured by numbers they exercise a wide and increasing influence in the religious life of the nation, and their foolish utterances, narrow outlook, and bigotry tend to discredit the church with the intellectual classes and the rising generation.

BUT even apart from inadequate education, there are other forces at work which are impairing the status of the clergy. In the old days the minister had sufficient time for study. His interests may have been narrow or remote from life, but when he spoke, it was with authority because his utterance was the fruit of long and careful preparation. Many of the leading graduates of the outstanding colleges entered the ministry and in the large measure of leisure afforded by their profession developed into ripe scholars. Often the village minister was a man who had mastered some branch of literature, science, metaphysics, or philology. Today the majority of the clergy have little or no time for intellectual or spiritual development. They are too busy

attending to the details of their parishes. They are usually glib speakers, but there are few men who can prepare three or more addresses a week, to say nothing of attending to a multitude of other duties. The result is an intellectual impoverishment which is unable to command the respect of the non-church-going public.

MOREOVER, ecclesiastical organization has been entirely transformed. In the old days, when the interests of the people were restricted, everyone went to church. Now many have to be lured to religious services by any one of a variety of high-power methods. In the cities, churches advertise their attractions until an orgy of competition is reached. Each rival congregation tries to develop a legend of the pulpit power of its preacher. But the emphasis is usually laid on music.

On Sunday evening at eight o'clock at the Westmount Boulevard Presbyterian Church, Rev. John Blitherman, D.D., LL.D., Minister, the choir of forty voices under the leadership of D. Nevin Nightingale will render Mendelssohn's "Elijah", assisted by Madame Dulcina, harpiste, Signor Vasari, violinist, and Herr Wagner, 'cellist, all of the Bach Symphony Orchestra. The public is cordially invited. All seats free.

This advertisement appears in every newspaper on Saturday and is displayed on cards in hundreds of shop windows and hotels, including those situated in proximity to other churches of the same denomination. If Dr. Blitherman is upbraided for the adoption of such competitive methods, he justifies himself by the pious claim that he is seeking only the unchurched. But if any disgruntled member of a neighboring church should appear at any of his services he would be sure of a warm welcome. It is a fact with which those who are acquainted with the situation from the inside are well aware, that nearly all of those who are attracted by such appeals are connected with churches unable to furnish so elaborate a programme. So deeply seated is the tiger in our human nature that the ethics of the jungle are often dominant in those who profess to be servants of the Master Who was the Author of the Golden Rule. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that there is more coöperation and fair dealing between business houses selling the same commodities than between most of the churches of the same denomination in our cities. The reason lies in the necessity felt by every minister to make his own church a success. Many of the men who use such methods have enough native refinement to shrink from advertising their wares. They know that the physician or artist would scorn to do so, and they yield to the pressure only because they believe it necessary. That it destroys the bloom of personality is self-evident.

ANOTHER development in modern church life is transforming the preacher into an efficiency engineer. It is not enough that people should be attracted to the church. They must be vitally related to it, and since, in the temper of the time, many will make no move in this direction on their own part, they must be prevailed upon by such methods as are effective. Among these are various systems of quasi-espionage which aim to discover the identity of the stranger who has been attending the services for a few weeks, or even of the casual worshipper who appears at the morning service. Sometimes this is done by a tactful usher. In other cases the

assistant minister, sitting in the chancel, notes the strangers present, and when the ushers bring up the offerings, he surreptitiously hands them cards upon which appear such legends as the following: "Pew number 115, strange woman;" "pew 49, man and wife." During the singing of the next hymn these cards are given to resourceful members of the congregation whose pews are near those in which the visitors are sitting and, at the close of the service, they welcome them as friends with all the semblance of spontaneity. Whenever possible, their names and addresses are learned and noted, and if they are living within reach, they soon receive a call from the church visitor, who reports to the assistant, who calls in turn and decides whether it will be worth while to pursue the matter further. But necessary and valuable though such assistance is, the minister's hand must be constantly on the machine and much of his best energy is spent in the oversight of these details.

Fifty years ago, church attendance could be roughly measured by multiplying the membership of a church by two or even three. Today the proportions are reversed and the approximate attendance in city churches is about one-third of their membership. Thus if a church has fifteen hundred members, it is safe to assume that there will be about five or six hundred people at the morning service. Where are the others? Many of them are visiting over the week end, some are at home because of illness, and still others in large numbers have never given the church more than a divided loyalty. How can they be reached? Here again the burden of organization falls upon the minister. In highly organized churches the congregation is divided into units of about ten members. To one of the ten is given the responsibility for the oversight of the rest, and on Sunday these captains, as they are often called, fill out cards noting absences and, if possible, giving the reasons for them. These reports are carefully considered by the minister on Monday, and his immediate attention is given to those cases which seem to need it.

Such demands require a type of leader altogether different from the traditional scholar. Preaching is more or less incidental while organizing power is essential. Hence when a pulpit becomes vacant, the committee having the responsibility to secure a minister is sure to ask one question before all others: Can he make the church go? Instinctively it is recognized that the man of refined scholarship is not likely to succeed in reaching the crowd, so that with few exceptions it would be a damaging recommendation to say that a candidate for a vacancy is a scholar, or thinker of prophetic insight. What is wanted is a man of conventional mind who is a "booster" and has the faculty of getting everybody in the church to work enthusiastically. Recently the committee of an influential church in recommending a new minister to the congregation gave as his most important qualification the fact that he was President of the Rotary Clubs of the State from which he was coming. Another strong church of over two thousand members advertised for weeks that its minister-elect had been a famous quarterback when he was in college!

Babbitt is at the helm in many a church. The reasons for these changes lie in large degree outside of the clergy themselves. Like people, like priest. This is a hustling, advertising, competitive, money-minded age, and the church takes on its color and temper. Many of the clergy who have remained loyal to the old ideal have gone down in failure or have escaped by the back door into teaching or editorial positions. The successful men are usually those who have accepted or grown unconsciously into the new conditions. A few voices of outstanding power are yet to be found who speak with the authority of truth and command the respect which integrity and wisdom always call forth. But their number is constantly diminishing in proportion to the total number of the clergy, and their influence in the community is usually in spite of rather than because of the ecclesiastical position they hold.

MEANTIME, the tendencies of the time are reflected in the types of students in the theological seminaries. In scarcely any of these are the conditions of entrance as rigid as in the case of the other professions, and, as we have seen, the Bible Schools are ready to welcome any untutored youth of high school grade and equip him for spiritual leadership at home or on the foreign field, in two years. Here these uncritical youths are taught, in the words of a recent World's Fundamentals Convention, "a firm and steadfast faith in the Genesis account of Creation, the historical fact of all Bible miracles, the imminent second coming of Jesus, and the existence of a personal devil and a literal hell". They are also urged to exercise influence upon all "tax-supported schools in order to eliminate both textbooks and instructors teaching any form of evolution whatsoever". The statutes of Tennessee and Arkansas prove that this aim is not as chimerical as it would appear on first blush to the educated man. When we remember the increasing numbers of the youth of both sexes from the rural and village congregations to which the graduates of these Bible Schools minister, who are attending college, it is easy to forecast the disrespect or indifference which many of them will show in maturity toward the clergy in general. When suspicion or antagonism is aroused, it is human nature to throw out the baby with the bath. Thus many a young man "chucks" religion, as the English say, when he discovers that he has been taught a fallacious view of the universe. Usually such fallacies are associated in his mind with the Bible and the Church, and in the violence of his recoil the essential truth of both is often lost. This is a mistake, for as the brilliant Chinese Hu Shih has said: "We do not necessarily condemn God because some honest heretics were burned to death in His name."

BUT when the Fundamentalists have been assessed with their full measure of liability, the realistic commentator must admit that he has by no means explained adequately the declining influence of the church. Painful though the admission be to a liberal churchman, it is probably true that the church is numerically stronger today than it would be if every pulpit in the country was held by a preacher of liberal outlook. Even in Scotland,

which is pre-eminently the land of an educated clergy and a church-going population, the same decline in influence is becoming evident. After all, Fundamentalism springs from a recognition that something is wrong and is a heroic though misdirected effort to regain what has been lost. From the point of view of the skeptical outsider the difference between the Modernist and Fundamentalist is scarcely more than that of tweedledum and tweedledee. He regards them both as advocates of a lost or dubious cause, rather than seekers for light.

WHAT the clergy must learn if they are to regain their lost prestige is that rhetoric is no substitute for fact, and that they have a worthier function than to bring back an era that has gone forever. It is not to minimize but rightly to appraise our spiritual inheritance to assert that our sanctions and ideals are in the future. Unfortunately most of the issues that are discussed, debated, or promoted in the highest courts of the various Protestant churches are lacking in the note of reality. The vital problems of the age are scarcely thought of, to say nothing of being faced; namely, how the youth of the time can be made to see that there is no essential opposition between religion and science, that life is a trust, that theology is provisional and therefore subject to modification, that religion must be expressed in terms of character and service and in all the relationships of life, political, social, industrial, racial, and international, rather than in subscription to obsolescent dogmas. How anomalous it is that great churches stand on the streets of our cities and never think of the newsboys in the alleys, the cruelties perpetrated in our penal institutions, and many other forms of social injustice! What the clergy lack as a whole is the scientific spirit, the willingness to face reality. Until this is developed in the clerical mind, the church will trail the conscience of the nation as it has in nearly all of the social reforms that have been achieved during the last two centuries.

YET the church's problem is but the problem of democracy, and the tendencies to which attention has been called may be traced in other departments of life. That the external authority of the old time clergyman is gone is not to be regretted. A higher level of intelligence and education has brought about that result. But as yet no adequate spiritual directivity has developed in the mind of the church to redress the disturbed balance. Life involves continuous readjustment, and if the clergy are to survive in the changing social order, they must learn to find their way in the new universe with its illimitable distances, its infinite and mysterious complexities, and its unfailing reign of law.

Man is ineradicably religious, and however far his knowledge may expand, he will always require spiritual guidance. The clergy have been sternly chastened and will probably be chastened still more, but eventually they will learn their lesson and become wise and true ministers of their fellow men in the pursuit of the best.

A White South, or Black?

By Pierre Crabitès
Judge of the International Tribunal at Cairo

An eminent Southern Democrat pleads for White primaries in the South as the alternative to Negro rule and a recurrence of disorder and bloodshed

The South has never been betrothed to the Democratic party. It has long been wedded to the cause of White Supremacy. The Houston Convention refused to recognize these two salient facts. It received its answer on November 6, 1928.

The staggering vote polled by Mr. Hoover throughout the eleven States of the old Confederacy fills me with concern. I am not writing as a Democrat. That party, as such, means comparatively little to me. I am not speaking as a Catholic, although I appreciate the force of the blow my fellow churchmen have had as a result of the religious strife awakened by the candidacy of Governor Smith. It is solely as a Southerner that I am raising my voice.

There has been a break in the solid White phalanx of ten States which until 1928 had never wavered in their allegiance to Caucasian domination. The rent is as evident in the Commonwealths that voted for the New Yorker as it is in those that went for the Californian. It must be repaired. And this work should be undertaken at once. If conditions be left as they are, blood will flow, sooner or later.

It will serve no useful purpose to put the blame on the Irish for having defied the South. It will mean nothing to indict Simmons, Heflin and Co. for treason. The thing to do is to work for a remedy. And it is of primary importance to take cognizance of the gravity of the peril.

Be the cause what it may, there are today in each Southern State two White Groups. At the present moment they may or they may not be officially extending their hands to one another. Their leaders, both men and women, may now, perhaps, be singing a "let's get together" chorus. But they have tasted blood. Never again can they be what they once were — as long as human nature remains what it is.

This condition carries in its wake the imminent peril of bloodshed or of Negro rule. I do not mean as an eventual hypothesis. I mean as an immediate, present, impending catastrophe.

It will be recalled that the ten "solid" Confederate States have a large Negro population. So has Tennessee. That Commonwealth, however, is not a "solid" Confederate

State. It gave Andrew Johnson, General Thomas and Admiral Farragut to the Northern cause. It has two Congressional Districts which are as rockribbed Republican as any sections of Vermont. It has, in the past, played truant to the Democratic cause, in State and National elections. I, therefore, eliminate it from the unadulterated South. The former impregnable strongholds of Democracy controlled their blacks. They constitute the South within the meaning of this discussion.

The Southern White man has not always exercised this "control" in the same way. At one time he used the white sheet of the original Ku Klux Klan. At another, bullets. Then again, any old form of intimidation. But he gradually evolved from such types of persuasion. He ceased to be militant and became metaphysical. He fell back upon Constitutional subterfuges. And then Mississippi pointed the way when she evolved the principle of White Primaries. But this beneficent practice is not applied to National elections.

Viewed from the quiet complacence of one's comfortable armchair, all of these earlier remedies fill one with horror. But life is a condition and not a theory. Reconstruction was a nightmare which had to be dealt with as a living reality. The slaves of yesterday had been given the franchise. They were, as a class, good men. They proved this during the Civil War, when the Southern White man deserted his plantation to defend his frontier. There were, however, recreant scalawags and unspeakable carpetbaggers who turned this ebony mass from docility to aggression and from virtue to crime. The North of those days was deaf to reason. Forced to decide between Black Government or violence, the Southerner chose the latter.

And just about the time when the Negro came to realize that a ballot and an autopsy had something in common, the country at large got into the frame of mind that permitted it to refrain from attacking the various Southern suffrage Constitutional provisions. The vocalized Black and allied elements of the South accepted this situation with a self satisfaction that amounted to suppressed enthusiasm. When 1928 hove into sight, all Southerners, regardless "of race, color or previous condition of servitude", lived together as a happy community.

The White element was satisfied because it was in the saddle. No blood stained its hand on election day. The inarticulate Black cohorts were contented because their longevity was not subjected to any untoward curtailment. Their "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" were safeguarded by officials, courts and public opinion. And the assertive, truculent, oleaginous Negro politicians were delighted, because this arrangement reserved the Federal pie to a small coterie. They raised just about enough of a protest to keep their names in the foreground of Harlem. They willingly sacrificed their chances of poorly paid State or county jobs to the certainty of remunerative Federal patronage.

This is another way of saying that the small clan of Southern Black-and-Tan — as well as Lily-White — beneficiaries of Republican victories is, at this juncture, more than probably perfectly willing to let well enough

alone. The danger comes from the United White army of yesterday. It has broken with its traditional principles. It has disintegrated. Should all of the old Southern Democrats of before 1928 seek to get together again, they could not do so. The G. O. P. has tasted the sweetness of votes from Dixieland. Its hereditary opponent had too long fattened on this morsel not to clamor for another helping. This implies that when 1932 and succeeding years come around, both parties will fight for the coveted prize of "Solid South" Electoral support.

With the XVth amendment still a part of the Constitution of the United States, and with assertive Negro minorities scattered throughout many of the Northern States, it is an illusion to imagine that the Republicans of the Nation will seek to buy the favor of Southern Whites at the price of officially repudiating the Blacks. Should the Hoover forces do so in an open and unmistakable manner, then one may be certain that the Democrats of the North will forthwith champion the cause of the colored citizen with as much enthusiasm as they did that of Protection in the campaign that has just ended. There are too many black men and women north of Mason and Dixon's line for their influence not to be sought, should the followers of Lincoln throw past traditions to the winds.

All this means that African votes are destined to remain for years a cloud upon the Southern horizon. Should White Southerners continue to divide among themselves, it will become dark and menacing. And I am afraid that it will burst.

I say this because education and thrift have made such progress among the Blacks of the South that menacingly large numbers of them can now legally answer to any Constitutional provisions that the Courts would declare valid. There is, accordingly, an avalanche of potentional Negro votes which remained dormant when the Southern White body stood as a unit. I fear that White competition for office will turn this quiescent and latent force into a moving and irresistible body.

I fear that Southern Whites will create or revive the conditions that existed during Reconstruction days because I think that I know something of human nature. Once the Caucasian element of the South divides on Presidential issues — and it so divided on November 6, 1928 — the thirst for office and the ardor of conflict will cause politicians to cast eyes at those unregistered Black votes. There will be Twentieth Century scalawags. They will lie awake nights until they work out a way of getting those ballots.

This practice will, at first, take place only in isolated instances and at widely scattered points. It will be introduced just as slowly and as cautiously as one puts one's hand into a new glove. But, in time, what the Germans call a *handschuh* goes on easily. So will it be with the custom of offsetting White votes for President by Black ballots. And this means that this select Black Brigade, whether it be large or small, will sooner or later hold the balance of power in the ten "solid" Confederate States. This result will be as inevitable as the Call of Doom, and will beget an awakening which will spell bloodshed.

If I am mistaken in advancing the

hypothesis that human nature will urge the divided White men of any given Southern State to angle for African suffrage when a President is to be chosen, then there are still those Northerners, Easterners and Westerners in the woodpile. They, in their hunger for ballots, assuredly will have no compunction about flooding the South with money. They, whether they be Republicans or Democrats, will play the part of tempter and seek to find means of registering this somnolent but highly volatile vote. It will take shot guns — or latter day Ku Klux Klan methods — to drive such political scouts into cover.

All of this means that the XVth Amendment has made of each unit of the real South a one-party State. It is immaterial whether that party be called Democratic or Republican. It is no concern to Louisiana whether Mississippi be Republican or Democratic. It means nought to Mississippi whether Louisiana be Democratic or Republican. All that interests Louisiana and Mississippi is that all White citizens within the borders of each State be members of one single political party.

This is not an ideal condition. I deplore it. I, however, both unreservedly and willingly accept it as the lesser of two evils. The alternative to it is, I repeat, Black domination or bloodshed.

To attenuate the misfortune of a condition that became inevitable when passion thrust the ballot upon the Negro, the States of the South have adopted far-reaching primary laws. These statutes place party elections under the control of the respective States. They circumvent the spirit of the Federal law. They respect its letter. They allow, as a practical proposition, a fight within the ranks of, for example, the Democratic party to settle all elections affecting State, municipal and county affairs.

I shall not seek to elaborate the mechanics of these laws. Suffice it to say that in my State, Louisiana, the statute provides that no one may vote at the primary of a given party who, at the time of registering, has not declared that "he is affiliated with" that specific party. The Democratic party, as a self-governing body, restricts participation in its primaries to White Democrats.

Public opinion and long settled practice allow any white man or woman, not a Republican office holder or standing candidate for a G. O. P. position, to register as a Democrat and to vote in a Democratic primary. The election is looked upon as a white man's fight. How participants, not holders of remunerated State, parochical or municipal posts, vote for President, interests no one. I know bank presidents who supported Harding and Coolidge and who are wheelhorses of the State Democracy. Everybody understands their position. They are, in State affairs, one-party men. They cast a Platonic vote for President every four years, but always support Democratic Congressional and Senatorial nominees.

The number of those who before 1928 voted in this way was comparatively small. The point is that these White primaries, as they prevail in Louisiana, did not ostracize such White voters who could not subscribe to the tenets of the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party. This is

but another way of saying that while technically for many years the South has had, in State affairs, a one-party system of government, the evil resulting from such a situation has been attenuated to a very appreciable extent. It is this modified form of one-party rule that I advocate as a means of escape from the dilemma now confronting the ten Southern States.

IT WILL, perhaps, be urged that no primary could validly submit, let us say, both a "Hoover" and a "Smith" ticket to its one-party electorate. This objection fails to consider the genesis of the Constitutional provision governing the choice of a President or of a Vice-President. It brushes aside the wishes of the Fathers.

The framers of our organic law did not contemplate making of the Electoral College a rubber stamp body. They visualized a double-barreled procedure. It was their idea that the people should choose as Electors agents in whom they placed implicit confidence, that all of the men so selected should meet at a given date and after full and free discussion designate for President and Vice-President the two men in whom all of this assembled wisdom placed its trust. The conception of a "Hoover" ballot and of a "Smith" ballot was foreign to the spirit of the Great Charter.

The original intention of the Constitution will be respected if the names voted for officially be those of citizens eligible for election by the primary. The fact that it may be known that one list, if chosen, will vote for "A" and the other for "B" is beside the point. Both groups of electors will fulfil the legal requirements if they are made up of White electors duly registered as members of the party under whose auspices the family fight has been staged.

I realize that certain of the ten States may require new legislation to make all of this feasible. It is requisite, I urge once more, that party affiliation be understood in a very loose sense. It must contemplate just that degree of nominal fealty that makes unadulterated White blood, for all practical purposes, the sole test. The working out of the mechanics of such statutes will, no doubt, call for skilful draftmanship. But the game is worth the candle.

THERE are further reasons which emphasize the wisdom of this proposal. It would do more than cut out the Black vote. It would rivet attention upon the South. Northern orators — and campaign funds — would pour into these primaries. We should be courted by both Republicans and Democrats. No one would dare to talk of reducing our Congressional representation. Our rivers and harbors would be improved. Federal buildings would be given to us. The best posts in the Judiciary and in the Foreign Service would be tendered to us.

Maine would no longer be a barometer, as we would come desperately near to being the arbiter of the election. I do not care how the various Southern States may become aligned. Party advantage does not interest me. Nor does the fact that such a change will put the South in the news and keep it there for many weeks. What I am seeking to do is to avert the bloodshed which menaces the various Southern States now that an issue has been found where their White phalanx has become a thing of the past.

The Master of Ballyhoo

By Jack Kofoed

Tex Rickard's colorful career in putting the Prize Ring into the Social Register and into the realm of High Finance

It is strange that our greatest master of ballyhoo came neither from the circus, where the term originated, nor from the marts of trade, where it has been glibly refined and labelled high pressure salesmanship.

Tex Rickard, from whose recent death the sporting world has not yet recovered, was so preëminently king of the ballyhoo that there is not even a crown prince to succeed him. No man even faintly approximates his grasp of the art of space grabbing. It doesn't matter greatly that he chose professional sports as the medium for his peculiar genius. He would have succeeded as largely in any field.

He never consciously developed this talent. He did not use it until he was deep in his thirties. It lay dormant, waiting for some fortuitous circumstance, while he roamed Alaska and the gold camps of the West and South American trails.

Unknown to himself, he had the "head-line" instinct. He knew a good story when he saw it, and he could make a good story out of frail beginnings. Tex would have developed into an outstanding newspaper editor. Had he taken to the involved trade of the publicity counsel he would have been the foremost of all press agents.

The impetus that started Tex Rickard on the career by which he became famous was the desire of Goldfield, Nevada, to get some national publicity. No one in the desert town knew what to do. Tex finally suggested a championship prize-fight; the idea was seized upon with avidity, and he was elected to the job of putting it over, because he was known from Alaska to the Panhandle as the squarest shooter in the West. The sour-dough boys and the prospectors and the roulette players all trusted the quiet, tight mouthed gambler, who could win or lose a hundred thousand dollars without a change of expression.

So Tex left his house of chance in charge of "Kid" Kieley, his partner and inside man, while he bent his energies toward making Goldfield famous.

"Battling" Nelson and Joe Gans were the greatest men of their weight in the game. Though arguments and recriminations had been exchanged, nothing definite had been done toward

settling the question of supremacy. That, then, was the status of the lightweight class when a plug-ugly named Jack Clifford arrived in Goldfield, defying anyone to meet him. Nelson, scenting easy money, wired *The Goldfield Sun*, asking a $5,000 guarantee and a side-bet of $5,000 for a finish fight.

That telegram arrived just at the moment when Rickard was wondering what bout to stage. He wired Nelson: "Your proposition accepted, but would prefer a meeting between you and Gans. Will give $15,000 for same."

The Battler wired back:

"Raise bid to $30,000 for Gans match, and accepted."

In less than an hour he received another message: "Your proposition accepted. Money posted J. S. Cook & Co. bank. Will forward to Salt Lake City or any place you name."

Possibly now — twenty-three years afterward — we can appreciate the magnitude of Rickard's task. At that time Goldfield had a population of 2,500. To get there one had to ride thirteen hours straight out into the desert from the main line, and only one train a day was scheduled. It was necessary to construct an arena at a cost of $15,000.

ONE of Tex's little touches showed a gorgeous imagination. There were many who thought the thirty thousand dollar purse so much fiction. But when the newsgatherers arrived they saw the purse stacked in glittering gold pieces in the window of the bank. It was a touch of genius, and the story was printed a thousand times.

Tex was completely dumbfounded when he saw newspapermen from all over the United States flocking into Goldfield, and more than eight thousand people gather at the ringside. He was still more surprised when the books showed a substantial profit, where he had asked only for publicity and a not too heavy loss.

Tex knew instinctively that the way to get lineage was to be unusual. He made that one of the unchangeable rules of his programme. He was always out of the ordinary. Whatever he did was worth columns of space for that reason.

WHEN he signed Gene Tunney for the first dramatic fight with Dempsey he said nothing about it. He stressed the difficulties in the path of such a devoutly to be wished for happening, and kept the newspapers speculating on whether or not the fight would be held. Then, as a grand gesture, he hired a special train, filled it with sports writers, and ran them half way across the continent to St. Louis to see Tunney go through the formality of appending his signature to a contract. The trip made a rattling good story in itself.

Last summer he took a "millionaire's special" — loaded with railroad owners, capitalists, publishers, Wall Street men, the financially great of the land — up into the woods of Speculator to watch Tunney go through his training routine for Heeney. And then he piled them aboard his yacht for a run to the "Hard Rock's" quarters at Fair Haven. You couldn't keep stories like that off the front page.

Each man required a different manner of building up. Gene Tunney, for instance, never was popular with the men who "covered" his camp. It

was essential that he should be. The writers painted word pictures of a rather haughty, intolerant fellow with the aspirations and manners of a social climber. It didn't do the show any good.

Rickard brought in "Steve" Hannegan, press agent for the Indianapolis automobile track, the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce and other enterprises. Steve is a good fellow, a great mixer, an Irishman who has a knack of smoothing down the ruffled fur of irritated men. He was put in charge of the Tunney camp. It was his job to make relations more pleasant than they had been — to reflect the champion through the spectrum of his own agreeable personality. Gene's chill manners were to be colored by the warmth of Steve's. That move was typical of Tex Rickard.

RICKARD realized very clearly that newspapers are the whole hinge and focus of the ballyhoo. The papers are only the boards on which writers paint their impressions and reactions. Though he never verbally tried to point the way a man should do a story, he did attempt to make the inciting causes of their tales what he thought they ought to be. Hence, Hannegan's presence at Speculator.

The promoter had a tremendous respect for the art of writing. It seemed almost a holy mystery to him that words could be so grouped on paper as to sway the thought of a whole nation. Though not a writer himself, no man in the world knew better how to build and marshal those picturesque incidents from which front page news stories are made.

The time is not so deep in the past when world's championship boxing matches were predicated on the comparative qualifications of the contestants. That was in a day when fights drew solely on their merits. Rickard changed all that. He decided that a heavyweight championship bout was essentially a spectacle and not a contest. If the fighters were sufficiently colorful it did not matter particularly if they were well matched.

The engineering of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight into the first million dollar gate ever known in Fistiana was an almost unbelievable bit of work. On one side was the greatest "killer" the game had known, a 190-pound panther, who hit with such devastating force that he had knocked down 240-pound Jess Willard seven times in a single round. On the other was a burned out light heavyweight, fresh from four years service in the French Army. Carpentier was not conceded even the faintest chance to win by even his most optimistic friends.

BEFORE Tex announced that he had signed the principals he decided that he needed competition. A Spanish waiter was picked up in a restaurant, supplied with money and the flashy garments, including spats and walking stick, that a Cuban boxing promoter might be supposed to wear. The waiter became noisily articulate in offering fabulous sums for a Dempsey-Carpentier match in Havana. Rickard announced that he would outbid anyone. The Spaniard countered with more bombast. It was worth lots of space in the sporting columns. Some of it even made page one.

Carpentier's war record; his deadly right hand punch; his familiarity

with the great ones of the world; his extensive wardrobe and accomplishments, were stressed. Pictures of his pretty wife were in the papers every day. So much was said of his very admirable qualities that his evident lack of fighting equipment was almost forgotten. In brief, Carpentier was made such an attractive personality that the public paid $1,700,000 to see the one-sided match. Rickard, working with the outward coldness of a frontier gambler and the inward excitement of a small boy, was never at any time fooled by his own ballyhoo. He knew that Carpentier did not have a chance in a thousand, and a half an hour before the fight started went to Dempsey's dressing room, and asked him not to knock out his adversary in the first round, but to "give the crowd a run for its money".

FIRPO, variously known as "the Wild Bull of the Pampas" and "Dead Pan Luis", was a huge, black haired, fierce eyed bottle washer from a Buenos Aires pharmacy. He came to America animated by a consuming greed for money and a sort of arrogant confidence in himself.

After he had knocked out a few punch-drunk opponents, Firpo came to the attention of Rickard, who saw enormous box-office possibilities in this beetle browed giant in his ill fitting clothes.

"I never seed such a man," he said, with a touch of awe in his voice. And, he started at once to build Luis Angel Firpo into a fitting opponent for Jack Dempsey. The proper assortment of weak-chinned or canary hearted boxers were supplied for the Bull to pole-axe into unconsciousness.

Tex was more interested in building up his vast attractions than he was in the fights themselves, but Firpo, with his smashing, bull-like attack that brought Dempsey to the edge of defeat, gave Tex the greatest thrill he had ever experienced at the ringside. He often told newspaper men that he had never seen and never expected to see again so titanic a struggle.

RICKARD trusted people instinctively, and it was seldom that he was double-crossed. It was natural, for people believed in him. When he owned the Northern in Nome he often had as much as $100,000 of the miners' money stowed away in his safe. He knew the owners only by sight and they never asked for receipts. And not one of them ever lost a penny through that trust.

It was in Nome that he developed his casual regard for money. He started there with thirty-five dollars, and in four years made more than half a million. He saw no fun in piling up gold dust. He wanted action, and when he went out he didn't carry more than sixty thousand with him.

"When I began offering big purses for fights they didn't seem so startling to me as they did to others," he often said. "Why, up there in Nome — right in my saloon — we would have guaranteed that much on a day's notice. And in gold — not in checks."

Money in itself never interested Rickard. It was simply the chips he used in playing his game.

Among Rickard's keenest interests in life were newspapermen. To them he gave the credit for his success. There was nothing he preferred doing

— unless it was playing golf — to sitting at the big bronze desk that had been made for Warren G. Harding and talking with the boys. His hat was always on his head, his heavy cane hooked over his arm, a cigar and a chew of tobacco in his mouth.

If he was ever hurt by articles that flayed him he kept his emotion under cover, but he never failed to show his naïve delight over friendly stories that painted him as he thought he was. He was fascinating. He made you like him. The writers knew that his word was good. The public had implicit confidence in his ability to produce what he promised.

It is peculiarly dramatic that the last Frankenstein Rickard built should have been the one to rip to tatters the fabric of the promoter's dream. Gene Tunney was quite good enough to defeat Jack Dempsey. He was intelligent enough and clever enough to establish himself as a thoroughly capable champion. But he lacked all those appealing nuances that Tex believed most essential for the ballyhoo. He never caught the public imagination. He was too cold, too self centered, for that; and though Rickard spent uncountable time and effort on him he could not sell Gene Tunney to the people who pay their money at the box-office.

Tex never had a heavyweight failure until he staged the Tunney-Heeney fight. With that failure came a collapse in the heavyweight structure, which is the foundation of boxing. The game entered into a stage of innocuous desuetude, and wallowed about in the doldrums.

Up to the day of his death Rickard was working and planning to overcome that condition. The Sharkey-Stribling bout at Miami Beach was only one step in that programme. He had discussed many others with Jack Dempsey — who was to be his partner.

Rickard's ballyhoo failed only once in twenty-three years, and Gene Tunney was the reason. That Tunney took out of the game more money than anyone before him; that the biggest "gates" in history were at fights in which he was a performer, has nothing to do with the case.

Rickard died knowing that through his greatest success had come his one great failure, and the knowledge sat heavily on his shoulders. Yet those who knew Rickard know that only death could have beaten him. Had fate vouchsafed him a few more years of life he would, almost certainly, have again carried the heavyweight class into even more dazzling realms of high finance, and would have led the boxing world to forget the colorless champion who had brought about its downfall.

Mechanics of the Stock Exchange

By E. H. H. Simmons
President of the New York Stock Exchange

Thousands of Wall Street's new investors are unfamiliar with the actual machinery—here authoritatively explained—by which their market transactions are effected

Stock exchanges are accurately named. Essentially they are organizations where money can be exchanged for securities or securities for money. It is for this reason that they are often referred to as capital markets, since it is in capital that their dealings really consist. The Stock Exchange itself never buys or sells securities, but is an association which provides facilities and rules under which its members can deal in securities with each other. Its true function consequently consists in bringing buyers and sellers of securities together, and thereby increasing the negotiability of the stocks and bonds in which dealings are allowed. Naturally, the Stock Exchange itself does not fix or establish security prices; these depend on the conditions of supply and demand expressed on the Stock Exchange, but originating from all parts of the country.

In their early stages, stock exchanges were simple affairs, consisting as they did of small groups of men who made it their business to deal in stocks and bonds. The earliest stock market in New York was organized by about a dozen brokers in 1792, and their meeting place, so tradition states, was beneath an old buttonwood tree that formerly stood in lower Wall Street. The stock exchanges of the financial centers of Europe had similar humble and inconspicuous beginnings. During the last century, however, the large growth of government debts, and the extensive organization of business enterprises in corporate form, led to the issuing of enormous quantities of securities. As a natural result, the markets for these securities upon the principal stock exchanges have experienced a vast growth, and internally a steady evolution from simplicity to complexity of organization.

Today the New York Stock Exchange system may for purposes of description be divided into six principal parts, viz.: (1) the floor of the Exchange itself, where security contracts are made by Exchange members; (2) the clearing and settling organization, embodied in the Stock Clearing Corporation, which supervises the daily task of settling contracts made on the floor with maximum safety and efficient saving in the employment of time, labor and capi-

tal; (3) the quotation system, whereby current prices for securities established on the Stock Exchange are quickly communicated to all parts of the country through the stock ticker; (4) the commission houses operated by Stock Exchange members as brokers, through which the public is afforded ready access to the security market on the Exchange floor; (5) the facilities for borrowing and lending money on security collateral maintained on the Stock Exchange floor; and (6) the administrative organization of the Exchange, centring in its Governing Committee, which acts in a legislative and judicial capacity in respect to the business of Exchange members. Each of these main divisions of the Stock Exchange system represents in turn a more or less complex organization.

On the floor of the New York Stock Exchange only individuals who actually own a Stock Exchange membership or seat are allowed to buy and sell securities. There are about 750, out of the total membership of 1,100, who each day are engaged in this business on the floor. The business has become highly specialized and, as a result, falls into several different categories. In general, Exchange members doing business on the floor can be divided into two classes — the dealers who buy and sell for their own account, and the brokers who deal as agents for the accounts of others. Any member of the Exchange can act in either capacity, except that no member can act as both dealer and broker in the same transaction. The leading types of dealers comprise the so-called "floor traders", who buy and sell with the aim of securing fractional profits; the "odd lot dealers", who buy or sell any number of shares less than 100 — the ordinary unit of trading on the Exchange; the "specialists", who deal in a limited number of share issues only; and the "bond dealers" who, as their name implies, buy and sell bonds for their own account. The brokers comprise the "commission brokers", who are usually partners in Stock Exchange firms and who buy and sell on commission for non-member customers; the "two-dollar brokers", who execute orders for other brokers and share the resulting commissions with them; the "specialists", who act as brokers in particular stocks dealt in at one of the numerous posts on the Stock Exchange floor; and "bond brokers", who make executions in the bond market for other principals.

All dealings on the Stock Exchange are made *viva voce* in a free and open competitive market. It is the function of the brokers in this market to enable the public to purchase securities on the Stock Exchange under the standard and safeguarded conditions maintained by its rules. The essential function of the dealers, on the other hand, is to maintain the constant negotiability of securities listed on the Exchange. Without such dealers, brokers with public orders would often find it impossible at any given time to buy or to sell.

The floor of the Exchange is the oldest and by all odds the most essential part of the present-day Stock Exchange system. Its work is facilitated by many mechanical appliances which serve to assure accuracy and minimize delay. No actual money or securities are brought upon the floor in the course of its work, but verbal

contracts between members are made which are later settled through the clearing system.

Until 1892, the New York Stock Exchange had no official central organization for clearing and settling contracts made on its floor. In that year the old Stock Exchange Clearing House was organized. Subsequently, in 1920, the work of clearance and settlement was considerably expanded and organized in the form of a subsidiary company, called the Stock Clearing Corporation, all of whose shares are owned by the Stock Exchange. The work of stock clearance and settlement essentially resembles that of any bank clearing house, except that it deals not only with money amounts but also amounts of securities. Also, under it there are several hundred different securities cleared. For this reason, its operations superficially appear vastly more complex than those of the ordinary bank clearing house.

Really the Stock Clearing Corporation is essentially a labor-saving device. By cutting down to a minimum the delivery of security certificates and payments of money amounts between Stock Exchange members on their contracts with each other, it saves each day the employment of many clerks, the utilization of considerable sums of bank accommodation, and very much time in effecting settlement. The Stock Clearing Corporation, however, cannot change the character or terms of any contract submitted to it by an Exchange member for clearance and settlement, any more than a bank clearing house can of itself change the credits or debits submitted in the bank clearing by the member banks. The Stock Clearing Corporation has steadily increased the scope and efficiency of its work in recent years, and continuing progress in this regard seems likely to occur over the course of the next decade.

It is one of the most essential functions of a stock exchange to provide the public with reliable quotations of prices of securities. In many foreign stock exchanges this is done only through a price sheet published after the conclusion of the day's dealings on the exchange. The New York Stock Exchange is unique among the principal organized security markets of the world in providing continuous current quotations through its stock and bond ticker systems. As soon as a contract is made on the floor of the Stock Exchange, employees of the New York Quotation Company, acting as price reporters, transmit the quotations to operators, who dispatch them over the electrically operated ticker system. Normally, the non-member security buyer in any of the principal cities of the United States can in this way secure quotations only a minute or two after they have been actually established on the floor of the Stock Exchange. The unprecedented volume of business during the last year has, however, been at times over-great for the present stock ticker instrument to keep up with, despite the constant endeavors of the Stock Exchange authorities to abbreviate quotations on the tape in every way. Meanwhile, a more efficient instrument has been developed, and will begin to be installed next year.

It has been the policy of the Stock Exchange to endeavor to place all security buyers in the country on an equal basis in respect to the speed

with which they receive Stock Exchange quotations, irrespective of whether they are in New York or even in as distant centres as San Francisco or Los Angeles. So swift is electrical communication and so efficient has been the handling of quotations outside New York by the Western Union Company, that this high ideal has under normal conditions been almost attained.

THE New York Stock Exchange will not allow a security firm to lease its stock quotation service until this firm has been examined and approved by its Committee on Quotations and Commissions. This vigilance has been rendered necessary by the tendency of fraudulent security firms posing as brokerage houses to utilize Stock Exchange quotations only to swindle the public through bucketshop methods. Basically, the reason why the Stock Exchange does not allow the broadcasting of its continuous quotations by radio arises from the fear that such broadcast quotations would at once lead to an increase in security frauds throughout the United States.

Several hundred members of the Stock Exchange are partners in firms whose principal or sole business consists in acting as brokers and agents for the public in the purchase and sale of securities. Usually such commission houses have only one floor member, although some have more. The so-called "wire houses" are firms of this description which have branch offices or correspondent firms throughout the United States linked up with the main New York office through leased wires. This enables the security buyer in Chicago or New Orleans or on the Pacific Coast to effect purchases and sales for his account on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange almost instantly. In recent years, the rapid development of the South and West has led to the establishment there of many new branch offices, as well as the extension into these districts of the stock quotation wires. As a result, the New York Stock Exchange is today truly a national marketplace, and the great distances inside this country have been effectually spanned by the efficiency of the commission houses' wire systems. Today branch offices of Stock Exchange houses are also established in four foreign countries, thus indicating the rise of the Exchange as an international securities market.

THE administration of the New York Stock Exchange is entrusted primarily to its Governing Committee, composed of forty members, of whom ten are elected each year for a four-year term. Executive functions in the Stock Exchange are vested in its President, and he and the Vice-President and Treasurer are elected each year. The Governing Committee is the supreme court of the Exchange in trials of Exchange members for infractions of the rules, and for other such judicial functions, and also its final legislative body for the adoption of new rules or the amendment or suspension of old ones. The Governing Committee appoints from its membership special sub-committees to deal with particular and exceptional problems and situations, and also standing committees to supervise the routine work of Stock Exchange administration. A brief résumé of the principal standing committees will give an idea of the scope and character of Stock Exchange administrative work.

The Committee on Admissions deals with all applications for membership in the Exchange. The affirmative vote of two-thirds of this Committee is necessary to elect a candidate to Exchange membership, irrespective of whether he is able to purchase a Stock Exchange seat.

To the Arbitration Committee are submitted claims and matters of difference arising from members' contracts between members or firms of the Exchange; also, at the instance of a non-member, a claim or matter of difference between such non-member and an Exchange member or Exchange firm may be submitted to this Committee.

The Committee of Arrangements possesses wide functions in regard to facilities on the Stock Exchange floor and observance of Stock Exchange rules in regard to the transaction of business there.

The Committee on Business Conduct considers matters relating to the business conduct and financial condition of members and their customers' accounts, and observes the course of transactions on the Exchange in order to see whether resort is being had to improper methods.

The Committee on Constitution considers all proposed additions, alterations or amendments to the Constitution of the Stock Exchange.

The Finance Committee supervises the finances of the Exchange. The Law Committee acts in an advisory capacity to the President on his request, and, in association with the President, represents the Exchange in all matters affecting its general interest.

The Committee on Odd Lots and Specialists has general supervision over dealing in lots of stock of less than 100 shares, and over the methods employed by specialists.

The Committee on Publicity endeavors to keep the public correctly informed in matters having to do with the Exchange.

The Committee on Quotations and Commissions supervises the observance of Stock Exchange rules relating to commissions, partnerships, offices of members and the collection, dissemination and use of Stock Exchange quotations.

The Committee on Securities makes rules relating to the delivery of securities on Exchange contracts.

The Committee on Stock List prescribes rules for the listing of securities, and has power by itself or under the authority of the Governing Committee to place new issues on the list, or to suspend trading in or strike from the list securities previously admitted.

In addition to these standing committees, there are several corporations subsidiary to the Stock Exchange which carry on important parts of its routine. Of these, the Stock Clearing Corporation and the New York Quotation Company have already been mentioned. In addition, there are the New York Stock Exchange Building Company which supervises and holds title to the physical headquarters of the Stock Exchange organization, and the New York Stock Exchange Safe Deposit Company, which maintains security vaults for the use of Exchange members and firms.

The whole body of Stock Exchange rules and regulations is contained in its Constitution and Rules. Dating from 1817, they comprise today a fair-sized volume. Before a can-

didate can become a member of the New York Stock Exchange, he must affirm his willingness to subject himself to the rules of the Exchange. By reason of this fact, he becomes liable to its disciplinary features, under which he can be fined, suspended from membership, or even entirely expelled. The extensive power of self-regulation which is thus conveyed to the authorities of the Exchange has enabled them to create on its floor and throughout its system a very high degree of morale and commercial integrity.

Finally, there are the facilities on the floor of the Stock Exchange for the lending and borrowing of funds secured by stock and bond collateral. These facilities center in the so-called "money desk", where lenders and borrowers of funds can be put into touch with each other at their mutual convenience. Stock market loans are of course also contracted by borrowing Stock Exchange firms direct at the offices of New York banks and other lenders, and also through outside money brokers. The facilities of the money desk are therefore simply a convenience to lenders and borrowers of security collateral funds, and to some extent a stabilizing influence in the market for security loans.

THIS brief attempt to lay bare the anatomy of the Stock Exchange system is of necessity superficial. Large volumes could be, and indeed have been, written upon this subject without thoroughly dealing with the vast range of technical problems which the actual operations of the Stock Exchange system involve each day.

In America people are apt to think of the Stock Exchange as a peculiar product of Wall Street. As a matter of fact, there are stock exchanges today in about twenty-five of the leading American cities, entirely apart from New York. Stock exchanges are likewise inevitable parts of the financial machinery of foreign nations. All in all, there are some 250 stock exchanges in the world, located for the most part in Europe, but also in South America, Africa, Asia and Australia.

MORE and more as facilities for speedy communication have been developed, security purchasing and selling have tended to gravitate into large centres. This centripetal force in security marketing can be observed in Europe as well as in this country. What the New York Stock Exchange is to the United States, the Stock Exchange of London is to the United Kingdom, the Paris Bourse is to France, and the Berliner Börse is to Germany. So strong is this tendency for security dealings to gravitate into common centres that it has frequently disregarded even national boundary lines. Throughout the Seventeenth Century, the Beurs of Amsterdam was in this way the leading security market of the world. Throughout the Nineteenth Century, the Stock Exchange of London occupied a position of similar international predominance. Since America, in turn, became a creditor nation, the New York Stock Exchange has begun to possess international functions. The listing of foreign securities upon it has occurred very rapidly in recent years, as the extensive export of American capital has proceeded. Far from constituting any abnormal or unhealthy development, this is in principle only a repetition of what frequently happened many years before on other stock exchanges.

Sky Line House

By Charlton Lawrence Edholm

A fantasy not to be read by those who have never seen strange landscapes in the sunset clouds

They had met by chance (or so it seemed), yet there was something closer than blood-kinship binding the group of men who sat smoking their pipes that morning on the broad verandah of Sky Line House. Miles below them stretched an outlook suggesting infinity. Like a sea of marble billows, the clouds extended to the curve of the world. Looking at them from above, the clouds seemed to be quite as substantial as the dim blue vistas of the earth seen here and there between the masses of vapor.

It was a wonderful site for a home, this peak towering so high above the other summits of the El Dorado Range, and the spirit that had conceived the idea of a country house that dominated the world was no ordinary mind.

The men who sat smoking their pipes and overlooking the clouds below the marble balustrade were guests of the remarkable old man who had built the place. Their presence here was the result of a very informal invitation given long ago in the city: "When you get tired of the grind down here, come up to recuperate at Sky Line House. Don't stand on ceremony. Just come along when you feel you'd care to. I like to have people around the place; people who are willing to entertain themselves."

So by no pre-arrangement, they arrived, for there had been a sincerity about the old man's words that gave them weight, no matter how informal they sounded. There were Johnston, the surgeon; Will Grey, the architect; Frost, a painter of landscapes; Gordon, who wrote sonnets and advertising booklets; Nils Petersen, a gardener, and finally a queer little bounder named Brazil, who wore an extraordinary waistcoat with pearl buttons, a bizarre effect with the rest of his smartly-pressed clothes.

Every night Brazil rattled the piano in a moving picture palace, and he looked as if nature had designed him for that part in life. Instead of a briar pipe, he smoked a long cigarette with a gold tip. The little finger, with which he touched the ash and sent it floating over the sea of clouds, was adorned with a heavy gold ring carrying a jade of value.

Brazil was the first to speak. He yawned and stretched before he arose to look over the balustrade, then he remarked: "Well, boys, they say the

first hundred years are the hardest! Gee, I'm bored stiff! I wish I had a piano! Do you suppose there's such a thing as a piano about this joint?"

Frost, the painter, slowly pulled his gaunt length out of his easy chair and joined the rag-time pianist: "That rest did me a world of good! I feel as if I'd slept for a week, yet I'll swear I did not more than forty winks. Yes, I think you'll find a piano somewhere about. The old gentleman said we'd find anything we wanted up here. He seems to take an interest in all kinds of things. I wouldn't be surprised to find that he's got even a sketch outfit and a canvas board or two about the house."

"What do you want them for?" asked Brazil. "I should think you'd be darned glad to forget work for a day or two."

"Well, what do you want a piano for?"

"Oh, that's different! You *play* a piano," retorted Brazil. "Anyhow, what I want is a chance to try out some ideas of my own. When I was slamming out jazz in the Orpheus, I would sometimes get the idea of a melody. Never had time to work it out, you see, and besides it wasn't catchy. Never would get across on Broadway, but I liked it just the same. I want to work it out just to hear what it's like. See? Now that I've got a chance to bum around for a day or two, I wouldn't mind fooling with the piano just for fun. You know! Just kid myself along that I'm a sort of young Beethoven. Get me?"

"Well, here comes the old man," replied Frost. "Ask him."

"A piano?" responded the owner of Sky Line House. "Certainly there is a piano. I have a music room with various instruments. You will also find a fairly good collection of sheet music, the work of some of the best men. Some of it is unpublished. Manuscripts. Very original! All that I have is entirely at your disposal."

"Much obliged! That's fine. I'll take a whirl at the box," said Brazil. He hesitated, then added, "I hope it's tuned. I never did have the luck to work in a theayter where they kept the piano in tune."

"I think you'll find it all right, sir. The music room is at the end of the corridor. Make yourself at home." The host indicated the direction by a nod of his white head.

As Brazil left the verandah, the old gentleman surveyed his guests with a smile of genuine hospitality. "I hope you are finding everything to make you comfortable," he observed. "Let me know of anything you want." As he stood before them, his hands thrust in the pockets of his Norfolk jacket, his substantially shod feet well apart, his soft tweed hat a little to one side, he looked like a gentleman farmer whose name was as old as the land he owned.

Frost stood before his host, who smiled at him quizzically. "I see what's on *your* mind, my friend. You want a few tubes of color, brushes and canvas. Am I right?"

"How did you guess it?" asked the painter. "That's just what I was about to say."

"Oh, most painters who come here want to try their hand at that outlook from the verandah. Some of them even wish to do my portrait. Fortunately you go in for landscapes, for I find it hard to refuse anything to my guests."

"Then you have colors and things here?" asked Frost eagerly.

"Certainly. And various kinds of stretchers, easels — everything! Even paint rags," he added smiling. "I think you'll find everything you want in the big closet in your room. And you, gentlemen, you also have requests to make. I was expecting to have you ask for writing materials, drafting boards and T squares and the instruments and apparatus used in a modern laboratory, so I will only say that you will find what you need in your rooms."

The men stared at the speaker in surprise, and the surgeon shook his head a little sceptically as the group of guests went indoors. A piano, a sketch outfit, books, paper and architectural drafting instruments might be found in a country house, but a laboratory for biological research, that was too much to hope for. He expected no more than a fourth-rate microscope with one or two parts missing.

Only Nils Petersen, the gardener, remained seated, smoking his pipe.

"What would you like to do?" asked the old gentleman.

"Dig," answered Nils Petersen.

"Fine!" replied the host. "Come around back to the tool house. We'll get a couple of spades and dig together."

* * * * *

THAT night, after supper, the men sat around the log fire, comparing notes and drawing on their pipes. Said Johnston, the surgeon, "Our host is certainly a remarkable man. I've never seen a more complete laboratory in my life. Why I could believe that he specializes on my own subject. And the books! There's a library that would drive an honest man to theft."

"He must go in for pictures in his spare time," remarked Frost. "The painting things that he'd put in my room were *right*. I must find out where he gets those colors. The most luminous—"

"It's not his materials that interest me," interrupted Will Grey the architect. "But there's something about the place that makes ideas sprout. When I sketched the perspective of a Music Festival Auditorium, a fancy that's been on my mind for years, the thing took shape in a jiffy. The proportions seemed to adjust themselves. Ideas that had floated like a thread of smoke in my mind heretofore, fairly jumped at me from the paper as fast as my pencil touched it. You know I've always been a plugger, a slow worker, but this Hall of Symphonies came like that!" And he snapped his bony fingers.

"I DIDN'T write a line," said Gordon, "but the day was not wasted. I soaked myself in Keats. And I read a lot of things by men I'd never heard of. Not published, or forgotten. Some of the manuscripts were wonderful. I wonder where he found them. But I didn't write."

The pianist from the motion picture theatre was leaning forward, looking into the fire, his long hands hanging between his knees. "It has been a great day for me," he said. "For the first time in my life I caught a glimpse of what music is. You know I never *learned* to play the piano. Just picked it up by ear. I don't read music easily. Don't know the first thing about the theory of it.

"But all the time I was slam-bang-

ing and rough-housing that box of agony in the Orpheus, I had the feeling that I'd like to make better music than anybody had ever made. It was a crazy notion. I'm just a nut, I know. But once in a while a melody would come stealing up to me, like a girl stealing up behind you in the dark, and I'd fall for it. Hard! I'd dream that I was a composer." He laughed harshly and looked around for an answering laugh, but the men were staring gravely at the fire through their pipe smoke.

"But today," he continued, "that piano seemed to bubble music like a spring. I played some of my own things and they were different. Finer. Bigger, too. They were *music*. —It's a great piano the old guy's got. Or maybe it's the altitude that does it. I dunno."

Brazil lapsed into silence, gazing into the fire.

The surgeon mused, "There's something strange about it. Perhaps it *is* the altitude. I seemed to get the sense of things like a flash. I could see better. Actually the microscope seemed to magnify to a greater number of diameters and with more sharpness than any glass I've looked through, but it was not that so much as the quickening of my powers of deduction. I not only could think with unusual speed, but I seemed to have a sixth sense that leaped ahead of my thoughts. I feel that I'm on the track of something important. It's a wonderful day."

At that moment their host entered, saying good evening all around in a genial, offhand way. He turned to where the gardener was sitting in the shadow and clapped him on the back.

"Well, Nils," he said jovially, "we put in some strenuous work in the garden. Eh?"

"God A'mighty, I should say so!"

"What did you do?" inquired the surgeon politely.

"Improved dahlias," said Nils Petersen. "We made a dahlia a foot across. A cactus dahlia it was; white with streaks of pink."

The surgeon raised his eyebrows. "How could you produce a new dahlia in a day? That's rather quick work, isn't it?"

Petersen made no answer. The owner of Sky Line House leaned over so that his beard swept the gardener's shoulder like an ermine cape. He spoke in Petersen's good ear. "The doctor says that's quick work!"

"God A'mighty, yes!" ejaculated Nils Petersen.

"Well, you needn't swear about it," said the painter, much amused.

"I ain't swearing," said Petersen shortly. He jerked his pipe stem in the direction of his host, who still rested one hand on the gardener's shoulder. "I didn't swear. That's his *name*."

At Petersen's words there was a general start, a lifting of eyebrows, stares. Brazil laughed a sudden cackling note that died out wanly. Then nobody spoke for a while. The guests stared at the fire without even drawing on their pipes, all but Petersen, who puffed away steadily.

Presently the surgeon leaned over and touched the architect on the knee. He asked in a low tone, "How did you get here?"

"Blest if I know, Doctor. Last I remember I was in a smoking car. Going home from the office. Then I was here, but I didn't think to ask

any questions about it until this very minute. How the deuce *did* I get here?"

"Mmm!" murmured the doctor. "The last thing *I* remember was getting into bed at home. I wasn't planning to take a vacation. Couldn't leave my practice. But all day I've thought nothing of it. Frost, how did *you* come here?"

"Well, really, I don't know, Doctor. I had been feeling down and out for a long time. Lung trouble. And I had *wanted* to get away to some quiet place where I could paint and forget all about selling or exhibiting or commercial jobs. When I got here, I just took things as I found them. Good Lord! What a day it has been!"

PHILIP GORDON, the writer of sonnets and advertising booklets, started to his feet, facing Brazil. "I remember!" he shouted. "You and I came here together. We were in the lobby of the Orpheus Theatre. You were quarreling with a little fellow, a man with heavy black eyebrows."

"Sure!" gasped Brazil. "I know now. The guy that runs the place. Schwartz, his name is. He bawled me out, and I told him what he was. I called him a —"

"He drew a gun on you. You ran toward me —"

"That's the way it was. Schwartz pulls a gun on me. I ducks and runs. He bangs away, all six barrels. I get mine right there. God! It seems like something I read about. Something that was pulled off years ago. An' it happened to me. An' it was only last night!"

"Last night!" echoed Gordon. "My God, do you know what this means? The last I heard was a shot. Then I was here."

"Schwartz croaked us both, the louse!" muttered Brazil.

There was a silence.

Only Petersen puffed stolidly as though he had heard nothing. Their host looked at them with a smile of infinite tenderness. The men looked at him questioningly.

"Yes," said the owner of Sky Line House. "That's how it is."

Again there was a long silence. The men puffed on their pipes and stared at the fire, trying to adjust themselves to the amazing fact that in the eyes of the world, they were *dead*. Never before had they felt themselves so full of life.

Brazil touched his neighbor, Gordon, on the arm. "Say," he whispered, "It don't make much difference to me. I wasn't married. But you! You had a wife and a couple of kids."

Gordon looked at him and sighed profoundly. He looked at the doctor and the architect, both family men. Their eyes met and comprehended.

"I don't know *why*," said Gordon slowly, "but I'm not worried about leaving them behind. It must be that I'm so sure of him —" He nodded toward their host, who was regarding them with grave, paternal affection. "Yet I want to see them again."

THERE was an interruption, the imperious honk of a motor car outside the window, and presently a large, important-looking man was admitted; a heavy jowled man wearing a fur coat. The guests all rose, save Nils Petersen, and the stranger selected the easiest chair before the fire, throwing open his coat as he sat down. The master of the house shook the fleshy hand of the visitor and said, "Have a chair," a superfluous invitation, as

the newcomer had made himself quite at home by that time.

"So this is Sky Line House," said the stranger approvingly. "I've often heard of the place. It's very favorably known. So as my chauffeur was awkward enough to drive my car in front of an express train this afternoon, I came right along up. It's a cold drive. Can I have a whiskey and soda?"

"By all means," replied the host. "We'll all have whiskey and soda." In a few minutes the men were partaking.

"The real stuff!" the stranger smacked his lips. "Well, this takes a load off my mind. I didn't know one could get it here. I think I'm going to like the place. Everything you can wish for, eh?"

"Here every wish is made known and gratified," replied the old gentleman.

"Well, well, that's pretty soft!"

THE stranger spread his fingers before the fire. "I'm going to do some wishing that will make you sit up and take notice," he chuckled. His glance followed curiously the other guests, who had drawn into a little circle beyond the fireplace, discussing the strange revelation that had come to them in the last few minutes. He looked casually at Petersen, still puffing serenely outside the group, and remarked: "That fellow looks like a gardener that used to work on my place on Long Island. What is he doing in the drawing room?"

"Have another whiskey and soda," hastily urged the master of the house.

"Don't care if I do." The stranger sipped luxuriously. "Ah-h! And then I'm going to wish for something worth while."

"These gentlemen have expressed their wishes," said the host encouragingly. "Without wordy explanations, they have made known their desires. That tall, grey-haired gentleman is a healer of the sick. He is going to become a part of the great healing force that operates when human efforts fail. It is he who will come to the rescue when experts shake their heads and say, 'We'll have to leave it to Nature now to pull the patient through.' He will know the human body as no man can ever know it. That is his wish."

"Yeah?" The man in the fur coat stared blankly at the erect, slender form of the surgeon. "Are you sure he's going to like that?"

"I am sure of it. Just as the artist he is talking to is going to take delight in arranging dawns and sunsets and moonlight effects on rippling water. Just as the architect, the man with the glasses, is going to erect palaces of foam in the clouds, with domes and spires he has seen only in his dreams."

"What!"

"ALL these men have cherished great desires. In their few years on earth they accomplished only a fragment of what they wanted to do. Take that chap in the amusing vest, for instance. He's a musician. He had no chance. He was like a violinist with a coal shovel. Now he will compose symphonies and tone poems to delight generations of men. His instruments will be the wind and the leaves of the forest; the sea and the golden sand: the surf and the cliffs; bird calls and the hoarse voice of great cities; all instruments for his orchestra."

"*He wished for that?*"

"Yes."

"You'd never think it to look at him."

"No. His waistcoat is deceptive."

"Well all that wind-in-the-leaves stuff is out of my line, I must say. I want something substantial. And old Petersen. What did he wish for?"

"Nils has a genius for making flowers take on strange forms and colors. There's a man I really respect. He will work with orchids in the tropical jungles for a few hundred years. After that, we'll see. I expect great things from Nils."

The stranger shook his round head. "Well, thank the Lord we're not all made alike. Otherwise these fellows would have wished for what *I* want."

"Don't worry. These men wished to be my collaborators in the work of creation. Yes, fellow workers with the Creator. That's quite an ambitious desire, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

"But their wishes will be gratified. It is a mistake to suppose that creation is all created. Oh no! things are being started fresh every moment. Old things pass away or change to other forms. New things are born, even as one looks on. If it were otherwise, I would be bored. Yes, bored! But the creation is as fresh today as it was when Eden was planned, and that eternal youth is due to the new spirits who work beside me with the enthusiasm and the joy of their own youth. That poet will do his part. He will put strange, seductive words upon the tongues of youths and maidens not yet born. They will tremble at the magic of each others' speech. He will tell the little children what to say when they speak to you with words that melt your heart. He will be with the old men who relate heroic tales that spur young men to adventure, and with the old women who spin fairy lore. He will create a world within a world."

"Well, that's all right, if he wants it. We're wasting time. What *I* want is money."

"How much do you want?" asked the old gentleman kindly.

The stranger hesitated. "Would fifty million dollars be too much?" he ventured, like one driving a bargain.

"You shall have fifty million dollars," replied the host easily. "But of course you know that money has no value here," he added.

"Gosh! I *knew* there was a string tied to it!" exclaimed the man with the fur coat in anger and disappointment. "There's always a string to any proposition that looks easy. Stung again!"

"Don't be hasty. You can have your fifty million dollars on earth, where it can buy things."

"*Can I?*" The stranger beamed. "Well now you said something! Fifty million dollars on earth. Right now? Real money? No hokum this time?"

"It's perfectly simple, and quite all right," replied the old gentleman. "Listen. Your body is in the hospital, unconscious and more or less damaged. The report of your death has been spread. The newspapers have given it big headlines."

"Ah!" The financier was gratified.

"In consequence, the stock of your companies has slumped. Shares worth $1,000 are selling for about half that sum. Speculators are selling short. The jackals are gorging."

"Of course!"

"You will return to earth. In five

minutes you will open your eyes with a clear mind. Now listen: send orders to your brokers the moment you revive. They are to buy and buy and buy. You will make your fifty million dollars on that *coup*, for some of the biggest plungers who sold short will have to settle on your own terms. Where are you going?"

"To my car, of course! This is rich! Old man, if you ever come to New York, look me up. I'll show you the time of your life. Where's that damned chauffeur?"

"Your chauffeur will not return. His wish was speed and speed and more speed. He is piloting a comet across the milky way."

"Of course! Always thinking of his own pleasure! You can't get decent help now-a-days. No loyalty! But I'll drive the car myself."

The stranger squeezed the hand of his host and climbed into the car. With a snort it leaped into the realm of space.

"Goodbye. *Bon voyage!*" cried the old gentleman, as the car slid earthward, leaving Sky Line House to its builder and his chosen guests.

Indemnity

By Mary Sinton Leitch

To be stripped bare; — in one swift hour of flame
Beggared of all that gives to hand and eye
The invisible past, that sets it in a frame
For memory's keeping! Heavy now shall lie
Upon my years obliterating sands.
How close the heart is knit to wood and stone
I did not know, or how the empty hands
Can clutch the air in long night hours alone.

Yet, as the waters ebb from flooded shores,
But flow in surely toward the naked beach,
So now a freshening tide of beauty pours
Upon me. Only empty hands can reach
For flowers and stars: more richly now are mine
Dusk of the cedar, purple of the vine.

The Vanishing Fiddler

By Maurice Mermey

To the public the "talkies" are an added attraction and a novelty, to the showmen they mean economy, but to the musicians they threaten calamity

Few industrial developments in this age of machines have created as much perplexity as sound movies. In the first place, we have doubters who think the public is undecided whether to lavish love on this hybrid offspring of the phonograph and movies, or merely to caress it for the moment as a sentimental dowager might pat the tousled head of a Chinese waif. Secondly, the great moguls of the cinema still are weighing, on the massive golden scales of profit, the merits of the all-talkies and the films with sound effects attached. Now, the musician who until recently surveyed his realm with confident hauteur, secure in the possession of a chair in the pit and a bulging pay envelope, foresees the possibility of laying down his fiddle and picking up an entirely new instrument with which to scratch out a livelihood.

With the public's fancy and the producers' predicament we need have little concern. Only a short time ago one of the New York critics, in reviewing the movies of 1928, concluded that, "the year represented the last season of silent films, which, like Aztec trinkets, will probably survive only as curios — strange æsthetic manifestations of a civilization." Such movie producers as Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor assure us that sound films will become as much a part of the American scene as ever were "Uncle Tom's Cabin" road companies, filling stations and tabloids.

The musician, however, finds himself in a sorry plight as a result of the victory of the talkies; and, now that the 1928–1929 music season is practically ended, the time has arrived to take stock of the situation and to ascertain its cultural and economic implications.

It would seem that the movies bear the same relation to musicians as the semi-tropical climate bears to Florida. They have proved both a boom and a boomerang. Twenty years ago, when the nickelette, or nickelodeon, was born, fiddlers were receiving $12 to $18 a week and having a difficult time procuring employment even at that princely sum. As the dumb but healthy infant movie industry grew, a great field was opened to orchestral musicians. The number of theatres increased year by year, until today we

have about 20,500, of which the Department of Commerce says 14,235 are honest-to-goodness movie houses. Almost every cinema emporium in the country, deciding that music was one thing it could not do without, hired instrumental groups, ranging from three players in the small houses, to 100 or so in the coruscant palaces of the cities. Just before the advent of sound film, the orchestra was virtually the most important part of the movie program, the main attraction. Quite a little show was made of this unit, and dramatic entrances were arranged for the well-tailored conductor, spotlights for soloists and a hush-hush atmosphere for the audience.

It was only natural that to the theatres should flock the disappointed virtuosi, who otherwise might have died from the sepsis of self-reproof, and the disappointed dandelions who, lacking the patience (or, perhaps, the talent) to wait for the morning when they would bloom into full-flowering artists, had become tailors, salesmen and what not.

AN ENORMOUS and unprecedented demand for musicians was created by the movies, both directly and indirectly. As people began to hear more and better music, they demanded music with other things than film — with meals, in chop suey houses, in summer resorts, etc. There was a migration to music, and correspondence schools, shyster professors and earnest teachers turned out thousands of fiddlers, together with saxophonists, banjoists, twelve-lesson pianists and mail order trap drummers.

Even the uneconomic eye can understand the reason for this migration. The remuneration of musicians has steadily risen in the past two decades, until today the wage scale is $75 to $90 a week in the New York houses, and proportionately less elsewhere, with the legitimate theatres of Broadway paying $80 a week, minimum wage.

THE movie people began to discuss talkies three years ago, but the screen maintained a mausolean silence. It was realized that the talkies might become the most important innovation in the industry that stood at the crossroads of progress, yet half the producers held that sound film would kill the goose that laid the golden egg; and in their homes they hung a shingle bearing the sometimes wise legend, "Silence is golden". The other half was more imaginative but no more courageous to see such a revolution through. There were a few producers, however, who decided to stake their wealth on the judgment that the talkies were a bonanza which would bring new fortunes out of an old mine.

Almost everybody now knows that *The Jazz Singer*, featuring Al Jolson, was the comet which streaked across the movie firmament in October, 1927. In this production the mammy-singer did a few song numbers most effectively, and in addition there was a small amount of spoken dialogue. The production's success was one of the most spectacular in the spectacular history of the industry. Costing between $30,000 and $50,000 to produce, it grossed $1,500,000. Success for an ordinary first run picture, which costs $200,000 to make, is half a million gross.

This comet dropped like a plummet into Hollywood's front yard. It hit some yawning producers, hit some

Venuses and Adonises who were statuesque in fact as well as in face, hit 158,000 members of the American Federation of Musicians, that autocratic union which, by providing the machinery and brains for mass bargaining, has done much social good in making the life of the musician less of a stern struggle for existence.

More than 1,000 theatres already have been equipped for sound movies, including some 50 in New York, and 150 additional houses are being transformed every month at the frenzied insistence of operators who fear that profits will go to competitors. The rate of increase will be accelerated as production is geared to meet the demand, and it is confidently expected that in five years the entire industry will have been revamped for the talkie.

It is significant that all the theatres which are thus equipped decide either to do away with their orchestras or to reduce them materially. It was, of course, entirely possible that the advent of the talkie would not have affected musicians. But here again the economics of the situation is important. In the competition to provide bigger and better music, theatres apparently went to extremes, some — like the Capital and Roxy in New York — paying as much as $10,000 a week for music. Naturally, these houses felt the economic pressure of high salaries to many musicians, and when the opportunity came to do away with this expenditure, they were ready, willing, eager to grasp it.

According to the present view of the situation, men will be supplanted by machines in virtually every house in the country now employing musicians, save for a few of the largest theatres that will have talkies but will also maintain orchestras of reduced size. It does not seem unreasonable to predict that the movies will have canned orchestral accompaniment — music turned out by a group of a few hundred artists in canning factories in New York or elsewhere to supply a nation's movie-music needs.

Does the conclusion seem too sweeping? Take a bird's-eye view of the situation. The first motion pictures were short films and relatively few persons then dreamed that this entertainment medium would be developed into the motion picture as we have it today in every cranny of the civilized world and in a few uncivilized nooks. In the early stages of pictorial subjects, eminent oculists proclaimed that the flicker in these pioneering films would ruin the eyesight of the nation. How many times did you hear this complaint last year? The movies have taken from the legitimate and vaudeville theatres of Broadway and Main Street the lion's share of the amusement dollar, although in the case of Broadway it has been only one of the contributing causes of the débâcle.

Good brains and good money will insure for the audible picture the same mechanical progress which the silent film enjoyed. Perhaps because they are still a novelty, perhaps because they fill a real need, the talkies already have the public's patronage. The sharp upturn in earnings reported by five leading theatrical and amusement companies in 1928 is due in large measure, we are informed by a reliable investment firm, to the successful exploitation of pictures with sound synchronization. The principal effect of the sound movie has been to divert

the major activities of the leading concerns from expansion of their present organizations to the development of their facilities for producing and exhibiting this new type of entertainment.

Only 10 per cent. of the total number of movie theatres in the United States account for about 75 per cent. of the revenue of the exhibiting branch of the industry, and a substantial portion of these key theatres are controlled by, or are closely affiliated with, a comparatively few large companies. These concerns were quick to grasp this new opportunity, and that is why so many major exhibiting outlets already have gone talkie. The fact that a sound installation costs about $15,000 means nothing to them, for such costs are of minor importance when compared with the increased revenues to be procured and the decreased overhead obtained by the guillotining of orchestras.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the amiable and usually imperturbable Joseph N. Weber is apprehensive. Mr. Weber is a gentleman of the old school, but he has acquired a bilious eye. He is, and has been for thirty years, international President of the American Federation of Musicians. The sound movie situation has provided him with something new to think about, and he sees an immediate menace to the musician's job. He fears the creation of an international music canning factory; so, to make the movie safe for the musician, he issues a statement to the press which predicts that, if orchestral music were supplied by the talkies:

> Embryo musicians everywhere would be discouraged from pursuing the vocation because their prospects of employment would be remote, and among them would be some of transcendent talent.

More significant and important than this statement is the action of Mr. Weber's federation in raising its dues to add $1,500,000 a year to its defense fund, and in imposing a 2 per cent. tax on all theatre musicians. One of the union officials quaintly announces this tax is merely "pocket money to have around in case something happens".

It ought to be a great fight, this one between the organized music industry and the organized movie industry. The union has been powerful enough to make the musician a virtual dictator, powerful enough to force theatres to accept its terms. And yet I would pawn the wife's jewels, sell the house, liquidate my holdings, and put the whole works on the movie industry. Mr. Will Hays is no novice at the game of mass-mind organization, and the American Motion Picture Producers and Distributors Association and kindred organizations are quite determined to do their own dictating, and not to be somebody else's office boy. The movie people are experienced in presenting a united front, wherein they differ from the legitimate producers who present the sorry spectacle of a cock-fighting mob.

Mr. Weber would have us believe that "with the development of machines that synchronize action with words and music we have reached a development in which efforts are made to have machine productions supersede the personal services of *artists* in public performances of all kinds."

With this I cannot agree. No device, contraption or machine ever invented,

or still to be invented, will displace such artists as Kreisler, Paderewski, Casals and Galli-Curci, nor will machine productions supersede the performances of such orchestras as the Philharmonic in New York, and the Boston and Philadelphia Symphonies. Nor will they take from Messrs. Arturo Toscanini, Serge Koussevitzky and Leopold Stokowski, who are virtuoso conductors, their daily bread. Those who thought that the phonograph and the radio would displace these artists have learned to the contrary.

Does the word "artists" refer to every member of the American Federation of Musicians? The only prerequisite for matriculation into the union is a naturalization certificate; or, if the applicant is not yet a citizen, he must have signified his intention of becoming one. Half of the union's membership is admittedly semi-professional; that is, they play only part time. They are not the greatest musicians in the world and, with the union men who rode into the profession on the wave of music popularity, they comprise the rank and file fiddlers.

WHAT may the cultural value of canned orchestral music be, Mr. Weber asks. "Surely," he says, "if machine-made music displaces the presence of the artist in hundreds, nay, thousands of instances the incentive for any individual to perfect himself, so necessary for progress in all art, is minimized, and music will no longer have the cultural value which it formerly possessed. Any art is dependent upon the number of its executants, and if their activities are replaced by machine productions, then in time their number will be greatly reduced, and as a result, we will find the minimizing of the very field from which they are drawn, and we will thus have a restriction in the art itself, and consequent reduction of its cultural value."

Another union officer arches his eyebrows as he says the theatres soon will require an audience of Eric Robots if this process of mechanization continues.

These strabismic apothegms are of the same *genre* as the myopic view of the reactionaries of another century who saw in the industrial revolution a dehumanization of civilization.

IT HAPPENS that we need have no fear for the future of music. We are right now in the midst of a bull market in musical appreciation. When I want to hear an artist or an orchestra of artists, I must buy my ticket well in advance or content myself with reading the reviews. To insure against any such dread contingency as Mr. Weber suggests, hundreds of schools throughout the country have their student orchestras — complete orchestras that prefer difficult classical compositions. Undaunted by the threat of the talkies, thousands of boys and girls in the United States are preparing themselves for a musical career. Half of the 20,000,000 children in our schools study music as a school subject.

The art seems to have survived the phonograph and radio eras without injury. The phonograph is, of course, a machine-reproduction of sound, and yet it was quite successful until the radio came in on the tail end of a cyclone of static. It is recognized that the phonograph and the radio have brought music appreciation into the

homes of millions who never before considered music as of their artistic and intellectual level. Why the public should not prefer fine music produced by genuine artists, even though reproduced by a machine, to the scratchy variety provided by too many fiddlers, is not clear.

It goes without saying that the American Federation of Musicians is keenly sensitive to the dire possibilities of the talkie situation. A recent letter from the union's office says:

"It has become the duty of our organization to enter a campaign of publicity calling the attention of the public to the substituting of machine reproductions, or factory-made art, in place of the personal services of those active in the field of music to which it is entitled."

THE letter, sent to every musicians' local, points out that the threat of the talkies "is distressing to all those who earn their livelihood as professional musicians." It rightfully calls attention to the unlimited propaganda power of great theatrical interests which is being thrown behind the exploitation of mechanical theatre music because it is cheaper. It adjures "music lovers to defend the art against debasement because such is the power of publicity, when mobilized and concentrated by such a rich and resourceful group as represents the movie industry, that the public is in danger of being convinced, at least temporarily, that some superior merit actually resides in canned music unless the minority, with discriminating taste, makes its influence felt decisively." And it implores musicians to discuss the matter with friends, with theatrical men and at gatherings, and to "offer your views in a letter to the editor of your favorite newspaper."

The letter concludes: "Help in any way you can to arouse public consciousness of the threatened rape of the musical art."

I AM not one to believe that canned music is the Sextus Tarquinius to music's Lucrece, nor do I think that publicity, which is to public opinion what the powerful stimulant adrenalin is to the heart, will help the federation. Let us not shed a tear for the good old pre-mechanistic days. Throngs still flock to hear America's symphony orchestras which, in the average excellence of their performances, are unequaled elsewhere. The Metropolitan and the Chicago Civic Opera and idyllic Ravinia (the summer home of American opera) still play to capacity houses, and America's concert artists have not yet fled our shores.

Is it not true that the thoroughbreds of music — like the thoroughbreds of any other art, pastime, profession or business — need never worry about where tomorrow's oats are coming from?

There are 51 major orchestras in the United States, as compared with Austria's 21; England's 19; Germany's 19; France's 11. The three orchestras mentioned above are of the first rank, the peers of the planet. At least a dozen others, scattered from coast to coast, and from border to border, compare favorably with the very best. Many of these orchestras travel far and wide, planting the seeds of musical appreciation. It is remarkable that this musical interest is so widely spread and so rapidly increasing.

The past music season was a disastrous one for the union men. It is reliably estimated that perhaps 40 per cent. of New York's 16,000 musicians were jobless during the winter; and a similar unemployment situation, though not quite so acute, prevailed in the other large cities. The underlying causes of the situation in New York were the talkies, the failure of musical comedies to register with the public, and the closing of many small dance halls. The situation next season could hardly be worse in the music center of the world. Elsewhere, however, unemployment will be even more common as the sound films gain a stronger foothold. Even the American Federation of Musicians sees a "bad situation" in the small towns as a direct result of the talkies.

I SEE a parallel in the cases of the telegrapher and the fiddler. A few years ago every word of telegraph was sent by the man at the key and received by a man at an instrument. Today practically all news is dispatched by automatic printers and received by automatic printers. One man is needed at the sending end, but the words which flow from his electric typewriter are received simultaneously in as many as twenty newspapers by means of the machine. Where formerly a press association bureau might have a dozen telegraphers, now it has only one or two. Of course, the operators were loath to accept the printer machines because it meant looking for a new job, a real hardship. They fought the machine with all the resources at their command — and the telegraphers' union is a mighty strong one. Yet many thousand telegraphers have had to go into other fields, pushed out by the speedy, efficient, economically sound printer.

WHEN every theatre in the country is fitted for sound, when the canned music of a single orchestra of excellent musicians can be heard simultaneously in every hamlet in the land, when every picture is made with music accompaniment and has a specially written score — when this happens the fiddler will go the way of the colorful but economically outmoded telegrapher. This does not mean that every one of the 158,000 union musicians will have to go elsewhere. It does mean there will be far fewer jobs and greater competition for them. It means greater ability will be required to occupy chairs in the pit. The mediocrities of music will disappear, and the real musicians who have devoted a lifetime to good music, will be assured employment at perhaps higher wages than they now receive.

Today a very few good musicians are living in a golden era by producing music for the talkies at the rate of $10 an hour, or $50 a six-hour day. They are happy to earn $200 to $300 a week and yet, in a way, they are a bit sorrowful. As they record "Ramona" or "Souvenir" or something from Chopin, they realize that each song is a dirge — a funeral hymn for the vanishing fiddler.

Leg Shows and Billingsgate

By E. H. Sothern

In which one who favors the meatier drama and lustier acting of other days meditates subtly upon the dubious plight of our current theatre

It is the bane of conversation that men will be either for or against, — will not exchange but will inflict opinions; and will batter convictions at the expense of good manners. Thus Mr. Curdle would have no two ways about it: "The drama is done for."

"Oh! I really don't know what to say!" replied Mrs. Curdle. "It's not as if the theatre was in its high and palmy days — the drama is gone, perfectly gone!"

"As an exquisite embodiment of the poet's visions and a realization of human intellectuality, gilding with refulgent light our dreamy moments and laying open a new and magic world before the mental eye — the drama is gone — perfectly gone," said Mr. Curdle.

Mr. and Mrs. Curdle, as you will recall, were two of the distinguished citizens of Portsmouth, England, on whom Nicholas Nickleby called in company with Miss Snevellicci, the leading lady of Mr. Crummell's company, to beg their patronage for the occasion of that lady's "bespeak" performance. Mr. Curdle's despondency was due merely to his development of the critical faculty exaggerated maybe by a bilious temperament. He flourished before the Theatre had encountered the Railway, the Radio and the Moving and Talking Pictures. Had he survived to observe what effect these mechanical devices have had upon "that exquisite embodiment of the Poet's visions", his dismal reflections would have been even more dismal; for Mr. Curdle lived in the good old days when the coach and four had no rival in the steam engine; when candles, wax and tallow, provided sufficient illumination to put the world to bed; when the chewing of scenery was regarded as the appropriate diet for tragic actors; and when the inventions of the comic man might very happily still mangle the intention of the author.

The swift change of opinions has moderated these delights; yet it is probable that the Mr. Curdles of the future will regard our present age as worthy of esteem, however we ourselves may deplore our shortcomings. We certainly have the advantage of being on the spot, and of being able to look the moment in the eye and de-

mand from it why it has left undone those things which it ought to have done, and has done those things which it ought not to have done.

SHAKESPEARE assures us that in his day there were "periwig-pated fellows" whom he would have "whipped for o'er-doing termagant". Maybe Mr. Curdle had a taste for passion torn to tatters, and perhaps we today have need to recall the Poet's admonition, "Be not too tame neither", for discretion may be practised to such an extent that all is left to the imagination. The hair-raising outbursts of Lear and Othello disturb our well-ordered emotions. It is reported that Lord Byron was seized with convulsions when he witnessed Edmund Kean's performance of *Sir Giles Overreach*. Such paroxysms are inconvenient, even ill-mannered, and certainly to be avoided by ladies and gentleman. The comment of the late Mr. W. S. Gilbert on a modern actor's rendition of Hamlet, that it was funny without being vulgar, may indicate the trend of our Suppressed School of playing. "That I the Son of a dear father, murdered, prompted to my revenge of Heaven and Hell, must like a bawd, unpack my heart with words and fall a cursing like a very drab, a scullion!" No shouting — see a lawyer or write to the papers.

Perhaps what Mr. Curdle missed in his generation was a certain abandonment where the primitive passions are concerned. The curse of King Lear is impolite; Othello's strangling of Desdemona cannot be defended as the conduct of a gentleman; while the gouging of Gloucester's eye, even if gratifying to Queen Elizabeth, is very frankly for us a matter of shivers and goose-flesh. "Dreadful people, these Lears", remarked a lady who witnessed Edwin Booth's performance of that character in London. We must remember, however, that Henry the Eighth was an adept in head-chopping; that Bloody Mary set fire to clergymen, and the good Queen Bess swore strange oaths unbecoming a virgin. Still human nature persists and the passions will go on the rampage and fling away volumes of etiquette. We have abolished the duel — yet assassins still flourish. The full blooded plots of the Globe and the Bankside have given place to fables less robust but more profanely garnished.

SHOULD it be asserted that we have gained in decorum because we are conscious of manicures and dinner-jackets, yet have we not lost something of color? The change perhaps is due to our race for gentility; to the prevalence of maxims and an increase of haberdashers. For who loses his temper will ruffle his linen, and so spoil his appearance and increase the prosperity of washerwomen, accomplishing nothing and wasting his patrimony. An indifference to cataclysms is the sign of good breeding. To be impervious to gladness may prove a title to wisdom. "'Tis good to be sad and say nothing", says Jaques. "Why then", replies Rosalind, "'tis good to be a post"— and truly this manner of behavior is irksome and galling and men throw it off gaily when they go a-fishing or when a humorous sweetheart casts down all defenses, and embraces render us careless of disarray and pretending.

Love, war and the chase bring relief from the formality of manner. Here nature is mistress and throws off re-

straining. 'Tis true that war is not kind and is a sad furnisher of cemeteries, yet noble causes have been won, — and alas! lost, too, — with glory by the bearers of banners, and it has been held a high destiny to die for the downfall of tyranny. But to consider these is to listen to the hooray of armies, the weeping of women, the spouting of poets and the struttings of heroes. These things are noisy and all uproar is nerve-racking, save that of megaphones, and of those announcers of radio who would seem to have been informed that Demosthenes corrected his speech not with pebbles, but with red-hot potatoes.

IT MAY be very true that the drama is groggy and is, as it were, staggering about the ring, and it may be that this lamentable defeat is owing to indiscretions of training. Self-denial, which surely means the denial of self, is wearisome even to those with a purpose and must be detestable to such as have no purpose at all. The ancient Adam is in us and will be reckoned with; and despite all vocabularies, man will shatter his bonds when the soul is upwelling.

Thus our bulwarks of convention and our approved modes of proceeding are mere masks for the powers that bubble within us; and will not defend us from the bite of a blue-bottle. All of which should lay bare that neither wardrobes nor hairdressers nor schools of deportment have anything at all to do with gentility, which though no new discovery, is worthy of trumpeting.

It may be well not to condemn Mr. Curdle too readily for his outcry for Drama with teeth to it, lest we, ourselves, should grow weary of the current toothless variety and ask for more masculine and less flabby diversion. It is said that, though breakfast foods are convenient and pleasantly packeted, those who would be sturdy should tussle with sirloins and bite to be beautiful. Bad language is born of a poverty of eloquence, and a certain unreadiness which splutters for mastery. Inarticulate anger takes refuge in epithets and flings oaths as a whirlwind scatters garbage. It was Francis Bacon who took all knowledge for his province and quite possibly made a study of those qualities and conditions which have fostered in all ages the culture of cursing — to be foul-mouthed may seem a curious ambition, but, like the record of the gunman, the lexicons of the profane and obscene may excite the envy of their fellows.

TO MOST of us, it is difficult to understand the aspiration of some occasional citizen to create wonder by eating the greatest number of sausages; nor can we readily perceive why a man should scorn the rest of the world because he has become an asylum for frankfurters — yet blown with pig-flesh he will, in his own imagining, enter the Hall of Fame and rub elbows with Senators. If it is asserted that these collections of profanity so carefully photographed, and these hair-curling oaths which make our toes tingle, are providing such molars as Mr. Curdle would advocate, we may be suffered to believe that such teeth are false; and are merely a matter of patching up a dilapidated and toothless condition.

Our novelists assure us that we must know life in all its beastliness as well as in all its beauty. Indeed, some would even persuade us to experience what is called the "thrill" of debauch-

ery and crime that we may more thoroughly comprehend that terror and remorse which pursue the enemies of social order. A Russian actor informed us that we should cuddle with beggars so that we should be aware of their nastiness, as though we were lacking in noses and the behavior of one flea could not instruct us as to the onslaught of millions. Especially have women been counselled to proclaim themselves emancipated, intellectual and free from those shackles of wedlock imposed upon them by the tyranny and selfishness of men, and so, as it were, establish their wisdom by exhibiting their folly. It is Jeremy Collier who inquires, "Who would wound himself for information about pain, or smell a stench for the sake of the discovery?"

MAN is omnivorous and it would be a mere waste of sunlight to berate those entertainments which are so pleasantly anatomical, and which, by persons addicted to this kind of diversion are called "leg shows". Without legs one cannot get anywhere, and in these days to disparage the dancers is to tread on everybody's toes. It would seem, however, that, save when relieved by the red nose of the comedian, the dance begets melancholy; and that the prolonged contemplation of legs confuses the senses and distracts from that fixity of purpose which is the soul of great enterprises. That "thoughtful laughter" which is advocated by George Meredith and which is the fruit of excellent comedy would, it might seem, offer a more wholesome and even a more jocund diet; and might prove less dangerously distracting nor so conducive to apoplexy.

Food for the mind should, no doubt, be as various as that for the body. On the other hand, the outlook of that sufferer who should feed eternally on leg shows would, one may imagine, gradually become that of the village idiot, whose perpetual gladness is not owing so much to his having reached conclusions as to the passing and fragmentary quality of his impressions. The brain of the leg show votary must carry a picture of legs projected with centrifugal dexterity, shorn of all purpose but speed and agility, proceeding, with great effort, in no final direction, affecting the middle-ear and the centers of gravity — weakening our hold on the domestic virtues — provoking the contemplation of stage-doors and the haunting of flower shops, and, finally, leaving us with a wobbling remembrance, an impression of homelessness, and a lack of destination — a smile imbecile and questionable, and a conviction that, perhaps, the present moment is not that wherein we may, with complete content, regard that picture of our sweetheart which nestles in our bosom pocket.

THIS is not to say that those who are fancy-free shall not meander. One cannot ever have one's gun at one's shoulder; and may pause to regard the sky and the aspects of nature. The devil of it, with legs, is that they walk away with you — one's own legs one may perchance control, but the legs of other people, once possessing us, may lead us all whither, and involve us in antics quite out of all whooping. "To thine own legs be true", to paraphrase the poet, "and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any woman's".

For red noses, they are provocative, and compel us to laughter because the senses rebound at monstrosities. Since most noses are white, red sets us giggling; and not alone do commonplaces take on the aspect of wit, but the severest opinions melt into ridicule; paint the nose of your Hamlet and guffaws will undo him. Let the dullard stay mute, his red nose shall rouse laughter which your sad-livered humorist will burn buckets of midnight oil in evoking. Yet this red-nosey fun can be ably defended. It harms no one and may win approval from Puritans. There is a certain delight in seeing other people disabled. Let the comedians punch each other, the throng is ecstatic. For my own part, if the funny man falls with sufficient violence or is kicked hard enough by his opponent, I can scream with approval. This, however, is not that thoughtful laughter considered by Meredith. But it is laughter and may send care aflying.

Lord Chesterfield, who being a lord may pass muster, proclaimed in his letters to his son that no gentleman should permit himself to indulge in laughter since it distorted the countenance and detracted from dignity. It may be questioned, however, whether contact with humorists might not reduce the number of wife-beaters; and whether exciting to laughter might not alter the inclinations of malefactors. Your soldier is a good laugher. Says Emerson, "That which takes my fancy most in the heroic class is the good-humor and hilarity they exhibit." Your cutthroat, however, is of a different kidney — a scowling, skulking fellow. Could we once set him laughing and swinging a sabre on battlefields he might scorn his stiletto and go singing to immortality. Although the quality of their humor may be in dispute, I am persuaded that the angels in Heaven are constant in laughter; which could wash the world clean but that we must stop to fight for our fodder, and people the planet. It is this last necessity which creates all the wauling; for alas! this matter of populating is no laughing matter. So the lips tremble and the eyes fill with drops born of softer emotions.

But who shall say that our clowns may not have laughed us out of much evil, and turned back our steps from some desperate portals?

Still I am all one with Mr. Curdle in his regret that the old acting is out of fashion. I have seen much of it; and I can look back with still a great wonder and delight to what I went forth to see. Each man must be permitted his judgment, nor must it be demanded that he shall agree with reviewers who, indeed, are intolerable fellows and differ from each other as madly as do physicians and sky-pilots. A man who has laughed or wept or applauded, till weary, has no way of discovering whether or no he was correct in so doing — for the Solomons decry one another; and we are left without a verdict, nor with any certainty as to whether our tears or our laughter were those of intelligent people or whether, to maintain the respect of our neighbors, we should not have choked rather than have confessed our humanity.

It is natural, no doubt, that men who live in the valleys should have a limited horizon, and that people enamored of their own gardens should see little of continents. Indeed a man may travel very widely nor take his

eyes off his finger-tips and return to his doorstep merely disgruntled and limping; so that to greet such a wayfarer is to intrude on his solitude, and to babble blithely of life and love is to be cursed for a popinjay.

The partialities of such a scholar will govern his output and he is likely to resent the conclusions of centuries. "Don't push!" said the flea to the elephant. It may be well remarked that the elephant is on his last legs and that we shall still be scratching our flea-bites when the final elephant has departed. Still, a flea-bite is not even a mole-hill, let alone a mountain; and to compare the work of so crabbed a gardener, and so blind an adventurer, to that of the great spirits is to crush butterflies with a steam roller — a very needless extravagance, for should one desire to reprobate him, a pin would have served the purpose. Also, your butterfly shows which way the wind blows, and comes and goes with the hour.

It is said that every man writes his own portrait. When Job cried, "Oh that mine adversary had written a book," he meant surely that he wished his adversary had defined exactly what he desired — had shown himself completely. The method of the historian Taine was to reveal the history of a people, through their literature, for what they wrote was the fruit and flower of their lives.

Surely Mr. Galsworthy discloses his trend as a socialist. The emerald-hued Mr. Shaw, who is very properly assured that most things should be different, it will not surprise one to learn, had his portrait painted in the nude in defiance of tailors; nor that it was exhibited in London to the confusion of dramatic critics who had hitherto held that no playwright wrote nakedly, and that a man clothed in mere words, although garbed as the angels, yet confounded the Judgment. Mr. W. S. Gilbert — has he not in his Bab Ballads, his fairy plays and his operas prepared you for the statement that he once performed Harlequin in a Christmas pantomime and jumped through trap-doors with surprising agility? Mr. Barrie, with his Peter Pan and his Daemon McKonichie is — let him deny it — himself in his scribbling. There are those who have discovered Shakespeare in his Rosalind and his Lear, his Hamlet and his outcry in the sonnets. Who was Keats? Who was Shelley? Ben Jonson and Marlowe? Let their ink-stains answer.

Shall it be said then that the nasty fellows of the "Reformation" have not written autobiographies, or that any modern merchant of Billingsgate does not reap from his sowing? The books which a man reads and the entertainments which he patronizes indicate the bent of his mind, and although speech is given us to conceal our thoughts, we are not forever on our guard. "The size of a man's sense and improvement is discovered by his pleasures as much as by anything else" declares the persistent Jeremy Collier, who was moved to get to the bottom of this matter. More especially will what he laughs at or what he finds no incitement to laughter write him down an ass or proclaim him a person of judgment and kindness. Collier's attack on the stage contains this opinion: "To fetch diversion out of innocence is no such easy matter. There is no succeeding it may be in this method without sweat and

drudging; clean wit, inoffensive humor, and handsome contrivance, require time and thought; and who would be at this expense when the purchase is so cheap another way? 'Tis possible a poet may not always have sense enough by him for such an occasion."

If it be true, as some have asserted, that man is not a fallen angel but merely an educated and experienced worm, it may be readily conceded that the legs he has achieved, through aeons of restless endeavor, are still capable of leading him into error; and that their inclinations toward the paths of righteousness are not yet entirely instinctive. In the process of evolution he will in good time sprout wings; for surely he is troubled with the necessity for escape and the aspiration to mount, which must precede the growth of feathers. To have ceased to crawl is some achievement, even if the old habit of regarding the mud rather than perceiving the stars still tells us of our wriggling ancestry; and the prospect of soaring heavenward is even more inspiring than is the persuasion that we fell therefrom for misdemeanors which concerned us not at all. That the ancient habit of dining on garbage should, now and then, be observed in our theatres, need not discourage those who, already, are conscious of an inclination towards nectar, and an itch for ambrosia. So far as the Theatre is concerned, maybe it has crawled long enough; who shall say that the time is not near when it shall begin to fly? Very surely Mr. Curdle will be hanging to its tail, and will exclaim in mid-air that things are not what they used to be; and that the "Drama is gone — perfectly gone." Which is as it should be; for, as contradiction is the soul of debate, so are such bewailings the source of new effort, and that which is gone will again be set going. The whole story is one of defeat and recovery; and Old Time is aware that much improvement may grow between now and eternity.

The Singer

By Le Baron Cooke

Gray are my thoughts, storm-swept the skies,
And yet my heart will sing again,
Not as the skylark touched with sun,
But like a wood thrush drenched with rain.

We Still Save Men

By Ferdinand Braun
Brigadier in the Salvation Army

The Centennial of William Booth finds the organization that he founded adapting itself to new forms of human regeneration in an altered world

"Where will you get your workers?" asked T. A. Denny, the Irish bacon manufacturer, a millionaire, and staunch supporter of the Salvation Army. His question was addressed to William Booth, the founder of that organization. The two men were surveying the dismal, over-populated slums of Whitechapel, London, and William Booth had outlined to his friend a vision of what he firmly believed the Army could accomplish toward social and spiritual improvement.

On the opposite side of the road stood a notorious saloon, "The Blind Beggar." A crowd of dirty men and women and ill-clad children surrounded the main entrance. Two women were tearing at each other's hair; a sailor was being dragged, dead drunk, to the nearest police station. Underfed boys and girls laughed and chaffed and enjoyed the scene.

Pointing to this orgy, strikingly true to Hogarth's portrayals of life in London, the autocratic head of an aggressive Christianity said, "Mr. Denny, I will raise my workers from that crowd, and thousands like them."

Boastful and unbridled optimism? Denny thought so at the time, but he lived to take part in the opening of one of the largest auditoriums in London, dedicated to the work of the Army among other unfortunates of the same class. To this work and building he had contributed $50,000 as a first donation. And a majority of the workers attached to the hall had been salvaged from the riff-raff of the London streets.

This year is the centenary of William Booth's birth. He was born in Nottingham, England, on April 10, 1829; and, as one of its officers, I ask: "Is the Salvation Army inspired today by the same vision as its Founder outlined amid the squalor of Mile End? Do the accomplishments of the Army today justify the faith of its Founder?"

Now, I know little of Social Science. I have been too busy trying to transform human derelicts into decent units of civilization to worry over analysis. I can only try, in a matter-of-fact way, to offer facts.

Pardon me if I begin with myself. Here I am, almost next door to Ray-

mond Street Jail in Greater New York. Is this coincidence or mere chance? From Portland, Oregon, to the purlieus of Navy Street, Brooklyn, I have followed the human repair business for thirty-four years — thirty-four years of man-repairing, man-making, and man-finishing in all parts of the United States. What was I? What am I now? What do I know?

To make a success in my calling, one must know the world, rub shoulders with its scum. That Scotch professor was right when he said, "To know a thing one must become a part of it." I am well informed about the requirements of my job, and it is, I think, as essential that a missionary to the "bums" should know as much, if not more about humanity than about divinity.

A MISERABLE proportion of the 150 fellows climbing back to real life under my supervision, are prodigals, deserters of wives and children. Now, I ran away from home and from one of the best mothers a lad could wish for, at the age of thirteen. I got on board a ship at Hamburg, my native town, bound for London, England, as a stowaway. The life of the world's shiftless wanderers is familiar enough to me, for I have been one. And I need not be told about the lure of booze. I have cursed and yet soused myself in the saloons of nearly every South American port; among the cheap drink-dives of Sydney, and in the sailor-traps of Calcutta. Now when a half-drunken applicant for bread, butter, and clean sheets spins a yarn to me of how he made a "mess of it", personal experience teaches me the way to deal with him.

For, today, I am attempting to do for others what my predecessors in the Army did for me. During nine years I knocked about the world, drinking, gambling, never happy, always pretending to myself that I was "seeing life" when as a matter of fact I was only dodging it. But through all those nine years the Army followed me — a godless, dare-devil, drinking sailor. I saw it first in Hartlepool, England. There was a face in that crowd I could never forget. I called it sunshine. Next at Calcutta, Salvation Army missionaries boarded my ship, gave me a Bible, and got me to a coffee supper! I thought when free of Calcutta, I would soon forget and never see them again. But in Port Pirie, Sydney, N. S. W., they were on my track once more. In truth I went to their penitent form, in the hope that that would quench the thirst for rum — a mistake. When we landed at San Francisco, California — at midnight too, lo! they were there using what they called their "Salvation Ramming Brigade." I at length yielded, and here I am at the end of thirty-four years' service in command of one of the largest and most complex Social Settlements in Greater New York.

AS AN illustration of our work, which is of course primarily regeneration rather than charity, let me tell the story of Charles Taggart, editor of a dramatic newspaper. He had an uncanny urge to poetize on popular themes, and thereby he attracted the interest of not a few actors and actresses of more or less prominence. He was undeniably clever and he fancied that he was destined to become a Whittier or a Longfellow; but he got top-heavy, and let whiskey become his master. He sank to the

level of a parasite, and for two years in and around New York he slept in doorways, sheds, and even dog kennels. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who knew him when he was a lad and never lost her faith in him, at last spoke about his plight to Commander Evangeline Booth. Thanks to Commander Booth, Taggart went to an Army institution in Charleston, S. C., similar to my own here in Brooklyn.

For two years Taggart fought a terrible battle for moral liberation, before at last victory over himself was sure. Quietly one day, he announced, when he had balanced his books at the end of the month, "I can now hold my head up." And for eight years he did; he lived, not merely a good, clean life, but a life of service to others. He was "promoted" to corresponding clerk in our organization — a lowly task compared to the brilliance of his earlier career, but one far more satisfying to himself and to society. He formed a habit each night, before retiring, of wandering down to the parapet of the Bay, listening to the music of the sea, and the rushing wind among pine and palm. One night last spring, after his usual trip, he stopped at a soda-fountain, and while presenting the counter man with a book in which he was interested, he reeled to the right, fell, and was gone. Jews, Protestants and Catholics mourned his loss, and Charleston realized that it was the poorer by the absence of Taggart's cameo-like poems in the local press, and the glory of his sweet gentleness.

Such a story is a classic to the sons of misfortune who sleep under our roof. We put the Bible of Reality side by side with the Bible of Revelation, and I hope I will not be deemed guilty of disrespect when I say that some of my men understand the former better than the latter.

The metamorphosis of M. H. is more dramatic than Taggart's, but equally representative. M. H., a university graduate, and managing editor of a historic metropolitan daily, gradually drank himself out of his job. No sorrier picture of alcoholic devastation could be found in New York City than he, when, attracted by an advertisement that two hundred ex-boozers would speak in the auditorium of the Army's headquarters, he meandered into the hall. The place was crowded with folks from every grade of life. That amused M. H. The "show," as he styled it, woke him up to a new reality; the Army had a genuine ring in it. When the end of the meeting came, as he thought, he rose from a seat, and standing with his back to the rear wall, continued his reflections. An officer, now in charge of the Army's Slum Settlement in Philadelphia, gazed in pity and horror at his appearance. She tackled him, not about his soul but his filthy apparel. He hedged straight replies. He cast the blame for his condition upon "family affairs". The officer refused to accept the explanation, and poured vials of contempt upon his cowardice. That surprised the journalist; he did not expect such a frontal attack. His pride and his sense of shame were stung, and he went to his down-town doss-house reflecting upon what he had seen and heard. "Damn it," he soliloquized, "Does that apply to *me?*"

The next night he was found in the same building, and in a suit seedy and torn and filthy he knelt at the close of the meeting, showing no emotion, nor

appearing to be interested in anything but some hidden purpose which he could find no words to express adequately. Afterward we knew the meaning of it all. At what we call "the penitent form," or what a German Lutheran priest described as a "rough and ready confessional", he, without the aid of captain or friend, repledged his troth to wife and family, and to himself! He is today an honored citizen, earning, incidentally a large salary in a very responsible position.

Define it as one may, however, M. H. has his own idea about it, and now and again at Salvation Army and kindred assemblies he may be heard relating the tragedy and the triumph of his life, plainly, forcibly, and without any stage stunts. In a word, he maintains that his remorse was quickened by a touch of something that he has no desire to analyze. One thing he does affirm: The Salvation Army lass hit him good and hard with Truth, and in a way that made him swear while he heard it, and, afterward thank Heaven for its force.

THESE instances may be classified as the conquests of the Army at the outposts. Some may even suggest that they are samples of the *best* goods. "What have you got to show where you labor, day by day, and hour by hour, among the Submerged Tenth?"

Well, here is my chief assistant, Adjutant Brennecke. Fourteen years ago he knocked at one of the Army's Harbors of Refuge on Tenth Avenue, New York, a wasted alcoholist, without a job, or a dime, or a friend. I am not flattering him when I testify that today there is no more enthusiastic officer in the Salvation Army, in his zeal for the elevation of the hopeless and workless; and he is an executive of whom any firm would be proud.

Then, there is our officer in charge of the trucks and of transportation generally. Registered against him are forty terms of imprisonment. Yet for eight years he has evoked the confidence of a wide circle of friends, with credentials that eulogize him for his integrity and industry. And these posts are no sinecures. The very nature of the labor, with its all-weather routes with heavy trucks, the closely confined life in the workshops, repairing into useful articles waste materials such as are discarded by prosperous families, creates an atmosphere which could be endured only because of the end sought.

ONE of the most vital links with the craving need of 150 hard-working men is the *chef*. In introducing him to you, I must say that he has a weakness for gin, mingled with a profound regard for the morale of the institution. He will not object to my telling that yesterday he asked Adjutant Brennecke to let him out for a few days.

"Why?"

"Well, I don't think I can resist an hour longer this agony for a bottle of hard drink, and I don't — nay, I won't — give you a black eye by being found the worse for liquor while I am turning out the menu for the day!!"

What the Adjutant did with this conscientious sinner I do not know, but I see the *chef* is still on the job.

A few more hard facts: In the workshops are approximately one hundred men, sorting or repairing thousands of articles collected from all parts of the city. The list extends from a family Bible to discarded automobiles and radio sets. In a corner we have one

hundred and sixty sewing machines, all with a "broken down" history. They are turned into gold, and this particular gold is minted by the hand of the poor to heal broken hearts and homes.

THEN, there is a ledger feature to the whole system. The last fiscal year showed this institution's balance sheet with a $10,000 profit, after meeting all overhead and including the cost of feeding, housing and employing one hundred and fifty men a day. Thanks to two administrators at headquarters, a fund operates by which all profits are pooled under a separate account, disbursed by a Central Board, and applied mainly to the three following objects:

1. Installation of new plant;
2. Opening of new institutions, where need exists;
3. Aiding struggling institutions toward self-support.

Such a system insures the steady improvement of each place, meets the initial cost of multiplying these agencies of mercy and self-help, and, please note, *without having to organize a campaign to raise capital for this class of work. It is more than self supporting; it is reproductive.*

I have been actively engaged in this work for many years, and have directed fifteen institutions, from Oregon to Maine. Thousands of men have passed immediately under my observation, either as the needy and derelict who come to the Army for help or as workers in the cause itself. I am convinced today that we have not fallen away from the vision and the conviction of the founder. I can see only one fundamental difference — namely, that the Army is no longer in any sense on trial in its work. It has succeeded. It has proved its ability to do the job, and it has demonstrated that the original purpose of its organization was absolutely sound, or it could not have withstood the stern test of time and the many hazards of experience.

There have been many changes. Largely these are the results not of failure but of success. Our work has moved on to new fields, has adjusted itself to new conditions, and has overcome old doubts and prejudices. Particularly the attitude of those in need who come to the Army has changed. They, at least, accept our intentions as sincere and wholesome. They don't question our methods or doubt our honesty. And there is no longer any resentment on the part of our guests (we used to call them inmates) against our discipline or religion. They understand that the Army was founded on the idea of religion and discipline, and that by the force of these tenets we get things done.

OUR work has lately been modified by the change in social conditions, at least in this country. There has been a steady improvement in the status of even the down and out. The man in hard luck is better dressed, and has more ambition and self-respect left in him than he used to have. To that extent our work is changed, but it is not rendered obsolete. We can, in fact, do more with these men, since we have more to work with. The old days when we literally helped our guests out of the gutter may have been more dramatic, but we are today busier than ever helping men out of spiritual gutters and economic and social

sloughs of despond, in order that they may get back on their feet as useful and productive citizens. The Dickens type of underworld, I believe, is gone forever, but there is plenty of trouble and misery left below the safety line of civilization. Now, as always, the work of the Army lies on the hither side of that line.

We are increasingly successful in improving the health of those who come to us. We tone them up physically as an essential to fortifying them morally and spiritually, and we teach them the habit of self-respect. We also make use today of rewards for energy and initiative, and remuneration on merit is granted to those who "deliver the goods". We encourage these men to believe that a man can and must *earn* his right to the rewards of industry.

ARNOLD Morley, nephew of the great statesman of that name, picked up a "human document" in one of the Army's shelters, and if my memory serves me aright he appraised the economic loss of a good man gone wrong at $1,100 a year. Both he and Adam Smith would have to alter their estimates if they were alive today to re-survey both Europe and America. The value of men has gone up. It would be interesting to know how they would have rated M. H. and Charles Taggart before and after they came in contact with the Army. Measured by such monetary standards alone the profits of the Army are almost beyond calculation.

But money is a poor standard by which to measure such things. We should substitute a sense of the intrinsic value of manhood and character, which are in fact the only truly human values. It is the ideal of the Salvation Army, today as in the past, to use every legitimate means to build true manhood and solid character in those who seek its help. We relieve distress, we urge repentance, we counsel men to go back to their homes, their jobs and their responsibilities. But what we are really interested in is the rebuilding of manhood.

SOME of us have first-hand knowledge and proof that the Army has been doing this thing. Some of us can testify to it out of personal experience; others from observation of the Army's work over long periods of years. We firmly believe that the Salvation Army is still salvaging those who cannot lift themselves without help and encouragement. We believe that thereby civilization's most grievous liabilities can be turned into assets. And we feel that the work is far from finished, is in fact no more than well begun.

You who pass a Salvation Army meeting on the street, and with casual curiosity wonder what it means, can find out by coming to close quarters with the work of our institutions. You can discover that there are still plenty of men who are "down but not yet out", and you will be convinced that such men can be helped and should be helped. And whatever you think of the Army and its methods, you will discover that it has been successful. It has taken on a big job and an endless one, but it is working at it. It is not afraid or ashamed to stand on its record.

Birds of an Old Rice Field

By T. Gilbert Pearson
President, National Association of Audubon Societies

A noted bird lover, trailing his feathered friends in Georgia, incidentally discovers charming glimpses of the South's changing plantation life

By sleepy Darien flows the yellow Altamaha. So it flowed when the boys of Glynn marched away for the battle-fields of Virginia. Even so it flowed when the guns of Oglethorpe were roaring on the bloody marsh of St. Simon's.

Only its shores have changed in all these years. Once great swamps of cypress and black gum lined its margin, but today one sees only old levees decorated with an occasional tree or a tangled growth of brambles. Behind the dykes are marshy meadows and on the high ground a mile or more away stand giant live oaks, and perhaps the chimneys of some former planter's home. More than two hundred years ago, slaves, black and glistening in the sunlight, destroyed the river swamps. They built with infinite toil great banks to keep the river back. They grubbed and burned the trees and vines, the stumps and cypress knees, until the land lay clear and level as a prairie before the master's eye.

Rice was sown on the freshly tilled soil, and when the tide came up, banking high before it the river waters, "trunks" in the levees were opened and through them flowed the water which, following many little ditches, soon gently covered all the land. What had been a field became a lake, vast and shallow and very yellow. Three times a season the waters were turned in, and as many times let out again. When the rice matured it was threshed in the plantation mills, and boats came and bore it away.

From the seacoast or mountains the women and children now came home. The leaves of the water maple and sweet gum turned red and gold, and the glorious days of the plantation social season were at hand. Halcyon ruled over the days of the planter's life in the low country of the South.

Educated at Oxford or Cambridge, dignified and gracious, courteous and hospitable beyond measure, the typical Southern planter was the epitome of all that goes to make a gentleman, and the ladies — but there, there, I am dreaming; dreaming as I stand looking out into the moonlight from my great room on the Hofwyl Plantation, whose levees are washed by the yellow waters of the Altamaha. I have

come here not to conjure visions from the past, or even to harken for voices that once echoed through the ample corridors of the great plantation home. I am here to study the wild bird life. Does the *Botaurus* haunt the old rice fields, and is *Dryobates borealis* to be found in the pine lands? Have the wild turkeys all been killed? And in what numbers do the ducks and snipes come to the river bottoms? The answers to such questions as these must fill my working hours.

James Troupe Dent was a planter of distinction, he was also a gentleman of erudition; and along the Georgia coast they will tell you that it was the Master of Hofwyl who discovered that the deadly malaria comes not from the miasma rising from the rice fields, but is transmitted by the bite of a mosquito.

Today Hofwyl is one of the extremely few rice plantations still occupied by the families who originally owned them. Mrs. Dent and her daughters keep its 2,300 acres intact, and have a deep abiding love for every oak and pine and twining jasmine that enriches its beauty.

"You love the birds," Miss Ophelia had said that morning; "let me tell you about some of your feathered friends that used to visit us, and help destroy the profits of the plantation. The bobolink is thought well of in the North, but here in the South we call it the rice bird, and dislike it very, very much."

She was standing before a great window overlooking the rice lands.

"As an example, here is what these birds did for us one year. It was in 1906. Owing to an unavoidable delay, my father was two weeks late in getting his rice planted out there on the island tract. It came into the milk late in August. On the twenty-second, the birds arrived from the North on their usual annual schedule, and swooped down upon the field. Father employed fifty men and boys from daylight until dark every day for two weeks in an effort to save his crop. These gunners fired more than 11,000 shotgun cartridges, beside using quantities of black powder and shot in muskets, and other muzzle-loading guns. They were constantly shooting right into the thickest parts of the flocks, usually bringing down two or three dozen birds at a discharge. Sometimes the birds would rise from great areas of the field at once, and we could hear the roar of their wings here at the house, a mile away. The crop that year was superb, and would have averaged sixty bushels to the acre over the 200-acre tract. That would have meant 12,000 bushels or 480,000 pounds, worth six cents a pound. In other words, the crop if harvested would have been worth $28,800.

"Despite the fifty men and boys with guns, the rice birds were so persistent, and so destructive, that father did not get one pound of rice from that field. Every year the birds caused us great losses. In spring, as they passed north they raided the oat patches in the month of May, and so we called them May birds.

"We have had our troubles, too, with blackbirds and wild ducks," she added. For a moment she stood looking out over the deserted rice fields, a little wistfully, I thought; and then: "The birds helped destroy the rice plantations of the coast coun-

try. Yes, it was the birds, the freshets, and the increased cost of labor. We had to give up planting. No one about here any longer raises rice on a large scale."

Yet this daughter of the South enjoys many of her bird neighbors, and she and her sister talked much of their cardinals and mocking birds, which even in those days of February were already heralding the approach of spring. The one was singing from the top of a magnolia near the house, the other and three or four of his comrades were flashing like red meteors about the lawn.

THERE were many birds at Hofwyl even at that season, when none of the migrants had yet arrived from the tropics. One could readily find twenty-five or thirty in a few hours' stroll. Sixty-three species we identified during our few days' visit. One winter visitor often seen was the phœbe, which seemed to find plenty of flying insects to keep it happy. Soon it would depart for the North to build its nest under the eaves of an outbuilding, or perhaps on the beam of some bridge. The hermit thrushes were found in numbers, but alas, they would not sing for us. To hear them we must await their arrival among the evergreen forests of the North.

Pipits, dainty little pedestrians, were on the fresh plowed soil, in a field where an old Negro and a mule were engaged in turning the sod. Enormous flocks of red-winged blackbirds swept across the fields. Two species of vultures sailed in the eternal blue and descended to stand in solemn array about the remains of an unfortunate sheep that had fallen into a water-filled ditch.

Carolina wrens sang in the thickets and pine warblers made music the livelong day in the pine woods. Here, too, we found the pileated woodpecker, large as a crow, and the red cockaded woodpecker, which has the curious habit of digging the hole for its nest in a living pine tree.

A HUNDRED years ago Dr. Bachman, who lived in Charleston, discovered a sparrow new to science, and his close friend, John James Audubon, named it for him. My companion from New York wanted to see this Bachman's sparrow, so we ranged the pine lands far and wide, until what appeared to be a mouse suddenly ran before us, dodging through the thin wire grass for many yards before we lost it. Nor were we able to find it again in the hope of causing it to take flight.

This Northern friend of mine had a great desire to shoot a wild turkey in the woods, without bait or a blind, as is the usual local way of hunting them. He wanted to match his wits against those of one of the most difficult of birds to approach. One morning at dawn, he left the house, equipped with gun, hunting license and a Negro guide. While we were at breakfast he returned with a broad smile on his face. I weighed the gobbler, and the scales registered fifteen and three-quarters pounds. The feathers were beautifully bronzed, and the band at the end of the tail was chestnut color — it was indeed a wild turkey, and mounted it now adorns the hunter's trophy room.

In the old rice fields were herons of four species, beside the exquisite white egret. There were bitterns here, and although we saw several they did

not "boom" for our enjoyment. In the late evening we watched wild ducks as they came from somewhere to drop down into shallow pools hidden in the tall marsh grass. Snipes in numbers in the lowgrounds, quails, chewinks and bluebirds abundant on the uplands, and over all the warm rays of a gorgeous Southern sun — these are among my memories of Hofwyl days on the Altamaha.

Across the river from Savannah lie many old plantations, the rice fields of which have gradually turned into river marshes. Some of the mansions are in ruins, others are entirely gone. "Rutledge," "Moreland" and "Recess" were some of the names I frequently heard as we traversed the old canals. The region has gone back to nature, and its waterways are seldom threaded save by an occasional hunter and the illicit distiller. Two stills had recently been destroyed. Smoke had betrayed their presence.

A Savannah gentleman had spent much of his youth in the former rice fields. "Just along here," he said, "ducks used to settle by the thousands, bend down the rice, and eat the grains. I have seen patches of twenty acres in extent destroyed by them. As for the rice birds, ten Negroes in a twenty-acre field often failed to prevent a loss of three-fourths of the crop. The number killed at one discharge of a gun was often large. I once watched a Negro pick up eleven dozen rice-birds after a single shot. There was ready market in Savannah for them, for they were fat and very good."

Nearly all of the former rice plantations along the South Atlantic coast have been bought of recent years for duck shooting. The plantation houses in some cases have been rebuilt, but more often new lodges have been constructed. Tree experts have come to trim and brace and cement the hollows of the great live oak trees. The levees have been repaired and the ditches and trunks put in working order. The low lands are drained or watered at will to increase the food supply of wild ducks and thus entice the waterfowl to come and furnish sport for the new owners and their friends. Such hunting places one may find along the St. Mary's, the Black and the Altamaha in Georgia. Some are on the Savannah, and in South Carolina numerous shooting preserves line the banks of the Combahee, Edisto, Cooper, Santee, Pee Dee, and Waccamaw rivers.

Wealthy men of the North have been the chief new-comers. Many of the estates have beautiful houses, and speed boats and yachts take their owners along the rivers. Even as of old, birds now play an important part in the lives of the owners of the river bottom lands of the South, but there is this difference: Formerly birds were shot for economic reasons, and today they are hunted for recreation.

The Grand Opportunity

By Louis Kaye

A dramatic episode in the psychology of an Australian black with its strange compound of unmorality and facile opportunism toward the white man

"Is the white man dead?"

"He is very sick."

"When he dies we will kill his cattle for meat. Does he sleep now?"

"His eyes are closed."

"That is good; bring me his rifle."

The rifle was brought, and Togu held it in his hands and eyed it curiously. It was the first time he had held a rifle in his hands. He did not understand the mechanism any too well, but he had watched the white man use the weapon. And now he experimented.

He began by throwing the bolt back, and a live cartridge suddenly leapt out of the breech into the air and fell on the ground. It was obvious you couldn't shoot anything that way, but he had not expected to. The thing you did was to pull back the trigger. He curled his black forefinger round the trigger while he held the brass-shod butt at his shoulder. There was the staccato sound of an exploding cartridge and the rifle kicked unpleasantly.

For a moment Togu didn't see what he had hit because when he had pulled the trigger he had closed his eyes. Slowly, curiously, he opened them. A scrub-hen that had come from behind a clump of *mulga* and begun to cross an open space, now lay comfortably on its back. Actually Togu had aimed at a lean and venomous half-breed dingo camp dog that belonged to his wife's brother, but he did not think it advisable to say so.

"Can I not shoot straight?" he said to his wife. "Pick up the hen, and I will go and see the white man."

The *lubra* picked up the hen, and followed him into the house. It was a small wooden house, whose iron roof could not hold back the oppressive heat that fell from the Central Australian sky. But in the coolest room, where the window was open, the white man lay in his bed. He had lain there for days now, nursed by Togu's wife. "See, he knows us not," she said, in her husky Kaitish tongue.

"It is true," said Togu. "And we will kill his cattle. They make good meat, the big steers."

"He is a good white man," said the *lubra*.

"Very good. But he is dying, and he has too many cattle. I think he should have let us kill them when we liked. But we will kill as many as we want

now. There will be no more hunting, no more work—we will just bring the cattle in and kill them as we want them."

"Yet he may not die."

"He will die. He himself said that he goes to the land of his fathers. When he is dead we will bury him under the paper bark tree by the stock-yards, as he ordered. Then perchance we will burn his house down as a warning to other white men. But it is certain we will kill all his cattle."

"But it is very bad."

"It is very good," said Togu. "I will go now, and cattle will be killed before the day is done. And perchance a white man also, now I have a rifle." He paused reflectively, his gaze on the weapon. "Yes," he concluded, "I think it will be good to kill a white man. It is something I have always wished to do."

"Not one so good as this."

"Oh, it will be one that I do not know — and then I will not know whether he is good or bad."

THE white man in the bed had not stirred, and his eyes were still closed. He was breathing unevenly, and the pallor of his sickness was on his face beneath the stubble of beard. It was some while since he had been in any shape to care about appearances. Togu gazed at him for a moment, and turned away.

"You will stay with him till he dies," he told his wife, "and I will go and find a horse now." He passed out of the room on his bare feet.

The full brightness of a midday sun lay over the land as he rode off into the *mulga*. As often as not he rode without a saddle, but he had a saddle today. It was the white man's saddle. He meant to possess everything that the white man had possessed. True, the old men would try to take the things away from him, but they would not get them. They wouldn't even get any meat when the cattle were slain, if they did not mind what they were about.

As he rode by a group of young bucks by a waterhole, he noticed the envy in their eyes, and smiled. Certainly he was very happy to have the rifle. And if his tribesmen passed unpleasant remarks about him, what did that matter? He looked at them tolerantly. It was only that they envied his possession of the rifle. They would have taken it themselves if he had not been the first to think about it.

HE PASSED along a track leading westward. The track was sandy so that his horse's hoofs sank deep and scarce sounded. The *mulga* seemed to droop in the heat to either side the track, casting a shadow under each low clump. The glare of the white sand was against his eyes, but his eyes were accustomed to such glare and did not pucker as a white man's would. Bright-colored parrakeets flitted occasionally about the low scrub, and overhead a crow's harsh voice broke the silence of the drowsy day.

The rifle was across the saddle pommel, but after a while Togu slung it across his shoulder by the leather sling, as he had seen it carried by the white man, and spurred his horse to a canter. The spurs were strapped on bare feet, for he had never worn boots, and an old pair of dungaree trousers was his entire raiment, though a felt hat surmounted his mop of black hair.

After a while he turned off the track

and headed through the scrub, and when the afternoon was half spent he passed a heap of bones where a bullock had been slain. It had been speared, and one of his tribesmen had thrown the spear. That had been a bad business, for the white man had got to know about it. There had been other cattle speared before, and some of these he had known about also, yet had scarce bothered to find out who was the killer, though he had said the killing must stop. But this last time he had grown angry, and there had been much trouble. A police party had come from distant Oodnadatta on camels, and when they went south again the tribesman went with them. What the white people had done with him, Togu did not know. But the tribesman had not come back yet.

Togu smiled now. There would be no more trouble like that, since the white man was dying. He was not glad the white man was dying, because he had liked him, but he was gladdened by the thought of killing the cattle. There would be much feasting, and much ease and content in the days to come. And he could not see any reason for waiting — let the cattle killing begin now. He himself would bring the first lot in to be slain.

He came to a watercourse where there was a string of pools that had been filled by the rains of a month ago, and here he let his horse drink. Any ordinary horse would have drunk deep after the journey along the dusty track in the heat, but this that he rode was a brumby, wiry and lean and scrub-raised, and it scarce wet its lips. He gathered up the slack of his reins and headed on down the watercourse for an hour or more.

But finally he checked his mount, and sat motionless in the saddle, gazing ahead. Afar off two riders were crossing an open space toward water. They were riding slowly side by side, and at the distance they were vague figures. But his eyes were keen, and he could see that one was a white man. And the knowledge troubled him.

Who was the white man? What was he riding this way for? Was he heading to the station? And why? The questions came tripping on one another's heels. Maybe the white man had heard of the sickness at the station. Maybe he was the white man who had come with his blacks from Oodnadatta that time. But that white man had travelled with camels.

While Togu was undecided, the riders passed out of sight beyond a belt of scrub. He did not see them again, but he knew they had travelled on to the watercourse, and after a moment he rode off in the direction of a *ti* tree thicket, where he tethered his mount. Then he set off on foot and gained a rise of land that enabled him to overlook the watercourse for some miles.

He saw the riders dismount, and unsaddle and hobble their horses. Then they moved toward a clump of bushes, and the black stooped and began to make a fire. But Togu saw the white man step toward it and kick the dry wood apart. That was strange. Why no fire? It was early to camp, but why camp if not to make a fire and boil water for tea and bake *damper* and cook meat? But they may have camped because water was there, and camped early because they had reached the water early.

Togu did not know, but it was in

him to find out. He was schooled in a wilderness school and must know the meaning of everything therein; curiosity had been his since the beginning of things. And just now he was interested in the movements of men, and especially white men.

This one might interfere with his plans, and he didn't want anybody to interfere with his plans.

He waited a short while, and then headed toward the camp, working cunningly from cover to cover. But the scrub was sparse, and only a black could have got anywhere near without being seen by the black at the camp.

WHILE yet a good distance off, Togu halted, for the sun was still an hour's journey from the horizon, and there was now no cover at all ahead of him. As he lay belly down and gazed through the *mulga* at the two men and their horses, he did not fret at the delay, because he was a black and his patience was the patience of a black. But he should have rounded up a bunch of cattle by now and been on his way with them to the station. Still, there would be a moon tonight, a full moon, and he would travel with the cattle then.

On his way through the scrub he had unslung the rifle from his shoulder again, and now it rested beside him in the dust. He took hold of it and shifted it slightly, and as he did so he remembered what he had said back at the station. It would be good to kill a white man. True, there were white men, like the one at the station, he would not kill; but on the whole he hated white men, and for years back his people had slain their enemies, and it was deep-rooted in his subconsciousness that this was the thing to do. The white men had tried to teach his people otherwise, but though they had scared his people into obeying the white man's law, they had not killed the impulse that was in them to obey their own.

But Togu lowered the rifle to the dust again with a sigh. His curiosity was still unsatisfied, and he continued to puzzle over why the white man was travelling through the land, and why he had stopped his black from lighting a fire.

Still that fire was not lit, and Togu knew now that the white man had not kicked it out merely because when they made camp it was too early to prepare the evening meal. If that had been so, the fire would have been lighted now, for the sun was going down. No, there would be no fire, for, as Togu could see, the two men were having a snack of grub now — cold grub — and drinking from their waterbags. There had been no tea made, and white men always made tea when they camped.

BUT even while Togu puzzled about the absence of a fire, the black rose and got the horses and the white man strapped the ration-sacks and waterbags on the saddles, and stood waiting with a bridle in his hand as his horse was brought toward him. Then he saddled and unhobbled and fixed the hobbles on the saddle, and in a moment or two rode away with the black.

They crossed the watercourse and headed into the scrub on a route that would bring them to the station. Togu lay watching them till they had vanished, and then went back to the *ti* tree thicket where he had left his horse.

For a while, as he waited there, he was undecided whether to go after the cattle now or to trail the riders to the station. But in the end he decided to follow the riders. He must satisfy his curiosity, and the questions were still milling in his head. Where had the white man come from? Why was he going to the station? Had he heard about the sickness there? And why had he not allowed that fire to be lighted?

There was only one feasible reason for not lighting a fire, so far as Togu could see. You did not light a fire when you did not want anybody to know your whereabouts. But though Togu could understand that, he could not understand why the white man had not wanted anybody to know his whereabouts. Blacks frequently had this wish, when they were contemplating some raid, or had done something which it was against the white man's law to do. But Togu had never known a white man who wished to keep his whereabouts secret. The white men travelled nearly always with hearts that were unafraid and in ways that were aboveboard. It was queer, and he meant to solve the riddle. There was always time to go after the cattle.

THE sun had gone now and the night was come, but without much darkness because of the moon. It was an immense moon as it lifted, yellow and scarred, from the horizon and crept into the sky as though to shepherd the stars. And the shadows that lay under the low squat *mulga* were as the shadows cast by the sun. Not a breath of wind stirred, and the night was clear and mild like a spring day.

Togu did not travel quickly, and he did not come within sight of the riders ahead. He knew that if he got near enough to sight them he ran the risk of the black sighting him while he travelled on horseback. Wherefore he kept well to the rear, riding at a walk, and following the tracks that were plain in the sand.

And always the trail was straight ahead as an arrow's flight, and yet always it passed through the scrub, crossing cattle tracks but never following them.

At length, when he knew the station was no more than a mile ahead, Togu dismounted and led his horse off the track some distance and for the second time tethered it where it could not be seen. Then he went ahead on foot, and in a little while came within sight of the station.

THE iron roof gleamed like frost in the moonlight. Near the house he saw two figures walking away from the horses they had left with trailing reins. They were walking across an open space toward the house. The black was unarmed, and the white man's rifle was still fixed on his saddle, tied across the pommel along with a slim roll of blankets. This put the idea out of Togu's head that the white man meant any harm to him who lay sick. It was likely that he was a friend of the sick man. But if that were so, the unlighted fire, and the trail that followed no track through the scrub, were still unexplained.

Togu did not wait in the scrub, but took care not to cross open spaces as he went ahead. Also he followed a rather roundabout course and came near the house on the opposite side to where the horses stood.

None of the blacks were about at

this hour, for it was now late in the evening. There was only Togu's wife, who had remained at the house to nurse the sick man; but Togu, not wishing it to be known that he was around, did not show himself. He came to the back of the house and worked round the side, and stopped where there was a crack in the unpainted board wall.

BOTH the white and the black had entered the sick man's room, and Togu saw his wife standing near the oil-lamp she had just lighted. Togu could see that she was puzzled about the visitors also.

The white man was standing by the bed, looking down at the figure full-length sick there. There was no movement on the part of the man in the bed, and his eyes did not open. Such a sleep as he slept was either a sleep of one dying or the sound sleep of one in whom the flame of life burned steadily again and allowed a wearied subconsciousness a peace unbroken by ominous warnings from a spirit struggling to be free. But there was nothing to show Togu or the white man who had entered the room that it was not the sleep of a man dying.

"He's pretty bad," the white man said, turning to Togu's wife. "I think he will die, but it's no use for me to stay around. I reckoned to stop here the night, but we'll be pulling out again."

Togu heard his speech plainly as it penetrated the board wall. He looked at his wife, and saw that she was regarding the visitors dubiously; but she did not say anything. And after a while the white man and his black passed out of the room, and Togu's wife, with a glance at the sick man as she stood by his bed, went to the oil-lamp and turned it down to a mere flicker. Then she passed out of the room.

WHEN the two men had mounted and ridden away, Togu opened a door at the back of the house, and called softly to his wife. The unexpected sound of his voice startled the *lubra* in the fleeting instant before she recognized it. Her face showed relief as the moonlight fell on it when she came to the door.

"It is you, Togu. Who were those men?"

"I have never seen them before, and I do not know. I have followed them since the sun went down."

"The white man seemed not sorry that our white man is dying."

"That is so. But get me a sack of rations and another water bag. I will follow them again, and how far I do not know. The cattle will not be killed till the men are far away."

"Be careful how you follow them. I do not like the white man's face."

"I have the rifle. Why should I be afraid? Give me what I ask."

Togu, with a water bag to supplement the one already on his saddle, and a ration sack, went off into the scrub again and untethered his horse. A moment later he was once more on the trail of the riders.

They did not follow exactly the same course back, else they must have seen his tracks. He was glad of this. Yet they bore toward the watercourse. Maybe they would cross it and vanish into the country to the southwest. Togu did not know. He could not understand why they had come to the house at all, since the white man, judging by his kicking the fire out

back at the camp, had not wished his presence known. But possibly he had not made up his mind to journey to the house till afterward. He may have got word from camp talk some days back that there was sickness at the house. Certainly the white man had been sick there for some time. Perhaps he had thought the white man had died.

To Togu it looked as though he would not have cared if he had. But he could not understand why he should not care. As he had known them, the whites always stood by one another, and did not desert a sick comrade. But this white had ridden away and hadn't cared.

AT LAST the watercourse was reached again, but the riders did not camp there this time. They went on toward the southwest and Togu lost sight of them.

When he saw them again, an hour later as he scouted over a rise of land on foot, they were riding down a gully and ahead of them moved a bunch of cattle. Nor were they content with these cattle, for as they rode they gathered others.

Togu went back to his horse and waited a while to give the riders and the cattle a good start, and then followed. But some time later he headed off to the left of the route and travelled a course that brought him to a point on a hill far down another gully which he knew the cattle would traverse.

Not long later they appeared. Togu knew that if the cattle became aware of his presence they would scare and give warning to the riders; but he did not mean to let the cattle know of his presence till the mob had travelled by. The riders would know then, anyway.

He crawled on his belly a little further forward through the *mulga* and looked down over a sharp fall of land. The mob moved slowly by, and the white and the black drew nearer. Togu knew they were stealing the cattle, and he did not mean to let them get away with them. He wanted them himself. He thought of all the feasting he had planned. It was true that all his people combined would not need all this mob at once, but they would kill them in threes and fours and they would last for a long while.

HE GREW tense as the riders drew still nearer. He noted that the black had no weapon, even at his saddle. So when he sprang from the scrub his rifle covered the white man.

The two horses were simultaneously reined back, and the white man cursed. But the rifle covered him menacingly and there was no chance for him to get his own rifle unfixed from the blanket-roll and saddle, and he had no alternative.

His hands went up.

"Get off horse," said Togu in his camp-English. "You both get off him fellar horse."

They dismounted, and at Togu's order moved some distance from their horses.

Togu stepped to the white man's horse and unfixed the rifle. It had a leather strap and he slung it over his shoulder to leave his hands free to use his own weapon.

Then he undid the girth of each saddle and slipped both bridles off. The horses headed into the scrub, the saddles still on them; but with the girths loose they would not stay there long.

As the horses vanished the white man suddenly swung on his heel and leapt to get to close quarters with Togu so that the rifle could not be used. But Togu was nimble on his feet, and dodged the rush, and gained a distance that afforded him opportunity to use his weapon.

TOGU got his horse and mounted and looked down at the two before him. Yet he realized now that even with a rifle in his hands, they would not be easy to handle together, despite that they were on foot. He meant to round up the cattle and head back to the station with them, and that was a job he decided he could do better without the black along.

"You go," he said.

The black hesitated.

"Yes, go," said Togu, reverting to his own tongue. "I do not mean you any harm. But if you stay I will harm you, and if I see you again I will harm you. Have I not a rifle? Do what I say."

When the black was gone, Togu, with his rifle still covering him, ordered the white man to walk toward the cattle.

The mob had still continued on down the gully and Togu, knowing his cattle, did not seek to turn them back. He followed with the white man always ahead of him on foot, and where the gully became more shallow and showed signs of tailing out, he worked to the right of the mob and gradually and unostentatiously changed its direction. The mob was worked round in a big semicircle and lined out toward the station. And the cattle bunched well and did not scatter, for it was not long since they had come a long journey overland with riders at their flanks and rear and they were track wise and unscary, even though they journeyed not by day. They bunched along slowly with Togu riding well in the rear, always careful that the white man kept a convenient distance in front of him. For he knew the white man's only hope now was to get to close quarters before the rifle could be used.

But the white man did not make the attempt, and when morning came it was too late to make it, for a number of blacks, heading in from their camp to the station, appeared on the track at dawn.

"See, I bring the cattle in," said Togu. "And this white man I bring also. Take his rifle, Natana, and see that he does not get away."

He unslung the rifle and handed it to the young black, though still not neglecting to cover the white man with his own.

AN HOUR later the cattle were herded into the stockyards, and the white man was taken to a hut and left under a guard of blacks. Then Togu went on to the house. On the veranda his wife and two other *lubras* and a boy were standing. They had already told Togu's wife what had taken place, but Togu did not know, and started to tell it himself.

"I came upon the white man," he was beginning, when his wife interrupted.

"I know — am I deaf or blind? I know everything. And it was good that you had the rifle."

"Very good. But why are you all here on the veranda? Is the white man dead, then?"

"He is not dead. Go and see for yourself, Togu. He has asked for you."

"It is to make sure I know where he is to be buried," said Togu. "But I did not think he would wake again, and I thought we would be killing the cattle today. See them in the stock-yards — they are fine beasts and very fat. But they can not be killed till the white man dies."

He passed inside, his head full of thinking about the cattle being killed. It might be tomorrow, or the next day, or the next, but it certainly would be soon. And it was good to contemplate, though it was true that he still did not wish to see the white man die. But since he must die, he must die, and when he was dead there would be none to say that the cattle should not be speared.

HE ENTERED the sick room and gazed at the white man. And as he gazed down at him something he had only vaguely known before, when he had stood thus at the bedside, now stirred in his heart and quickened into compassion, so that his voice was not quite steady.

"I know what it is you would say," he muttered in slow Kaitish speech. "But I have not forgotten. The place where you will sleep is under the paper bark tree by the — "

He stopped suddenly, for the white man had laughed.

"The place where I will sleep," he said in Togu's own tongue, "is in my bed, foolish one. I am not going to die. That I have known since waking this morning, for the fever is gone, and the thing that would slay me will not come back again now, and I will grow stronger and be about again ere long. The medicine was good medicine, and your wife nursed me well, Togu, and I am glad."

Togu's present state of mind did not enable him to decide straightway whether he was glad or not; but he looked into a future that had suddenly become strangely barren. There would be no extravagant feasting and grand *corroborrees* and glorious following of old tribal ways. And certainly there would be no cattle speared — now.

BUT he managed to smile. "That is good; the white man will stay among us always now and be our chief."

"And next to me, you shall be chief; for I have heard of this thing which you have done for me. I saw you through the window and the cattle that you brought in, and the white man who stole them. Where is the white man now?"

"Under guard in the hut by the saddle-shed. He came in the night and when he went away I followed him. He cannot escape now."

"Later you will bring him to this room, so that I might see him; and then he may go away. And the cattle, Togu — the cattle you will turn out into the scrub again, for it is not good that they should stay too long in the yards. And until I am well and able to get about again you will see that no cattle are speared. There are none that have been so killed up to the present, are there?"

"There are none."

"Then I know that I have been a fool; for it has been in my mind that you are young and that you might have led the warriors out to spear cattle."

"It is true that is a foolish fear," said Togu, looking hurt; "for never would I even think of doing that."

Need, Gold, and Blood

By Samuel Grafton

An authentic exposition of the tricks and manners of the loan sharks, with some consideration of the ways and means of checking their ravages

He lives in a little house on a little street. In a factory not far from the little street he nails down the covers on packing cases all day long. For this he receives twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents each Thursday afternoon — high pay for such work, but he has been doing it for a long time and is very skilful.

One afternoon he comes home to find that his wife is not feeling well. She has vague pains in her abdomen, and has been unable to cook or do any of the housework. The man gets his own supper and mutters, but only a little. These things must happen, and a certain amount of sickness is foreordained.

Next day she feels rather remarkably worse. She can not get out of bed, and the man makes his own breakfast. He asks a neighboring housewife to step in once or twice during the day and keep an eye on his old woman. He doesn't think she's feeling so well.

When he comes home he finds that the brisk young neighborhood doctor has been called — twice. During the evening it becomes necessary to remove her to the hospital. The brisk young doctor tells him about another doctor, just as brisk, but not so young, who is going to do something they call operate. And he mentions something about two hundred dollars. Yes, two hundred dollars, he explains patiently to the startled packer. More, no doubt, than all the furniture in the little rented box of a house is worth; more money than the packer has ever had at any one time in all his life.

A relative steers him to a kindly man with a downtown address who once helped him out of a similar difficulty. It is all rather astounding, but it seems that this kindly man is willing to lend the packer the two hundred dollars. He is quite cheerful about it, too, and very solicitous over the wife's illness. He makes out something called a note, and the relative signs it. At once a check for the two hundred dollars is placed in the packer's hands. But the note was for two hundred and fifty.

Well, it seems that if you want to borrow from this kind man, you have to show him you're all right by buying a share of stock in his loan company. The par value is fifty dol-

lars, and, of course, no one can offer less. The packer, a little bewildered, puts the handsome certificate into his breast pocket, and goes off and pays the doctor. In due course of time his wife comes home, stronger than before the operation, and sick of idleness. Since the hospital was a company hospital, no charge was made for the bed in the ward.

And now everything resumes its usual course — with a few minor exceptions. It seems that the kind man who lent the packer the money wants twelve and one-half dollars each week out of the twenty-seven and one-half. Beside that, it works out that he has a mysterious right to eight dollars and seventy-five cents more at the end of the month for something they call interest. Not only does the packer pay interest on the two hundred, but he pays on the fifty he borrowed in order to buy the stock. And the stock, which cost him fifty dollars at twenty per cent., yields four per cent. a year.

In desperation, the packer offers to sell the stock back to the kind man. The kind man laughs, and writes a check for twenty dollars, and takes the stock. And meanwhile the interest goes on, both on the loan and on the stock. And before the packer, at some distant date, is entirely through with the kind man, he has starved for many months and has paid, counting everything, between fifty and one hundred per cent. for the use of the money.

AN EXTRAVAGANT case? Not at all. I have seen it happen under my own eyes. And this very day, while you sit at your ease, let us hope, and read this piece, something like fourteen thousand applications will be made in the City of New York alone, for loans on terms not much better than the above. Besides these, some forty-one thousand applications will be made for loans from more legitimate loaning sources, from pawnbrokers' shops to the more benevolent personal loan departments of some of the large banks. Most of these loans will be made under the press of a necessity too great to permit of loan shopping, or of haggling over the rate of interest, and by far the greater part of them will be paid off with money saved out of the necessities of life — even food.

LAST spring New York City conducted an investigation into the activities of the loan sharks. Interesting facts and figures were uncovered in a surprisingly brief space of time. For one, it was found that the interest charges of some of the loan companies came to ten per cent. of the family income. One shark had taken two hundred and forty dollars as interest on a loan of one hundred, and had then sued for the principal. It was found that in certain cases two companies worked together, one charging a perfectly legitimate interest, and the other an enormous investigation fee, on each loan, making the total charge between twenty and one hundred per cent., depending on the gullibility of the sucker. One woman had borrowed two hundred dollars on her car. She had paid fifty per cent. interest, and then had defaulted. Her car was seized. It cost her three hundred and thirteen dollars to recover the car, two hundred for the loan, twenty dollars for storage, six dollars for towing, thirty dollars as a "repossess" fee, and seven and one-half as an auction fee — though there had been no towing, little storage and nothing

even remotely resembling an auction. One man had borrowed one hundred dollars, and ended by losing his car and his home.

And these cases are all perfectly modern. One hears it remarked, from one end of the country to the other, in official reports, in bankers' magazines, in business papers, and in sociological articles, that the loan situation is much improved. It may be so — but one can only repeat, these cases I have cited are none more than a year old at the present writing. They are matched by similar cases reported from every large city in the nation, despite the current reliance on supervision, on the Russell Sage Foundation Law, and on the recent activities of the large banks in the small loan field. As a matter of fact, loan sharking has been so legitimatized that the loan companies delight in the operation of the various supervision laws. These laws give the cloak of respectability to their operations, and in no way hinder their excessive interest charges.

A STATEMENT as broad as that needs explanation. The only explanation which will mean anything is the historical one. It is that which I intend to give, and this will end in a proof, first, that there is nowhere in the country an adequate protection for the workman forced to make a sudden loan; second, that such protection, when it does come, will not come through legislation; and, third, that it is inherent in modern conditions of life and work that the loan problem become, not less acute, but infinitely more so, as the years slip along in this mad century of prosperity.

In the matter of loan supervision, the year 1907 is the Year One. Before that, the loaners of small amounts were subject, save in the rarest of cases, only to the dictates of their consciences and their gods. Knowing that borrowers in need would pay the price, rarely being in moral or mental condition to drive a fair bargain, they charged, and they charged high, wide and fancy. There was the notorious Tolman, who had a nation-wide chain, operating from New York, and who charged a modest ten per cent. a month, or one hundred and twenty per cent. a year, for helping workmen out of their difficulties into their destruction. Tolman was jailed, after he had made a considerable fortune, but the merry game went on. It went on until the inevitable prophet arose, in the person of Arthur Morris, an attorney in the small metropolis of Norfolk, Virginia.

TO MORRIS belongs all credit. He started the Morris Plan, now known wherever man is short of change. The Morris Plan began as a small Industrial Bank in Norfolk, and spread rapidly. It attracted the best people of each community to its support, and was based on extremely enlightened principles. It distinguished between a fair interest, and the costs of making the loan; it enabled payments to be amortized over a period of months with the ability of the worker to pay, and it stimulated a spirit of thrift by showing the possibility of saving. The plan was so enlightened, in fact, that for years it seemed more philanthropic than profitable, and the growth of the private high rate money lender continued unabated. The Morris Plan was good, where it existed; but how expect my packer to seek it

out when a friend tells him, in the hour of his need, about someone else?

INTO the breach, with the consciousness of power, stepped the Russell Sage Foundation. It promulgated its draft of the Loan Shark Law (called by Loan Sharks the Uniform Small Loan Act) and proceeded to spread propaganda. This was in 1914, seven years after Arthur Morris had had his big idea. The Loan Shark Act established a loan maximum of three hundred dollars to individuals, made the legal rate of interest three and one-half per cent. a month on the unpaid balance, provided for a rudimentary sort of supervision, and established severe penalties for violation. It was adopted, to be wearisomely particular where particularity is needed, by Arizona, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Louisiana, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. The list is formidable, and of the States omitted, perhaps the less said the better. But of the States included — it may well be that the more said the better.

Cloaked with respectability by State supervision, the money lenders formed themselves into associations and proceeded to sell the idea of service. The American Industrial Lenders' Association publishes a monthly trade paper and is affiliated with the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America. With one hand on the Bible and the other hand on the Russell Sage Foundation, the American Industrial Lenders proudly proclaim their mission. They relieve the sufferings of the poor; they take credit risks no bank will touch; they inculcate habits of thrift. Their particular field of finance is consumers' credit — not productive credit, which is the field of the established banking organizations. To quote from *The Industrial Lenders' News* itself:

> We find a complete cycle in the chain of life. The ability to buy and the existence of a medium of credit has increased production. By means of credit the producer is able to repay out of earnings. The same is true of the wage earner. By means of credit extended him, on terms possible to repay out of earnings, he is able to have a few more comforts with which to satisfy his human wants. To have satisfied human wants makes happiness and the ability to do better things. It creates a larger demand for production; that increased production makes more employment and better earnings, which makes it possible to repay the credit extended. Thus the cycle is completed. This is a credit nation.

In other words, to become prosperous, all a man has to do is borrow some money and spend it. That will increase production and give him a better job at higher wages, so that he can repay the loan and borrow more. When the pernicious doctrine of service in business has gone so far, it has struck rock bottom.

AND with the doctrine of service the history of usury in America, as far as small loans are concerned, comes up to the present day. I stated in the beginning that I could show that there is no protection in the country for the workman-borrower. That there is none under the law is apparent at once. If the workman makes a loan under the best terms of the Small Loan Act, he contracts to pay three and one-half per cent. interest on the unpaid balance at the expiration of each month. That is, if he borrows one hundred

dollars and returns it in five months, he pays three and one-half, then two dollars and eighty cents, then two dollars and ten cents, and so on until he reaches zero — a total interest payment of a little over twenty per cent. a year before he is through. This is, of course, under the best terms of the act. If he returns the one hundred dollars at the end of the first month, his interest payment is forty-two per cent. a year. One may argue that three and one-half dollars is a small enough fee — and one may reply that four weeks is a small enough time for which to pay it. Is it any wonder that the industrial lenders are all rabidly in favor of the Russell Sage Small Loan Act? Last year an attempt was made in the State of Louisiana to amend the act and put some teeth into it — and a lobby of twenty-five crowned the good work with such a weight of influence that it sighed wearily and plopped to the ground.

THE loan men love supervision; it might be said that they dote upon it. From one end of the nation to the other huge signs appear: THE SO AND SO LOAN COMPANY — LOANS FROM 10 TO 300 DOLLARS — AT LEGAL RATES — UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE STATE. And, like as not, the word STATE is emblazoned in gold letters of a very especial brilliancy. These gentry spread advertisements about, usually in the *Personals* columns of the newspapers and in little printed postcards, giving notice of their rates and of the exceptional service they are always ready to deliver.

One of these cards I have before me now. It has been duplicated and scattered broadcast over the pavements of every large city in the country. It runs as follows:

A LITTLE INFORMATION

for those householders who are totally unfamiliar with the advantages of borrowing from a bonded — supervised — legal rate loan company.

You Can BORROW MONEY so Cheap and on such easy terms of repayment from the Blank-Blank Loan Company for use in paying over-due unpaid bills, or to buy the things you want or actually need for CASH at BARGAIN PRICES that no one should hesitate to take advantage of the opportunity.

THE COST IS SMALL

$10 for 30 days costs	$ .35
$40 for 30 days costs	$ 1.40
$100 for 30 days costs	$ 3.50
$200 for 30 days costs	$ 7.00
$300 for 30 days costs	$10.50

In other words, the Uniform Small Loan Act, without the change of a word, can be turned into an advertising handbill. . . .

AND now let me put another flea into the ears of those who believe we have sufficient protection. Most of these money lenders are members of enormous chains operating from New York and from Chicago. They start out as local companies, and are bought up as soon as they can show a steady profit. And the reason that the chains must have a return of from twenty-five to forty-two per cent. for their money lies in the fact that they are forced to pay fifteen per cent. for their working capital. That is something of a cycle, if we are to deal today in cycles. That is something to be made respectable, if we are dealing in respectability. And, last, that is something to translate into service — and every American knows we deal in nothing but service. One gigantic merger was announced last October,

and the attempt was made to put the phenomenon into the language of more reputable business. The trade organ of the industrial lenders is always full of advertisements begging for offices for sale. WHAT PRICE WILL YOU TAKE FOR YOUR OFFICE? starts one of these ads boldly — so anxious is the advertiser to extend his service to suffering humanity.

So, then, it is shown that the workman has only the protection of a toothless law and a very well oiled loan-shark conscience when necessity hits him. I promised, I believe, to show further that when the protection does come to him — and it is coming, make no mistake about that — it will not come through the form of legislation. It will not come in the form of legislation because, in the first place, the evil is not of the sort women can weep over in public, like drinking; and, in the second place, because the forces of reform are very much less organized than the forces working for the maintenance of the *status quo*. A few enlightened spirits, here and there, see that the loan shark evil is as bad as the saloon evil ever was, and as prolific of misery among certain necessitous classes. But no one can formulate a pledge to cover the situation, or write a song, or start a parade over it — and so relief will have to be strictly private.

PRIVATE relief has been working quietly for a number of years. The Hebrew Free Loan Societies, operating in many cities, were a great step forward, providing liberally for loans and making payments small enough to come out of income. But the appeal of the Hebrew Free Loan Societies is obviously limited. The credit unions helped, too, but here again there is necessary a great deal of organization and missionary work before the aid of the credit union will be available to any workman, in any town, at any time — the ultimate ideal of the anti-usurists. In this connection the work of Edward A. Filene deserves notice. He has had probably the greatest share in whatever popularity the credit union idea has attained in America. In Europe the things are widely known and widely spread. The credit union is a coöperative bank or mutual banking society with membership strictly limited to employees of a certain firm or members of a certain community. It operates like the phenomenally successful building and loan societies, and many of them are under the control of the Commissioner of Banking. The credit union has three ends, (1) as a channel for the funds of the small investor, (2) as a promoter of saving habits, and, (3) as a weapon against the loan sharks.

THE credit unions are most prolific in Massachusetts and in New York. In Massachusetts there are seven hundred thousand members, with a capital of ten millions and loans of something like eight millions. For the State of New York all of the figures are about one-third higher. Twenty States have helped the credit unions by favorable legislation, but in many cases so imperfectly that they might better have done nothing. Private lobbying has to be fought against all along the line, but there is no doubt that the credit union is on the up grade. New methods of accounting make the operations almost automatic, and there is a vast literature on the subject of successful operation.

But the credit unions will not help my unfortunate packer, whose woes served as prelude to this piece. Unless he happens to belong to one, he must still go to the kind gentleman of the easy fountain pen. Only one thing will help him and all others like him — the entrance of the large, established, commercial banks into this field. And the banks must enter it, not to give service, but to reap a fair profit. When every community has a reliable bank, and when every such bank has a personal loan department, then the end of the loan shark is in sight. It all sounds like a wild and unscientific idea — but experiments have been made, and they have proved, far, far from unprofitable.

One such experiment was made in Philadelphia two years ago. Another was begun more recently in New York City. Both were begun by tremendous organizations, and both are prospering mightily. In Philadelphia, Thomas E. Mitten, head of Mitten Men and Management, and apostle of workman-ownership of enterprise, took over the extremely-defunct Producers and Consumers Bank and made out of it the Mitten Men and Management Bank and Trust Company. He startled the city — and especially the loan sharks in the city — with the announcement that this was to be a bank catering to the workman; that it intended to provide the workman with the same sort of banking service his employer received at other organizations, and that, more, the bank stood ready to make loans of from fifty to one thousand dollars on character and without collateral.

Through the medium of placards in the trolleys controlled by the organization the new loan plan was brilliantly advertised. It succeeded beyond the wildest expectations of the good, quiet people, of the good gray city. The Mitten Plan had all the merits the other plans lacked. It was easily understandable; it left no unexplained fees to be suddenly paid at the last moment; it charged six per cent. interest and no more; and it charged a two per cent. investigation fee. That is, on a loan of one hundred dollars, the workman paid eight dollars, and not a penny more. He paid off his debt in forty weekly payments, and then was expected to continue the payments for ten weeks longer. These last payments were used to start a savings account for the workman, which he was privileged to close at the end of the ten weeks. Interest was paid on these last payments to the depositor and he was encouraged to continue the account.

The Mitten Bank was the first large bank to devote a central location to this kind of service. It has loaned out hundreds of thousands of dollars in this way; it has refunded many scores of families and saved them from the loan sharks; it has aided in the sudden family catastrophies which are unavoidable — and it has given an example to those who prate of stopping the loan sharks. And as it gains more and more the confidence of the people, it will cause more and more consternation to the loan companies, who prate of service at reasonable cost, and charge from twenty-five to forty per cent. for the privilege of mortgaging a family's entire future.

The New York experiment was car-

ried out by the National City Bank. It organized a personal loan department on somewhat the same plan as the Philadelphia one. On the first day there were five hundred applications for loans; in the first four days there were three thousand, swamping the facilities of the offices which had been set up. It was the climax of the New York State campaign against the sharks, and was a step forward in the democratization of banking. No collateral was asked, but each note had two co-makers, as in Philadelphia. Six per cent. is charged; the borrower must open a savings account; there are no fees, but because of the method of repayment the complete charge is almost nine per cent., approximating the figure of the Mitten Bank service.

The bank has suffered no losses, and, in fact, where care is taken in making loans, where loans are made only to responsible workmen, and where payments are graduated skilfully according to income, the chances for losing money are slight indeed. In each case there must be a sympathetic interview, and the need for which the loan is being asked must be revealed. Too many clerks wanted to study aviation, and too many destitute authors wanted to publish world-beating books at their own expense, for loans to be made without investigation of purpose. Always the attempt must be to take non-productive needs and make them as productive as possible. Race enters in, of course. It has been found that certain foreign groups — among the most despised — will go without food to pay off a debt to the bank, and that certain others — among the most desired — would rather eat. But in general the married workman is an honest man.

And that's what I mean when I say that relief will never come through legislation. If it comes at all, it will come through private endeavor, and through that kind of private endeavor which refuses to prate of service, and which is out, simply and frankly, for a legitimate profit. The industrial bank idea is spreading through the country. The time will come when it will run neck and neck with the loan company chains, and the outcome of that race is one of the few sure things in this vale of fears. And in connection with that race I come to the last of my three points, namely, that it is inherent in the conditions of modern life that the loan problem become, not less acute, but vastly more so as the years slip by in this whimsical century of ours.

As *The Nation* remarked last April: "A country in which people discount futures for luxuries is one in which loan sharks will flourish." The idea of borrowing money without shame and without hesitation is a natural consequence of the idea of buying on the installment plan. Once there was shame in not buying for cash. Once there was even shame in having a mortgage on one's house. And once there was great shame in borrowing. Now all of that is dead gone. We are, every man Jack among us, business men in miniature. We have our few bonds and our bank accounts and our notes and our indebtedness. We buy on the installment plan because it is convenient, and we borrow money because family life is a business matter, and because all business is a matter of credit. Few of us refuse to regard

the installment plan as economically sound. And is not the installment plan merely a form of industrial banking in disguise?

BORROWING, therefore, is an inevitable result of civilization in the field of finance. It will become more and more common as people look upon it with less and less shame. And what is more logical, then, than that borrowing become as easy, as legitimate, and as free from possibilities of family failure, as buying on the installment plan? Today it is considerably more feasible for a workman to buy an article worth one hundred dollars on the installment plan, and pawn it for fifty, than to borrow the fifty outright in the first place. The installment plan tapped a vast new reservoir of credit: will a vast, amalgamated lending plan of the future do the same? I throw out the idea for what it is worth, and will expect no royalties when the plan materializes. I will only add the statistical fact that the average family finds it necessary to make a loan once in every two years.

And my packer in the future — what will become of him? I can see him, I think, as through a glass, darkly. As soon as he gets a job, that fact will be registered with some vast central office of credit. He will be given a credit rating, which will take account of his expenses, the number of his children, and the kind of tobacco he likes to smoke. This credit rating he will be permitted to use as he pleases, in the buying of articles on the installment plan, or in the making of loans for necessitous purposes.

EVERY transaction in the kind will be registered at the vast central bureau, and will be taken from his credit standing. As soon as he pays, his credit standing is resumed in all its first glory, and he can buy or borrow again. And in that glorious future, without loan sharks and without financial peril, not only will Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady be sisters under the skin — they will jolly well be similar financial units, under the red covers of a vast financial index. And how many upturned noses will be forced to come down then, and how many downcast eyes will be bright and glad and joyous! It will be a noble age — that Era at Six Per cent.

Lobbying for Good or Evil

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

Figuring that the "Third House" does not consist entirely of "Black Horse Cavalry", but contributes some indispensable services to Congress and the Nation

One day last spring, when the fight over the McNary-Haugen bill had split Congress into two bitter, snarling camps, a stranger walked into the office of Representative Albert Vestal, of Indiana, Republican Whip of the House. In his hand he carried a sheaf of telegraph blanks. Turning to Vestal, a Republican stalwart, and a man used to giving orders, he said:

"I am going to send out today a telegram to every newspaper editor in Indiana telling them how you will vote on the farm bill. What shall I say about you?"

Whip of the House, and veteran of many a political fight, Vestal was in no mood to be bullied by strangers in his office. Just as he was preparing summarily to order the visitor out of the room, the man remarked casually, "My name is William H. Settle, of the Indiana Farm Bureau." That made a difference. Vestal quickly called up "Jim" Watson, senior Senator from the Hoosier State. A telephonic conversation ensued, and when it was over, Vestal was a different person. For, like Watson, he knew the power of the farm organizations back home. To cut a long story short, the Indiana delegation in the House cast its thirteen votes solidly for the McNary-Haugen bill, though only eight of the thirteen members were really in favor of the bill. As did so many of their colleagues from other States, these five voted for the measure under the lash and spur of the farm lobby in Washington, as aggressive, keen and persistent a lobby as has ever driven lawmakers on Capitol Hill to do its bidding. Settle, with his telegraph blanks, typified the method of the direct approach. Peek, Murphy, and other leaders of the farmers' field forces used much the same tactics.

In their methods they reminded one of a man who comes into a country newspaper office with a horsewhip, to say to the editor: "Retract what you said about me in your last issue, or you will get this." The farm group were a little bolder, a little more threatening, a little more persistent, than any group which in recent years has gone gunning on Capitol Hill to place a certain bill on the statute books.

Again Congress faces the farm issue,

with every prospect that the issue will face Herbert Hoover also when he calls Congress in extra session after March Fourth. He too will have to deal with the farm lobby. Once again the farmers have come to town, but they are not alone. Their spokesmen rub shoulders with several hundred other legislative agents, all with an eye on Capitol Hill. The lobby season is on, as the football season wanes.

CAN lobbies be defended? As you ask the question, a shudder passes through the frame of the teacher of political science, who, under the academic elms, recalls the old style lobbies, the Mulhall investigation, the Credit Mobilier scandal, Pendleton's Gambling House with its ten thousand dollar wine cellar, and Sam Ward, greatest lobbyist of all time, with his "loans to legislators". "No," is his answer; and his views are substantially those of Senator Caraway, sponsor of a bill requiring all lobbyists to register with the Clerk of the House and the Secretary of the Senate. "Away with lobbies!" some cry; but in their demand they seem to ignore the great changes which have taken place since the days of Sam Ward.

In 1913, Woodrow Wilson became President, the head of the first Democratic Administration in sixteen years. The Underwood Tariff Bill had the place of priority on the legislative programme to which he had pledged himself in the campaign. On May 26 he made his famous statement, announcing the presence of an insidious lobby in the Capital. "Washington has seldom seen so numerous, so industrious, so insidious a lobby," he declared. "There is every evidence that money without limit is being spent to sustain this lobby. The Government ought to be relieved from this intolerable burden, and the constant interruption to the calm progress of debate."

Cummins, a Republican Senator, immediately challenged Wilson to name the lobbyists he had in mind. A Senate committee of investigation was appointed, which took in all more than 3,000 pages of testimony. The inquiry covered not only the tariff lobby, but was broadened to include the whole field of contemporary lobbying. Though the committee never made a formal report, the investigation brought to light two interesting facts. One was that those interested in higher duties had spent a good deal of money in Washington. The other was that those interested in lower duties had invested substantially equal amounts in entertaining Congressmen and others. Neither group could claim a monopoly on virtue.

JUST as the Administration of Woodrow Wilson was featured by one of the most searching investigations of the activities of lobbyists ever made, so too his Administration marks the transformation from the old lobby to the new lobby. The Underwood Tariff Act set up a permanent Tariff Commission, and provided for the collection of an income tax under the recently adopted Constitutional Amendment. Congress quickly set up the Federal Reserve System, the Federal Farm Loan System, the Federal Farm Trade Commission, and in other ways largely increased the contacts of the Government with business and other groups tied together by a community of economic interests, with the result that every important group was com-

pelled, in self-interest, to maintain a "legislative agent" in Washington.

THE inauguration of the "open committee" system, a few years before, was another factor which facilitated the advent of the new lobby. In 1885, Woodrow Wilson, in his *Congressional Government*, had drawn attention to the lack of confidence which the average voter had in Congress, which he felt was justified "by what he hears of the power of corrupt lobbyists to turn legislation to their own uses; of enormous subsidies begged and obtained; of pensions produced on commission by professional pension solicitors; of appropriations made in the interest of dishonest contractors." Wilson made his criticisms before Congress had opened, as a general policy, its committee hearings. Before that time railway, banking and other interests defended the maintenance of lobbies under the shadow of the Capitol on the ground that there was no other way by which they could lay their views before Congress. The closed committee hearing played into the hands of legislative jobbery, and led to champagne dinners, perhaps to actual bribery.

This lobby, new style, inherits the name of the old, but the public services it may render are real. It permits, for one thing, a group representation that was never possible before. The bankers, the bricklayers, the makers of Portland cement, the veterans, the manufacturers of the country, can speak only through the lobby. If these groups wish to present their views on pending legislation, they can best do so by asking their legislative agents to appear before a Congressional committee. Sometimes that is their only means of approach.

Lobbies, moreover, do invaluable research work. The Bureau of Railroad Economics, for example, which works in close coöperation with the Association of Railroad Executives and the American Railway Association, has a big staff of economists studying constantly the transportation problems of the country. The United States Chamber of Commerce, one of the biggest organizations in the Third House, maintains a dozen or more research bureaus, manned by competent specialists, each doing research along some line related to the business prosperity of the country. The American Federation of Labor, the American Legion, the National Coal Association, the National Association of Manufacturers, and many others, are doing research work which Congress could never have the time to do. Much of this research work is necessary, and nearly all of it useful.

FURTHERMORE, if Congress wants to legislate on a particular subject, say Merchant Marine, or Radio, it invariably receives much help from the great organizations in the Capital. If it wants to frame a Veterans' Bill, for example, it asks for the expert knowledge and advice of the American Legion, whose officers naturally are much better posted as to the needs of the World War Veterans than those Members of Congress who never got nearer a war than the 1924 Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden. If it legislates on a business matter, it naturally seeks the views of the Chamber of Commerce, whose membership includes virtually every kind and type of business organization

in the United States. If it is framing a radio law, it consults the National Association of Broadcasters. If it has on hand a piece of legislation affecting railroad employees, it will seek the views of the Railroad Brotherhoods. The great lobbies, time and again, have helped Congress frame necessary and beneficial legislation. The Chamber of Commerce, for example, was a leading factor in the passage of the Budget Bill. In 1920, Congress passed the Transportation Act, a bill of fundamental importance to the common carriers of the country. While the bill was being drawn up, Senate and House committees heard from representatives of the railroad executives, the owners of railroad securities, railroad labor organizations, and various groups of shippers, etc. Each party that would have been affected by the terms of the bill tried to identify its own interest with the public interest, but the representation of all factions prevented deception and improved the opportunity for sound judgments by Members of Congress. Without these presentations by the various groups involved, Congress would have floundered along, legislating blindly.

Some of those who appeared before the Transportation hearings had prepared actual drafts of what they thought the bill should contain. This happens in connection with nearly every important bill. A large amount of important legislation in recent years has been written outside the halls of Congress. It has been written by expert "lobbyists", who have made a special study of the particular legislative field covered. The man in the street who imagines his Congressman pacing up and down his office, dictating the provisions of an important bill, the child and product of his individual brain, would be greatly surprised if he knew how few bills were drawn up in this way. The expert lobbyist has stood at the elbow of many a Congressman who has won a big reputation as a legislative miracle man.

Through a well organized lobby, furthermore, public opinion has a chance to reach Members of Congress. Hardly had the flood waters of the Mississippi begun to recede, when the cities and people of the Mississippi Valley sent to Washington able spokesmen. A lobby was set up to translate into action the emergency needs of a great section of the American people. It was an able and energetic lobby, and if some of the things it wanted were not exactly in line with the principles of public policy, as the Administration saw it, the lobby did succeed in stirring Congress to action. Without that prompt action it may be doubted whether Congress in its last session would have approved any flood control bill, crying as was the need.

The average Member of Congress is a slow moving individual. Few members of that body, like Senator Borah, consider that, under the mandate given them by their constituents, they are free to vote for or against any given bill as they see fit. This is especially true of Members of the House, who, elected every two years, must keep their ears constantly on the ground, if they are to be sure, or reasonably sure, of reëlection. Here is where the lobby performs one of its most useful functions. Through it a group of voters, who feel that they have a

right to demand action on a given bill, can reach Members of Congress.

In the course of a single session of Congress, tens of thousands of bills are introduced. No member can study for himself the *pros* and *cons* of more than half-a-dozen of these. To form a judgment on the great majority of bills that come before his committee, a Congressman must rely upon the testimony given by such organizations as the Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor, the American Publishers' Association, or the American Railway Association. The lobby provides him with the data which he needs, and the data offered by one organization he can check with that given by another organization, thus arriving at a balanced judgment. The lobbyists may be special pleaders, but most of them are honest.

THESE big organizations are the clearing house for the views of the "best minds" in the particular group concerned. Through them Congress can obtain quickly information that could be gathered in no other way as efficiently. The lobbyist is really an expert assistant to the Congressional committee. Not long ago, for example, both Charles Evans Hughes and John W. Davis appeared before the House Judiciary Committee, representing the American Bar Association, to set forth the reasons why the lawyers of the United States feel that the Federal Judiciary should, in the interests of better justice, have higher salaries. "Lobbyists," you may say; but pleaders in a cause that strikes deep down into the roots of American life.

Lobbies provide much valuable information to the men and the organizations they represent, apart from the actual assistance they render to Congress in making laws. They send out information to their clients, performing a function comparable to that of the corps of Washington correspondents. Many a lobbyist rarely, if ever, goes to Capitol Hill. If a Congressman must be interviewed, a visiting delegation, headed by the president of the association, beards the Congressional leader in his den. The lobbyist supplies the information, acting as an intelligence officer. If necessary the lobbyist will arrange the interview, and set the time and place. Not long ago an Eastern manufacturer was shocked to learn that the Treasury had increased some months previously the duty on a certain commodity used in his business. The lack of this information had cost him a good deal of money. This particular industry happened to have no representative in Washington, and was one of the few not so served. Had he belonged to a trade association with a Washington office, or "lobby", he would have been promptly advised of the Treasury's contemplated action. Forewarned, he would have been able to mold his business plans accordingly. More and more, Washington lobbies have become information agencies for American business. Many make the gathering of information their main concern.

JUST as the lobby, new style, differs fundamentally from its justly discredited predecessor, so its methods have changed. The day of threats and intimidation has not gone by, but if pressure is to be exerted, it is exerted by those back home, rather than by one or two professional workers in

Washington. The pressure can on occasion be exerted with great effectiveness. If any one doubts it let him recall the votes on the McNary-Haugen bill. In 1924, for example, 223 Members of the House voted against the bill, and 155 for it. The Senate voted it down, 69 votes to 17. Then the farm *bloc* put on the pressure, using the "back fire" methods. Watch the results! The next two votes in the House respectively were 212 nays, 167 ayes; 214 ayes and 178 nays. In the Senate, the count stood 45 nays, 39 ayes; 47 ayes and 39 nays. Then came the final battle between President Coolidge and the farm *bloc*, reaching its climax in the vote in the Senate to override the President's veto. On the question to pass it over the veto, the vote in the Senate was 50 to 31, just short of the constitutional two-thirds required. Curtis, majority leader, switched his vote, with a colleague or two, and voted to sustain the President. The switch, incidentally, probably made him the next Vice President. For had he not voted to uphold the President, the Kansas City Convention would in all probability not have made him Hoover's running mate. The votes in Congress on the McNary-Haugen bill show how successful the farm *bloc* was in changing a hostile Congress to one willing to do its bidding, with a majority in both Houses for the bill in the final stages of the battle.

TAKE another case, the fight of the American Legion for the bonus. Officers of the Legion, with a backfire from 11,000 posts of veterans, kept Congress under pressure, notwithstanding the strong efforts made by the Administration and the Treasury to keep Congress in line to stop this "raid on the Treasury". Back of President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon stood the Chamber of Commerce, most of the business organizations of the country, and with few exceptions the principal newspapers of the country. Legion officers never threatened; they merely wrote instructions to State and post commanders, who in turn brought pressure to bear on members from those States to get pledges from their Congressmen to keep faith with the ex-service men. The Legion had to fight an ex-service man's Anti-Bonus League, which had $200,000 to spend. The anti-bonus group even offered to take some of the ablest Legion employees into their pay, at higher salaries, but without success.

ALL is fair in love and war. Disgusted by some of the methods and statements made by those who were fighting the bonus, an employee of the anti-bonus group deserted to the Legion camp. This man was one of the Legion's star witnesses before the Congressional committee, and when the anti-bonus group presented its testimony, the Legion was well prepared with ammunition to answer it. He had brought to the Legion camp, among other things, a list of contributors to the anti-bonus group's war chest. Some of the best known business men in the country appeared on the list. The Legion wanted this list published in the hearings, and the committee was put under great pressure to keep it out of print. But the Legion insisted. So it went to the printer. When the hearings came back from the Government Printing Office, however, the list did not appear in print. Legion officials made inquiries,

and were told by the Government Printer that the list had been "lost." To this day Legion officials are wondering how it happened.

The crux of the bonus fight came on the vote in the Senate to override the President's veto. The battle lines were closely formed. Legion officials felt that there were a dozen Senators who might desert their pledges, and follow the President. The anti-bonus lobby, after a canvass of the situation, came to the same conclusion. So this group — Brandegee, Elkins, Harreld, Keyes, Phipps, Spencer, Stanfield, Sterling, Warren, Colt, Cameron and McKinley — found themselves between cross fires. In those critical days there were many White House breakfasts. Five of the Senatorial brethren slipped on the final vote — Keyes, Phipps, Sterling, Colt and McKinley. But the Legion held eight, and the bonus passed over the President's veto, 59 votes to 27, ending one of the bitterest conflicts between the Legislative and the Executive branches of the Government in our day.

McKinley, a lovable man, switched his vote to the side of the President on the last roll call, even though he had promised numerous Legionnaires that he would stand with them to the end of the bitter fight. Before he died, he gave the Legion a substantial sum for its endowment fund for war orphans, and the Legion bears his name no ill will. For no one more vividly than the Legion officers appreciated the tremendous pressure exerted by the Administration on the weak and erring brethren on the Hill. Here, as so often has happened, the Executive Departments have been the greatest lobbyists of all. Lobbying activities of Cabinet officers more than once have brought sharp criticism from the floors of Congress.

Two other recent instances of the effectiveness of lobbies may be mentioned. The so-called power lobby last session brought about the defeat of the Walsh resolution, for an investigation of its activities. The power lobby was really the joint committee on National Utility Associations. Former Senators Thomas and Lenroot presented the case against a Senate investigation before the Interstate Commerce Committee. But the main work was done by unpaid volunteers. Nearly every important public utility man in the country was in Washington while the Walsh resolution was before the Senate. Important bankers also visited Congressmen in their offices, and, as potential contributors to campaign funds, they collectively exerted considerable influence. No great force of public opinion was exerted on the other side, and the resolution was defeated. Instead, the investigation was turned over to the Federal Trade Commission. Evidence submitted to that body showed that former Senator Lenroot had received two fees of $10,000 each for his services in leading the fight against the Walsh resolution.

Fresh in the Congressional mind also is the campaign which the National Council for the Prevention of War waged against the Coolidge-Wilbur Naval Bill, calling for the construction of seventy-one new warships for the United States Navy. No Pacifist group in the country is better organized than this. Like the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and

Public Morals, its activity illustrates that the higher the "moral" purpose of a Washington lobby, the more vicious are its methods, and the more intimidating its strategy. The so-called "uplift" organizations invariably go at Congress hammer and tongs.

UNABLE to make headway in the committee room against the Administration's seventy-one ship programme, the National Council launched a letter and telegram offensive. It is the boast of the organization that in twenty-four hours, through 2,500 key men and women, it can bring anywhere from 50,000 to 250,000 letters and protests to Congress. Out of what appeared a clear sky, thousands of letters and telegrams came to the offices of Members of the House and Senate, protesting against the threat of the Administration's programme to the peace of the world. It was perhaps the biggest paper offensive in recent years. I can well recall running into the late "Uncle Tom" Butler, Chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, as he came out of his office one morning when the battle was at its height. The "fighting Quaker", a good friend of the Navy in times past, was having a hard time getting himself to swallow the Administration programme. "One hundred and twenty letters of protest today," he sighed, shaking his head dubiously. "Every letter means a postage stamp. There must be tremendous opposition to this bill when so many people take the trouble to write a letter to me." Little did he realize that nine out of ten of these really came from the office of the National Council for the Prevention of War, whose office is under the very shadow of the White House. Congress wilted before this barrage. When the Administration bill came from the committee room, it had been slashed from seventy-one ships to sixteen. Now the National Council is gunning in the Senate to prevent even this small addition to the Naval forces of the United States.

HOW much does it cost to run a lobby in Washington? It is perhaps as difficult to strike an average as to say how much a man can safely marry on today. It all depends on the man, in the one case, and the lobby in the other. Effective lobbies in Washington number about 300, though some have placed the number higher than this. In size, and in the number of employees, there is a wide range. The American Legion won its bonus fight with a legislative lobby that costs only $26,000 a year. Contrast this with the Chamber of Commerce, spokesman for American business, with a budget of over a million dollars a year, 300 employees, and a fine building all its own on Lafayette Square. Not all of its work is strictly lobbying, for the Chamber has many activities. But the bulk of the money, and the major portion of the labor of its employees, go toward presenting to Congress the views of American business on pending legislation.

True, all lobbies cannot be heartily defended. In the words of the Senate Judiciary Committee, organizations flourish which "prey upon the credulity of people who have an interest, or fancy they have an interest, in what Congress shall do. . . . They obtain money from those whom they pretend to represent under false pretenses, and in reports on their activities resort to downright mendacity.

"In the telephone directory of Washington there appear between 300 and 400 alleged associations, ninety per cent. of which are fakes, organized for the sole purpose of profit for those who are in Washington. There are fake scientific associations, fake agricultural associations, fake temperance associations, etc. In fact every activity of the human mind has been capitalized by some grafter. Ninety-nine dollars out of every hundred contributed by the public to these organizations, go into the pockets of the promoters."

THIS brings us to the group whose members Senator Caraway picturesquely brands as the "snake doctors" of politics. Here we find men — and women — who, pretending to have influence, take innocent people's money, with the promise that, through their personal acquaintanceship and inside knowledge of the workings of the Government machinery, they will get a particular bill passed, or secure some favor from a Government department. The Capital has no monopoly on snake doctors.

The social lobby, as it existed in the old days, is fast becoming a historical memory. Champagne and women no longer offer an opportunity for those who in this day would like to become Twentieth Century Sam Wards. Last session, Lawrence Wilder, promoter of the four-day ship bill, held open house at the Carlton Hotel, to members of Congress and others who vote dry and drink wet. But he did not succeed in getting Congress to invest any of the people's money in the project. But such instances are the exceptions rather than the rule. As one legislative agent told me, "Congressmen find it too easy to get a drink nowadays to make it probable that because you have given them something in your house, they will therefore support the bill you are pushing in Congress." Members of Congress eat griddle cakes and sausages with the President; but many of them will come away to vote later against the Administration. Entertainment may occasionally smooth his course, but it by no means assures the lobbyist that it will get him to his destination.

THE lobby that uses objectionable methods over a long period may dig its own grave. "High pressure" methods are apt to be successful only if the lobbyist has a large group back of him. Take the Anti-Saloon League, under the late Wayne B. Wheeler, the most tyrannical lobby that ever planted itself near Capitol Hill. Wheeler for long was a virtual dictator, and there were many Congressmen who could hardly call their souls their own. A newspaper man once walked into the office of Senator Sheppard, of Texas, to ask him what his opinion was of a certain bill. Sheppard immediately called up Wheeler, to find out what his answer should be. But there are evidences that the worm has turned. In the South, especially, Democratic candidates for Congress will not easily forget the fight made by the Anti-Saloon League against Smith. They regard it as a tool of the Republican Party, and, as one member remarked just after election, speaking of the Anti-Saloon League, "Thank God, that load is off my back!" The Anti-Saloon League still has power, but not the dictatorial control that it once possessed.

High pressure lobbying, as evidenced by the Anti-Saloon League and the National Council for the Prevention of War, may go so far as to produce a reaction that in turn will throw the organization which uses such methods, if not into disrepute, at least under a cloud of ill will. The form letter and inspired telegram campaign has lost its novelty. That alone is a hopeful sign of the times.

Go, as a private citizen, unheralded and without introductions, into the office of a Member of Congress, and you will quickly enough find out what an infinitesimally small place the individual citizen occupies on the Congressional horizon. You will be treated politely enough, but your chances of winning the Congressman to your point of view are virtually *nil*. You have but one vote to command, your own, for in these days you are not even sure that your wife will vote for the same candidate that you will. The individual citizen, in himself, is virtually without representation on Capitol Hill. Except in the imagination of the political philosopher, the "natural man", as such, does not exist. For each citizen is tied to a particular economic interest, whether he be a farmer, a banker, a college professor, or an exporter of razors or shaving cream. Lobbies give these economic groups a representation in the National Capital, and thus help to broaden the bases of our democracy.

It is only when an individual citizen ties himself to an organization that has a lobby, if you want to call it that, in Washington, that he begins to exercise a voice in national affairs. If he has an interest in the conduct of the nation's business, if he has a legitimate right to ask, as a citizen and tax payer of a free country, that Congress give his views careful consideration, then the quicker he allies himself with a group maintaining an organization in the Capital, the sooner will his voice be heard. Vigilance is the price of safety even here. He must watch his lobbyist, just as a good citizen calls the mayor of his city from time to time for an account of his stewardship. A careful watch of this kind will drive parasites from their soft retreats, and do much to prevent the abuses and evils which may characterize lobbies today, as in the past.

Congress, too, needs a little more backbone in resisting high pressure offensives. It needs to be on the watch against lobbying ex-Members, for former Congressmen are numbered among the most objectionable lobbyists in Washington. Cowardice is still the greatest curse of politics. The whip always cracks the loudest where courage is at a premium. There is need for a more intelligent understanding, both in and out of Congress, of the legitimate contribution which the lobby makes to democratic government. For the lobby, new style, is a co-worker and friend of a Congressman. It helps him, gives him information, does research work for him, shows him what the public is thinking, and what particular groups feel are to their interest. The Third House has a real and legitimate place in the Government of the country, and if it has faults, so too has Congress, and the citizen who is too lazy to vote. He who defends the lobby today, is not essaying the rôle of a devil's advocate.

The Threat of Insanity

By Carlton Kendall

The alarming increase of insanity in the United States makes most timely an expert examination of the nature, cause, prevention and cure of mental disorders

"Quand on ne trouve pas son repos en soi-même il est inutile de le chercher ailleurs."

I

Unless something is done to check the rate at which insanity is increasing in the United States, there will not be a sane man or woman left in North America in two hundred years. And in fifty years, the burden of supporting the insane and feeble-minded will be so heavy that some statisticians doubt if the sane population can maintain it.

Already the present capacity of mental institutions is inadequate. The Eldridge State Hospital in California, for example, reports over eight hundred idiots and aments waiting for admission. Three years ago New York State spent over five millions improving its asylums, which today are overcrowded. Yet daily the percentage of insane to sane increases. In 1910, 159,096 patients were in State Hospitals for Mental Diseases. By 1927 the number had increased to 250,890. The increase is not only absolute, but relative to population also.

At present two out of every five hundred American citizens either have been treated for insanity or are incarcerated in asylums and maintained at public expense. But this percentage is small compared with that of the vast army of neurotics, morons, mentally soft, lunatics, idiots and neurasthenics who are at liberty and who either already are permanently afflicted or are liable to develop psychoses. What this mad percentage of our total population is, no one but H. L. Mencken would dare to guess; he would probably place it as about the same as that of the purity of ivory soap. And perhaps he would not be far wrong.

Fully one-half of our university graduates in America have suffered from threatened or actual nervous breakdowns; and fully one-third of our metropolitan business men. So astounding has this percentage of the mentally unhealthy become that its effect upon our national civilization and character is being remarked by foreign psychologists. "Will America become the world's greatest madhouse?" they inquire. Personally I do not think so (at least I do not think it will become much madder than the rest of the world), for already steps are

being taken, such as the establishing of the Psychological Centre in New York City, to educate the public to insanity prophylaxis.

When Americans understand how to prevent insanity as well as they now understand how to prevent pneumonia, the danger point in our nation will be passed.

TODAY the nature and cause of insanity are little understood by the average man and woman, many of whom consider it a personal insult for a specialist to suggest that they are suffering from a mental disorder. This attitude on the part of most people toward insanity arises from misconception of the nature of the malady and from fear of ridicule.

A tinge of insanity implies no lack of mental ability, for frequently it is accompanied by rare genius. As Pascal observes, "extreme mind is close to extreme insanity," while Krafft-Ebing, a noted specialist on insanity, concludes "that more people of great genius exhibit manifestations of insanity than do persons of ordinary mental faculties." Goethe, the great German poet, Benevenuto Cellini, the noted Italian artist, both went quite mad at periods. Cardinal Richelieu capered about his room imitating a horse, while Lord Beaconsfield used to shout aloud at times to make sure he was alive. Few great men's lives fail to show some signs of mental disorders. Only the bovine-minded are absolutely sane, for, as Voltaire writes, "Heaven in forming us mixed our life with reason and madness." Therefore no one need feel ashamed to be a little mad occasionally. Only when accompanied by a spearmint brain does insanity become a disgrace.

However, while it may be an asset to be successfully insane at the right moment, it certainly is a drawback to be unsuccessfully so at the wrong time. And it is unsuccessful insanity which is increasing in the United States at such an alarming ratio — ruining happiness, disrupting homes, causing social revolt, brutal crimes and financial crashes, and warping the lives of maturing youth so that they become not praiseworthy citizens but miserable failures and menaces to the social organism.

Until the public is educated to protect itself against this type of insanity, America's place in the sun is endangered.

Let us, therefore, review a few of the main facts concerning this disease, which attacks the tree of life itself.

II

INSANITY is not a medical term. It is a legal term. In most countries it is defined as a mental disease causing an individual to behave in such a fashion that he either is a menace to society or incapable of self-support. Until the malady reaches that stage, the person is declared sane by the State.

This definition is most unfortunate. It creates the erroneous idea that insanity is a sudden affliction, making a person run amuck or plan a week-end excursion to the dark side of the moon. Nothing could be further from the truth. Insanity is not a sudden affliction. It is a disease — like typhoid fever or smallpox. And like any other disease, it runs its course and if taken in time can usually be prevented.

Insanity may result, according to Dr. Charles A. Mercier, from one or more of three kinds of stresses: (1) A direct stress or disturbing agent acting

directly on the nerve tissue of the highest regions of the brain, such as violence, tumors, blood poisoning, etc. (2) An indirect stress arising within the limits of the organism and in the commerce between the individual and his circumstances; and (3) A stress arising out of the relations between the organism and its surroundings.

THE first cause produces what is called somatic insanity (insanity resulting from brain or nerve cell injuries), and with this type, once the injury has progressed beyond reparation a cure is impossible. Since the cause is usually from accident outside the preventive ability of the patient, a prophylaxis is impossible. The other two types however can usually be prevented if taken in time. Before discussing some of the methods of prevention, let us examine the relation between insanity and intellectual ability.

In no sense does insanity imply mental deficiency. Idiots, morons and imbeciles are not normally insane. Sometimes, it is true, we have an insane idiot of the higher type, but this is exceptional rather than the rule.

Idiots, morons and imbeciles are *aments*, to use a word coined by Dr. A. F. Tredgold of London University. Aments are sub-normal and amongst them are found the monsters of nature — unfortunate human beings with heads suggesting horses, dogs, satyrs, imps of the lower world; beings whose bodies and minds are created warped, twisted, distorted. They are the types that the layman usually pictures when he visualizes a lunatic, but they are far different in appearance from the insane. One cannot visit an ament hospital and ever forget the human horror therein, while a casual walk through many insane wards reveals specimens of humanity little different from those one sees in an ordinary hospital catering to all classes. I have seen aments so devoid of brain cells that they would starve to death at a table laden with food and necessitate regular feeding by attendants. On the other hand, I have enjoyed brilliant discussions in two languages about intricate phases of science and metaphysics with insane patients locked in "the most violent" wards. Autopsies on the brains of non-somatic insanity patients reveal physically normal brains. In no sense does insanity imply sub-normal intelligence, and this point cannot be repeated too often if the popular misconceptions about insanity are to be dispelled.

SINCE the ament lacks the mechanism for intelligence, nothing save a new brain will restore his reason. As yet medical science is unable to transplant brains, so the ament is practically incurable, save in very rare cases responding to glandular treatment. Another dissimilarity between aments and insane is that aments are usually born so, while lunatics usually "contract their malady" through mental disorder or decay. Mental decay is known scientifically as "dementia"; from which arises the term *dementia præcox*, about which we read so much in connection with the suicides of university students.

To recognize an ament is quite easy. Their low intelligence marks them at once if they are not close to the borderland of what we call the normal. Frequently they are just able to "get by" in society, running errands, distributing handbills or selling papers.

Their stupidity makes them poor workmen, but calls forth our consideration and sympathy. They are the children of society. Peculiarities of speech and head shapes often distinguish them. In the lower grades the heads vary from microcephalics no larger than nutmeg melons to hydrocephalics whose brain cavities have been enlarged by a watery fluid until the head resembles that of a fanciful man from Mars.

TO RECOGNIZE an insane person is much more difficult than to identify an ament. Physically the average insane patients have no distinctive or peculiar characteristics. Their head shapes vary in about the same way as do those of the sane. Even brain size offers no clue, for the largest brain discovered in the world, according to de Quatrefages, belonged to a lunatic. There is no true insane type. The only manner in which an insane person can be distinguished from a sane person is through his conversation and behavior. Sometimes the eyes have a peculiar glint and the pupils dilate or contract during maniacal spells when patients are violent, but these phenomena are not universal and are difficult to recognize without considerable experience.

From the behavioristic viewpoint, the truest assurance of a person's sanity is the ability to face the facts of life as they are, to succeed in accordance with intellectual and physical capacity, and to get along with companions on life's highroad.

Self-delusion is one of the hallmarks of insanity. If a man has not sufficient wit to admit truth to himself, he cannot hope to be classed as sane. Most forms of insanity are rooted in self-deception. In catatonia, for example, the patient shuts herself out from the world, ignores the people about her and tries to live in a universe of her own mental fabrication, sometimes even speaking entirely in rhyme, a peculiarity which has given rise to a theory that all poets are catatonics. In paranoia likewise, the patient lives in a network of systematic delusions so arranged as to explain his acts, misfortunes and failure to succeed in life. Some paranoiacs will engage in as extravagant explanations of why they do not succeed, as a political boss explaining the loss of an election. When a man goes about continually self-justifying his business, professional or artistic failures, he shows the characteristics of incipient paranoia. The best refutation of failure is demonstrated ability to succeed.

CHILDREN are born into an unfamiliar world about which during their childhood they weave fancies and day dreams. When they mature, if they are normal, they perceive the falseness of these fabricated conceptions about life and the world in which they live. They discover that life is a compromise between ideals and reality, between ambitions and achievements. They view objectively the world about them, see and recognize its stark facts, accept them, and cease trying to twist reality into the gossamer of their dreams, concentrating their energies instead upon meeting successfully the problems of human existence. The person who most often develops insanity, on the other hand, persists in trying to retain childish illusions about life. The result: If a sudden catastrophe brings him face to face with relentless reality, he is un-

prepared to meet the situation, his fantasy world falls into chaos, he does not know what to do, where to turn, how to manage in such an emergency. Eventually he ends in the madhouse or at least falls a victim to one of those spells of temporary insanity which social usage designates "a nervous breakdown."

THE victims of self-delusion often talk much about ideals and how American civilization lacks them. They usually conceive of themselves as being inwardly superior to others, incapable of harlotry and murder, greatly misunderstood, cruelly mistreated by the brash file of the social organism, deserted by Fate, forsaken by God. Generally their religious concepts are very adolescent — rarely beyond comprehending a personal God who rewards the virtuous and punishes the flappers. Virtue to them means physical virtue. Their minds may be cesspools in which wallow Freudian monsters, yet they feel qualified to throw the first stone. They are in constant conflict between their mental selves and their material environment, and are unable to discover the source of the incongruity. In order to escape from reality, they often drug themselves with pleasures. Genuine inner happiness never comes to them, for they lack the first ingredient of happiness — inner harmony. Material success frequently eludes them, for their minds are too occupied combating and romanticizing reality to focus in deep concentration on the problems to be solved in winning wealth, position and fame. Those who do accumulate riches however join that body of unhappy American millionaires who, like King Midas, are cursed with a golden touch that stands between themselves and life, and go about unable to do anything save pile up more and more of the yellow metal.

The relation between sanity and business success is self-evident. Probably more failures occur from overstrained nervous systems than from any other single cause. The man who cannot command himself cannot command others. The man who lacks mental poise lacks the power of concentration. A warped mind is ignorant of its own defects and thus cannot see the cause of its failure successfully to meet competition. If a man is failing in his economic life, he should do the same as the man who finds it impossible to readjust himself to his environment; he should consult a mental specialist before he destroys the bloom of his life in fruitless mental turmoil and crashes into the abyss of human bankruptcy.

BUT perhaps the greatest test of sanity, after all, is the ability to get along with one's companions, especially with the members of one's immediate family. More divorces result from the insane acts of one or both of the parties concerned than from any other single factor. More misunderstandings between parents and children arise from neurotic conditions, mental diseases, or temporary insane spells, than from actual material grievances. If domestic discord were properly understood as arising from pathological mental conditions and treated accordingly, many of the unhappiest moments of family friction would be abolished. That two people who previously got along happily together, suddenly find they can no longer continue to do so, implies some

mental or emotional alteration in one or both of them. One of the saddest sights is to watch a couple continue year after year converting the dining table into a Verdun, living in an atmosphere of nagging and mutual criticism and growing gray in unhappiness, simply because one or both of them refuse to meet the facts of reality and adjust their inner and outer lives accordingly.

Thus when you see a man failing in his business, his community and in his home, you may be fairly sure that he is suffering from a mental disease which prevents him from facing life and solving its problems. If his situation grows steadily worse, you may confidently expect a mental breakdown, unless he comes to his senses and undergoes a course of treatment. And the same may be predicted of a woman who is incapable of adjusting herself to her home conditions and, like a general in the midst of a marsh, making the most of a bad situation. If the sane woman finds her home conditions intolerable, she sets about to remodel them, while the unfortunate woman suffering from mental derangement merely sits down to complain and lament about her unhappy marriage, thus irritating further her already over-strained nerves.

III

How can one know when a nervous breakdown is approaching and avoid it? We have partly answered this question in the preceding sections, but let us endeavor to examine the symptoms of approaching mental collapse more closely, so that we may be better able to discover even the earliest of them.

"For every person, as for every beam and every rope, there is a breaking strain," says Dr. Mercier. "Subject a man to sufficient stress, and however well he may be constituted, he will become insane. Whenever a mechanism fails to perform the duty demanded of it, the reason must be either that the work is too heavy for the mechanism or that the mechanism is not strong enough for the work."

Each person presents an individual problem. In no two human beings is the breaking strain at the same point of nervous endurance. The task of the psychologist and psychiatrist is first to ascertain what mental kinks if any the patient possesses, then to ascertain his probable limit of nervous endurance and help him reorganize his life, so that he will be in no danger of reaching the fatal point. This anyone of average intelligence and introspection can do for himself, providing he is honest with himself.

An examination of what a man reads, his amusements, his religious beliefs, his sexual life, his domestic conduct, and his attitude toward the laws of his country and toward that larger body of unwritten law which governs his relationship with his fellow men, will offer a clue to any mental kinks that he may possess. These kinks are his weak spots and should be eliminated if possible. If, like some bad habits, he cannot eliminate them, he should at least accept them and cease to worry about them, endeavor to reduce their part in his life, especially his psychic life, to a minimum, and eventually replace them with less dangerous sins.

The most taxing periods of life are those following adolescence and senility. More people go insane at these

times than at any other. This is probably due in a large measure to environmental stresses, such as home irritation, business worries or *affaires d'amour*—stresses which already tax the nerves to capacity. The added strain of psychic readjustment to the changes taking place within the physical body proves more than the already harassed nervous constitution can bear and a breakdown is the result. Fortunately this breakdown is often only temporary. Few realize that it is an attack of insanity and take warning accordingly. A period of nervousness, an easing up of the daily strain, a change of diet and the paying of more attention to matters of health and hygiene, usually bring the person to his feet again. But unless the environmental stresses are removed, the recovery is only outward. The germs of the mental disease still remain in the body, and sooner or later again wreck either the mental or physical health of the convalescent.

Few realize the amazing number of physical maladies known to have been caused by diseased minds. E. J. Kempf, in an article about *Autonomic Functions and the Personality*, mentions nausea, loss of appetite, headaches and disturbances of the menses, among a formidable list of derangements due to repression of intense affections, such as thwarted love. Dr. A. A. White, the noted American psychiatrist, has found that even such common maladies as asthma, sore throat, backache, hay fever, diabetes, skin diseases, loss of hair, and toothache, can be traced as "originating at the psychological level"; while Dr. Howard E. Ruggles, Professor of Roentgenology at the University of California, says that at least one-third of the patients he examines for gastro-intestinal disorders have no actual lesions, yet are sick, and if an additional load is thrown upon them in the way of worry, fear or overwork, sometimes they develop actual ulcers of the stomach necessitating an operation. From careful research into the subject, it would seem as if half of the diseases affecting the human race are directly or indirectly caused by nervous disorders resulting from deranged mentalities.

Until men and women understand how to preserve psychic health, they are in constant danger of falling victims to some fatal physical as well as mental malady. Many a person who washes his body daily never thinks of renovating his mind. A clean mind is as essential to health as a clean colon. Through the consciousness comes the supply of psychic electricity which stimulates the atoms within the body, which excites metabolism, which keeps the heart beating its rhythm of life. If this stream of invisible energy is polluted by psychic germs, it will poison the system as quickly as will typhoid-laden water or the bite of a fever-carrying mosquito.

Some of the forerunners of approaching nervous breakdowns noticed by insane patients are an alteration of the sense of humor, poor memory, unsociability, a desire to brood alone, inability to concentrate, "muddy thinking," a feeling of inharmony with the world, a feeling of persecution, trembling "near the pit of the stomach" (usually at the solar plexus), a series of psychic experiences, a sudden change of religious ideas, or a whirling sensation as if the whole mental self

were revolving at a tremendous rate and were about to fly into ten million bits.

Perhaps the most noticeable common indication of coming mental breakdown is increasing irritability. Anger is believed to be associated with the malfunctioning of the adrenal glands. These glands are of great importance in maintaining the nervous balance of the human body; once they become over-irritated they create havoc with the disposition and health. The man who goes into a black rage because his wife burns the potatoes is much nearer the insane asylum than his neighbor who merely shrugs his shoulders and accepts the accident as a part of life's vicissitudes.

PEOPLE living in cities are brought into close contact with each other. This contact inevitably results in situations which are annoying and trying to human patience, but even the most difficult situation is worth only about so much anger. When that amount is exceeded, nerve strain results. The sane man does not lose his temper. He maintains his poise at all times, especially as regards what his contemporaries may say in criticism of him. "Fancy any man taking another *man* so seriously!" Lloyd-George is said to have remarked to his secretary after watching President Wilson lose control of himself at the mention of Theodore Roosevelt's name.

A fair test of one's stability of mind is to expose oneself to a trying situation and test the capacity of one's poise.

IF A person is not sure about the state of his own sanity, he should consult a psychiatrist and undergo an examination. A mental examination is no more of an ordeal than a physical examination, and equally important. The time may come when mental examinations will be as much a matter of routine as visits to the dentist. When this time does arrive, the shadow of the Demon of Madness will be removed from our land and the percentage of individual happiness will increase. Most of the tragedies which touch the human heart and blight earthly happiness result from a lack of proper mental adjustment to the realities of human existence.

Guilty or Not Guilty?

By Justin Miller
Dean of the Law School, University of Southern California

How Los Angeles, with its office of Public Defender, has freed the prisoner at the bar from ruthless exploitation by shysters so common elsewhere

John Bunyan's Pilgrim could properly understand and sympathize with the poor, innocent man accused of crime, on his way from arrest to punishment. Beset by dangers on every side, cut off from friends and family, such persons can, and many times do, suffer humiliation and disgrace without opportunity to avail themselves of the many "rights" which are supposed to be theirs.

Most people are willing to agree that the way of the transgressor is, and should be, hard. Many people are inclined to question the policy of our law which, for many years, has said that it is better for ninety-nine guilty persons to escape than that one innocent person should be punished. The swing of the pendulum in criminal legislation at the present time is undoubtedly toward more severe punishments, for "speeding up" trials, for capturing and convicting more and more of the ninety-nine who heretofore have been allowed to escape. Along with all this have come increased dangers for the innocent man, and for his family. These dangers are present at every step of the proceedings, from arrest to the doors of the penitentiary.

The law provides that arrests shall be made only upon warrant, except in particular situations and, generally, even more severely limits arrests made at night in misdemeanor cases. For the person of wealth or standing in the community, these laws are usually effective. For the poor person, they may provide no protection at all when the police "dragnet" goes into operation and wholesale arrests are made "on suspicion". It is perhaps true, as has been contended, that only by this method of law violation can police work be made effective under present conditions. It is equally true that it causes poor persons to lose their jobs, that it breaks up families, that it causes juvenile dependency and delinquency, and that it pre-disposes to crime, marginal, economic producers who would otherwise be able to compete successfully.

The law provides that a person arrested for crime shall be taken without delay before a magistrate and given opportunity to provide bail. For the poor person who does not know the law or who has no way of reaching his friends, this law means

nothing. Many times such persons are held *incommunicado* for several days. In this connection also the law provides that an arrested person has a right to see a lawyer. This right is many times denied, either by an outright refusal to permit such a communication or by the ignorance of the accused. A successful defense of a charge of crime requires that witnesses must be found and examined, subpœnas issued and served, and preparation made for the trial of the case. The accused person, lost in jail and out of touch with the world, is certainly in no position to make such investigations or cause them to be made. The State has its agents in the field constantly, searching the highways and byways for evidence.

From the moment of arrest the accused person undergoes a searching examination, which may take the form of various "third degree" methods. Reported cases which have found their way to the appellate courts reveal the character of those methods. In some instances it consists of continuous, day and night questioning by relays of officers and investigators, until the suspect "breaks" and signs a confession, admitting in each case that it is given freely and voluntarily without intimidation or promise of reward. Sometimes he is put in solitary confinement, or in a sweatbox; slugged or beaten with a rubber hose; taken to the morgue to view a dead body; told that his wife or a friend has confessed and put the blame on him. Many are the devices used and many the confessions procured. No doubt many such confessions are made by guilty persons. It is equally true that others are not. Most people assume that such confessions are useful only as evidence at the trial of the case, and that a law prohibiting their use as evidence would eliminate the "third degree". As a matter of fact, most of the criminals against whom judgments of guilt are entered are not convicted on trial, but plead guilty without trial. The record of "convictions" of which the prosecutor boasts is made up largely of pleas of guilty, the credit for which belongs largely to the police.

For instance, figures lately compiled by Professor Raymond Moley of Columbia University, covering 24 of our largest cities, show an average of 77½ per cent. of all "convictions" to have been on pleas of guilty. In St. Paul and Syracuse the rate was as high as 95 per cent., and the lowest rates were 33 per cent. in San Francisco and 47 per cent. in Atlanta.

A man who confesses guilt usually pleads guilty. In such a case no one inquires about the "third degree". It is easy to see that in such a large number of pleas of guilty, that of the innocent man, coerced into a confession and plea of guilty, may be easily overlooked. This is the real danger of the "third degree". That it does still exist there can be no doubt. Hubert Morrow, the President of the Los Angeles Bar Association, recently published a statement in the official bulletin of that Association in which he cited a number of instances of official abuse of power and summarized his indictment in these terms:

> We have all noted over a period of years the accumulation of instances of clear violations of the rights of prisoners; *and the evil is growing continually and rapidly.* At times prisoners have been subjected to physical and mental abuse to force confessions, portions of their statements have been deleted and in that

condition used in evidence against them. . . . It is not my purpose unduly to enlarge upon specific instances of cruel and un-American methods. Every lawyer at this bar is somewhat informed of them, and the press carries references to almost daily happenings of such nature.

Another use of the "third degree" is to obtain clues to other evidence and to other criminals. For these reasons we may be sure that so long as accused persons remain in custody of officers charged with getting convictions, the "third degree" will be used in one form or another, unless the safeguards of the law are made available to all accused persons, rich and poor alike.

THE police are not by any means the only enemies of accused persons. The jails and inferior criminal courts swarm with an array of undesirable characters, preying openly upon them. There is first the shyster lawyer. These fellows are a little lower in the scale than the ambulance chasers. Sometimes they do not even maintain offices, but loiter about the jails and courts, waiting for a call from a confederate in the person of a jailer or another prisoner. The technique then is to find out whether John Doe has any money or property. If he has, the shyster is recommended highly as a trial lawyer, or as one who by reason of political connections can "square" the case. If John Doe takes the bait, the shyster is sent for. He interviews his client, particularly to find out the names of relatives, employers, or friends, and then sends out distress calls for more money, assuring the recipients of his messages that unless it is forthcoming John Doe must surely go to the penitentiary. One example will suffice: A boy of nineteen was charged with assault with a deadly weapon, following a fight in which he was one of the participants. His mother interested herself in the case and was assured by the Sheriff and the District Attorney that a careful examination of the evidence would be made and that she would be advised before prosecution was commenced. The investigation revealed that the boy had probably acted in self-defense and that he had a good reputation. It was decided to dismiss the case against him. In the meantime one of the shysters had been retained, had frightened the mother with the fear that her son would be sent to the penitentiary, and had persuaded her to give him a note and a mortgage for almost the full value of her home. Only the dismissal of the case prevented the transfer, and the shyster was brazen enough to protest bitterly to the District Attorney for securing a dismissal before he could get his "fee". The records of bar association committees on grievances and professional conduct, in the larger cities, are full of instances of the same character.

ANOTHER group in the criminal law underworld are the bail bond sharks. These creatures are first cousins of the loan sharks, and from them have learned the most approved methods of extortion and blackmail. Frequently these so-called brokers have shyster lawyers and corrupt officers on their payrolls. Sometimes prisoners are allowed to communicate only with their representatives. In some cities it has been revealed that even the police court judges are subservient to these brokers and have turned over to them the fixing of bail and the release of prisoners. Exorbitant premiums are charged for bail, but if the price is

paid, in many instances the prisoner is allowed to walk out free and clear.

CLOSELY associated with the shyster lawyer, the corrupt jailer and the bailbond shark is the equally corrupt interpreter. Here again our generalization must not be too broad. Just as there are some honest, sincere criminal lawyers and police officers, so there are honest interpreters. But some of them are not. Speaking the language of the accused and in that way gaining his confidence, they manipulate him and his money to their own financial and political advantage. When we consider the large number of foreign-born people who come into contact with these criminal courts, it is appalling to think of the education, in American political and judicial practices, which they are receiving. Many of these people are poor. They have seen their friends and neighbors stripped of employment, of families, of money, and of health. The result is that the interpreter thrives upon their belief that justice can be purchased only through his intervention.

As has been previously suggested, the police judges themselves are sometimes equally venal. Some of the inferior criminal courts of the large cities are veritable kangaroo courts. They are noisy, disorderly, completely lacking in dignity or in compliance with the first principles of proper procedure. An instance from one of the San Francisco courts will illustrate the point. A Russian immigrant had refused to comply with the demand of a police stool-pigeon that he give perjured testimony in a certain case. The stool-pigeon attacked him and "beat him up". Both parties were arrested and brought into court. The evidence given revealed clearly that the stool-pigeon was solely to blame. A police officer whispered a message in the judge's ear, and the case was immediately dismissed. A study which appeared in *The Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*, for May, 1927, reveals the practices of this court more fully. Similar studies which appear in the reports of the Cleveland Crime Survey and the Illinois Crime Survey are equally revealing of the methods of procedure used in these courts and suggestive of the dangers to the poor man.

THESE inferior criminal courts serve a double purpose, namely for the trial of misdemeanor cases, and for the preliminary examination of persons accused of felonies. The man who knows his rights, and is able to employ counsel, usually succeeds in securing a dismissal of the case, following a preliminary hearing, if there be no real case against him; or if the evidence be strong against him he says nothing and awaits the trial. The poor, ignorant man, unrepresented by counsel, frequently gets excited at the preliminary hearing; in his fear of threatening circumstantial evidence he attempts to manufacture a defense, and lies himself into inconsistencies which convict him. Or, on the other hand, even though there be not sufficient evidence to warrant holding him to answer, he is sometimes held, nevertheless, in order that the court reporter may collect his fee for transcribing the evidence, taken at the preliminary hearing. This accounts in some measure for the large number of cases which are disregarded by the grand jury or *nolled* by the prosecuting attorney.

When the case finally arrives in the trial court, the poor man is again at a disadvantage. As has already been indicated, it is at this time that the defendant is required to enter his plea, and if he has been sufficiently intimidated so that he pleads "guilty", that is the end of the matter and he goes on to prison. It is at this point that the accused person is first informed of his right to counsel, and if he requests an attorney, one is appointed to defend him. The appointment of such an attorney has spoiled many a well-planned plea of guilty.

HOWEVER, the appointment of an attorney does not completely balance the scales. In the first place, the defendant is then for the first time put in a position to find his witnesses and prepare his case. Usually only a short time is allowed for this purpose. Moreover, he frequently finds that his witnesses have disappeared. In the second place, assigned counsel of this type are usually only indifferently qualified. They may be young men, recently admitted to practice, and looking for experience; or old derelicts, worn out in practice and looking for the crumbs thrown out in these courts; or perhaps shysters, who seek these assignments not to render service free of charge or for the fee allowed by the State, as they are supposed to do, but as an opportunity to harass the relatives, friends and employers for money. Usually the defense provided by counsel of this type is of a very poor, and unconvincing character.

An example of such work recently appeared in the report of an Illinois case, which can be found in *The Northeastern Reporter*. The justice who wrote the opinion commented as follows:

> The attorney who represented defendants in the trial court seemed to be unfamiliar with the simplest rules of evidence and incapable of comprehending the rules when suggested to him by the trial court. A few questions from the record will demonstrate his ignorance and stupidity.

Then follows a collection of examples, familiar to every lawyer who is acquainted with criminal court practice, after which the court said:

> A layman of ordinary intelligence would have conducted a much better direct examination of this witness. . . . The fact that the defendants were ignorant, illiterate foreigners, unacquainted with law or court procedure in this or any other country, and unable to speak and understand the English language, requires that we take into consideration the gross incompetency and stupidity of counsel appearing for them. . . . It is quite clear from an examination of the record that defendants' interests would have been much better served with no counsel at all than with the one they had.

For every such case that finds its way into an appellate court, there are hundreds in which no appeal is ever taken.

ANOTHER example will illustrate the fact that accused persons suffer not only from stupidity of attorneys but also from their dishonesty. In Clay *vs.* State, a Florida case, it appeared that defendant entered a plea of guilty under the following circumstances:

> . . . her attorneys demanded that she plead "Guilty" . . . and her attorney stated that if she did not plead guilty at once he would not represent her further, and that if she did plead guilty he would see that it was fixed up with Roan (the complaining witness) and that the said Roan would accept some money in settlement and that would be the best manner to adjust it; and acting because of the threats and promises of the said attorney, and with not more than twenty minutes to consider her action, she did, within a few minutes after the information was filed, plead guilty to the same,

although she told her attorney then that she was not guilty and did not desire to plead guilty; . . .

The Supreme Court in this case ordered that the defendant be permitted to change her plea to "Not guilty". Many such cases never come to the attention of appellate courts. After the trial, the assigned counsel is under no further obligation to serve his client, and as a result the right of appeal is usually as effectively denied as if it did not exist at all. Occasionally an accused person attempts to appeal his own case. Usually, he abandons hope and takes the punishment which is given him.

Of course, there is always available, to the man who can pay for it, competent legal service; which is in some cases superior to the service provided on behalf of the State. But, such service is exceedingly costly, as is well illustrated by a conversation, related by one of the Los Angeles judges, which took place between two well-known defense lawyers. Said the first: "How do you charge fees in criminal cases?" The other replied: "Well, what do you mean? A fee in a case where a man is guilty or not guilty?" "Either one." "If he is guilty, my fee is 'all he has', but if he is not guilty, then the fee is all he has and all his friends have."

The reason why such fees are charged is easy to understand. The accused person is in distress and he and his relatives and friends are easily imposed upon. Moreover, the defense of criminal cases is difficult and uncertain work. Normally, the chances for "winning" criminal cases are much less than in civil cases. A good knowledge of the law and reasonably good judgment of men gives a lawyer in civil practice at least an even chance of winning each case. A far different situation exists in criminal practice. In the first place, the police capture and hold only those persons against whom it is most easy to prove guilt. In the second place, the prosecutor's office eliminates a large proportion of the cases which come to his attention. Only the cases in which he is fairly sure of being able to persuade juries "beyond a reasonable doubt" ever come to trial. Naturally the defense lawyer has a decidedly reduced chance of getting acquittals. This tempts him to use perjury, to bribe juries, to try for favorable newspaper publicity, to use any means which he can to secure his end. The result is that the practice of criminal law is generally in disrepute among the members of the bar. The further result is that it is left largely to an undisciplined group of men, disrespectful of the ethics of the profession, and willing to take whatever advantage they can of those who are their clients. There are, of course, real exceptions to the proposition just stated, but for the poor man who gives his all for the indifferent services of a shyster, and for the defendant who cannot buy even such services, those exceptions are not important.

In a few jurisdictions there has been provided in recent years an officer called a Public Defender. He is paid by the State, and appears as a matter of course in all cases in which the defendant is unable to employ counsel. In at least one jurisdiction the Public Defender takes charge of each case only after the defendant appears for arraignment in the trial court. This is the practice in Hennepin County,

Minnesota. Obviously such a defender cannot accomplish anything for the man who has already been coerced into pleading guilty. It is equally certain that he cannot overcome the spoliation and abuse of the man who has retained his courage and refused to plead guilty. It is frequently too late then to find the necessary witnesses or prepare the defense which might have been prepared. Such a defender can, however, provide adequate representation at the trial and, if need be, on appeal. If he be a properly qualified attorney, he will soon become skilled in the law and practice and will be able to match the best efforts of the prosecution.

In Los Angeles County, California, the City Defender and the County Defender, together, have jurisdiction of all cases, except a small group of minor offenses, and are in a position to provide some measure of protection from the time of arrest. It would be idle to assert that the abuse of the poor man has been entirely eliminated in Los Angeles. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that in this county, where the Public Defender originated, many of the abuses referred to have been materially reduced.

THE efficiency of the office can be best established by quoting the opinions of those who have been close observers of its operations. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, says:

I believe in the Public Defender. Five years' experience in the office when it was still an experiment in Los Angeles convinced me of its practical service to the community.

The Public Defender starves out shyster lawyers who would prey on those arrested for crime. He saves the State money by preventing delays and frittering tactics of the ordinary criminal lawyer. He advises wisely in cases where probation is sought. He contacts the prisoner as a friend and helper, and yet, as a representative of the government, gives him a right attitude toward the law.

James E. Davis, Chief of Police of the City of Los Angeles, says:

I do believe that the poor man is on the whole better represented under the Public Defender system than any other systems of which I have any knowledge. Lacking a public defender, the man who is without funds wherewith to employ counsel, must, if he is to have any counsel at all, fall victim to the shyster attorney. My knowledge of that brand is considerable. They have very little legal ability as a rule but have a tremendous ability to hound a man forever after for fees. A public defender on the other hand is usually a man of at least average legal ability and his services have no aftermath for the person served. Moreover, I believe there is a quite natural tendency on the part of the courts to look with at least greater sympathy upon the client who is defended by the public defender.

W. H. Holland, Chief Probation Officer for Los Angeles County, makes the following statement:

I believe the Public Defender system has proven its worth in Los Angeles County, and, if handled by conscientious, able lawyers, is one of the best innovations in the management of criminal cases. It does away with petty technicalities, useless delays and needless quibbling over matters in which the defendant's interest is not in jeopardy, and in every way lends dignity to the trial and inspires confidence in our courts.

THE attitude of the Appellate Court is reflected in the statements of Ira F. Thompson, Associate Justice of the California District Court of Appeal:

I think it may be fairly said that the general impression prevailing among the members of the Bench and Bar is that the Public Defender system is much more desirable than the assigned counsel system. . . . It has been our experience that ordinarily a better record is

presented than in those cases represented by assigned counsel. This results in a better administration of justice in all of the angles suggested by you. The trial court is better served and its time not unnecessarily consumed, resulting in economy by the natural speeding up of the trial of cases. . . . I am fully convinced that the Public Defender system operates more successfully, more economically and more efficiently than does the system of assigned counsel.

These statements are typical of many others which have been received by the writer, including endorsements of the Public Defender by Chris B. Fox, Secretary of the California Crime Commission, Earl Warren, District Attorney of Alameda County, California, and Walter K. Tuller, an outstanding attorney of Los Angeles and formerly a member of the California Commission on Criminal Procedure. Every person who replied to an inquiry, sent out to representatives of all groups interested in the administration of justice, endorsed the Public Defender system and several, including Justice Thompson, suggested the propriety of extending the service to all persons accused of crime, whether financially able to employ counsel or not. It will thus be seen that where the Public Defender has been actually tried, he is enthusiastically accepted.

From jurisdictions in which the system has been proposed but not tried, objections have been voiced. In some cases these are no doubt expressions of self-interest upon the part of those lawyers who fear they will lose by such an innovation. For the shyster variety of lawyer, this is a natural reaction, but certainly not one which deserves any consideration.

Some of the objections are undoubtedly honestly made, by lawyers who are uninformed or shortsighted in their approach to the problem. It is suggested by them that the Public Defender's office would be inefficient. This is conclusively disputed by those who have seen a well organized office at work. The single defense lawyer, especially of the type who appears as assigned counsel, has by no means the experience that a public defender has, who gives his full time to this work. Moreover, he does not have the *entrée* to jails and public offices, a staff of investigators, a staff of trial deputies, and an office equipped in every detail for efficiency in this type of work. His contact with such cases is occasional and incidental to a general practice. It is absurd to compare assigned counsel to the Public Defender on the ground of efficiency.

It is further suggested that the office could not be kept clear from politics, abuse and maladministration. Theoretically, this contention can be supported. Theoretically, it can be urged in reply that the present system reeks with politics, abuse, and maladministration, and that the probable result would be substantial improvement. Moreover, there is every reason why there should be less corruption, less perjury, less killing or spiriting away of witnesses, where defendants are represented by Public Defenders, than where they are represented by private counsel. As has been already pointed out, private defense lawyers make their reputations by winning cases. Winning criminal cases is much more uncertain than winning civil cases. There is a real temptation to indulge in corrupt practices to get results. The Public Defender has no such temptation, because his reputa-

tion does not depend on getting acquittals. He can and does recommend pleas of guilty in many cases and can and does refuse to use improper methods.

It is well to note, also, that both in Los Angeles and Alameda Counties, where the practical operation of the system is highly commended by eminent judges, the Public Defender and his staff are appointed under civil service regulations. This fact has apparently resulted in complete elimination of the evils urged against the system.

ANOTHER theoretical objection which has been made against the Public Defender is that it is illogical for the State to provide attorneys to defend persons who are being prosecuted by the State. This is a very narrow point of view indeed, and one which overlooks the dual capacity of the State as the protector of society on the one hand and of the individual on the other. The practically universal provision of counsel under the assignment system is in itself a recognition of the obligation of the State to protect individuals who may be unjustly accused, against the oppression of the prosecution. It would seem to be enough to take the liberty and the property of the individual, without in addition forcing him to find friends to employ counsel or forego the privilege. Some countries go even further and compensate the innocent person who has been wrongfully imprisoned, by paying him damages for the detention when the error is discovered.

THE Public Defender system is in operation in only a small number of the more populous California counties. It is provided for also, in one form or another, by the laws of Connecticut, Minnesota, Nebraska, Tennessee and Virginia. In some places, societies have been organized to provide voluntary defenders on practically the same basis as Legal Aid service. Generally, the assigned counsel system prevails throughout the United States. The idea of the Public Defender is gradually spreading, and when its advantages are fully understood, it will, no doubt, be generally adopted, at least in the larger centres of population. In the less populous areas, the dangers of the accused person are much less and it is more easily possible to provide adequate representation through the assigned counsel.

Gilded Spurs and Captains' Boots

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The epic of the Clan of Coffin, of Portledge and of our own Nantucket Island, ranging from the Norman Conquest to the Revolution and the World War

I have seen this little essay on the Clan of Coffin coming for years. Ever since my name began to appear in print, I have been getting letters from far-flung relatives asking if I were a twig from that first oak of Nantucket, Tristram, who came over to the New World among those Seventeenth Century Englishmen who had found the Old too warm a place to live in. These correspondents want me to help, too, in the task of supplying missing links in their own family boughs. A dangerous pastime, by the way, as some missing links have turned out to be men who "danced the hornpipe on nothing!" The letters bring me all sorts of color from the family album; they tell of great-uncles who followed the Union Pacific into the Rockies and oblivion, of others mislaid on Sherman's march to the sea, of that one eaten by West Coast cannibals and this by his own men, after the proper procedure of drawing lots, in one of those castaway interludes that make sea yarns entertaining to all generations. They are documents of human nature; they are full of a family affection strong even unto cousins thrice removed; but as they are so many in number, I would be hard put to it to answer them all, even if I had the secretary, the knowledge, and the time. One would be in the case of the chivalrous man who held open the door in a department store; he was, at last accounts, still holding.

But I have felt that I must do something. So I am going to set down, not cold histories of John's begetting of Peter and Ann, but something of the more notable members of the family who have lent color to the histories of two countries. If I do not answer the questions put to me in the letters, I hope to do better; I hope to write a very small essay on English and American civilization and on human nature in general. For our family, like any other, is quite a university; and I wish to suggest some of the courses it offers both in persons dressed up and in their negligées, too. When I write of the Coffin family, I shall be writing history rather than biography, since, as Thomas Amory, our best family biographer, observes, we are a considerable branch of the human race.

A family to be anything ought to have a coat-of-arms as a sheet anchor to Old World poetry. It is useful as a bookplate. Our family has two. An ancient one lost in the mists, *Argent a Chevron between three Mullets Sable.* The mullets are comforting, for Coffins of the first water have always been men in love with the sea. The later is *Azure three Besants between five Cross-Crosslets Or.* Sometime or other we must have coined money in the West of England; the bezant, gold coin of Byzantium used till Edward the Third's time, says as much.

LIKE most families we go back to the Normans. The name is still in France; I have seen it over optical shops, and Carolus Coffin, Rector of the University of Paris, wrote Latin hymns for the breviary of 1736. We must have made our mark early in England, for Prince in his *Danmonii Orientales Illustres,* 1701, tells of seeing a deed in the Saxon tongue near the time of William the First, fixing the boundaries of Richard Coffin, Lord of the Manor of Alwington, and the Abbot of Tavistock. By that same deed one may see that the family was early in keeping an anchor out for squalls, since it was agreed therein that the Coffins might enter the monastery and "*receive the Habit of Religion, whensoever* (*God so inspiring*) *they would.*" And a Tavistock monk was always furnished for the family's use. "Gilded Spurs" seem to have run in the family, by Prince's tell; there were Sir Richards, Sir Williams, Sir Jeffereys galore down the years. What is more important the name Richard did, too; from the time of Henry the First to Edward the Second, over two centuries, the heir bore always that name.

We on this side of the water can say as much for Tristram; few generations of my own line have been without it. It harks back to Cornwall, legend, and the saddest of Arthur's knights, who drew his name from Gioustan, ancient cognomen of Pictish kings. For over seven hundred years we have kept a firm grip on our acres and house of Portledge. Through the vicissitudes of changing kings and crumbling charters, wars, disease, and the fine fever of roving, a Coffin has lived in Portledge and looked out upon the sea through his high pines, on Lundy Isle in the morning light set like an amber stone on the waves, on the white stairway where Clovelly climbs the cliffs.

PORTLEDGE is English history and beauty. Its pines have their boughs mostly on their eastern sides, for the Atlantic gales lean against them forever with their lashes. As for the house, Kingsley has described it in *Water Babies;* it was in its wilderness of chimneys that Tom got lost. Kingsley married a daughter of this house that retells all English history in its gables. It is a complete essay in architecture; honest Norman windows, windows of all the shadings of Gothic aspiration, windows full of Caroline common sense. Battlements ward the pies and roasts of the butteries. The family grew, with England, out of rooms for eating into rooms for reading and love. It is a place for falcons and hounds, ladies with thin fingers good at the harp, men with authority in their voices. Lace would be at home here and armor. In the Portledge portraits that troop back through lace frills to sterner ruffs of steel, I have

seen the faded blue of my own eyes and the curls on my head.

I HAVE walked through the countryside outside the Coffin gates and met plowmen who gave me, a stranger, their grave "Good mornings." Pray God, one be worthy of such courtesy! Through the balms of a Spring day I have walked to the sleeping-place of the Devonian Coffins, Alwington Church. Family graves floor the churchyard and the church within. I let one or two of these English Coffins speak for all. First, Sir William, a broth of a man to have in anybody's family. Henry the Eighth showed a power of wisdom in choosing men, as he never did in picking women, when he made this son of a plain Devon squire Master of his Horse and Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. Sir William escorted to her coronation Anne Boleyn, future mother of the great Gloriana. He also disported himself on that most colorful of carpets, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with Harry and the French King in 1519. William made his mark in matrimony, too. He won a wife with a fat dowry in Derbyshire. Coming up to Parliament from the altar, he fell afoul of a priest who refused to bury a poor man's corpse until he had the deceased's cow as a mortuary, and had the man thrown into the grave and nigh suffocated with earth. Far from being chastised by his king, he brought about the passing of a law fixing rigidly the amount and limit of mortuaries. It is pleasant to know that this fiery man, when he came to die, bequeathed his king his best horses and a cast of his best hawks.

Anthony à Wood, first alumni biographer in the world, mentions one Coffin noteworthy among the Seventeenth Century sons of Oxford. The family was not without its learning; Edmund Coffin "was an excellent Grecian, and afterwards Schoolmaster of Saltash in Cornwall for 40 years; in which time he sent many Scholars to both the Universities." A more useful life, when all is said, than any amount of clinking of golden spurs. The late Seventeenth Century Sir William, whom Prince had for friend, had a library full of precious manuscripts.

It was that same unsettled Seventeenth Century that gave America Tristram. After the campaign in the West, he sailed from South Devon, where his branch had for some generations been settled in and about Brixton, in 1642. Tristram pitched his tent first and called the roll of the family, mother, wife, two sisters, and five children, on the banks of the Merrimac River. Upright, hardy, far-seeing, he seems to have gone from strength to strength rejoicing like a strong man to run a race in this New England wilderness. Certain it is that the end of a long life found him a wealthy man, owner of a quarter of the island of Nantucket, which he had explored and settled upon in 1659, and Chief Magistrate of the island at his death in 1681.

TO JUDGE from some aunts I have had, not to mention myself, there probably has been inherent in the family some of that old Adam that spurred Sir William to hurl the priest into the grave. It is no small job to settle a big island and found a big family right. For one thing he had had to father some three thousand Indians, all craving the white man's firewater, and establish for their benefit the

world's first prohibitory liquor law. He did not spare the rod; court records show he often used the whip on the Redskins. With white neighbors he may have had a high hand. There is the local doggerel line, "The Coffins, noisy, fractious, loud." Once, in the Merrimac days, Tristram's wife was called up for charging threepence a quart for her beer instead of the two allowed in her license; but she put her accusers to rout by proving, through the brewer, that she used six bushels of malt to the hogshead instead of the required four.

TRISTRAM divided up his acres among his children before he died and remembered even his grandchildren with twenty acres apiece. So he laid himself down at the sunset; and his bones lie on the island he populated. Exactly two centuries ago his descendants then living numbered 1128. Not bad for less than a century! It would take a good mathematician to estimate them now. But I have heard from many of them!

Many of Tristram's children distinguished themselves. His daughter Mary, turning Quaker at fifty-six, preached sermons a century before Dr. Johnson declared that a woman preaching was like a dog walking on his hind legs, not having much success, but one marvelled that he could do it at all! She dictated to Nantucket at the town meetings; and, though she was famous for beginning her addresses with "My husband thinks," she really wore the breeches and put her able husband quite into eclipse. Her house had that inner radiance that comes from the scrubbing-brush. Though she had Quaker preachers hold forth at her home, she could not bring herself to let them stand on her fine cane-seat chairs. Peter, Tristram's eldest, founded a tribe of his own to the north. He was a lieutenant in King Philip's War and later Chief Justice of the Surpeme Court of New Hampshire. One of Tristram's daughters far removed, Miriam Coffin, sold smuggled goods to the islanders in the lean years of the Revolution and so got herself made into a novel of whaling days. This makes two novels we have been in; for Kingsley put Long Tom Coffin of Portledge into *Westward Ho.*

It was natural that Tristram should have chosen Nantucket, for his ancestors had had the sea in their eyes for centuries. Natural, too, it was that his sons should take to the sea and become whalers extraordinary and Quaker princes of the sea. Nantucket, low, hungry of soil, wind-bitten, with its plain living and homespun faith, was but the pivot of a circle sweeping around the earth. It is Tristram's grandsons whom Burke describes in that speech which is a part of our history:

> While we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear . . . that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South . . . while some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil.

SO THEY waxed tall and comely in their sea-boots; their Yankee independence became as notorious as their robustness. They put their honesty into straight ships. Purity of living and keenness of wit for once seem to have made a pair. Their houses rose up over Nantucket. That of 1686, with its weathered gables and

low sweeping eaves and a great chimney that supports all, is a part of the symphony of the low gray clouds and level seas that play forever about the island.

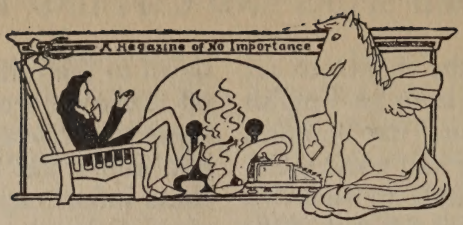
If I had to choose one of the descendants of Tristram to represent us all, it would be Sir Isaac, great-great-grandson of the pioneer. Though he was on the wrong side of the Revolution, he made ample amends by his career; and his heart was in our country at the last. His life reads like a novel. Educated in the Boston Latin School, he was in the British navy at fourteen, where he rose rapidly to the top; midshipman, commander of a cutter, captain of a seventy-four at twenty-two! He was with Hood and Rodney when they smashed De Grasse in 1782, De Grasse who had bottled up Cornwallis at Yorktown and so helped to end the Revolution. When the gallant Count stuck to Hood, on whose ship Isaac was, he was one of three left alive or unhurt on his deck. After the war Isaac also flourished. He handled many ships with such British names as the *Avenger*, *Adamant*, *Royal Oak*, and *Venus*. Much prize money fell into his pockets. Twice he risked his life and crippled himself to save his men. Halifax, Elba, Lisbon — the far corners of the sea were his baiting places; he even left his mark on Australia in Sir Isaac's Point and Coffin's Bay. He found time in 1791 to stop at Boston and sit, on his ship *Alligator*, for his portrait to that Yankee painter who had made quite a stir with his brush, Gilbert Stuart. A baronet in 1804, he became a full Admiral in 1814. But, best of all, he lived up to that most jovial and exacting code the world has seen, the code of the British navy; and more, he helped to shape it, even in its picturesque profanity, for Sir Isaac was an artist also in that. In only one venture was he unsuccessful. In matrimony he drew a rather dubious prize, an English lady given to the writing of sermons in bed and in other ways religious. Here his profanity, as much a part of him as his queue, may have handicapped him. After a few years the Admiral and his wife parted hawsers with all the amicability in the world. The lady betook herself to Bath and made some reputation in after years by wearing a man's hat and a riding-habit cut to high-water mark.

Sir Isaac followed Sir William up to Parliament. And if he was less active in framing beneficent laws, his speeches have a fine sea-flavor: "I have this winter fired a shot now and then, avoiding close action. . . . When blowing hard I did not broach to or get becalmed while delivering my sentiments to the House." He visited often in Boston; his "House ahoy!" frequently broke the prim propriety of Park Street as he came roistering home in the stilly hours. He was fond of his joke, too; for on being besought to provide a noble English dame with that *rara avis* of comfort in England, a rocking chair, he had a Boston rocker made for her so short in the runners that when she leaned back, over she went, heels up, before an assembled company. It mattered nothing to him that the lady's husband had secured him his seat in the House! Sir Isaac was a great friend of our own Commodore Hull; he kept after Hull for years to send him over a lobster. Finally he got the crustacean; but, al-

though it gave him the chance to act the gallant and give it to an English lady for her museum, the Admiral was disappointed. He had wanted one weighing ninety pounds to save his reputation as a teller of such fish-stories as even an Admiral will tell! His heart was always in America; he was proud of the glory of Americans. At a dinner party at the Duke of Wellington's he told a British blow-hard that it was lucky the *Shannon* had fallen in with the unprepared *Chesapeake* instead of the *Constitution*, or there would have been no Tower guns booming out a British victory. He was proud of a Nantucket kinsman of his who took one of H. M. S.'s officers by the slack of his breeches and threw him into an English harbor for calling him a Yankee lubber on board of his own ship. He even tried to wine the man. He was proud of the curses he got for his pains from this fractious kinsman of old Sir William of Harry the Eighth's time.

THE proudest thing Sir Isaac did was to lose his chances for an earldom by sinking a part of his fortune and making himself unpopular at home with his attempt to found nautical schools for his kinsmen's children and others in New England. He planned everything to the smallest details to supply our nation with future sea captains, even to the blue breeches they were to wear, the Indian meal they were to have for breakfast and supper, the unearthly hour of five they were to be at their studies, the shipbuilding, football, baking, knitting, butchering they were to learn, down to the prizes they were to carry off at the end from sextants and quadrants to *A Coasting Pilot*, jack-knives, and Bible! He chartered a ship for these infant captains. But he had to give up the plan for the more modest one of founding the Coffin School on Nantucket in 1827. There, under his portrait and in the name of Tristram, the children of an island whose most energetic spirits have gone forth long since to help build up a nation have had their eyes opened to the light that does not fail. So, when Isaac came to die in 1839, he had his memorial after all in the land and among the kinsmen he loved.

I COULD recommend no worthier model to all the many far sons and daughters of Tristram, my kinsfolk. So, with this recommendation, I end this letter to them all. I have only to add that, in 1881, there was the family reunion on the two-hundredth anniversary of Tristram's death. The family swarmed upon Nantucket by legions. The New Bedford Brass Band was there; brass bands galore. That author whom all boys who love our history must love, Charles Carleton Coffin, gave an oration. The inevitable poem was read. There were speeches and speeches. But the crown of the conclave was one of those clambakes such as run in our family, with lobsters martyred in all styles and fish chowdered, baked, and fried. No poems, orations, anthems written for the occasion, or Smith's Quadrille Band could dim the radiance of that repast. A hundred years from now let us meet so again!



Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, without good Rhyme, Reason or Responsibility, Reflecting Nothing beyond the Peculiar Mental Processes of its Editor

MARCH, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 3

THE LOVE LETTERS OF WASHINGTON

Our title is, perhaps, a little ambiguous. The customers in Washington, D. C., may be unduly alarmed by it. They need have no apprehensions. We assume, of course, that since Washington had in 1890 a population of 230,392, which increased to 278,718 in 1900 and to 331,069 — including Democrats — in 1910, the city has its own normal production and consumption of love letters. But these are not the letters to which we refer.

We are not interested in gossip, or at least not much. But we are passionately devoted to history. Almost any kind of history will do — natural history, political history, history plain and colored, sacred and profane. We can scarcely crack open a soft-boiled egg without historical emotions. We love monuments, memoirs, relics, reminiscences, documents and dinosaurs' eggs. Heraldry, hieroglyphics and the Hapsburg dynasty make us mildly hysterical; we turn sentimental over scarabs and scholasticism and the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia; mummies and Magna Chartas and illuminated manuscripts make us positively maudlin. It's in our blood, and nothing much can be done about it.

So you can perhaps appreciate our excitement and historical enthusiasm over the good fortune that has befallen us. We had not expected it. We have been hoping, of course, to make some such discovery or another one sufficiently like it, and thereby add our small contribution to the sum of human knowledge. But now that it has happened we are entirely overwhelmed. We should never, never have expected it.

We have cherished for years vague notions of discovering something. We have dug all over the ancestral acre, ostensibly for potatoes but actually in the hope that we might turn up something fit for a museum. We weren't particular what it was, though we had an eye open for a second century Greek testament or another Heidelberg man, or perhaps the lost tribes of Israel. We never found anything except a second-hand cat and some early American whiskey bottles from about the time of 1912. And we had about decided that our entire estate contained no remnants of lost civilizations beyond the three kitchen knives which the children left in the blackberry patch last summer.

But providence and the muse of history have been good to us. We have at last discovered something. And with proper pride and our customary humility we lay at the feet of posterity the love letters of Washington. Not Washington, D. C., but George himself. Himself!

It is a great privilege to publish these letters in this high-class family magazine. But in doing so we feel an editorial responsibility to present also the story of their discovery and

proofs of their authenticity. We owe it to the customers, and we certainly owe it to George. When one is the Father of One's Country one can't be too careful, and we have gone to great pains and some expense to assure ourselves that these are indeed the love letters of Washington before publishing them or turning them over to the dead-letter office. We have consulted experts, including members of the clergy, the local correspondent of *The New York Times*, and our colored lady of all work who once lived in Virginia. We have used microscopes, telescopes, bronchoscopes and horoscopes. We have had the letters photographed, full face and profile, and subjected them to chemical analysis for wood alcohol and fusel oils. We have even read them.

To appreciate the significance of our discovery and its indubitable authenticity you must understand that we live in typical Washington country. Our favorite hostelry of past days was known as the Lady Washington Inn, and the first President or two other fellows by the same name are believed to have slept there on the way to or from the Battle of Germantown. Traces of that historic occasion and the Presidential slumbers are spread, in fact, all over the country. To understand the genius of Washington one need only note how he was able to defeat the British, attend sundry Continental Congresses, cross the Delaware and be the Father of His Country while at the same time sleeping at least once in several thousand taverns, farmhouses and colonial mansions throughout Pennsylvania. The road to Germantown runs past our door. It is the identical road, and local pride has kept its historical surface practically unimpaired ever since. What better territory for discovering letters could possibly be imagined?

The letters were found in a trunk in our attic. We have been intending, on and off, to clean the attic for years and years and years. Father also had ideas in the same direction, while grandfather died at the age of 97 with the single regret that he had not yet had time to clean the attic. Once in a while we used to go up and look at the attic and decide that it needed cleaning. Then we would get to reading the old magazines and come down to supper at last full of remorse and spiders. We never dreamed that fame and even fortune were lying there in an old horsehair trunk.

Lately our cat had kittens. This is nothing unusual nor even unexpected. Our cat is like that. Her only idea of variety or novelty is to pick a new place each season for her domestic experiments. When the cat went into retirement last autumn it fell to us as usual to locate her and plant her firmly down cellar behind the furnace. We tried all the usual places — the coat closet, the kitchen stove, the bureau drawers, the laundry. She wasn't there. So we searched the attic. The cat wasn't there either — she turned up later in back of twenty-four volumes of the World's Best Literature — but we found the letters.

They reveal, so far as we can determine, the real love life of George Washington. We cannot tell to whom they were addressed. It may have been Joan of Arc or Carrie Nation, but we don't think so. They are signed simply "George" and occasionally "Georgy Porgy". They are undated, and the conclusion is irresistible that they belong to the period of Washington's early life, concerning which so little is known. Two are typewritten but the others are in script. The handwriting varies considerably, but it will be remembered that Washington had a busy and varied life. Conclusive evidence of their authorship is found in the fact that they contain no French. Washington knew no French, at least until he met Lafayette.

The third letter from the right contains a reference to John. Now it will be remembered that the house of Washington was founded by two brothers, John and Lawrence, who appeared in Virginia in 1658. Either John or Lawrence was the older of the two, and it is certain that John died in 1676. Since George was not born until 1732 it is probable that this was not the John to whom he was referring.

But the fourth letter in the back row (standing, with a hat on) mentions "cousin Charlie." Now George Washington had a brother Charles. What is more likely than that in a love letter, in which flights of fancy and playful conceits are almost essential, he should refer to his brother as "cousin Charlie?" But this is not all. There is a reference on the second page to beans — "too many beans", to be exact. Washington visited Boston in 1756 to confer with Governor William Shirley, at which time he was 24 years old. This seems to fix beyond question the date of the letter, and strongly suggests that it was addressed to a girl named Rachel who kept a small milliner's shop on old Front Street in Philadelphia. In 1762 she married Joseph Finch, probably making the best of a bad job, and one of her

direct descendants today keeps a fried fish shop in South London, which shows that blood is thicker than water and much more exclusive.

Other details of amazing interest and importance will be revealed by a careful study of the letters themselves. But we call attention to one other piece of evidence. Mason Weems, Washington's earliest biographer, nowhere mentions this correspondence, nor any girl named Rachel. The conclusion again is irresistible. Weems confined himself almost exclusively to things that weren't so; the mere fact that he fails to mention something suggests that it is so. There is no doubt in our mind that these hitherto unknown and unpublished letters were written from George Washington to Rachel Levinstein, the first girl he ever loved.

How did they get into our attic? Well, we don't exactly know. We don't know how half the things in our attic got there. Some of the more impressive items were undoubtedly brought there when the house was built and the attic was constructed around them. You can't explain everything. But we seem to remember that grandfather was postmaster for three weeks at Five Points, under President Adams or somebody. He had a Revolutionary musket and a revolving wooden leg, and his favorite oath was "By George". Probably he recognized the historic importance of the letters, and therefore put them away where nobody would ever think of looking for them.

The external evidences of the authenticity of the letters are exceedingly interesting. They are written on quite ordinary paper, for Washington was at heart a democrat, and one sheet is imprinted with the words, "American House, Pottsville, Pa." The handwriting distantly resembles that of Thomas Jefferson and is totally unlike that of General Burgoyne. The spelling is quite unusual and has a distinctly Revolutionary flavor. So has the ink. All the envelopes are missing save one addressed to the International Correspondence School and bearing a postage stamp, a three-cent Roosevelt in unusually fine condition. One letter smells slightly of violets; another of fried onions. George Washington was unusually fond of fried onions, and raised onions on his Mount Vernon estate. Careful experiments have shown that onions can still be grown there.

We come now to the letters themselves. They are six in number, not counting one picture postcard of the Sesqui-Centennial whose authenticity is not entirely established. They are here published for the first and probably the last time, with no increase in the regular price of admission. Taking them in order we have:

Number 1. Somehow we have mislaid this one. It was here just a minute ago but so was the baby. We won't count that one.

Number 2. This one is awfully interesting. We loaned it to the local chapter of the D. A. R., and they don't seem to be through with it. But it was awfully interesting.

Number 3. This is a little incomplete. We can detect the words "apple . . . never . . . sootable (suitable?) . . . sugar . . . gallon . . . whoopee". The rest seems to be missing.

Number 4. This consists of a long list of figures. At the bottom is the total and the words "I. O. U. forty-nine cents" with the signature "George".

Number 5. The baby has destroyed this one. We suspected that the child had radical tendencies but we didn't know she could read.

Number 6. This is the longest and most intimate of the letters. Unfortunately somebody left in the attic a gallon of cider and when nature had its wicked way with it, it busted itself all over everything, including this letter. There may still be deciphered the four words "you make me sick", but the rest is a matter for conjecture.

The originals of these epochal documents we shall, of course, offer to the nation, preferably for cash or its close equivalent. Our chief satisfaction and sole reward is that they throw additional and significant light on the life of a great man, a good man, an inspiring and admirable character; one who was, as occurred to us just a few days ago, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Climaterial

COME let us all together
Vituperate the weather,
With execrations earnest and profane;
With bitter maledictions
On portents and predictions
Of cold and sleet and snow and ice and rain.

Come peasant, peer and primate,
Excoriate the climate,
With objurgations fanciful or plain;
And curse the mad variety
And constant contrariety
Of heat and cold and thunderstorms and rain.

Our Own Book-of-the-Month Club

Is This Wilson? By Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott. (Dutton, $2.00).

Reviewed by a gross materialist who has had no personal acquaintance with the world of spirits since January 16, 1920, but who has a psychic cat named Hypatia, of whom more anon.

This is a demonstration of the psychic phenomenon of automatic writing. In order to do automatic writing you place yourself in front of a blank sheet of paper with a blank mind and a willing disposition, not to mention a soft lead pencil. After a while you feel impelled to make marks on the paper, just as folks do while waiting for Mr. Jones to get through talking on the other phone. At first the marks don't mean anything in particular, but after a while you begin to write something that looks like sense. The generous assumption is that some disembodied spirit has come to your rescue and is expressing his or her disembodied ideas and emotions through your impersonal lead pencil.

This is all very interesting to us. It reveals that we have been doing automatic writing for years and years and years. Our method is exactly that of the automatic writers, except that we prefer a typewriter to a lead pencil. We sit down without the faintest idea or expectation of what we shall write. We put in a sheet of blank paper, the blanker the better. We look at it fixedly. Our wife comes into the room and tiptoes out again fearing to interrupt the birth agonies of an idea. As a matter of fact we haven't got an idea at the moment anywhere in our entire anatomy. Our mind is as blank as the paper — blanker, much blanker. We relax and look out of the window.

Out of the nowhere into the here comes a sentence. We didn't invent it; it just occurred to us. We grab it by the tail and turn it into the typewriter. Maybe another one comes looking for its mate. We lay hold on it and lay it beside the first one. The two begin to divide and multiply by some sort of amœbic process until we have a paragraph. Our mind goes blank again.

By repeating the process we wrestle together an article, story, thesis or essay. People apologize for interrupting us in the process, on the assumption that we are thinking. We aren't doing anything of the sort. If we start to thinking we don't have the heart to write. Thinking is all right for people who repair washing machines, play the stock market, or invent new salad dressings. But it won't do for writers. Writers need all their energies to write, and the rest is up to their psychic environment.

The present book is a record of automatic writings delivered to a medium by a gentleman who modestly claims to be none other than Woodrow Wilson. The reader is supposed to decide by internal evidence whether this is indeed Wilson or simply another White House spokesman. Mr. Edward S. Martin writes the preface to the book, and he thinks that it is really Wilson and that we had better pay attention. We ourselves are in some doubt about it. If this is indeed the late President, then his posthumous works aren't coming up to expectations.

We also notice that the astral gentleman refers occasionally to "wireless". If this is indeed Wilson, and unless the kingdom of heaven is definitely outside of American jurisdiction, we should expect him to call it radio like the rest of us.

The authenticity and importance of the book is a matter for your personal convictions. The author says so, and she ought to know.

Ten minutes with any tabloid newspaper and some of the others arouses recollection of Demosthenes's comment to the men of Athens: "Oh my countrymen, when I talk to you of political dangers you will not listen, and yet you crowd about me to hear a silly story about an ass."

We note another case of a man who murdered his wife and buried her remains beneath the cement floor of the cellar. Some people, it has been pointed out, dislike wives in the abstract but don't object to them in the concrete.

We have received some cautious inquiries as to whether we are interested in contributions to the pages of *Stuff and Nonsense*. In reply we state that this space is ours to do what we like with. If a contribution should be so good as to be irresistible, we should probably publish it. No remuneration is at present offered or even suggested, beyond the pleasant satisfaction of another good deed to illuminate a naughty world.

Our Center of Gravity

"Quot homines tot sententiae; suus cuique mos."

TERENCE.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science invaded New York City with the dawn of the year, and there wrinkled its collective brow over the major and minor problems of the universe. It must have been a grand party. There were about six thousand scientists there. There were about two thousand five hundred papers, addresses and theses on the docket for presentation and discussion. The ratio is about two and a half scientists to each paper. It hardly seems enough. Can it be that scientists are in the same boat with the inhabitants of the little Irish village who made a living by taking in each other's washing?

But it is charitable to assume that not all the papers were read and discussed. They were probably largely laid on the table or ordered filed or recommended for publication or whatever you do with a scientific address when you don't want to be bothered with it. The scientists didn't come to New York just to be scientific. They can do that at home. Most of them came to make a little mild whoopee between or even during sessions, and to send picture postcards to the old folks at home. They probably picked out the bigger and better papers for delivery and discussion, and let the rest go quietly back into the eternal silences.

They heard, for example, a paper by a lady scientist on the reasons why Vassar girls laugh. The lady scientist collected a thousand or so Vassar girls and exposed them deliberately to four thousand alleged jokes. The girls were required to keep a conscientious record as to when, why, whether and how much they laughed. The evidence was then put through a meat-grinder, shaken through an ash-sifter, and cooked for three hours over a slow fire. The results were astounding. It was demonstrated conclusively that a Vassar girl laughs in inverse ratio to the square of her intelligence. The more highbrow she is, the less fun she gets out of it.

We could have told the scientists so and saved their time. We know three Vassar girls, not counting the manicurist on Sixteenth Street who didn't quite graduate, and none of them ever laugh, at least at us. We admit we haven't yet tried them with four thousand jokes all in a row. We don't believe there are that many jokes, not even at Vassar. After hunting jokes on foot and horseback through five continents with both rifle and camera, we are convinced that there are thirty-six jokes that have survived the publication of *The Origin of Species*. Three are ministers of the gospel, one is the lifeblood and entire nervous system of the American musical comedy, one turns up at rare intervals in the humorous magazines. Six are at Washington, one is an automobile, and one is a Scotchman. About four are citizens of the world, one is a cosmic jest, and a few help to keep the home fires burning. The rest are all at Harvard.

Another discussion which made good in a big way, and earned its keep on the front pages of the press, had to do with the temperature of the moon. A scientist reported that the thermometric range of the moon's climate is about 750 degrees, which shows that the moon has what the weather bureau calls a mean — very mean — average temperature. This destroys another of our illusions. We had some vague idea that the wide open spaces of the moon might eventually solve the parking problem, but we are now resolved to put up the big car for the rest of the winter and use the children's express wagon.

The newspapers stuck loyally and gallantly to the scientists through thin stuff and thick, and paid a compliment to the national intelligence by appointing headlines for subjects and speculations abysmally profound. They did their level best with Einstein, with the fourth dimension, with the theory of curvilinear space, with galactial systems which play the deuce with the cosmic speed limits. Neither the city room nor the editorial alley had much idea what it was all about, but in general they approved of it. There was no apparent disposition to view with alarm.

The surprising corollary to the scientific excitement over the new cosmic discoveries is that the man in the street shares to a degree in that excitement and curiosity. The limits of creation, its maxima and its minima, are rich territories for the human imagination. We are personally exhilarated by the cosmic whirl

of immeasurable space; we are individually concerned for the protons and electrons in the infinitesimal immensities of their orbits. With apparent ease we stretch our vision to encompass the starry universe or pierce through the fog and phantasy of the material world to where matter itself is born. We cannot follow the scientists through their monumental equations and fine-spun reasonings, but in a couple of jumps we can catch up with their conclusions.

Scientists themselves concede that they come now close to the limits of human observation and have already taxed the capacities of human speculation. Even though a telescope be built with a fifty-foot lens, there is nothing to be seen in it save that which reaches it. Whatever else comes of it must come out of the handful of gray matter which is the human brain. So it goes also at the other end of the scale. The infinitely small fades steadily out of reach of human sense, and though the thought of man pursues it, it must come at last to where thought dies for lack of solid nourishment. And to complicate matters there come occasionally out of nowhere the mighty question marks which block all traffic and challenge all old notions and knowledges.

Two solid assurances loom out of the thinning mists at either end of the universe of creation. In the immensity of space speculation and observation come ever closer to inconceivable power and irresistible law and order. In the fragments of matter we discover them again, in the least things as in the greatest. The universe and all the stuff of which it is fashioned hold together not because they are dead and purposeless, but because at their extreme limits of immensity and of infinite smallness they are intensely alive with motion and bound fast to the law of their course. It is no wonder that so many scientists, particularly those who deal with cosmic and infinitesimal entities, confess their increasing humility.

The scientists sit solemnly in New York and it becomes literally the hub of the universe. In the morning they reach out after the stars and plot their cosmic conduct. In the afternoon they take the atom apart and watch its wheels go round. In the evening, if they have any sense left, they go to the movies.

The Stuff and Nonsense Alphabetical Education

No. 8. Botany

Botany is a sort of science. There are all sorts of Science and Botany is no worse than most of them and less expensive than some of them. All you really need to become a Botanist, at least in a small way, is a pick and shovel, a pocket microscope, and an insatiable curiosity. A pair of old working pants is also desirable.

But in spite of its comparative simplicity, Botany is one of the most useful sciences. It was Botany that caused the apple to fall on Mr. Isaac Newton's head, startling him thereby into the discovery of gravitation, and it is perfectly obvious that without gravitation the world would be very seriously handicapped. It has also practical and personal advantages, for Botany is second only to the chain-store markets in reducing the high cost of living. For Botany teaches us that if we plant a potato we can grow a potato bush, from which we may pluck the luscious potato salad and from whose bark we may hew the sparkling potato chips.

It takes a little courage to set forth to botanize the wild and untamed vegetable, but somebody must do it or no one would ever know how many beans make five. An earnest botanist must first learn how to distinguish a vegetable from an animal or insect. Briefly it may be said that a vegetable shows a more phlegmatic and philosophic character than the average animal, and a greater tendency to stay where it is put. The vegetable standard of intelligence, however, is somewhat low, and a common or garden cabbage does not know enough to come in out of the wet. There are other and more detailed differences, and in a short time the assiduous student will be able to tell the bark of a tree from the bark of a dog merely by smelling it.

Botany offers many opportunities for original work, particularly in the field of hybridization. For example you may try to cross a Florida grapefruit with a Jersey peach in order to demonstrate that it cannot be done. Or you may undertake to cross a silkworm with a cotton plant, so that the worm will spin a cotton shirt with silk front and cuffs. A hybrid, you see, is a vegetable that is trying to jump two ways at once, like a Pennsylvanian Republican voting against prohibition.

A good way to study Botany is to go out into the fields and forests and collect specimens, including poison ivy, nettle rash, and hives. A better way is to sit under an apple tree with a mint julep and watch the hired man dig the garden.

No. 9. Boxing

Active participation in boxing or prize-fighting may be roughly divided between the innocent bystanders, to whom it is an indoor sport, and the boxers themselves, to whom it is a business. The boxers may also be roughly divided on occasion, usually by the referee, who is also a bystander but not necessarily innocent. The proceeds of the performance, on the other hand, are very carefully divided between the promoters, the pugilists and the Internal Revenue Department, the whole process being popularly known as "getting the gate".

All boxing contests — "boxing contest" being a polite term for the process whereby one man gets his nose reconstructed while the other loses three teeth — are very much alike, which does not in the least discourage people from going to see them. They probably keep on going in the hope that one will at last turn out different, so that the referee will get a sock in the jaw and the promoter a pain in the pocketbook. The only other conceivable reason is that everybody else is going and we must go somewhere.

The most promising field for those interested in boxing is that of promotion. This consists of promoting a coal heaver or pig-iron puddler to the social eminence where he can sign testimonials. The important thing is to select your pugilists with an eye to their murderous, matrimonial and motion picture possibilities. It is not considered advisable that they be able to read, though they may write syndicate articles for the newspapers.

The next essential is to build up antagonism and antipathies between two pugilists to the point where everybody except the pugilists themselves think they are really important. This process is known as "picking a fight". There are certain standards of ethics to be observed. You can match a white hope with a pale pink hope or a yellow hope, but never with a black hope. There is, in fact, at present scarcely a black hope left in the pugilistic profession, particularly among heavyweights. This is probably a very good thing for Nordic supremacy and the prestige of the Republican party.

To become a practising pugilist you will need a thick hide, a thick neck, and a thick head. Later you will acquire a thick ear or so. If you are really successful you may later get a thick pocketbook, and will grow to love your trade or profession so much that you will hardly ever demean it by working at it. By that time you will be entirely in the hands of a promoter, who is the gentleman who puts boxing into the box-office, and will have nothing to worry about except your wife's whereabouts and the high cost of plastic surgery.

The Gray Poet

The poet has a cold
  In his head;
He's feeling gray and old,
  Nearly dead;
The Muses, heavy-souled,
Weep in sorrow uncontrolled,
Bitter-hearted, unconsoled,
  By his bed.

His face is white and wan
  As a sheet;
He is sad and woebegone,
  And effete;
His tongue tastes like cretonne,
And he has a headache on,
And the circulation's gone
  From his feet.

Wash his adenoids in brine
  For a spell;
Feed him sulphur and benign
  Calomel;
Let him drink a quart of wine,
Rub his chest with turpentine,
Put a plaster on his spine,—
  —He'll get well!

GENERAL INFORMATION

Question: "I have spent many years in comparatively uninteresting and unprofitable work, and now wish to start in business for myself. I am interested in agriculture, but wish to specialize in some branch of it which is not already too crowded. Could you give me some advice on how to succeed with parsnips?"

Answer: It depends a good deal on what you are trying to do with the parsnips. We understand that parsnips make very poor butter-

scotch and can with difficulty be trained as ornamental shrubs or shade trees. The parsnip, you see, is one of the root crops, related in some mysterious way to the radish, the onion and the ordinary ground hog. It looks vaguely like an anæmic carrot, but the carrot has a more passionate nature and a keener sense of humor. This is not to say that the parsnip is necessarily an inferior vegetable; it is simply a little unfortunate.

Parsnips should be planted early in the spring in a rich sandy loam, which is the sort of soil that nobody ever has in the garden. Growth will be rapid, but must not be allowed to go on indefinitely or the parsnip will become coarse and cumbersome. The whole secret of parsnips is to pluck or pull them at the exact moment of perfection, which is usually about the fifteenth of August unless it falls on a Sunday. As this date approaches it is advisable to watch the parsnips carefully, and for the last day or so an attendant should be on hand continually.

When the parsnip is ripe it will begin to sing softly to itself at which moment you should rush into the house and place a large piece of mutton in a good sized pot to boil. When the mutton has boiled about forty-five minutes, pull the parsnip gently but firmly from the ground, remove its greens, wash and pare it, and toss into the seething pot. Let the whole works boil another forty-five minutes.

Then remove the parsnip, throw it into the garbage can, and serve the mutton.

Question: "What is good for corns?"

Answer: Tight shoes.

Question: "Will you please explain in a few words the exact meaning of the Kellogg Treaty? I notice that it has been much discussed lately, but nobody seems to know what it is."

Answer: The whole purpose and plan of the Kellogg Treaty are rendered intelligible by a study of President Wilson's Fourteen Points and their implied commentary on the causes of the Franco-Prussian War. The principles enunciated at the Peace Conferences of 1918 are of course modified to some extent by the Locarno treaties, and by the obstinate insistence of some of the smaller European powers on what may be called an *Einkreisungspolitik* of Germany. The Versailles Treaty, whose provisions will of course be readily remembered, was drafted without much direct consideration of the doctrines of a World Court, and the fact that Magna Charta was not even mentioned throughout the deliberations is a significant circumstance. There are also many relatively local "treaties of neutrality" which are involved, and we have only to glance briefly at the Declaration of Independence or the Gettysburg Address or Senator Borah's speech of December, 1918, to realize that the League of Nations is in some respects a parallel to the internal constitution of the Holy Roman Empire or perhaps of the National League itself.

We trust this makes it perfectly clear to you.

Question: "Who is Einstein? I see him mentioned in the papers like he was an aviator or something. And what's all this stuff about his relatives? I ain't interested in scandals, but I feel like I should at least know what's going on."

Answer: There is no difficulty in regard to Mr. Einstein. He is the man you see mentioned in the papers. It's the same man.

The real trouble with the whole affair is — as usual — the relatives. Mr. Einstein stirred up a lot of trouble and argument by saying that when it comes to relatives there is no such thing as time and space. You know how it is yourself. No matter how big the house is, there's no space for relatives. Most people have no time for relatives either.

But that's not the worst of it. With matter constituted the way it is or seems to be, you can't simply get rid of relatives by explaining that they belong outside of time and space. You can't simply push them out into the Fourth Dimension where they belong and so be rid of them. When your wife's second cousin shoots himself out in Oklahoma, he might almost as well have done it on your doorstep. When your brother signs your name to a check in Tennessee it will come home to roost in your home-town bank. When your mother-in-law drops in from Chicago on Monday afternoon it's no use explaining that you only receive on Thursdays. There is no time or space among relatives.

That, in fact, is the relativity of it.

We Take It All Back

We deeply regret to announce that since the publication of the first page of this issue of *Stuff and Nonsense*, grave doubts have arisen concerning the authenticity of the correspondence of the late George Washington, by which we are led and compelled to make public apology and partial restitution for the grave error of our original enthusiasm. It now appears that Mr. Washington may not have written these letters at all. In our enthusiasm over their discovery and our anxiety to give them at once to the waiting world, this possibility never occurred to us.

We still insist that somebody wrote them, and we feel that their intense human interest, passion and pathos are in no sense damaged by the slight slur that has been cast upon their authorship. But we don't want to deceive our public. Too often, alas, is the public deceived, and the mere fact that it likes it is no real justification for it. Never shall it be said — or at least hardly ever — that *Stuff and Nonsense* wavers from the truth, the whole truth, and even more than the truth, except in so far as is absolutely necessary to keep up its circulation.

So we withdraw the letters. We are particularly gratified to be able to do so in the issue in which they are published. We propose to embark at once upon an editorial tour of investigation, with the threefold purpose of clearing our fair name, discovering who really wrote the letters, and catching up on our golf. The trip will include overnight stops at Chicago, Denver and Salt Lake City, a week in Los Angeles, and at least two in White Sulphur Springs. The rest depends on how the expense account holds out.

Our Bedtime Story

(Continued from last month)

The young lady who had just narrowly escaped from the responsibility of eating our old friend Tobias, lost her artist at the next corner. She didn't really care much for art, except locally, and as for artists — they were all right for week-day luncheons but quite out of the question for Sunday suppers. For Sunday supper she had a sweetie who drove a delivery truck and sometimes helped with the dishes, and who always took her to the movies whenever she told him to. But lately they had given up going to the movies. The movies talked too much and interrupted them.

She waited for him that evening at the rear entrance. She always waited for him, but she was beginning to be afraid to wait any longer. "You're getting too high-hat for me, Alfred," she sighed. "And your hair does look beautiful. All greasy like."

"It's not grease," said Alfred patiently. "It comes in a bottle and you put it on the brush. Sometimes it will hold for a week, if you keep your hat on and don't get caught in the dust."

"You *are* getting educated, Alfred," she sighed. "You're leaving me behind, I'm afraid." She waited for him to deny it.

He didn't. "I just joined the Sock-of-the-Month Club," he said, as casually as he could.

"What's the Sock-of-the-Month Club, Alfred?" she asked, hoping for the best.

"It's a club," he explained. "You join up for a year, and they send you a new pair of socks every month. It costs fifty cents a month or seven-fifty a year. They have a committee who pick out the socks, and there's a chiropodist on it and a washwoman and a scientist or something and an artist or maybe two. That way I know I've always got the right socks on, and I get a new pair every month whether I think I want one or not. And if they should sometime send me a pair that don't match my eyes or my brown suit I can send them right back and exchange them for another. It don't cost a cent, except for the socks. I've got some of them on now."

She admired them — the Sock-of-the-Month Selection for March. "They're beautiful, Alfred," she murmured. "Let's go somewhere where people can see them."

"We'll take a taxi," he said grandly.

"Oh, Alfred, that's so expensive," she said, thinking of another wedding day postponed. "It's fifteen cents for the first quarter-mile and five cents for all the others."

"We'll walk the first quarter," he said.

So they went down town to a little restaurant for supper. And Alfred decided that he might as well break it to her now as later, since it was quite clear that she loved him a lot and knew that education wasn't really hurting him. So he spoke to the waiter in French. And the waiter burst into tears.

(*To be continued*)

North American Review

April

DIVORCE FOR WHAT'S IN IT

By Joseph P. Pollard

The Bridge Epidemic
By Mary Day Winn

Ladies of the Ticker
By Eunice F. Barnard

Rec'd
B. P. L.

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Mysteries of Modern Hypnotism . . . . . G. H. Estabrooks
The Nightmare of Cocaine. *Dramatic Confessions of a Former "Snow-bird"*
The Common Stock Racket . . . . . Frederic Drew Bond
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When War Was War in Paraguay . . . . . Stephen Bonsal
Have We a Navy? *A Negative Answer by an Expert* Capt. N. H. Goss, U. S. N.
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Revolutionary Experiments in our Colleges . . . . . Carl Holliday

HERSCHEL BRICKELL *on Books*, ALAN H. TEMPLE *on Finance, and* DONALD F. ROSE *with his Inimitable Humor*

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GOODYEAR

Lady Nancy Astor

Addressed in Parliament as "The Honorable Member for Plymouth," she is America's paradoxical contribution to the confusion of British politics

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 227 APRIL, 1929 NUMBER 4

Nancy Astor: Myth and Woman

An Intimate Friend's Word Picture of the Viscountess as Reported

BY JEANETTE EATON

ONE of the most penetrating comments ever made about Lady Astor came from her own black Mammy. Nancy herself repeated it all over London when she returned from the visit to her father in Virginia which had been its occasion. This home-coming occurred not very long after her marriage in England to Waldorf Astor, and the adoring old colored woman never tired of hearing of the glories surrounding the wife of an Astor of Hevor Castle. At last the old Negress lifted her hands, exclaiming, "Lawdy, Miss Nancy! Why, you jest out-married yo'self!"

With these words Mammy entered into the circle of the elect. The elect who know Nancy well enough to rejoice in her luck and enjoy her companionship are yet the very ones who deny the illusion of her special importance. It is a small group, however. For there is a person called Lady Astor. And there is a myth of the same name. The relation between them is that of a Sargent portrait to a poster. The portrait presents all the light and shade of a character. But the poster offers only a flamboyant outline to be put up on all the hoardings. There it is meant to impress the public and to impress it favorably. Not that it always succeeds! For the myth is accepted both by those who are jealous of Lady Astor and by those who adore her. When she opens a hospital or makes a resounding speech one group cries, "What a talent for publicity!" The other exclaims, "What a great woman!"

WHERE lies the reality? This question first occurred to me at one of her famous dinner parties. The drawing room in the historic old house at Number Four, St. James Square, was brilliantly crowded. Statesmen were there and many titled individuals from British and foreign circles. Sud-

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denly the group parted and my hostess stood in direct line of my vision. I had always considered Nancy's good looks less explicit than those of her sister, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson. But tonight gave to her appearance of beauty its full measure.

For this occasion was shortly after Lady Astor had become the first woman to enter Parliament. Was it any wonder that now the blue-grey eyes glittered with excitement, that her fascinating, crooked smile was its most triumphant, that every line of the boyishly erect figure in the queenly simplicity of a black velvet gown assumed a more dominant authority? As I watched her I reflected upon the external assets of this woman. Part owner of vast estates, mother of six delightful children, friend of royalty and labor leaders alike, and at this moment, with a title and a political future, placed in the very centre of the spot-light! She had, indeed, taken a deep draught of the elixir of power.

At that instant someone touched my arm and I heard my own thoughts articulated in the phrase murmured in my ear: "A darling of fortune!"

I turned to find beside me a Cabinet Minister. The smile with which he watched our hostess was so quizzical that the very question we are discussing flashed into my mind. "A woman in such a position," I said, "is bound to become a legendary character."

"Yes," he returned, still smiling, "and how she will play up to it!"

The famous man's remark often returns to me when I see Nancy playing up to the Americans. They come over by the hundreds with letters of introduction and receive invitations to luncheons and teas where their hostess assures their meeting some of the impressive members of her glamorous world. They look at Nancy with a sort of national expression — as if they were gazing at Niagara Falls or the Woolworth Building. Then in return for the kindness shown them they spread everywhere their impression that Lady Astor is a very great woman.

If the visiting Americans stray into Parliament and manage to hear Nancy speak this impression deepens. I understand that. For I followed her first campaign from the moment when she stood up in an open carriage drawn by two white horses with flying campaign ribbons to deliver her initial speech in the market place of Plymouth. And I always came away from a political meeting at which she had appeared feeling enormously proud of her. She had the gift of speaking in head-lines. She was dashingly informal. Always more than equal to the hecklers, always dominating her audience, she delighted her hearers by her own obvious enjoyment, her readiness and — one must always add — by "that damned charm". True, one received little enough information about the issues at stake. And next day Nancy's speech in cold print revealed in brutal fashion that she had neither the brilliance for wit nor the pungent penetration for true humor. Nevertheless, with her great mimetic gift, her gaiety, her casualness, Lady Astor gives her audience an awfully good time.

The core of her fascination is her lack of affectation. Lady Astor is often serious. But she never assumes the grand manner. Take, for example, the story of how she engaged one of

her new secretaries. I had it from the young woman herself, and I'm relating it just as she told it to me.

"I knew nothing of Mrs. Waldorf Astor except the name when, introduced by a mutual friend, I went to see her by appointment. It was nearly an hour before she came in. But in spite of this, I liked her at once. Her simplicity and directness are most appealing. The slight pallor of fatigue gave her a pathetic touch of softness.

"For a while we talked comfortably of this and that. Then she said suddenly, 'Come on up to the nursery!' It was a delightful half-hour. It seemed to me that the room was filled with about twenty children and a dozen nurses. As a matter of fact, there were five children, three nurses and a governess. It was then that Michael, aged three, refused to shake hands with me. 'Oh,' said his mother with gentle reproach, 'you're not a loving boy.' 'Yes, I are! I are!' cried Michael and, running over to me, he shook my hand furiously. Whereupon he turned upon his mentor to say triumphantly, 'You see, I are a very loving boy!'

"After we left the nursery Mrs. Astor took me to the front door and, by way of engaging my services, said cordially, 'Please come soon.' It wasn't, however, until I had got half way across the square that the matter of my qualifications occurred to her. From the steps she called out, 'I suppose you can do shorthand and typewriting and all that sort of thing?' It was this element of surprise which, during all the time I was with her, proved fresh and delightful."

Lady Astor's boudoir is a charming place in which to linger. Square in shape, the room, wood-panelled in rich old ivory, is hung with delightful water-colors of Lady Astor's children at all ages. From your seat in one of the deep, comfortable chairs covered with a green and gold Chinese print you can see the small enclosed garden with its grassy plot, fine old trees and paved walks. What delightful contrast this dignified Old World picture with the gay activity going on inside! A huge table covered with daily and weekly newspapers, a map of the world over the desk, and books lining one side of the room — such are the only indications that serious business is transacted here.

And under what jolly difficulties it is transacted! Lady Astor, looking very feminine in some charming, informal costume, displays the combined talents of director and leading lady. She can in immediate succession toss her guests a gay word, sign letters and documents, arrange luncheons and dinners with the chef, direct the housekeeper as to the exact arrangement of the truck-load of flowers that comes twice a week from the country, and fling a bit of her much-besought attention to the children who are frequently playing on the floor.

All this time the girl at the telephone switch-board down stairs is getting numbers for her. As for the secretaries, remember that this is their conference hour. One or two of them are constantly passing in and out of the room, intent upon getting the information they simply must have. The business of the moment and the movements and campaigns which will occur weeks ahead rest upon them. It is a joy to see them advance upon their prey and to see how skilfully they are met.

"Say 'yes' to that letter and that and that and that, and 'no' to all that bunch!" Thus Lady Astor commands these patient emissaries. "Do as you like with the rest — only be polite and make me sound busy!"

At this moment the telephone rings for the twentieth time and she turns to it eagerly. "Yey-us? Goo' morning. . . . Why, we'd love to! Bring all the children at four o'clock? Yey-us! . . . Why, my dear, I think your frock was too lovely . . ." and so on for ten minutes. Through it all the secretary must wait for the next word. But so used is she to the sociable clatter that she spends the time chatting to the guests and the children.

Now she is wanted again. Lady Astor has rung off and turns to her as if there had been no interruption. "And I will go to Nottingham on the twenty-fourth, so make that definite. Did you get out the invitations for dinner on the sixteenth?" Suddenly she breaks off with widening eyes, "Oh, look at Michael! He's kneeling on John Jacob's chest!" So everybody goes down on the floor and begins to unwind the infant tangle.

As they do so the telephone rings wildly. Lady Astor pounces on it. "Yey-us? Why, I'll be there in ten minutes!" we hear her exclaim. "I'd forgotten all about it!"

She springs up and hurries to her dressing room door. Friends, secretaries, nurses and even newspaper reporters — if any — crowd after her. She holds them at bay with a few last words and rushes out. The delightful little play is over. Chaotic it may seem — this method of attending to business. Yet everybody has had a good time. The secretaries have settled the main issues and the leading lady has played her rôle without getting too bored.

A wide gap yawns between Lady Astor's theory of democracy and her practice. As a Member of Parliament she stands for a short working day for women. Yet she has been known to keep her secretaries grinding for eighteen hours at a stretch. She votes for the protection of the more defenseless members of society. Yet she is hostile to the desire and right of her employees to improve their lot. I came home with her once from an assembly before which she had eloquently pleaded for more brotherly love, and we hadn't been in the house an hour when she summarily dismissed the second footman. "But, Nancy!" I protested, "suppose he can't get another job? It's a frightful thing to be chucked out like that." But it was no use. The exhorter of an hour before couldn't sense the human brother beneath the livery.

She herself is blissfully unaware of this incongruity between preachment and practice. For she knows herself not at all. Moreover, she couldn't think herself unkind. Doesn't she give money to build crèches and boys' clubs? Isn't she often spending time and thought to benefit individuals? True; but her kindness is a matter of personal good will alone. Only when she happens to be touched by the need of some person or some group does she respond. It was this limitation scored by George Lansbury, Labor Member, not long ago, when he said that Lady Astor was the most ignorant woman in the House with regard to social questions. He added that for so wealthy a woman to interfere in mat-

ters connected with the poor was "disgusting".

Just what did he mean? What is the quality that Lady Astor lacks? It is imagination. Without the ability to project ourselves into the lives of others, goodness and generosity are either momentary impulses or they are mere ritual. Many are the men and women so sumptuously endowed with this quality that their wealth is no barrier to their imagination. Yet in the case of the Viscountess Astor of Cliveden and St. James Square, Lansbury was right. She has small capacity for comprehending the struggle of people different from herself.

More is the pity! For her experience offers no compensation for this inborn deficiency. She has less than responsibility for money. She has only that contact with it of Sindbad, the Sailor. It is supplied to her freely and, unless she chooses in one of her frugal fevers to examine the household ledgers, that is all she knows. Bills are paid and checks written by her office staff, and every morning the maid makes sure that milady has about twenty-five pounds in her hand bag. No one, indeed, could be more ignorant of what the lack of money means in the lives of other people. With each department of her household running itself, with a treasurer to supply money and check expenditures for all the various houses, how could she know anything of sordid pressure?

THE second dominant characteristic of our heroine is that, like Cromwell, she "walks with God". To her in a very special manner He has revealed His tablets of law. It follows that whoever associates with this representative of Divine Truth is blessed. It follows no less that Nancy Astor can rarely be wrong. Certainly she cannot afford to admit being wrong. Her duty is to shed the light upon others. Her friends, her children and all the members of her household have benefited constantly from this source of wisdom. She can tell us just how we err and what we should do. Those who resist find themselves out of favor or engaged in a struggle with that powerful will of hers which can survive any endurance test.

For, once Lady Astor takes it into her head that something must be done, it is as easy to dissuade her as to dissuade a mountain torrent from rushing downwards. Lord Astor, a peace-loving man, makes little attempt to do so. Department heads in her household have been known to hold out as long as three days before they went down in exhaustion. As for the other branches of her family, it was solely a desire to be let alone in their own misguided ways and not disagreement about the liquor question which for so long estranged Major John Astor and Lady Violet, his wife, from their famous sister-in-law.

SOMETHING of this didactic quality throws an occasional austere shadow upon Lady Astor's relation with her children. "Have you read your Bible today?" "Have you finished your lessons?" "Have you cleaned your teeth?" These are the greetings which spring instinctively to the lips of this Cromwellian mother. If illness or disappointment befall the children they are usually told it is quite their own fault. Once when I was in the nursery I heard one of the children say to a member of the household, "Don't tell Mummy I have a toothache. She

makes such a fuss. You and I and God can easily cure it together and she'll never know." On another occasion, when she had sent David off to read the Bible because he was late for breakfast and had begun to take up in a serious way the shortcomings of his elder brother, the latter turned on her with the plaint: "Oh, dear Mummy! I wish you wouldn't always behave like an accusing angel!"

Here let me hasten to add that this was a gross exaggeration. The accusing angel is only a transient visitant. Lady Astor has as much charm for her husband and children as she has for the world at large. They love nothing so much as tea or breakfast alone with her. In the summer they take such possession of her that the secretaries have hard work to get a word in edgewise. Moreover, the young Astors are tremendously proud of her. When the news of her first victory came in, Billy's joyous shout was heard all over England. Rushing up to Lady Astor where she stood on the platform surrounded by reporters, he seized her hands, crying: "Well done, Mum!"

IN PRIVATE Lady Astor's tendency to identify her own will with that of Divine Good is offset in a hundred lovable and charming ways. Not so in politics, however. The Member from Plymouth often seems incapable of compromising on a programme dear to her heart. There is only one right temperance platform — the Astor platform. There is only one ideal housing plan — hers. Those who do not agree with her policies or listen to her out-spoken opinions are on the side of the Devil.

Yet, don't think for one moment that she is not a good politician. She has gifts that Cromwell lacked. Her love of all the personal power provided by this game inspires her to play it well. I have tramped around her district with her when she was engaged in putting her services at the disposal of her constituents. We would knock at a cottage door. Nancy would say something simple and charming and in a moment put herself in touch with the problem overshadowing the household. For there is always some problem.

"What?" she would exclaim, "you say your husband is a glass-blower — and he with weak lungs? Well, I'll get John a better job than that. See if I don't!" And she would telephone her powerful business friends until one of them employed John. She pulls every wire to adjust the pension difficulties of the people she represents. She gets poor children off the waiting list into schools. She renders excellent service — no doubt about it. One only wishes she had the humorous honesty to say to herself, "It's lucky I'm really doing somebody good by this sort of thing. For I'm having great larks and at the same time strengthening my political hold." But such self analysis is no part of her endowment.

"SHE is the most honest of hypocrites," said a London wit. In other words, she is a Puritan. Yes, Nancy Astor, delicious madcap of old Virginia days, the hostess of fashionable Mayfair, is a Puritan. Her Puritanism distinguishes her absolutely from most of the women of her world. She who preaches temperance is temperate. She keeps on the table of the sombre hall at St. James Square an imposing pitcher of barley water. It is because she wants to represent all the

women in England that she dresses with such simplicity in Parliament. Moreover, not one of her enemies has ever been able to blow one breath of scandal in her direction. They cheerfully concede that "she is a very good woman".

Such qualities support the myth of her greatness. Lady Astor specializes in uplift for women and children. She is courageous, pure-minded, indefatigable. The press, her secretaries and her associates have only to heighten these virtues to create from them an impersonation of Wisdom and Truth. Then when people who believe in this legend meet Lady Astor face to face, the contrast between the awe-inspiring image and the simple, unaffected candor of the woman sweeps them into hero worship. When she stands gallant and graceful on the platform to defend God and the weak, the sentimentalists of two continents thrill to her greatness.

One of Lady Astor's friends says of her: "There are four Nancy Astors — the charmer, the pope, the show-man, and — one whom few people know — the good little girl." And so, whatever the estimate of history, this personality, so rich and vivid and arresting, is bound to be celebrated by contemporaries. There is no myth about Lady Astor's gift for heightening the drama of living.

April Fugitive

By Arthur Davison Ficke

Spring fills the air today; with different sound
The whistles blow, out in the foggy bay;
There is a thawing in the sodden ground;
And flowers whose birth is still two months away
Send down the winds premonitory ghosts
Of what shall be their odors. As we lie
Here in our dusk of silence, all things lost
Seem phantoms of a winter soon to die.
Nothing is dead that had the power to live;
Nothing can end except what should not be;
Beauty, that far-sought April fugitive,
Comes home, to those who trust felicity;
Moments that have the whole of life to give
Pause thus by lovers' couches, tenderly.

Divorce for What's in It

By Joseph Percival Pollard

From matrimony for two to easy money for one is the modern course of love. Denouncing gold-digging divorcées, a lawyer asks, "Why not alimony for men?"

The divorce statistics recently issued by the Department of Commerce reveal an alarming nation-wide increase in the number of divorces granted, but nowhere is mention made of the tremendous sums of money involved in alimony payments. Alimony, the golden spoils that line the path to the portals of the divorce courts of the land, shining before the entrance, and gleaming beyond the exit, baffles even the figure-finders. It has become a new branch of Big Business, but an obstreperous one, working against the old machine, and clogging the mechanics of industrial enterprise. It forms a substantial part of the foundation of those legal cases that doubled in number in Reno, and still left room for an increase of six per cent. in New York, seven per cent. in Illinois, and an average national increase of over six per cent. in all jurisdictions. With almost 200,000 divorces granted during the past year, and with the vast majority of them granted to women, and carrying alimony awards amounting to untold millions (all this in addition to the financial fruits of breach of promise and alienation of affection actions), it is little wonder that the fabric of male efficiency in business and the professions is somewhat torn, and that the legend of Charles II's dying gasp, "Let not poor Nellie starve!" falls upon ears that are cold and tired.

The unfortunate feature of the alimony business is that so little of it is on the level, and so much of it is the outgrowth of selfishness and spite. Deserving cases there are, but in negligible numbers. Most cases have nothing to do with Cupid and everything to do with cupidity. The vast majority of complaining ladies have an approach to life and money that is irreconcilable with the fine achievements of the Feminist movement. Most of them are young and able-bodied. Many of them are childless. Some of them do no work, and have no desire to work. Some of them do work and make a pretty fair living, but they do not let their pride and self-respect stand in the way of a chance to increase their income at the expense of a despised husband. All of

them are in court to take full advantage of laws which society has outgrown. And as, under existing law, these women will not voluntarily refrain from making exorbitant and undeserved demands upon the property of their husbands, it is up to the law to take steps to compel them.

THE law, by its very nature, is a tardy science. The more exact sciences bring to pass the deeds that make the modern world go round. Then, after the deed has been shown to conflict with some part of the interests of society, and the need of some kind of regulation is apparent in order to evoke the greatest good for the greatest number, the law comes along, and through its agencies, the legislatures and the judiciary, it does the best it can to make the needed regulations. The time elapsing between the deed and the law's regulation varies greatly, depending both upon the importance of the event, and the wisdom and ability of the law's agencies. In the matter of divorce and alimony the law, except in a few progressive jurisdictions, is extremely tardy in making the necessary adjustments.

Modern woman attained some time ago the economic independence for which she had long been struggling. The idea, so long settled, that man and wife were one, and he was that one, seems mediæval today. Wives now are able to control and dispose of their own property the same as if they were single; they are able to enter business and the professions with the same facility as their husbands; they are entitled to hold political positions and to serve on juries and to do countless other things permitted by the new law and forbidden by the old. But where rights have emerged from the statute books, the corresponding duties have not. Woman's late freedom has given her not economic equality, but economic superiority. For the purpose of winning financial profits from marital strife, she is still able to jump back on her ancient pedestal, and strike her ancient pose.

BOTH legislators and judges are to blame for this uneven state of affairs. If the former would give the latter explicit directions concerning alimony, naming the situations where alimony should or should not be given, and in what amounts, it would be easy enough for the judges to determine properly the individual cases that come before them. But most of the statutes are worded in vague generalities and seek to pass the responsibility to the judges by giving them wide powers of discretion in any given case. This would be satisfactory if the judges would exercise their power in a way compatible with the needs of the day. But the judges, with a few outstanding, brave exceptions, are not prone to depart from the court rulings of their predecessors, or to initiate any kind of a legal change even where they are not hampered by past authorities. They accordingly pass the responsibility back to the legislators, and consider the matter off their conscience by saying that if any change is to be made in the law of alimony, it is up to the legislature to make it. So we have this inertia on the part of both of the law's agencies to add to the necessary slowness of all legal development when we seek to explain the many triumphs of women in the divorce courts today.

A case which illustrates vividly how the law can help a modern woman to gallop over the prostrate form of her harried husband comes to light from the 8,500 cases that passed through the Chicago divorce court in 1927. The wife of a dentist of moderate means had obtained a divorce on one of the minor grounds which, in Illinois, are just as effective as adultery in promoting a successful suit. With the decree went the award of a substantial slice of the dentist's income as alimony. The dentist remarried, and when he later failed to make his alimony payments, his ex-wife cited him for contempt of court. In defense, he proved that the lady had, since her decree, been busily engaged in riotous and immoral living, and that he saw no reason why, in justice, he should be compelled to pay for the liquor, the *gigolos*, and the love nest. The judge thought that was too bad, but as the venerable Alimony Act of 1874 said nothing about such a contingency, he felt obliged to order the doctor to pay up his alimony or go to jail. The doctor appealed his case to a higher court, but his claim was again denied. And the only solace that was left to him was the fact that until the legislature takes steps to remedy that particular situation — which it has not yet done — he is sure of having the company in the Alimony Club of other husbands whose similar grievance will lead judges to refer to his case in holding that misconduct of an ex-wife does not extinguish her right to obtain alimony.

GALLANT old Cook County, whose divorce court handles more cases than any other single matrimonial tribunal in the country, takes many such honors in alimony awards to idle and selfish wives. But what is true there is also true in other jurisdictions. Gold-diggers, be they professionals, or mere materialists recruited from the ranks of respectability, do a nation-wide business. Many of them have deliberately and coldly planned the attainment of ends they know to be easy, entering the marriage relation for the very purpose of breaking it. Others have managed, by aggravating means peculiar to the sex, to turn a *bona fide* union into such a morass of distrust and hatred that the future suffering of the husband becomes of equal importance with the money they hope to derive from the breach. All are aided by sharp lawyers eager to share the spoils. And spoils can be had very quickly, thanks to the legal practice of granting substantial temporary alimony and counsel fees at the very outset of the case, and upon affidavits unsupported by any real proof. This practice is so profitable and so penalizing that it often leads the attorney for the complaining lady to delay the trial of the case indefinitely. Some cases have been known to lie idle in the files for twelve years or more, with temporary alimony running all the while.

PERHAPS it may suit the lady's purpose to bring a separate maintenance action rather than one for complete divorce. This has its merits, for it enables the wife to get just as much money, and also to gloat over the fact that the husband is prevented from marrying again, and is driven out of lawful bounds for any further mating he may care to do. Or the wife may proceed to punish her recent spouse by doing her own future mat-

ing without benefit of cloth, in view of the fact that any re-marriage on her part would deprive the husband of the pleasure of making his alimony payments.

All too frequently the wife, having once obtained an award of permanent alimony, will urge, with success, that the husband's impoverished circumstances are no justification for reducing the amount he has been ordered to pay; as a New York doctor, who returned from war service to find his professional practice greatly diminished, discovered to his sorrow. That she may have independent means of her own, or that the husband may be unable to pay the required sum, makes little difference to this type of complaining woman. Once let the precious payments cease, and the lady wastes very little time in dragging the delinquent once again before the judge, and insisting that he be imprisoned until he feels inclined to pay.

THE sad consequence is that many once-reputable and worth while citizens languish in jail, some of them sick, some aged, and some staying voluntarily in preference to satisfying an unfair demand. Other husbands try bravely to bear the burden and carry on, but without much success. Still others pack up in desperation and limp beyond the close confines of the Commonwealth, but the pulling up of settled stakes and the mental anguish occasioned by the ever-threatening shadow of the law rob their life of its work and its play.

It is not a pretty picture. But a ramble through the most recent records of our various divorce centres brings just such activities to light. A New York divorcée, with no children, married only three years, who brought neither property nor affection into the partnership, sought to have her weekly alimony increased from $400 to $750, although her ex-husband's income had not grown proportionately. An Idaho woman, divorced less than a year after her marriage, and on very slight evidence of cruelty, boldly asked the court to consider her children by a former marriage in advancing her alimony. Both of these demands were, however, refused, the judges deeming them too extravagant.

FORTUNATELY these ladies did not appear before a certain Michigan judge, whose decision in a recent case seems to be the last word in harshness. The wife in the case before him had strong leanings toward paramours and pleasure bazaars, and even went so far as to help her lover affront and assault her husband. Whereat the husband sued for divorce, and was awarded a decree, but the judge gave the custody of their only child, a boy, to the offending wife, and also the greater part of the husband's property. His property consisted mainly of the half interest he owned in a confectionery business and store, and he besought the court to allow him to keep this as his only means of livelihood. The wife had already drawn out of the bank and squandered all the money he had placed there to her credit. But the judge, deciding to make it a clean sweep, held that she was entitled to his business too, and booted the poor man out of court.

Then there is the Georgia judge whose alimony award to the wife of a drug clerk was not greatly helped by the prompt action of the clerk's boss in cutting down his salary. In order

to get the badly-needed money, the clerk gave up his job, opened his own drug business, and immediately fell into debt. This became his wife's cue to hale him straightway into court, and have him committed to jail for defaulting in his alimony payments. In California, at about the same time, another of the fair vindictives was awarded alimony, which she duly received up to the time of her re-marriage. This second venture led subsequently to another divorce, whereupon the lady came storming into court to collect all the back alimony which she claimed had accrued during the ten years of her second marriage. And, lo and behold, the trial judge gave it to her! In another California court, the wife of a prosperous professional man, not satisfied with getting a substantial slice of the common property existing at the time of divorce, sought to get a large share of all his future earnings, and the trial judge obligingly complied with her request.

But lest these examples seem to make the plight of the male a hopeless one indeed, let me hasten to say that the decisions in the two California cases, and in the Michigan and Georgia cases, were reversed by the higher courts upon appeal. This is a healthy sign. It shows that appellate judges sometimes use wisdom to balance conservatism, and that the more quiet and scholarly nature of their work enables them to avoid the errors of the trial judge, who, under the heavy pressure of congested trial calendars, is apt to assume, at the outset of any case involving alimony, that the woman is still a privileged suitor.

There are, however, two prominent, progressive judges whose fate it is to have to hear these ballads of family woe in the first instance. Judge Selah B. Strong of New York and Judge Joseph Sabath of Chicago have served long and faithfully the interests of both parties to the divorce suits in their respective courts. Judge Sabath holds the nation's record, with the disposal of over 30,000 divorce cases to his credit. By using to the utmost their powers of judicial discretion in protecting oppressed husbands from the greed of embittered wives, these jurists have done much to mould the rapidly-growing public opinion in favor of reform. Judge Strong has discouraged the pressing of exorbitant alimony demands by the simple expedient of granting little, if any, counsel fees in dubious cases, thereby causing the ladies' lawyers to lose their enthusiasm. Of equally good effect is his practice of looking beyond the mere legal blame for the trouble, and scrutinizing carefully the underlying motives for the court proceedings. To him there is a vast difference between wives with children, or middle-aged wives suffering from the infliction of actual rather than technical wrongs, and wives who are young, able-bodied, and childless.

Judge Sabath has been striving diligently for years to have the Illinois Legislature revise its archaic law. His efforts in this direction may some day meet with success; meanwhile his efforts in interpreting the old legislative generalities have been eminently successful. He has a way of revealing the basic differences between quarrelsome parties to the disadvantage of the unfair litigant. In one case,

he brought out the previously well-concealed fact that the petitioning woman was already receiving alimony from two other husbands, under court decrees of two other States. Women who have made no contribution to their husbands' welfare reap a scant harvest in his court. Women who are able to work, or who have means of their own, get little sympathy from him. He makes relentless war on gold-diggers, refuses them temporary, as well as permanent, alimony, discourages their spiteful separate maintenance suits, and even, in the deserving cases of male invalids, disabled war veterans, and helpless old men, he turns the tables completely, and awards alimony to the husband.

ALTHOUGH this practice of awarding alimony to men is not to be indulged in lightly, or through a spirit of retaliation for the tyranny of emancipated women, the need of it in certain cases is so apparent that it has been incorporated in the statutes of those few States which have made any effort, in recent years, to remedy existing evils. Thus, the Wisconsin Legislature enacted in 1925 a law giving alimony to the husband out of the separate estate of the wife, in cases where the wife is to blame for the breach and there are children to be raised and educated. This act is flexible, however, as it enables the court, in making the award, to consider the ability of the woman to pay, and also "all the other circumstances of the case." So it is unlikely that the law will be used as an instrument of male oppression, or that the Milwaukee judge who recently used its authority to order a delinquent wife to pay up her alimony or go to jail, had anything but a just provocation for using it.

A more drastic law in favor of the male is the one enacted by the California Legislature of 1927. This law enables the court, in its discretion, to grant alimony to either the husband or the wife. Thus, the award here does not hinge upon the existence of offspring, and an innocent husband, possessed of less treasure than his wife, may obtain alimony for his own support, where there are no children, or for the support of himself and the children, where there are. Oregon has a statute somewhat like the California law, allowing alimony to be recovered from whichever of the parties is at fault, for the maintenance of the innocent party as well as the children. Similar laws are now in effect in Ohio and Iowa. The State of Washington passed a law in 1921, making the expense for the support and education of minor children chargeable upon the property of either the wife or the husband, depending both upon the conduct of the parties and their ability to pay. A few States deny the wife the right to recover alimony where her conduct is the cause of the break, although they do not, in any case, allow alimony to be awarded to the husband. But most of the States still cling to the pernicious doctrine that the wife is entitled to alimony even where she is at fault.

THIS latter state of affairs, especially current in our older and supposedly more civilized communities, works a great hardship on husbands and fathers. For not only is the man penalized heavily by being deprived of his children and his property where he is legally the transgressor — though

any amount of unpunished nagging and scolding may have inspired him to his wrongs — but he is chastised with almost equal force where his wife is legally the transgressor. So we have, under these old laws, the sorry spectacle of the man getting the divorce, and the woman getting the children and the money for their maintenance. His joy is in taking care of the children; hers is in taking them. She is filled with harsh feelings toward the man, which she passes on to her brood, who grow up to regard their father as a great scoundrel. Even where the man is at fault, and should, if able, contribute much to their support, he can derive little solace from the fact that he gets the less association with his children where he has to pay out the more money in their behalf. A man's natural desire is to support his offspring, but where his wife does not want him to see them, and uses the law to make him stay away, the hatred engendered by that law thwarts the man's natural desire to do his part in bringing up the children.

I THINK it is apparent that the damage done to the husband under the old system, as well as the damage done to the wife, by the system's encouragement of immorality on her part, stands in dire need of repair. It would be well if the legislatures of the remaining States would follow the lead of Wisconsin, California, and a few others, in recognizing the fact that the modern social order will be better preserved if domestic obligations are imposed upon women.

The Scandinavian countries have a notable system. Their code obliges the wife to contribute either money or work toward the production and maintenance of the common property. Husband and wife are jointly responsible for the support of the family. A divorce may be obtained by mutual consent, or, where mutuality is lacking, merely upon the application of the party desiring it. Upon dissolution of the marital tie, the wife is given her share of the common property, and there is no inflicting of any penalty for wrongdoing.

IT IS to be hoped that our legislatures will busy themselves in remedying the existing evils of alimony. They cannot cover every possible situation by statute, but they can cover many. They can lay down the principles to be administered in courts of justice, so that judges will award only such alimony as should, in conscience, be awarded. They can view the permanency of alimony in relation to its need, seeing that it does not outlast a pecuniary change for the worse of the party charged with payment, nor for the better of the party to whom it is given. They can do away with the absurd anomalies of the law: that a man must support his parents only where they are unable to work, but his wife in any event; that the more economically useless the woman tries to be, the more money she can gouge from her husband; that a woman, while married, is subject to the vicissitudes of her husband's career, but when divorced, has a vested interest in her husband's highest estate. These can and must be swept away. Husbands must be given equality.

"Rise Up and Walk!"

By William T. Walsh
Rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, New York

Urging that to heal the sick is a fundamental but neglected mission of Christianity, to which the Churches should consistently return

The health of the Church is being questioned these days on every hand. And many of the most reasonable observers are inclined to agree that the questions have a just basis. They grant that there are many well-defined symptoms; many sincere complaints. And they concede that back of so many signs and outcries there is probably an underlying cause.

This is not, of course, to contend that the institution is bedridden. The single fact that of the twenty billion dollars given for philanthropy since the war a round half went to the churches is the greatest proof of strength. Such gifts are not put into impotent hands. But that there are evidences of unhealthiness is an admission which often can be wrung from even the most loyal.

How easy, indeed, it is to pen Constant Churchgoer into a corner from which he may escape only by admitting, "Well, yes! There is something wrong." And if you press him a little further you will get to the root of the whole problem, which is this — that he, like many others, has found that his church does not give him that full measure of comfort and invigoration which he has a right to require. He may — he probably will — argue defensively that his church's weakness is of comparatively recent origin. He will very likely say, "All civilization is in a state of flux. And a religion must reflect the civilization in which it exists. So it, too, is in a state of flux and uncertain of its direction because of this. But give it time. It will again prove its power to lead."

The truth, however, is that a leisurely recuperation is the one thing which cannot be permitted or endured. That very instability of civilization which the defender of religion offers as the excuse for delay is, in reality, the factor which makes delay dangerous. In such a situation man's immediate need is too great to allow of any delay. It is imperative that the church be healed in order that it may heal its countless supplicants who are ailing.

To know the true cure is of course the problem. There are countless physicians, each with his own catholicon. And it is not to be denied that

some one of these seem frequently to benefit. But when the individual tries to draw that seeming benefit unto himself, he discovers an inefficacy which causes him to cry, "You give me anything but what I need. . . ."

That there is a true cure is not to be gainsaid. And there is a strong movement within the church which is founded upon the belief that this true cure has been resurrected. "Resurrected" is precisely the word. For if those in the movement have truly found the cure, they have no more than uncovered that source of vitality from which Jesus drew, and from which Christianity gained its first great strength nineteen hundred years ago.

In preceding paragraphs the figure of health has been used repeatedly. This was a deliberate choice, based upon sound logic and sounder history. The figure is almost entirely lost from contemporary concepts of Christianity, but the truth remains, nevertheless, that one of the real rocks upon which the religion of Christ was built was the rock of health. The mission of Christ was a mission of healing in a sense none the less literal because the healing was spiritual as well as material. One evidence of this lies in the fact that, of all those pagan deities whose cults Christianity displaced, that of Æsculapius, god of medicine, held out longest. His priests were able to offer the strongest resistance because they too taught a religion of healing.

Matthew sums up the ministry of Jesus in a sentence which is highly illuminating upon this point. "Jesus," he says, "went about . . . teaching in the synagogues, preaching the Gospel . . . and healing all manner of sickness . . . and disease."

Jesus taught, He preached, and He healed. His Apostles did likewise after Him. But today those who stand before the world as religious leaders, that is to say as His present day disciples, do only the first two. And this notwithstanding that the Gospel says, "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." True, an occasional reference is made, as when newly consecrated Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church are solemnly charged to "Hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind the broken. . . ."

Yet the Gospels, upon which Christianity is based, speak more of healing than of any other subject. They discuss it with a wealth of detail. They describe carefully the attitude of the healer — whether Jesus or a disciple — the look, voice, words, actions. There can be no doubt that here was a phase of their consecrated work which the disciples believed to be of fundamental importance. This importance is emphasized again and again. It was just after Jesus healed a paralyzed man that Matthew followed him; and Paul's conversion was consummated after he had been healed of his blindness.

There is a peculiar significance to all this emphasis in that the Gospels were not written solely to preserve the sayings of the Saviour. They were also for the purpose of immediate propaganda. They were meant to show men and women in a sin-burdened world a way by which all might come through Jesus to peace

and eternal life. And if, in their arguments, the disciples stressed healing so much, they certainly must have looked upon it as one of their most potent weapons, they must have considered the power to heal as one of their most valuable assets.

THROUGHOUT the New Testament is evidence that this phase of Jesus's ministry stood forward with His teaching and His preaching. There is corroborative proof, not drawn from the Scriptures. Space is lacking to cite much of this. But consider the conclusions of Harnack, the foremost modern authority upon the history of early Christianity. He writes, in *The Mission and Expansion of Christianity:*

> The Gospel as preached by Jesus is a religion of redemption, but . . . of redemption in a secret sense. Jesus proclaimed a new message . . . but . . . He appeared among His people as a physician, as a saviour and healer of men. Jesus says very little about sickness; He cures it. He does not explain that sickness is health; He calls it by its proper name and is sorry for the sick person. He utters no sophistries about healthy persons being really sick, and sick people being really healthy. He does not distinguish rigidly between sicknesses of the soul and of the body. Nor is any bodily ailment too loathsome for Jesus.
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> The circle by which He was surrounded was a circle of people who had been healed. They were healed because they believed in Him, i.e., because they had gained health from His character and words. Henceforth they drew health and real life as from a never failing stream.

The conclusion to which all this Scriptural and historical evidence leads is obvious. It is this: If Jesus accomplished so much as a healer, then much can be accomplished by those who have accepted the call to follow Him now as the disciples followed Him in their day. For, let it be repeated, He called others to do as He had done. Here, then, is the thought. If our religion is to regain its strength in order to transmit strength and comfort to its people, it may do so — may, perhaps, best do so — by accepting the healing mission to which Jesus consecrated Himself.

But, it will immediately be asked by many, is this anything more than a proposal that we follow in the steps of Christian Science and of similar cults? To ask this is to stand upon false ground. No such proposal is put forth. What is proposed is a return to the scientific spiritual healing of Jesus. And such a return would be neither an imitation nor a parallel of any current movement.

To make this clear let us go back. Earlier, it was stated that the disciples described "the attitude of the healer, his look, voice, words". In a sentence, they revealed in the Saviour's healing a factor which made it totally different from any of the present day cults. That factor was a precise scientific technique.

MODERN cults of healing succeed despite the lack of the fundamental principles governing the power used. There was no such lack in the ministry of Jesus, no such lack in the ministry of His disciples, and there need be no such lack among those who will practise scientific spiritual healing as Jesus practised it. Notwithstanding that it has been overlooked, the technique of Jesus is abundantly revealed in the New Testament. One of the curious puzzles of Christianity is that since Apostolic times this has been so completely passed over. So far as I have been able to discover, the first modern study of it is the

study that I presented in my recent book.

To begin with, I define spiritual healing in the official formula of Church liturgy as that process by which the Divine power, working within, comforts and relieves all those anyway afflicted or distressed in mind, body or estate, according to their several necessities. For example, a person who is conscious of sin is spiritually healed when the love of God becomes so real to him that he is aware of that love forgiving his sin. Yet another, who is physically weak, or crippled or sick, is spiritually healed when the power of God becomes so real to him that he is aware of the divine power, or energy, or life, renewing the strength or health of his body.

Spiritual healing extends to everything that can be accomplished through spiritual means. It is as comprehensive as religion itself. It is of the essence of the religion of Jesus. The essence of spiritual healing is to become so conscious of the truth that we may be, as Peter expresses it, "partakers of the divine nature". Once grasp this truth, including what it implies, and you have the essence of the religion of Jesus.

Needless to say, scientific spiritual healing does not deny the reality of the material universe of which our bodies are a part. As a science it is based upon brief, exact laws, many of which are to be found in the Scriptures. These laws have to do with a force or energy called by Paul "the power that worketh within us".

The popular impression is that when Our Lord or His disciples healed people, they merely put their hands upon them, or touched them with some object, saying, "Be thou healed. But the procedure was not quite so casual. Turn to the story of the impotent man in the Book of Acts. Note the picture that first appeared to Peter and John. It was such a picture as might be presented today by any cripple on a street corner. A cripple far from alert, monotonously making a monotonous plea to the monotonous stream of people. Monotony everywhere, so that the cripple sat listless and drowsy, or technically in a subjective condition.

Peter and John pause. Both fasten their eyes upon the listless, drowsy man. "Look on us!" Peter says; and the man's downcast eyes lift. He gazes, "expecting" some gift. Then Peter startles him with "Silver and gold have I none"; disappointing words to a beggar. But quickly a new emotion, a greater expectancy is aroused. "But such as I have, I give thee!" And then, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk." And, the story goes on to say, Peter "took him by the right hand and," an added suggestion, "lifted him up and he, leaping up, stood and walked."

The technical details of this account read almost like a modern clinical report of a psycho-therapeutical treatment — the cripple's subjective state, his mind free to be possessed by the unencumbered idea of another; Peter's act of possession, his arresting gaze, his intensely personal attitude, his short, emphatic command so apt psychologically, so scientifically perfect to give the shock that should release latent energy. And, finally, there was the accompanying

suggestion, as emphatic as the command. Peter "lifted him up". And this drowsy, subjective cripple who had never stood alone, suddenly found himself possessed of the power to walk. By sound application of scientific laws, Peter had summoned that power which can be summoned today by those who believe and practise as Peter did.

A LAWYER was stricken with pneumonia. I was called after the physician had said that the crisis might come at any time, and that no one could foretell whether the patient would live or die. I found the man very weak and only partly conscious. I stroked his forehead, gently. He was restless, so I began to meditate aloud, somewhat as follows:

"God says, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' Look at me, and when I tell you to close your eyes they will close and a feeling of comfort and peace will come about them. To be still means to relax. Already there is a feeling of comfort and peace around your eyes. That feeling of comfort and peace is going to spread all over your body. . . ."

I continued in this vein for perhaps four or five times as long as it has taken me to say what I have set down here. I repeated the same thought, and often the same words. This is a simple example of technique, based upon the laws of suggestion. And finally I ended:

"Even while you sleep you will so to speak be breathing in life, power, vitality, courage, health and strength and peace." And I repeated to him, with my hands upon his head and chest, the words of the Scripture, "They that believe, shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." And then I left.

The following day I came again, and thereafter daily, and in due time the patient was restored to health. And he said to me: "When you came, I was gradually slipping away. I was too weak and tired to resist. But as you treated me I experienced what you described. You brought just what I needed, and at the time when I needed it most."

And this I, myself, know to be true not only from his, but from many similar experiences. I came to him to evoke that power which is given us by God and which I have learned to use through study of the way of life that Jesus taught. It is study and experience which teach one how to evoke power. Indeed the technique of scientific spiritual healing is too large a subject for this brief summary and equally essential as technique is that intangible, indescribable factor known as mood — or inspiration, or intuition — a mystic experience like Paul's when, "gazing steadfastly" upon the cripple, he "saw he had faith to be healed." It is a most helpful experience when working with such a sufferer as I have referred to in the story of the lawyer. Perhaps I should have chosen, for the sake of emphasis, a more startling case than that of the lawyer. I have the records of more startling cases.

A MOTHER brought her son, the child of a physician, to a healing service. From the age of ten the boy had been an epileptic. He was twelve when the mother came, and a specialist had just told her there was no hope of a cure. The boy had also been taken to another church where a

relic was applied to relieve suffering, and had received no benefit.

I laid my hands on the child's head and prayed. He began to get rigid as though he were going to have an attack. And the mother was about to snatch him away when, with a slight tremor, he became normal and a look of exaltation and peace appeared on his countenance. This so impressed the mother that she departed with a prayer of thanksgiving.

For ten days the attacks which had come daily did not appear. Then they returned, in a mild form, whereupon the mother brought the boy back.

For six weeks no attack came; but then, in rough play, the boy fell and had a mild seizure. So the mother brought him back again.

This time the cure was permanent. When last I spoke to the mother, some four years after the final service, she assured me that her son had been healed.

THESE instances might be multiplied many times. I could tell of hemorrhages checked, of a patient cured of a condition that distinguished physicians had diagnosed as cancer. And I might cite numberless letters — "Last Thursday your treatment helped me wonderfully." And, "the moment you blessed my wife she felt a wonderful change." And, "my daughter can now walk and is very happy." And, "I could not really believe the old pain was gone."

Reference has unavoidably been made to physicians and some may draw the false conclusion that one who practises spiritual healing works in opposition to them. The truth is that the spiritual healer and the doctor should work hand in hand.

Indeed the most recent important advance in the cause of scientific spiritual healing was assisted by three eminent physicians. This advance (the approval by the last General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the practice of Christian healing by its clergy) came about as a result of the findings of a national committee of laymen and clergy. And the committee report bore the signatures of Dr. Charles Mayo, Dr. W. Sinclair Bowe and Dr. Edward Johnson.

This report stated that (1) spiritual healing is not a fad of the few but the devout practice of the many; (2) the beneficial results of such healing cannot be questioned by an unprejudiced mind; (3) its results are found to be sure and lasting.

WITH such distinguished medical approval there is every reason why the Churches should go boldly into the field of spiritual healing. The possibilities are limitless.

There is criticism of Protestantism as it operates today. A stock complaint is that it pays too little attention to the individual. It seems to many that the inclination is to work too much through the community.

But in this day the need of the individual is urgent, too. And is there any reason why those of us who stand before the world as spokesmen for Jesus should not assist any one who needs help — why we should not use that power which has come down through the Apostles and, like Peter, say, "Such as we have, we give thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk?"

Ladies of the Ticker

By Eunice Fuller Barnard

The growing multitude of dowagers and scrub-women, family heads and flappers, who play the market with dazzling profit or unreported loss

It might almost have been a club. The same discreet lighting, the cavernous davenports, an occasional bronze. In the deep Florentine armchairs a dozen women lounged and smoked.

But at one end of the room their gaze was transfixed by a wide moving ribbon of light. "PAK—¾ . . . BDLA—½" — the cabalistic symbols glided across the magnified ticker tape. At the blackboard two blue-smocked girls, their leather belts bulging with cardboard checks, sprang nimbly about, changing the posted stock prices to correspond. And drowsily over all came the staccato drone of a half-dozen tickers, now blending, now breaking in on the subdued comments of the women.

"Almost noon!" yawned the domestic-looking young woman. "How the time does go in here! That RKK ought to start pretty soon. She generally runs toward the middle of the day."

"But look how Steel is breaking!" countered a firm, middle-aged voice. "That ought to mean something. A big market by the first of the week. I have a tip, but I always watch them awhile first. Now Copper I wouldn't—"

The nervous little gray-haired person in front dropped her "tip sheet". "Did you say Copper?" she faltered.

On the other side the voice of the woman in the fur coat cut across. "Even if I have to sell short," she was protesting. "And I promised my husband I'd never do that".

The sprucely tailored woman manager, one eye on the ticker, passed by on her way to the telephone. One by one her young assistants, smartly turned out as so many mannequins, disappeared into the trading booth for a surreptitious sandwich, in lieu of luncheon. But the customers sat steadily on, lunchless, never missing a flicker of the tape.

So Wall Street has come to Fifth Avenue. Silently one by one among the smart specialty shops of the Forties and Fifties appear the brokers' signs. With the arts of the drawing room, stock market operators for the first time in history are actually bidding for feminine favor. And woman is at last being made free of those

more or less green pastures where men long have dallied.

For a year, indeed, all through the recent bull market, women by the hundreds have sat, and even stood in tense rows in the special stockbrokers' rooms set aside for them in various hotels of Upper Broadway. Day in and day out through a long five hours, aggressive, guttural dowagers, gum-chewing blondes, shrinking spinsters who look as if they belonged in a missionary-society meeting, watch, pencil in hand, from the opening of the market till the belated ticker drones its last in the middle of the afternoon.

Now they are packed into a stuffy, littered back room adjoining the men's, and again ranged in a tapestried parlor, with a miniature beauty salon attached, to raise the spirits in time of loss. Sometimes there are sympathetic young men managers in the latest double-breasted coats of Broadway; sometimes business-like women in charge, looking critically at the references of would-be buyers-on-margin.

Five years ago the average brokerage house still frowned on the woman customer. Some even now do so officially. But they are King Canutes forbidding the rising tide. Around them already is the surge of women investors — stenographers, heiresses, business women, housewives. The financial expert of a metropolitan newspaper recently estimated that in the last decade the woman non-professional speculator in stocks has grown "from less than a two per cent. to a thirty-five per cent. factor of the huge army that daily gambles in the stock market." Others, more conservative, put it at twenty per cent.

At the same time a brokerage house with offices throughout the eastern half of the country, in advertising for women customers, stated that already one out of five of its many thousands of clients was a woman. "In the past year," announced another firm, "the growth of the woman investor and the woman speculator has been amazing, and it is getting larger almost weekly." In a few instances women now own the majority of stock in large corporations. And there are even brokers who believe that women quite as much as men made the speculative stock market of 1927–29.

However that may be, certainly one of the outstanding social phenomena of that market when its history comes to be written will be the fact that in its course women for the first time in this country on a large scale financially became people. They became a recognized, if minor, factor in the vast new trading capitalist class. For one enterprising Victoria Woodhull in the 'Seventies, and one Hetty Green in the 'Nineties, marked as sports of nature, today there are hundreds of women investing their own funds and often playing the stock market with as bold a front as men.

Nor are they women of any one class or any one part of the country. Some of the most picturesque stories of the recent boom times are told of unexpected types. A woman farmer in the Middle West, for instance, recently telephoned her woman broker in New York to buy her a hundred shares of an automobile stock at a certain price. By quick action the broker secured them for her — the only shares that changed hands that day at so low a figure. By the next day

they had gone up twenty points. The telephone call had cost the woman farmer six dollars, but had netted her almost two thousand overnight. To the same woman broker a scrub-woman in a well known club handed over $15,000 in cash which she had made on the stock market, for reinvestment. Indeed, in many instances waitresses and telephone girls, cooks and washerwomen who, so to speak, stood in with the boss, are said to have invested their mites on a wealthy employer's advice and cleaned up modest fortunes.

On the contrary there was the banker's wife in Indianapolis who made her profits by acting against his counsel. A year or so ago on her own initiative she bought some stock in a large mail-order house. When it had a phenomenal rise, her husband, her broker, and various friends in financial circles all advised her to sell. Instead, she coolly bought more at the new high price. Again the stock skyrocketed, and her ultimate profits totalled half a million. In much the same way another woman of wealth about a year and a half ago decided to see what she could do with ten thousand dollars in Wall Street. She, however, got expert brokers' advice and acted on it. In all her transactions she bought on a large margin, and today has made her $10,000 into $115,000. Of the women who similarly gambled and lost the stories are somehow not so rife. Perhaps their heroines are the haggard figures one sometimes sees about the new women's brokerage rooms, day after day at the ticker, watching tensely to recoup their losses.

Women are of course only an especially spectacular section of the general march on Wall Street in the last year. They have been swept along by some of the same urges that have carried shopkeepers and day laborers, clerks and farm hands, from every nook and corner of the country suddenly into a market which has been 80 to 90 per cent. speculative. But many brokers insist that a special cause — namely, the radio — has been largely responsible for advertising stock trading to the home woman and the farm woman who never before thought of Wall Street. The review of the market for the day and Wall Street closing prices come over the loud speaker in the leisure hours of her afternoon, after the dinner dishes are washed and before she has to go out into the kitchen again to get supper. She listens in just as she does to the health and the travel talks. And if one of her neighbors has taken a flier in some special stock, her interest becomes absorbed.

Then take the tabloid newspapers with their circulation of millions. Most of them carry hints on the best stock "buys" of the day as regularly as they do recipes and patterns. The housewife reads for instance that "Wright Aero" is going up today just as she does that fresh fish is now on the market and that strawberries are cheaper. Even some of the conservative women's magazines now also carry general investment advice.

More and more the mystery is being taken out of the regular stock columns of the newspaper for the ordinary woman. She no longer flips them by like so much Sanskrit. She finds that they are prices, much the same and quite as intelligible as those of the department store advertisement.

Moreover, many of the stocks they list have names more familiar to her than to her husband. She better than he knows the relative crush of customers at the five-and-ten-cent stores, in the various chain grocery and drug stores whose stocks are offered on the market. She has often had first-hand experience with the different mail-order houses. She answers the doorbell when the agent of the gas or electric light company comes on a stock-selling quest, in the recent drives for consumer ownership. Indeed, to that is attributed the fact that she is rather apt to own public utility stock.

Even when she personally does not become a stock market customer, it is often her influence, according to many brokers, that induces her husband to buy the stock of this or that chain store or department store at which she trades. Very potent in the case of even the most sheltered woman are the various local urges. At the height of the Bank of Italy excitement last year, it is said, Italian women with shawls over their heads and strings of children by the hand calmly penetrated the holy of holies of the men customers' rooms at the brokerage offices to watch the ticker.

ANOTHER thing necessary to woman's participation in the market was of course money of her own to invest. And that, in these last expansive years, she has undoubtedly achieved as never before. Last year some 95,000 women as heads of families made income tax returns on $400,000,000. Others paid taxes on $1,500,000,000.

One woman broker, for example, who personally handles 300 accounts, has mainly business women as clients — buyers for department stores, small shop owners, advertising writers. Some of them are earning $15,000 a year, living on half, and investing the rest. Often they buy stock in the companies for which they work, or in others whose soundness they know from first-hand experience.

Then there is the growing army of women of inherited wealth — widows, and daughters — who of recent years seem to be given more and more discretion in the handling of their estates. And there are the wives who do not appear separately on the income tax returns, but who are sometimes, so far as investments go, the real disposers of the family savings. Frequently brokers will mention a writer or an artist whose wife attends to all financial matters from paying the bills to investing the surplus or negotiating the loans. More and more commonly, too, it is the wife of a busy professional man who volunteers to watch the stocks in which they are jointly interested.

QUITE naturally, it seems, in this world of more and more intense specialization for men, investing, like buying, might slip into the woman's rôle. Today, it is estimated, 85 per cent. of the spending in America is already in her hands. The disposition of income for present goods — for food, clothes, service, and often education, travel, and automobiles — is largely and unquestioningly hers. Why should she not, with her increasing leisure, learn to buy securities for the family's future, quite as well as fur coats and antique furniture?

But before that day could come, of course, women as a class would need far more experience than they have thus far had with stock exchange

vagaries. Up to the recent break woman's entry into the market has been almost wholly over a bed of roses. She has yet to show that she can hibernate with the bears when the heyday of quick profits is over, as it already seems to be. She has pragmatically to learn the painful lesson that buying stocks may mean sudden and devastating loss, as well as gain. And if, after the holocaust, she has any money left, she has in many cases to discover for herself the gulf fixed between rational investing and stock gambling as it has been going on the last two years. After the introduction with veil and orange blossoms, in other words, can she compose herself to the dishwashing and the darning?

THE suggestion, however, that woman become the family's investment manager, is a far cry from yesterday when a woman's inability even to draw a check was a standing joke. But it is no further probably than are Helen Wills, Gertrude Ederle and Amelia Earhart from the fainting females of the reign of Victoria. Indeed, doubt is currently being cast even on a figure so strongly entrenched in the popular imagination as the widow victimized out of her husband's life insurance by the first wily promotor. An insurance company's investigation of some 750 death payments to widows, involving $9,500,000, recently disclosed that only 1.3 per cent. of the total had been lost in speculation or in any other way, up to six years afterward. More than half was invested and yielding income. And the rest was being used for the purchase of homes and businesses or for the education of children.

What is the essential difference between a woman and a man today as an investor? A dozen bank officials and brokers interviewed on this point saw potentially very little. "Women," said an officer of one of New York's largest banks, "have shown that with training they can be as good handlers of securities as men."

"There are some women's accounts that nothing would induce me to accept," volunteered a woman broker, "but so are there some men's. It is all a matter of individual temperament. There are some people so nervously constituted that they should never buy anything more speculative than bonds."

"I have yet to find," said another, "such things as 'women's bonds' or 'women's stocks'. In my experience with about equal numbers of men and women clients, I have found women's market sense and women's word as good as men's."

The main difference, all agreed, is that men as a whole still have far more money to invest, and more experience in investing it, than have women. The reason why some brokerage houses today hold out against women's accounts is, in the majority opinion, because they do not think women have enough money to risk on the market, and they do not want the responsibility and annoyance of small inexperienced investors. "Still," mused a woman broker, "I should hate to tempt any of them with a large certified check."

APPARENTLY it is often true — whether from inexperience, from a more meticulous type of mind, or from lack of other occupation — that women ask more questions and are generally more bother as brokerage

customers than are men. Before investing, especially, they are, so to speak, more completely from Missouri. They want to know all about a company, its prospects and its history, before putting their money into it. In the end, according to one broker, that is the best kind of client to have, for she proceeds more cautiously, is less liable to get caught, and if she does, cannot claim that she was not fully informed.

So prevalent indeed is this pseudo-maternal attitude of women toward their stock investments that many successful managers of women's accounts make a practice of calling their customers frequently on the telephone to give them detailed reports. Of course the other type of woman, who flies ignorantly into the market to put her money on this or that popular stock, much as she would on a racehorse, is common. But there are more women, reared in the school of small-income economy, who cannot be induced to operate on a falling market or to take a loan, even when their investments or their own businesses would profit by it. Their besetting sins in finance seem to be timidity and limited view rather than reckless plunging.

CERTAIN discriminations, it should be noted, still exist in New York Stock Exchange rules against women as sellers of stock. Technically stock in a married woman's name is not a good delivery. This is not an arbitrary distinction on the part of the Exchange, but a provision to protect investors in various States where the laws still do not recognize a married woman as party to a contract.

Thus far too, although there is no rule against them, the floor of the Exchange has been better protected against women members than that of Congress. A woman, however, could not just buy a seat. As in any club, she would have to be admitted by vote of the membership committee. And it seems doubtful whether either she or they yet desire her presence in the hurlyburly.

MOREOVER, even the board rooms of the brokerage houses, sometimes at seemingly unnecessary extra expense, keep the men and women customers separate. Men and women work in offices, ride in the subway, go to the theatre and shops, together. But apparently they do not yet buy stocks together. "Men," said a woman broker, "do not want us in their board rooms. And I am sure," she added, surveying her interior-decorated domain, "we do not want a lot of men smoking cheap cigars in here."

But, camouflage it as they may, women are at last taking a hand in man's most exciting capitalistic game. For the first time they have the interest, the self-assurance, and the entrance fee. If they become intelligent players, and if to any extent they should win financial power, they would probably in our economic society, as a matter of pragmatic fact, do more to raise the level of the common respect for women as a class than all the hard-fought suffrage campaigns.

Revolution on the Campus

By Carl Holliday
Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, University of Toledo, Ohio

Recent experiments that prove our universities, instead of being "fossilized", have become the most self-critical and venturesome institutions in American life

"Unprogressive and fossilized" seem to be the favorite words to apply to the American college or university when the popular magazine writer sets his pen to the task of telling mankind how to educate youth. "It is an unusual week," declared one of our most prominent educators recently, "when some facile author does not write disparagingly of the college." And the pity of it is that the average layman believes the facile author and concludes that higher education in this country is at a standstill and has been these many years.

The facts are to the contrary. Today undoubtedly the most self-searching, most self-critical, most venturesome organization in our national life is the American college. The tremendous educational experimentation now under way in this field of activity is, perhaps, so recent that few citizens not directly connected with college life realize the revolutionary significance of it all.

Possibly this radical experimenting began with the successful plan of the great Negro educator, Booker T. Washington, when he introduced at Tuskeegee the scheme of alternating classroom or recitation work throughout the school day with hand work. The student, so Dr. Washington thought, should pass from an hour in the shop or the field or the laboratory to an hour of written or oral activity — a simple enough plan which should relieve the boy from half of the obvious boredom now oppressing him. If the student could go from a period in the physics laboratory and write in the composition class what he had just been doing in the laboratory, then in the third hour pass to the field for his agriculture lesson, and return to the classroom to try to express in a foreign language what he had been doing, he would find in the college routine a blessed variety that would prevent the usual folding of the hands in sleep during the lecture hour. The plan was successful at Tuskeegee, and gradually the plain common sense of it is permeating American colleges.

A method following the same principle is, however, making much more rapid progress in American high-

er education, the so-called Cincinnati or Schneider Plan of Coöperative Education, thus named because introduced by Dean Herman Schneider of the University of Cincinnati. The idea is simply this: Let the student study the theory of the subject a certain number of weeks in the classroom, and then work out that theory in actual practice — for wages — in a factory or office. At Cincinnati and other institutions the schedule has usually been "two weeks in and two weeks out", but in some colleges, such as Antioch, the time spent in shop or office has frequently been extended to as high as six weeks.

This indeed follows the ideal of "learning by doing". The boy absorbs thoroughly what books and professors have to say of dynamos, business procedure, what not. Then out into the world he goes to demonstrate what the theory has explained. And when that youngster rolls up his sleeves and gets his hands dirty and at the end of the week receives a pay envelope, he realizes, as the old-time student never realized, the practical value of a theory.

Of course, under such a system, a longer period for graduation is required — five years at Cincinnati and Antioch; but is not the extra time well compensated? Such a young bachelor comes forth, not only with a talking knowledge, but with a doing knowledge of the profession, industry, or process. So successful has the venture been at Cincinnati that the College of Commerce has been united with the College of Engineering in order that the coöperative plan may be demanded for future business men as well as for future engineers. At Antioch this is the procedure in practically every subject, Journalism and Sociology as well as Chemistry and Commerce, and no matter how wealthy a student may be he is expected during each semester to earn wages while actually working out in neighboring industries the principles heard in the classroom.

The average American university is far too big for its own good. The influx of students during the last decade has been terrifying. Some schools have cut the Gordian knot by refusing to take more than a certain number of applicants. Others have attempted to keep back the deluge by increased entrance requirements, intelligence tests and vastly harder preliminary examinations. But the flood has swept over such barriers. A new plan had to be devised. It is plainly the ancient Oxford and Cambridge method of dividing a great university into many small colleges. Expensive, without doubt; but is not expensive, efficient education better than cheap, farcical education?

Some five years ago President R. M. Hughes, of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, proposed the division of that institution into a group of colleges of about 250 students each. Each college was to have its own class buildings, dormitories, Dean and Faculty. It would mean astounding duplication, but it would also mean small, well taught classes, and that intimate relationship between professor and student so sadly lacking in the mob-like university of today.

Unfortunately, the State of Ohio could not provide the funds for the Miami project, but in California the idea has been carried out in the insti-

tutions known as Claremont Colleges. Recently there was added to Pomona College of this system a sister school, Scripps College, and it is proposed that when this new institution reaches an enrollment approximating 300 a third one shall be established. Thus, at length, a chain of small, thoroughly efficient colleges, each having its own Faculty, will give to a large number of students that individualized instruction resulting in genuine higher education.

The latest advocate of the plan is Harvard, and a fund of many millions has recently been presented to the University to make possible the formation of a large number of colleges, each possessing some 200 students. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, for all huge American universities; for those of us engaged in higher education have known these many years that the modern attempt at mass education is a tragi-comedy.

FURTHER, to offset the malignant effects of this very effort toward mass education, a number of the richer institutions — notably Harvard, Princeton, and the University of Washington — have introduced what has long been used at Oxford and Cambridge, the tutorial system. Admittedly it is costly; only colleges with great resources have thus far dared to undertake it. But the resulting fruitfulness in accurate and enthusiastic scholarship has fully justified the unusual expenditure.

Under this system the students attend, of course, the regular lectures and recitations; but, in addition, they meet in small groups of five or six to discuss the various subjects with tutors. Such conferences are quite informal. Here in the tutor's or the student's room conversation centres about some particular field in which all are working, books are discussed, papers and reports are read, and often impromptu debates are held. The youngster who comes unprepared to such a meeting frankly feels like a fool amid his informed and interested companions.

Such tutors, however, must not be inexperienced young fellows, but thorough scholars, possessing that rare attribute, a magnetic personality — one that attracts youth and draws out the best intellectual efforts of the collegian. And such men cannot be obtained for a pittance; at Harvard the salary of a tutor frequently approaches that of a full professor. The result is a very high cost for each student. But, again, is not a genuinely good education "a pearl of great price"?

NOW, another plan — a mightily attacked one — for granting the student that personal attention so often missed in large universities is that of segregating Freshman and Sophomore classes into a Junior College within the university. The theory is that these lower classmen, with their own director and Faculty largely devoting their energies to courses in the first two years, can have individual guidance and can be taught according to secondary school methods. For, declares a rather large group of educators, the first two years of the American college are merely a continuation of high school work. Such specialists, in fact, go so far as to maintain that college Freshman and Sophomore courses might logically be attached to the high school curriculum, and that

the genuine college or university should begin with the present Junior class.

From its very birth the University of Chicago has had such a Junior College; the University of Toledo has had one for several years; and late in 1928 the University of Michigan attempted to create such an organization — with rather disastrous results, as educational circles are now well aware.

For the scheme has its thousands of bitter and sarcastic foes. The idea met with violent opposition on the part of many of the most noted scholars at the University of Michigan, and was recently dropped with surprising suddenness upon the resignation of the President. Throughout the collegiate world the enemies of the innovation stoutly argue that the American college should remain a four-year unit, that the eighteen-year-old boy or girl needs and desires a distinct change in method and outlook when leaving high school, that secondary school procedures should not invade the college, and that such a cleavage as the Junior College demands should not be allowed to cut across the curriculum and the life of any department in a four-year college. Many an opponent is sincere in his fear that the American college "will be ground out of existence between the upper and nether millstones of the Graduate School and the Junior College".

PERHAPS the plan at Yale, of having a Dean of Freshmen, or the plan at Harvard, of having a common course for all Freshmen, is wiser. The average Freshman does need guidance — much of it — and the manner of instructing might well be of a transition type between that of high school and that of college. The Dean of Freshmen, supervising such guidance and instruction for first-year men, may be of considerable benefit to beginners in a collegiate career.

The homely old adage declares, "Every man must stand on his own feet." The feeling is exceedingly strong that college students have not been standing on theirs; in fact, many have not even been sitting up, academically. They have been drifting from lecture to recitation to laboratory, lackadaisically occupying space in the classroom, and taking this or that course, not through interest, but simply for the degree credits attached to it. Particularly has this been true of the *blasé* upper-classman who apparently has been "fed up" on routine instruction.

SWARTHMORE College, near Philadelphia, at length came forward with a radical remedy — something to send shivers along the spines of conservative pedagogues and those college registrars who dearly love to add up collegiate credits and deduct credit hours for absence from class. Why have class at all for the better Juniors and Seniors? asked President Aydelotte. Or, if there are such classes, why compel an upper-classman to attend them if he can do better work by "going on his own"?

Forthwith Swarthmore inaugurated the "honors" system. Those students whose standard of learning in the first two years had been high could elect to work out their educational salvation without attending further classes. They might "elect" to do so; there should be no compulsion. And to this day, after several years of this new procedure, plenty of advanced stu-

dents at Swarthmore prefer not to "take a chance", not to face the task of gaining an education without stated recitations and lectures.

IT IS a true and searching test of the youngster's intellectual stamina, this honors system. Not only must he have the innate driving force to impel him to the readings and research, but he himself, instead of the professor, must constantly "check up" on himself as to whether he is really learning. Moreover, he must have the intellectual curiosity, the motivating desire, to search for much that his guiding instructor has not specifically named. "Do I know this subject from every angle?" This is the question that the adventurous boy taking an honors course must always be answering for himself. For, relieved from written and oral tests during the last two years, he must finally face the ordeal of being examined, both orally and in writing, by a committee of experts imported from other universities!

"Personal pull", a "pleasing personality", popularity with student-body or Faculty — these count for nothing when he stands before that group of strangers who have come to discover whether he has really grasped the subjects which he has investigated "on his own". In their presence he either knows or doesn't know. A proof of character as well as of scholarship, this "honors" business. A little more of this kind of education, and the spineless elements in our American student-body would soon be driven, through their own desperation, from the college campus.

Many modifications of this plan are now on trial. In the upper years of the Liberal Arts College at Cornell much of the formal course work has been abandoned, and reports take the place of recitations, while initiative of the broadest type is encouraged in the major field of study. In short, the old-fashioned notion of a professor as one who merely lectures or is bored to distraction by the halting recitations of his students is now changing to the theory that he is mainly a director or supervisor of the readings and investigations undertaken by these students outside of the classroom.

SUCH a procedure, of course, implies in all cases a thorough examination at the close of the last two years of the student's college career. Harvard, Princeton, Reed College at Portland, Oregon, and Whitman in Washington State, have however gone much further. They require before graduation a general examination covering the entire field of studies taken during the four years. No more can Young America exclaim after passing a semester test, "Thank God, now I can forget that much!" No more can he follow the camel philosophy of education — one big drink and never again. He must retain his information, principles, theories, for four years; and if he retains them so long they probably will remain with him for life. Moreover, these final tests cover the whole field of each subject; the old excuse that "I didn't take that course" in Literature, History or Economics doesn't go; the student is supposed to have filled in the gaps by means of his own investigations.

Now, sometimes, in this effort to "put the student upon his own" the case method is used instead of an orthodox examination in a course. Let him inspect an actual example in

social service or industrial economics out in the work-a-day world, analyze it, and offer improvements. Thus in the College of Education at Ohio State University the Senior frequently investigates and solves a "case" instead of passing an old-fashioned general test in pedagogy — the case being some specific problem arising in a school. Often, as at the University of Wisconsin, a coöperative investigation by professor and students jointly has taken the place of a regulation test — an investigation in which the students and their teacher discover and clearly state the problem, break it up into its main divisions, distribute the sections among the investigators (including the instructor), and finally assemble the results of the research and present a solution. Professor and class work shoulder to shoulder in a community of effort, just as is the method in any large enterprise in industrial, commercial, or civic life.

One of the most widely heralded plans for placing the collegian upon his own initiative and at the same time taking the vagueness out of his training is the so-called Wisconsin Experimental College, inaugurated by Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, former President of Amherst. A couple of hundred of the most intellectual students in this great university are segregated into a college of their own, with a most carefully selected Faculty. They study — all of them — only one cross-section at a time of man's existence on earth: one year Greek or Latin civilization, its history, philosophy, literature, science; another year mediæval civilization, its history, philosophy, etc.

Perhaps a decade from now we shall know with some certainty the results of such training. One result, however, is already evident: these college boys even now when they meet in leisure hours have something in common to discuss besides athletics — the only topic about which most students in an informal group can talk intelligently. Moreover, with lectures and old-fashioned formal recitations few and far between, these selected intellects have found the classroom not a place for slumber, but a battle-ground for clash of opinions.

Not so widely noted, but just as radical and significant a departure from orthodox methods of instruction, is the Rollins College procedure of practically abolishing all recitations and lectures and substituting a two-hour session of study in the professor's "studio". In this small Florida institution, with the former editor, Hamilton Holt, as President, stiff-backed desks in orderly rows are gone. No longer does a pedagogue perch on a high platform to watch for cheating or drowsiness. Instead, he and his pupils sit in a large, many-windowed room, with easy chairs, rugs, pictures — a home-like room, — and there for a couple of hours he at his desk, often in the center of the floor, and the students in any seats they may desire, read and study as fast or as slowly as each may wish.

If a boy gets "stuck", if a reference or problem is too difficult for him, over he comes to the instructor, and there they together work it out, or else go to the departmental library, ranged about the walls, to find the facts. For, heartbreaking as it may seem to some college administrators, this school believes in having the books of a depart-

ment right at hand for the use of teacher and class, rather than in some huge, confusing collection in a great structure across the campus.

A FEW decades ago all pedagogical talk was based on the principle, "From the particular to the general." Today there is a sweep of opinion directly the reverse, so far as the first two years of college are concerned. At this hour discussions wax hot over "orientation" or "gateway" courses. A lusty army of conservatives is always on hand to condemn to perdition the whole business as too vague, too general, too easy, a sop handed out to the hosts of less intellectual folk who have invaded college. But the fact remains that American colleges are coming more and more to believe that Freshmen and Sophomores need just such broad introductory survey or gateway courses in Literature, History, Science, instead of being plunged at once into Elizabethan Drama or Colonial American History or Comparative Embryology.

To give the immature mind a general, bird's-eye view of the greater fields of human knowledge, without bewildering details and without the least pretense of mastering any particular section of any one field — this is the object of the orientation course. It would seem sensible that before a man attempted to make the leg of a chair he should first take a good look at a chair as a whole. Before attempting the study of the effect of civilization upon the Chinese, a student might well consider for a semester the general concept of civilization.

The scheme is unique in at least two ways: it succeeds in revealing the relationships of all types of life and knowledge, and it aids in breaking down the lamentable air-tight department system now prevailing in universities.

"Educational flabbiness!" "Gulping down too much pre-digested porridge!" Of course such dangers exist in gateway courses. Certainly in his Sophomore year the college boy should begin to handle "sterner stuff". Undoubtedly he does in the better institutions. The old elective system permitting browsing youngsters to choose Art Appreciation, Chinese History, and Swimming as their mental diet, is gone forever. The present tendency is to divide human knowledge into five or six large fields, and then inform Young America that he must gain a pretty fair idea of the general contents of these fields. In short, American colleges are demanding, not the production of specialists, but human beings with a wide, though not necessarily deep, understanding of the achievements and problems of mankind.

BY THIS time it should be evident to the layman and the "facile author" that there is "something doing" inside the average American college. Is it not apparent that many of these innovations prophesy gloomy days for that dragon at the college gates — the Registrar? Not the Faculty but the Registrar now grants most American degrees. The Frankenstein monster of credits, units, points, academic machinery, has threatened to smother the real spirit and purpose of higher education. Luckily the day of the adding-machine is passing in the American college, and the quality, the soul, instead of the mere gross bulk, of education is on the eve of receiving its just due.

The Nightmare of Cocaine

By a Former "Snow-Bird"

One of our quarter-million "dope" addicts tells a grim tale of the little white powders, and of his difficult deliverance from a debasing slavery

I look back at a period in my life, now nine years away, with a coldly appraising eye. Time has made it possible for me to pass judgment with reasonable accuracy. At least I can explore those years unemotionally, and in writing of one's own affairs that is something. Confessions are gruesome and usually unnecessary, but I trust no reader will accuse me of wasting his time. I hope to grasp a few of my more vivid memories, to evaluate them, and let the matter go at that.

Most individuals who become addicted to the use of a drug, are seeking an outlet or escape from some reality. Often the thing they flee is as elusive as the finest cobweb, but to them as real as life and as binding as the most wearisome chain. The failure to adjust oneself successfully to the contingencies of living brings into play a conflict. Unhappy home conditions, thwarted ambitions, uncongenial work, all may bear an important part, and to understand people who find their relief in abnormal ways one must keep these facts in mind.

Careful observers agree that there is an increase in the use of narcotics, an increase which does not speak well for our times. Just what part Prohibition plays in the matter remains to be seen, but that it has done its part is incontrovertible. Narcotics lend themselves to smuggling operations far more readily than do alcoholics, and for this reason the Government finds it most difficult to cope with the situation, especially when we consider that the drugs can be, and are, produced in other countries at prices which cannot obtain here. The "dope" peddler makes profits almost unbelievable. If this profit could be wiped out, peddling would stop.

No one knows to what proportions the business has grown, no statistics are available, and the same applies to the number of addicts in the land. Probably somewhere in the neighborhood of 250,000 is a fair estimate, though I am well aware that the figure is placed much higher by certain newspapers and lower by the Public Health Department. If the increasing number of arrests for "dope" peddling is of any significance, there is an increase, though it may indicate only increased efficiency on the

part of the narcotic squads. We hope the latter. One way or the other, the matter is of grave national concern, and seems to be the price we pay for high speed in our lives today.

IN 1917, along with many other Americans, I went to France as an officer in the A. E. F. I was glad to go; not that I was anxious to fight and die, not that I was possessed of any burning patriotism, but because I saw in the war an opportunity to get away from an unpleasant domestic situation, a situation to which I had failed to adjust myself. In France and at the front I soon learned that cognac was a powerful support for a timid spirit. I was honestly frightened many times. There came an harassing week; rain, mud, shells, no relief; literally Hell. Cognac gone! Spirits lagging! Not exactly frightened but fearful. Oh, for one big drink! But none was there.

A fellow officer of the French army stood beside me in the rain. His spirits were high, he was happy. I saw him occasionally put a pinch of something in his nostrils, and a moment later his eyes were bright, he was levity in the face of disaster, he was confident. I shuddered — *snow*! We watched our posts hour after hour, the drizzle became sleet, the gray day became foggy dusk, the Germans increased the intensity of their fire, there was a tenseness in the darkness, a raid was imminent. Cognac! I fairly prayed for it. I reached out my hand and my companion smiled as he placed in it the tiny box. I was awkward, but I took one, two quick sniffs of the snowy powder. There was a momentary burning sensation, quick free breaths, a suffusing warmness, and with it my timidity disappeared. The whining shells became louder — I smiled. A few broke near — I laughed. Half an hour later we were successful in driving off a well-organized raid. I patted the shoulder of my French benefactor — God, how I cursed him later! He merely shrugged his shoulders, held out the box, and I accepted it once more.

Excuses! I hear the word. Not at all; I offer none. I wanted relief. I knew exactly what I was doing. I merely substituted cocaine for alcohol, a bad bargain at the best, but at the particular moment the only one possible. No, I write no excuses. I have merely described an incident as it occurred. Unfortunately, cocaine was easy to obtain in France. A small package, conveniently carried in a side pocket, was a long supply and more powerful than bulky bottles of cognac. Alcohol was deserted, cocaine took the whip, and a more pitiless taskmaster man never had. A rotten trade!

A WEEK later we were relieved and I fell back on my ever present outlet, my voluminous diary. Hour after hour in the rest camp I wrote, wrote of every conceivable subject, of myself, of life, of war, of the soldiers. My pen would lag, ideas would grow leaden-footed; cognac, again plentiful, I scorned; *snow* — ever it was *snow*. The sombre skies of Northern France mattered not; the cold, sodden turf, the driving sleet, the heavy twilight; either they did not exist or were entirely overshadowed by the roseate warmth of my own being — the glow of *snow*. Mine was another world. Alluring fancies, elusive ideas, a rapid procession: I would try to catch and hold one for my own, but with an aggravating and charming fleetness a new

one would crowd the other from view. A thousand pictures flashing across the silver screen of my mind, the endless cinema of stimulated fancy, the pitiless drive of a tireless driver. Yes — yes —I must write that story; many of the aviators had told it, that strange apparition they had seen, her hair flying, her black eyes flashing, spreading a wild courage as she would lead them higher, higher to victory. No, not victory, disaster! Ridiculous, stupid! Here on our side we prayed with vehemence to the God of justice for strength to give those dirty Huns a good drubbing, while over there they did the same thing in exactly the same way. How God must have held His sides and laughed! Far into the night I wrote and dreamed, often until gray dawn came sludgily from the East and the stirrings of life around the barracks announced another day.

THE war ended. I was sent to Berlin, where I worked as I never knew one could. There was time for nothing but the daily routine, a thousand petty details, but each one important. Here I made my first and unsuccessful stand against "snow". One month, two months I held out, and my weight was coming back to normal, my appetite returned, I enjoyed long nights of undisturbed sleep. Yes, I missed my fancies, my dreams. I had been haunted from time to time by weird fears; cocaineurs became morally degenerate, physically careless. Would I? Time and again I wondered. But with abstinence came new respect for self; I found time to write a great deal and I note in those old diaries new and sane ideas, a clear outlook which was refreshing after many pages of maudlin and incoherent imaginings. I played polo, I swam, I read. One day I threw an ounce of "snow" into a great pond where a dozen graceful swans were preening themselves. With an inward glow of self satisfaction I walked slowly back to the Hotel Adlon through the gathering dusk.

Two days later the Adjutant handed me orders to return to America for discharge. It was a blow! True, peace had been signed for nearly a year, though I could scarcely realize the fact. I had landed in France in August, 1917; here it was May, 1920, after nearly three years eventful, crowded, and happy after a fashion. I had hoped to go to Poland. In fact I would have gone anywhere on earth to have kept away from New York, the old pictures, the old surroundings again. My blood grew cold. For half a day I wandered the streets. Little groups of German schoolboys with whom I often chatted were unnoticed. New York — I tramped on slowly. America — it meant all that old unhappiness again. There, directly in front of me (how insidiously clever one's unguided feet can be) was the little pharmacy. Two grams? Yes, yes, that would be enough. In an hour I did not care!

Before leaving Berlin I purchased nearly four ounces of cocaine, a small fortune in America. Being an officer I knew my own belongings were safe. I had decided.

I LANDED in New York in mid-June. It was late before we were allowed to go ashore; even then I knew I could not go home. Instead I went to a hotel. I must have looked terrible. For nights I had paced the decks of the transport, my "snow" and I. A million illusions had danced from crest to

crest of the endless waves. With a killing forcefulness the drug drove my fagged brain pitilessly, tirelessly. Far out in the utter solitude of spaceless void, out where only souls exist, somewhere there must be peace. I know that at times I was only a dull machine attached to a wandering spirit by the very flimsiest of threads. I would watch the swirling wake at nights, I was tempted to plunge into the restless water. Food was revolting. Sleep impossible. I wrote endlessly. Today I can laugh at those pages. An incoherency understandable only to me, a mendacity which is charmingly naïve, and through it all a powdery trail anyone with an experienced eye can detect, the trail of *snow!*

THE clerk assigned me a room, and with genuine concern asked if I were sick and did I wish the house doctor. I mumbled some reply and hastened to the upper floors. For an hour I watched the lights of the city. Home — but not mine. I listened with ears acutely drug-tempered to the many ever present but unannoying sounds of a city. Home? I reached for a vial. One sniff, two, three — funny thing, home. Silly sentimental old codgers wrote about it — folks seemed to like it — if they could write, why not I? For an hour I did. To this day that hour's writing is one of the seven wonders to me. Not a single capital letter, not one punctuation mark, often whole lines without a break for words. It was as if someone had taken a long strip of light-fogged motion picture with unbelievable rapidity and then had translated it into words. Yet from somewhere in my drug-befuddled brain one definite idea took shape, Home? Why not?

I heard the distant ringing, a few hasty words, that was home! Half an hour later my wife, white eyed, horrified, tight-lipped, walked from my room. Her burning, hissing words I still hear. "You degenerate! My God, you are loathsome!" She was right!

TWO days later I was normal, but far from well. My fortune, if any, was my education. I needed no strong box. I took my slender savings and there began a search which eventually ended in a little boat yard up the river. I still own that boat; she is my sacred holy of holies, for she carried me out of the world of slavery to a very real freedom. I left my books behind and I would not go back for them. Early one morning I drifted down the Hudson, out past the Goddess who holds high her symbolic torch proclaiming her everlasting message to all the world, and there, one by one, I emptied my boxes of "snow" into the surging waters and silently watched the last fleck of white disappear. With a sigh of real relief I laid my course for sea, caught the first of a light morning breeze, and soon lost the lines of the city in the mistiness. Perhaps a needless gesture, probably cheap dramatics, but it was done honestly and earnestly. Free from any taint we, my boat and I, went to sea and there we stayed.

To write of struggles would be boastful. I recall too vividly the wild exhortations of the "reformed" drunkard as he told in lurid words of the dreadful depth to which he had been dragged by the demon rum. I think there was an element of the braggart in his almost maniacal emotionalism, and certainly a state of

mind not far removed from his detested intoxication; he had only made a trade.

IT IS hard to write of those days for fear the sense of boastfulness will creep in and ruin the truth. There were days when I would lie hour after hour on the deck of the boat, hungrily looking past the top of the swaying mast into that great realm of fancy where lived my many friends. Around me stern reality; that other land was there, but, alas! the door was locked, and the key — my last fleck of "snow" was where I had put it.

Mercifully, Nature usually took a hand, bringing a sudden gale and high seas which demanded long hours of cautious tiller work, much toil on ropes and sails, with at last a warm morning, the storm over; and exhausted I would sleep the clock around. With wholesome fatigue and rest came new strength, so that for weeks I was conscious only of the joy of living and the joy of freedom. I threaded a thousand narrow straits, I explored untold deserted harbors, I saw Voodoo rituals. I tramped the country of Morgan, I sailed the seas of Drake, I sang lustily every song I had ever heard. I was living, I was free. Sometimes with the relentlessness of Javert from nowhere would come a bad day, but I noticed they happened less often. Came a time at last when a year slipped by without one. I had learned. Then and then only I trusted myself in a city. The rest was easy. For nine years "snow" and I have lived apart. At no time have I ever felt a physical call for cocaine, none of the racking struggles of withdrawal.

I want no sympathy, I did the one thing which was as logical as were the steps leading to the first contact. But I hear the question, "Is there any way out for the majority of addicts who can't buy a boat and sail the Seven Seas?" Most emphatically, yes!

IN APPROACHING the addict himself there should be a sympathetic attitude. Once we understand how and why he began, we are in a position to help him intelligently. Often he is not conscious of any real reason, but I feel certain that it does exist and can be found, and once exposed to clear light the fearfulness often disappears. The next great step is isolation; the addict must be moved to new and wholesome surroundings; old friends, old scenes, old contacts, must be left behind and in the new place there should be hard work a-plenty. Quite naturally it means absolute abstinence from the drug.

I have long dreamed of such a colony, well removed from the world at large, where men can go and find help along the tedious road of rehabilitation. Not a penal colony but a great workshop with work for all, in time self-sustaining, a refuge for those who will come and find the great joy of that greater freedom. Many would never leave but would remain to help others along the way. I know of no finer work that some man of millions could do than to endow such a place. No man could ask for a greater monument!

But I forget. I must finish my story. For four years we stayed at sea, down the Atlantic, across the lovely Carib, meeting a few storms but mostly just good wholesome ocean and plenty of hard work. At last I came home, to my home, mine only. Here I work and the years are full.

When War Was War in Paraguay

By Stephen Bonsal

The Sargenta, a Paraguayan Molly Pitcher and something more, relates her experience in the epic days of Lopez, when a nation was all but exterminated

Had she been a little taller, the Sargenta might well be described as portly; but you must not rush to the conclusion that I am trying to let you know by diplomatic indirection that my heroine was short and squat, or even dumpy. While the Sargenta was exceedingly well nourished, and there were nowhere to be seen the outward and visible signs of the massive bone structure you knew must be there hidden, she possessed the most perfect and instant control of her limbs of all women, or men either, for that matter, of her age that I have ever seen. Her faculties, mental and physical, coordinated with wonderful precision, and when it was pointed out to her that, with these advantages, she was evidently born for the aviation corps, the Sargenta gravely remarked that she would enter it—when the next war came.

Of course the Sargenta was no child. We met in 1912, and she was a veteran of the Great Paraguayan War, which died of inanition in 1869. She would have been compelled to throw all her most cherished reminiscences into the discard before she could have even pretended to deny that she had lived at least seventy years, through fair and foul weather; and, as it seemed to me, she had enjoyed them all.

Her best, certainly her distinguishing, feature, was her deep-set eyes. They were not very beautiful, certainly they were not melting or languorous or long-lashed, as were the eyes of almost all the *chicas* who flocked about her, loving to sit at her feet. Neither were they sinister nor cold, but they were different from other people's eyes — I used to imagine it was because they had so frequently, so calmly and so unafraid, reflected the onset of the dark horseman. These eyes, the deep chest and the full bosom of the Sargenta, even in her seventieth year, revealed why she had survived all the hazards of the devastating war and of her long eventful life. It was not luck that had brought her almost scatheless through so many dangers; it was because she had been put into this world to stay.

The Sargenta had her days, of course, like every one else, and now

and then her mercurial spirits were oppressed by a gloomy mood that could not be denied. There were now left in Asunción but few if any survivors of the epic days, and when the dark spell was upon her the Sargenta would shut herself up in a little world of her own, peopled apparently only by the spirits of those who after sharing her sufferings had long since vanished. At such moments she talked of men, with, to us, wholly unfamiliar names, and sometimes she would lower her voice to a confidential whisper and speak of Lopez, the younger, of Don Francisco. It came naturally to her to speak of him with bated breath, in hushed tones, as one speaks of God within the precincts of His sanctuary.

I PLIED the Sargenta with cheroots grown on the most famous *vegas;* indeed I left little untried in my persistent and repeated attempts to find an open sesame for the staunch flood gates of her memory; but to little purpose. At times indeed I thought I fathomed her attitude of mixed reverence and fear for the Mariscal, but when I said "war" and tried to draw her out as to what she had seen of the Latin-American Armageddon, the Sargenta would dart glibly off upon some conversational tangent. She would caricature with a light touch the latest little war, or fall into a disquisition upon the new rifle, recently introduced into the army, of which she was at no pains to conceal her poor opinion.

"Fire — fight with clubbed muskets — then swiftly your cutlass — That was the way we fought," she would say. "Now, a tap from that Belgian rifle!" How the Sargenta would laugh at the idea! "That might be a love tap — but not war. It might stop a mouse — but not a Paraguayan."

ONE night, however, the Sargenta sulked in her corner; she would neither talk politics nor play cards, and she was strangely indifferent to business. The fluctuations of the *maté* market left her cold. The name of Jara, the revolutionary chief of the moment, was in the air. A week before, leading for the fifth time a perfectly forlorn hope of a revolution, he had been cut to pieces, his men strung up or dispersed, and he himself was brought back to the capital in an ironwood cage. In this plight he was carried through the streets on a raised platform, so that all might see him at their convenience.

I was told how he had shot down treacherously the sons of many of the leading families, and how upon their daughters even more grievous wrongs had been inflicted by him or by his order. Yet, when they saw him bleeding still from many wounds and biting in his baffled fury the bars of his cage, the people of both high and low degree who looked on were wonderfully softened toward him. And two days later, when he died, all Asunción turned out and gave him an impressive funeral. The members of the Cabinet and the leaders of the Government he had sought to overthrow competed and even fought among themselves as to who should touch the funeral scarves that streamed back from the great catafalque as he started on his last journey. The whole city followed him to his grave because, as the voice of the people had it, he was "*Muy hombre! muy hombre!*" (very

brave! very much of a man!) and had died with his straw sandals on.

After the ceremony, and while the funeral trappings were being packed away and the mourning banners furled, I went to the *quinta* and caught sight of the Sargenta in a new and, as it seemed to me, a strange mood. Two soldiers dropped in, one hobbling painfully and the other with his arm in a bark sling. The Sargenta gave us some tepid beer to drink, started to play her interminable game of solitaire, and then, with a gesture of petulance, threw the greasy cards away. The soldiers had planned a walk and a talk in the garden with the *chicas*, tall, bare-footed girls with lustrous eyes and long straight black hair falling loosely over their sloping shoulders; but this was the Sargenta's hour and she was not to be denied.

"JARA! Jara! You talk about that man!" — I must in justice to the soldiers and myself say that no one had mentioned the guerrilla chief we had so recently laid away. "But I, yes I who am speaking, was with the great Mariscal to the end, or almost. I carried a musket in his ranks for four years. Yes, I was with him until next to the last day. I, I who am speaking to you, know what war is, and I can tell you it is quite different from these little ructions. I ran away on the night before the last day, not from the Macaos (so the Guarani country folk and some others hereabouts invariably call the Brazilians) but crazed by hunger and thirst. I call God to witness that nothing substantial had passed my lips for a year. For days, indeed for months, we had been gathering herbs and digging roots for all sustenance, and that was a greasy day indeed when we could throw a piece of rawhide into the *puchero* to give it a meaty taste.

"That night, the night before the end, I stole from the commissary a *camote*, or a mandarin orange — I do not remember what it was; I am glad no one was guarding it as I was crazed with hunger and I would have cut him to pieces with as little thought and as little remorse as when you stamp your foot on the flat head of a venomous snake. As I took it I said, I will give this to my captain, who was sick. My God! how sick he was — with the cold fever! Besides, he had gone stone blind from a wound in the head, but I was always there to lead him into the fight. Then — who could resist? — I ate the potato, or whatever it was I had stolen. It choked me, and the guards woke up and they were going to shoot me at sunrise.

"But in the middle of the night my blind captain groped his way to where I lay, cut my thongs and, well — I had crept far up the hillside when daylight came. From there I saw how the Brazilians surrounded the remnant of our men, too weak to fight, unwilling to flee, and I heard their officers shout from file to file: 'Do not waste your ammunition on the wounded!' and I saw how they went around cutting the throats of our men as they lay in their tracks."

HERE the Sargenta became a bit discursive. It was just like sticking pigs — the way the Macaos went about it, she explained; only the deadbeat soldiers were so weak and impoverished that little blood flowed from their white wounds. And from this lonely coign of vantage she saw, too, how her Mariscal was killed; no,

he was not drowned in the Aquidaban, as the story books have it. "And I saw how la Lynchee, his beautiful Irish woman, the bright one, saved herself from the melée in which he fell, and dashed away on her swift horse that she had had sent after her from her horse-loving country. Cerro-Corà! Cerro-Corà!" exclaimed the Sargenta passionately. "That was the end of most of us — but for some — it was the beginning of worse things."

SOMEHOW the Sargenta got back to Asunción, following in the trail of the advancing Brazilian army, making by night the journey they made by day. Suddenly she burst into hoarse laughter:

"If I tell you, you will laugh, but it is true. I was almost fat when I reached Asunción. I thought of nothing but food. Late at night, when no one was around, or early in the morning, when they had started out upon another *étape*, I would sneak stealthily up to the dead campfires, and poking about in the ashes I would pick and choose among the victuals they had spilled from their kettles when the bivouac was over and the day's march was about to begin. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the things they left behind. I suppose that's the way with conquerors. But, fresh from our starving days, it was hard for me to believe what I saw. Those lucky bands of negroes! They killed a steer every day! And they left fat, unpicked bones lying around on the ground when they marched away. For these I had to fight with the sneaking scavengers of the jungle and the vultures of the air."

What she most suffered from was the filthy water in the rivers and the springs. How little they cared for those who came after them, those Macaos! That, too, the Sargenta supposed was the fashion of conquerors for all time. "So did Jara behave at Paraguay-i, and in consequence the people there are suffering from a pestilence today," she admitted. The Macaos would drink their fill of the heaven-sent water, and then they would wash their wounds and wet their bandages to cool their fevered limbs, and then they would lead their beasts of burden and their steers to wallow in the mud that remained. "Puah! It was terrible. I could do many things, I, a soldier of the great army of Paraguay — that starved but never deserted; but after that I could not drink."

FOR the forty days the Sargenta travelled in the wake of the Brazilians, she quenched her thirst with the juice of the bitter orange, which her Mariscal had so wisely planted throughout the wilderness when, long before the storm broke, he saw the war clouds gathering. "So you see he saved my life," commented the Sargenta, "although he had ordered me to be shot. He saved my life, even if he did lose our country, as some say. But they are fools. The Macaos were coming anyway, but while he lived our Mariscal held them back."

If she could only get to Asunción, the Sargenta thought her troubles would be over, but when she got there it seemed they had only begun. She had nine children, her sister six. The sister had been drawing rations for them all as children of the army, as long as there were rations to draw, and when that was all over she had attacked their savings, and when the

Sargenta came the last *centavo* had to be spent so that she could cover her nakedness as decently as she could.

"What a sight that was! Our little *criaturas*, pale and sickly, so weak they could not stand up, crawling about the grass-grown streets, their scrawny, scabby limbs all uncovered and their stomachs swollen with the weeds they chewed. Soon there were in Asunción twenty thousand unprotected women gathered together from the devastated fields. They were all without help, and many without hope. Some of these just turned their faces to the wall and died, cursing the Macaos and leaving their children to us."

Pina, the tallest of the barefooted girls, grabbed the soldier's cutlass and brandished it fiercely. "Shameless fellows they were, *sin-vergüenzas* all. How I would like to get at them!"

THE Sargenta drew herself up proudly, paying no attention to the interruption.

"But there were some of them who kept cool heads, and foremost of these were the veterans of the Grand Army; they who had fought to save their country on the battlefield now determined to save their race, so nearly threatened with extinction, for practically no men had survived the carnage. They determined to honor their husbands by conquering their conquerors. There were about six thousand Brazilian soldiers in Asunción at this time, and about as many more stationed all about it, and they, the mothers of all that was left of the Paraguayan blood, became their servants for rations or for wages.

"They were very rich, these Macaos, drawing the double war pay; and besides," explained the Sargenta, "there were pickings and stealings, of course, and many of them in this way were able to keep two of us. There were over twenty thousand of us, the widows of the war, and I think we must have had on the average about five *criaturas* each dependent upon us. Yes, in the old days we had more children, but during the war so many had died the starving death that on the average to each of us only about five were left. The only thought I had and the only thought that any of us had in doing this thing was that the seed of our men should survive and that the Guarani blood should not perish off the face of the earth.

"ALL my children lived, and they have raised up sixty grandchildren to my husband, who was slaughtered at Cerro-Corà. Yes, I saw him lying there. Before I started on the homeward journey I raised a scarecrow to keep away the vultures. It was foolish of me, was it not? But women are sentimental, even when they have been soldiers. We were very fortunate. Few of us had children by our conquerors. It seemed to be generally so. I suppose our blood, envenomed by so much hate, did not flow together; but after I had been living with my Brazilian man for nearly two years I was surprised by a feeling to which I had long been a stranger, and then the Macao baby came. It was a strange little worm, with a purple face and dark kinky hair, which it soon wrapped about my heart. I called it my grandchild, because it had come to me in saving my children; it was born of my love for my Paraguayan boys, but it soon died. Strange it was, but you know I was sorry. I could not

cook for a week, thinking of that little black worm that died; but, of course, it was better so.

"After the days of the Residence, as we called it, and they lasted six years, perhaps a little more, peace was finally announced. Argentina had taken the land she wanted, and Brazil had taken the province she wanted, and when the new boundary line had been marked peace was proclaimed. And, what was more, there came the order for the army of occupation to withdraw, at least to Matto-Grosso, to Corumba the capital, from there to watch the things that were to come. But the fears of the Macaos were not justified. A few book-men had come home from abroad, but there were no fighting men or few, and our little boys were too young to draw the cutlass on our conquerors, though in secret and under cover of night, out in the jungle, we taught them how to do it.

"When the day came to leave, I went on the *chata*, the army lighter, with my Brazilian man. I still had four small children and my sister three, that could not shift for themselves, and still in the grass-grown city there was no commerce and no money, no *recursos*, and above all no charity. *Chicas!* Have a care to avoid it. It makes you very callous and hard-hearted to see an empty *puchero* year in and year out. If we stayed behind, what would become of these, the youngest of the war children? So most of us shouldered our muskets, tied on our knapsacks, and went up the great river with the Brazilian soldiers.

"I had been frank with my man. I had told him I could only stay a year or at most two, for then I hoped the last of the *criaturas* might shift for themselves, and now what other misfortune do you think happened? When we got to the capital, to Corumba, months later, and went to draw our pay, the counting men said: 'Why, you know we are in Brazil now, and there is no war pay any more.' It came like a thunderbolt. We had never thought of that. A week went by and my man was very cross. He beat me more than was his habit, and yet I could see he was not drunk. He was not drinking at all. He was always going to say something, but it never came out until one day he seemed a little softened and he began.

"'Celà, you have wondered why I have been beating you although I'm not drinking. Well, it is to make it easier to part, for, of course, it is impossible to keep women with no war pay. I will have to cut down, and of course the negresses here with their own garden patches will be cheaper, and then — 'and now he was working himself up and trying to be angry, though he knew he was wrong and that I had always been straight with him — 'and then you are always asking for money, for silver money with a true metallic ring. No paper money for Celà.' And with that he brought me a welt across the face with the strap of his loosened bandolier.

"I thought he was going to kill me, and I knelt down before him and said, 'Remember you are killing the woman who bore you the black child with the kinky hair.'

" 'I do remember that, Celà, and that is why I am not drinking. Here is the money I have saved from the drink and the canteen. Take it, and

get you down the river as fast as you can, for there is to be no more war pay, and starving times are coming for the tall Guarani women with the straight black hair. Yes, the day has come for the negresses who plant and hoe their own garden patches, weave their own clothes and only ask to be given drink — but no money.'

"I slipped on board a *chata* that night and, burrowing deep down among the bundles of *maté* leaves, lay hidden for days as we floated down the river. I kept the money he gave me, because I wanted to get home with silver in my *bolsillo*. One day the Capitaz, poking about, discovered me, but — well, he said nothing. Then the orange groves came into view, and so I came home, with money in my pocket, and there were my children, grown tall and strong and ready to work and everything paid. I can tell you I was not ungrateful. I went with bowed head to the cathedral that night and placed a great beeswax candle before the image of Our Lady of Sorrows, who had brought me to safety through so many dangers. Of those who stayed in the North, in Brazil, few came back. The children of the war were saved and Paraguay was saved, but the mothers, most of them, died the starving death hundreds of miles away, up the great river, in Matto Grosso."

Both the young soldiers followed the Sargenta's story with breathless attention and ever-increasing astonishment. "*Que journada!* — What a campaign! What days those were!" they muttered, but the *chicas* were frankly bored. The long boats were floating down the river with their heaped-up pyramids of golden fruit, turned into globes of silver by the soft regent moon of the tropic skies. The love light was in their eyes, and they looked longingly down the garden walk towards the bowers of the yellow roses.

But — "*Commandante!*" exclaimed Tino, he who carried his arm in a primitive sling of bark. "*Commandante!*" he repeated, giving with boyish enthusiasm high brevet rank to the woman soldier. "What think you? Will peace ever come to Paraguay?"

The Sargenta drew steadily on her loosely-wrapped cheroot, now fixing her eyes scrutinizingly upon her bare toes and now looking upward to the glorious starlit heaven. "Peace will come to Paraguay *si Dios quiere* — when God wills it — but it would help the *Todopoderoso* if the Supreme Chief would have shot all those arrogant men who are shod with leather and all those *chicas* who sport brilliants in their dark hair instead of the yellow roses our mothers wore. It is these things that drive men mad and help them to forget God."

Then, after a long, strong pull at the cheroot and a long slow exhalation of the thin blue smoke, the Sargenta continued more hopefully: "However, there is improvement; so far as I have heard, not a single shot has been fired, in anger, for two days."

"There was no one so vile as to wish to disturb the solemn obsequies of Colonel Jara," explained Tino.

"You are right, boy," rejoined the Sargenta, as she moved out under the trees: "You are right — that is it. Still, peace will come to Paraguay — when God wills it."

"What Well-Dressed Women Are Reading"

By Constance Lindsay Skinner

The radio talker in the part of the Greek Chorus to teach us to match books with clothes and to avoid reading lest we get absorbed therein

Life, cries a modern poet, in the thrill of discovery, is like a Greek Drama! Yes, it is; for the reason that the Greek dramas were themselves like something else; namely, Life. Well-dressed women are not reading the out-moded entertainment of the Athenian social élite; nevertheless we are obliged to consider the one feature which relates the Greek plays intimately to our life today. That feature is the Chorus. Chorus, you remember, hovered vociferously about the sharp edges of action, just beyond reach of the spears; it intruded upon the solitary meditations of kings for psychoanalytical research, it traipsed after those suffering from the Cassandra complex, out-prophesying them. To the life of the Greek Drama it was Fashion Notes, Barometer and Night School, Supernal Revelator, Market Tips and Household Hints. Chorus, in short, knew What's What in the heaven above and on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. In this feature of their drama the Greeks made telling use of our favorite superstition, which has inspired us in all the vast stride of man: that invisible, all-knowing powers surround us, are superlatively interested in us, and are ever seeking to communicate to us their own wisdom. Supported, encouraged, fired, by this egotistic myth, we have come tailless from the trees and part-shaven from the caves, across the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, aboard the Santa Maria and *via* the Boston Post Road to this effulgence of civilization in the commuter's cot and the Five-and-Ten-Cent stores.

In our Age of Science we have cast away many old imaginations, but never this dear, self-complacent myth. The favorite superstition has only changed its form. Today we do not serve chicken livers *au naturel* before an altar and attend with silent lips and hushed hearts while a bewhiskered seer reads therein the will toward us of the What's-What Powers. We invite a friend to luncheon, serve the

sacred auguries *en brochette* with a seasonable salad, and listen in. The spirits are the same spirits, but the oracles have improved immensely. Still, as of yore, supremely interested in us, the What's-Whats of our day lend sympathetic aid to our modern effort to synthesize life in order that we may save the time we formerly squandered in pursuing education through different branches of learning.

TAKE the word "style", for instance. We have been accustomed to apply it to clothes, to Art, and to Literature: we have spoken of a writer's "style", and of a milliner's, or a decorator's, and thought of them as quite unrelated. We have hitherto failed to synthesize on Style. In short, it has never occurred to those of us who love to read that we should select our books sartorially, or as wall hangings. But this new synthesis, whereby three styles are brought together in one expression of good taste and refinement, is now presented to us. The Style Merger is a fact. Recently I sought relief from the city's synthetic din — augmented horribly during the last year by my neighbors' radios — in a day's visit to a hermit friend who lives on a quiet cove of the sea where sailboats move with cloud-like grace and make no noise. There is not a motor launch on those retired waters. The house stands deep in trees. The road, a little travelled one, is two miles away; and from it a narrow leaf-and-sun-dappled footpath leads to the hermit's haunt. No dog barks; no auto honks. There, I said, I shall find pure sylvan calm, to give peace to a soul distracted by the continuous choiring of nine loud speakers in the over-populated tenement across the court from my windows. There will be Katydids, Caution whispered. And I answered, What of it?

Delectable odors of luncheon perfumed the silent ether as I entered the house. If, in taking my seat, I noticed a black box near the window, I was incurious. My hostess's air of suppressed excitement, the brighter glitter of her eye, elicited no inquiry from me; my major attention was focussed on the livers *en brochette* which the hermit lady was apportioning. Her fiery glance, had I noted it thoughtfully, would have suggested to me nothing more baleful than Ouija, which I knew was her method of consulting the What's-What Powers and which sometimes communicated information that thrilled her. I was in no mood to cavil at Ouija. And then she told me. She had a radio! It was marvellous to hear those voices coming out of the Unknown. Oh, the wonders of Science! And the programmes, especially during luncheon when they were addressed to thoughtful women in the home; really educational!

THE blow fell so suddenly that I missed the Announcer's contribution. But I heard the speaker herself repeat the title of her educational discourse. It came upon me full tilt, stentorian, nasal, rampant; like the horn of a wrathy cow in the meadows of Vermont:

"WHAT WELL-DRESSED WOMEN ARE READING!"

Certainly, it was a new idea, this merger of author and tailor. And one should always listen to a new idea; particularly so when one cannot avoid it. The speaker queried: Would the

ladies listening in be willing to appear at exclusive social functions wearing the styles of last season? Of course they would not! Would they ruin the effect of a smart up-to-date costume by wearing an out-of-date hat? No! The sensitive woman of good style and culture would shudder at the idea. Then was it not just as serious a *faux pas* to appear on "Th' Avenoo" or in a "tea-room of class" with a last season's novel under one's arm? Yes! Well-dressed Women were reading *this* season's best sellers. They selected the best sellers in preference to novels less successful financially, though equally seasonable, even as they chose, out of the several modish tricks of the *couturières*, the one which was already blazoned upon the girdle and the neckline of millions. The new Style Merger, it seemed, was well in progress: hat, choker, hand-bag, and brains to match.

Now, if an ethnologist were to intrude here, he would begin by reminding us that among primitive peoples there is no individual culture, there is only group culture. Dress, customs, beliefs, daily living, are uniform. And this uniformity is insured by a system of taboos quite as rigid as any to be found in our own fashion magazines and books of etiquette. Individuality among them is rare; possibly because, while it is sometimes mocked, it is more often corrected by the spear. (This is merely an aside; for, as any one may ask, with some heat, What analogy can be drawn between the crude mind of the Stone Age folk and the highly developed intelligence of the modern American woman whose habitat is the peak of culture?)

The Style Merger was not completed, however, by tales and toilettes in unison. Another voice from beyond the range of visibility presently addressed the thoughtful woman in the home on the theme of Books as Interior Decorations. This spiritual instructor, also of the feminine gender, had the typical radio delivery: what may be described as the Dot and Carry One school of expression. (The rule is: First, you underscore a syllable or a short word; if a word, then preferably an unimportant word; prepositions are prime favorites. Next, you pause; then you slur two sounds, choosing carefully the last syllable of one word and the first syllable of the word following. Pause, underscore and so on, using the same prehistoric chant rhythm throughout, which is as effective in the thoughtful woman's entourage as ever it was in the Druids' grove or in the Delphic shrine.)

The apostle of beauty in the small apartment asked if the cultured women listening in had not been content to buy books "merely to pass away an hour or two of leisure". She felt sure of it; because she herself once acquired books with no other purpose than to read them. She was waked startlingly from this darkness, one day, by a visiting friend who exclaimed in horror at the discordant color note made by a book on the centre table of her living room. Since then she had never entered a bookshop without a "small sample" of the velour, chintz, or damask, which gave the "prevailing tone" to her room. She kept the samples fresh in her sewing cabinet. Her books now were "*Se* — lec — tedin — *Purr-chaste*—n' f'rtriv—*yil*—amuse-*ment*", but for their value as æsthetic aids in home decoration.

The worth of books in the life of an up-to-date lover of Beauty did not end with the right color note on the centre table. The speaker went on to tell the thoughtful woman of attractive boxes for gew-gaws and manicure necessaries, which the "smart gift shops" were showing. The buyers for these expensive shops had combed Europe for rare old books in rich inlaid bindings. Clever fingers had glued the gilt-edged pages solidly together to make three sides of the box. A sharp knife, deftly applied to the ancient print, a bit of satin lining of antique design, a gilt clasp — and behold a handy receptacle for mock pearl earrings or cutex, and an "ornament on any well-groomed woman's dressing table". A few small books (bound chiefly in carved ivory, if I recall her words) had been made into compacts.

Here was, indeed, a new synthesis of life for the thoughtful woman. And how enlarged was the Author's field! I had cherished the common dream of authors: that my bright fancy might reflect in the hearts of Gentle Readers, but I had never thought of its putting lustre on their fingernails. I had not even considered bindings in relation to sofa pillows. The obvious link between Freudian fiction and inverted plaits had escaped me.

NEXT day, I sought further enlightenment in one of the larger book stores in New York. Oh, yes, I was told, books were frequently bought nowadays solely for their color, to harmonize with the "prevailing tone" of a room.

"In fact, a week or so ago, a lady came in with a tape measure and asked for three and a half feet of red books. She explained that her walls and chairs were painted gray, her draperies were red, and that there was a four-foot shelf just over the gray *chaise longue* where a big splash of red was needed. She did not want books enough to fill the shelf, did not want them to stand closely and evenly. One book must lean, catty-cornered fashion, from left to right at one end of the shelf, and another must catty-corner from right to left in the middle of the shelf, so as to have that artistic sort of careless look becoming to a sun parlor furnished in enamelled wicker and hooked rugs."

An older generation received much of its secular education from books, and looked to orthodox clergy, medicine men and the weather, for oracles. It had a plodding, a pedestrian, mind. But *we* have come on! We need not pore laboriously over books. We put finger and thumb to a small mechanism in the corner, sit down and adjust the intellect, and education on every subject under the sun flows to us through the ether.

WHY is radio so popular? Radio has evolved out of a national passion, to supply a nation's need. No people of the earth love "talks" with a fervor like ours. In hamlet and city, Americans will mass before any rostrum to listen to anybody talk about anything; and they will believe vehemently what they hear just because it is said in a Talk. But how much more potent is the broadcaster's sway than the lecturer's! His voice ("his" by courtesy; it is usually hers) comes to you not as the platform speaker's to one of a mob, but as if you alone were the object of his solicitude. It enters upon your solitary hours as companionably as spirits rap on the

walls of the elect, and with a superior technique which does not trouble you to do mathematics. This personal attention upbuilds your ego (insensibly, but it does it). You respond gratefully with a whole-hearted endorsement of whatever the voices tell you. Thus does Radio unite our Young Nation's ruling passion, for Talks, with the ancient and beloved myth once embodied in Chorus. "The Powers attend!" They attend and they talk.

Said a man recently, speaking with a thoughtful air, "My radio keeps me from reading. Reading mightn't hurt some people. But I had a tendency to *get lost in a book.*" Radio saves the lost. Books are off to the tea-rooms of class and the period rooms (Grand Rapids). Academics and salvation are upon the circumambient. We have become Air Minded.

The Laurel and the Cypress Tree

By Th. Stephanides

The Laurel spake to the Cypress tree
From a garden fair, from a garden gay:
"Thou art tall but thou canst not vie with me
For the homage which to me men pay.
For my sake the wide world rings with strife,
For me men sell all which they hold dear,
For me do they barter human life,
For me do they mock at pain and fear.
For me do they rise unto the stars,
For me do they sink to the lowest hell,
For me do they loose the flames of Mars —
I lure them all with my magic spell!"

The Cypress spake to the Laurel green
From a garden gray, from a garden drear:
"'Tis true that of men thou art the queen,
Of gold more worth and of life more dear.
Aye, the world for thee doth ring with strife,
All men are drawn by thy magic spell,
All men set thee as the goal of life
Amid the stars or deep down in hell.
Yet the sands run swift, the day doth dawn
When upon the brow thy green leaves fade —
By a sable stream all men are borne
To slumber sound 'neath my gloomy shade."

Mysterious Mesmerism

By G. H. Estabrooks

A psychologist summarizes recent scientific studies of the always weird, sometimes useful, and occasionally perilous possibilities of the hypnotic trance

Hypnotism is no longer a plaything of the showman or a dimly understood power which rests in the eyes of a few skilled operators. Science here, as everywhere, has taken over the misty, hazy, half-truths of a former generation, has turned the full glare of its investigation on their claims, and has placed hypnotism on a firm foundation of scientific experiment.

All through history we find man terribly puzzled over certain mental conditions which he did not understand. The primitive Australian respected and feared the trances of his medicine man, Saul of Israel consulted the witch of Endor, the Greeks had their oracle at Delphi, and the modern American gazes in awestruck wonder on the spiritistic medium talking with the souls of the departed. All these curious conditions are now recognized simply as various types of the hypnotic trance.

When an individual is hypnotized it simply means that his unconscious mind has taken over the charge of his body. Also this unconscious mind is now under the control of the hypnotist or operator. This sounds rather weird, so let us illustrate from everyday life. You all know cases of people who walk and talk in their sleep. To be sure, they are a little rare, but they do exist. There you have an example of the unconscious mind controlling the body, for you know that the individual has no remembrance of his actions on awakening.

Now let us go a step farther. In some of these cases you can talk to the sleep walker and he will answer your questions. Then, if you care to, you can give him simple orders — or suggestions, as we would call them — and he will carry them out. In other words, you are in control of his unconscious mind and he accepts these suggestions. You have become the operator and he the subject. He is just as much hypnotized as though an expert had done the trick.

But of course the hypnotist cannot wait until he finds someone walking around in his sleep in order to get a good subject. By a very simple technique he puts the individual into this condition. He has only done artificially what nature does in everyday life.

The technique most generally used in producing hypnotism is some form of that employed by the famous Nancy School. Any one can learn how to hypnotize. There is nothing supernatural in the process and it has nothing to do with "will power".

ACTUALLY there are a great many stages in hypnotism, and it is very interesting to see how the operator gradually gets control. Thus, the subject is seated comfortably in an easy chair and the operator proceeds to "talk sleep" to him. The first sign of approaching hypnotism is an inability on the part of the subject to open his eyes. He is perfectly conscious, and yet he cannot, in response to the hypnotist's challenge, unlock his eyelids. It seems that these muscles are very easily placed beyond the control of the subject's own mind.

Next the operator will get control of larger muscle groups. The subject is still conscious, but he finds himself unable to bend his arm or even to lower it to the side when extended. This stage is followed by another still deeper, in which the operator can produce "automatic" movements in the subject. He can start his arms rotating around each other, and the hypnotized individual will be unable to stop them, or he can get the subject to open and shut his mouth, assuring him that it will be quite impossible for him to cease these ludicrous movements. Generally speaking, the subject is still conscious of what is happening. Only in the next stage do we get amnesia or loss of consciousness.

The reader must bear clearly in mind that the phenomena which I shall describe apply to only this last and deepest stage of hypnotism — somnambulism, it is called — and that only about one-fifth of the human race can be influenced to this depth. The remaining four-fifths will never go deeper than some of the preceding stages already described. Thus one man may be quite beyond all influence, another may be unable to open his eyes and yet be able to break any more serious test, such as bending his arms. A third may give all the phenomena right up to the verge of losing consciousness, but will never quite go into somnambulism. So remember that loss of consciousness and all the peculiar conditions which accompany this deepest stage of hypnotism are the exception rather than the rule.

PERHAPS the most striking characteristic of hypnotism is the subject's great suggestibility. He tends to believe anything that is told him. For instance, if I say to a somnambulist — who is quite unconscious and appears to be in much the same condition as a sleepwalker — that there is a rattlesnake on the table, he will recoil in terror. If I give him soap and tell him it is fudge, he will eat it with great gusto, while if I tell him that his arm is numb and senseless as a stick of wood, I can thrust a needle into it without causing him the least pain. In fact, suggestion appears to be a sort of master key by means of which I can get any of the strange conditions found in hypnotism.

Thus I can obtain all kinds of hallucinations merely by the use of suggestion. By hallucination I mean a false sense impression. When I tell the subject that he sees an elephant standing in the front yard, and he

agrees that he does, he is suffering from an hallucination. Similarly we can get an hallucination of hearing, and have the subject describe an imaginary orchestra, or an hallucination of taste such as the case already cited wherein soap was mistaken for candy. Any of the five senses can be thus deceived and in the deepest stages of hypnotism the subject will give vivid descriptions of the most impossible situations.

Another strange phenomenon of hypnotism, which is really a case of paralysis, is the ability of the hypnotist to produce blindness or deafness in his subject. This again is merely the outcome of suggestion and the resulting condition can be removed by the same means.

Rapport is another peculiar result of hypnotism. Thus after I have hypnotized a subject, he will listen to my voice and to my voice only. It makes no difference what you may say or do. He will be as deaf to you as if you were not in the same world. You may shout yourself hoarse and not get the slightest response, while I have merely to make the least request and it will be instantly carried out.

THERE are numerous other strange things which the hypnotized subject can do; or which can be done to him. For instance, I can place a postage stamp on his wrist and assure him that it is a very strong mustard plaster. In some cases this will be quite enough to raise a blister. Some operators assure us that they can cause blood to appear on any part of the skin merely by touching the part in question and assuring the subject that he is bleeding there. Further, it seems possible to influence the beating of the heart, the action of almost any of the internal organs, and even to raise or lower the subject's temperature simply by the use of suggestion!

Many hypnotists report an extreme acuteness of the senses. Thus it is a common experiment to give a subject the handkerchiefs of ten people present and have him return them by smell. Then there is the matter of muscular strength. We all know the classic experiment of the subject who lies with his heels on one chair and his head on another, his body forming a stiff and rigid bridge between the two and capable of supporting considerable weight. Bier, a German, lately reports the case of a girl who held her arm extended for seven hours without suffering pain or fatigue. Just try that little stunt when you have seven minutes to spare and pity the poor hypnotic subject who does it for seven hours.

PERHAPS the strangest of all the phenomena we meet with in hypnotism are the suggestions which are carried out after the subject is awake. Not only can we get all the peculiar results already described in the hypnotic trance itself, but we can produce any and all of them at any time after the trance. For instance, I may say to a subject, "At five o'clock tomorrow afternoon your right arm will suddenly become paralyzed." The subject will remember nothing on awakening, but wherever he is or whatever he may be doing at the time specified, his arm will become useless.

These post-hypnotic suggestions have a peculiar power behind them.

Thus I recall one experiment in which the subject was told that on awakening he would take a pack of cards from the window sill, select the ace of spades, and give it to the hypnotist. By interesting chance, the subject in question happened to be a psychologist himself and was perfectly familiar with all the fine points about hypnotism. So on awakening, when he started to carry out the order, it suddenly dawned on him that it might be a post-hypnotic suggestion. He stopped short and said to the hypnotist, "I believe that is a suggestion you gave me in hypnotism."

"What do you feel like doing?"

"I want to take the ace of spades from that pack and give it to you."

"You're right. It is a post-hypnotic suggestion. What are you going to do about it?"

"I won't carry it out."

"I'll bet you fifty cents you will," said the hypnotist.

"I'll take you," replied the subject.

Two hours were spent in the room, and it was very interesting to note how the subject would drift toward the pack of cards again and again but suddenly pull himself together and resist the suggestion. All this time no one mentioned the experiment, and all behaved as if nothing peculiar were happening. At the end of two hours the party broke up and the subject took his fifty cents and departed — but not in peace. The weird effect of that post-hypnotic suggestion could not be shaken off. Six hours afterward, late in the afternoon, he could endure it no longer but took the pack of cards, looked up the hypnotist, gave him the ace of spades, returned the fifty cents plus fifty more of his own, and admitted himself beaten. This seemed the only way he could rid himself of that haunting suggestion and obtain his peace of mind.

The picture of hypnotism as it has thus been outlined represents the opinion of many eminent authorities. All this work had been done previous to 1900, roughly speaking. With the arrival of the Twentieth Century our interest in this subject was overshadowed by the rise of psychoanalysis. Then, during the war, hypnotism again came into its own and in the last ten years a great deal of very excellent work has been done at our various universities. In general the reader will see that this newer hypnotism differs very little from the old as to the various phenomena which can be produced. Here and there, however, we have some striking conflicts with the older ideas, and a more practical application to human problems.

Perhaps the most able work done recently is that by Dr. P. C. Young, conducted in the Harvard Psychological Laboratory. Briefly, his results agree with those of the older school with some peculiar exceptions. Thus he finds, in the deep stages of hypnotism, that the subject is open to all sorts of hallucinations, that he can produce paralyses of the various types and can cause loss of sensation in any part of the body. He finds in the subject that same peculiar control over his body organs and he also finds rapport, or the condition wherein the patient is responsive to only the hypnotist and none other. He also gets amnesia or loss of mem-

ory on awakening and can produce all types of post-hypnotic suggestions.

But — and here is the difference — he insists that all these phenomena above are a result of suggestion in the hypnotic state and not necessarily earmarks of hypnotism itself. In other words, a subject could be hypnotized and awakened again without giving any of these phenomena unless they were implicitly or explicitly suggested to him by the operator. So far as those conditions are concerned, the hypnotic subject differs from the normal individual only in that he is more suggestible — in that they *can* be produced if the hypnotist so wishes it.

YOUNG also investigated very carefully that remarkable acuteness of the senses which so many old authorities stressed and came to the conclusion that it did not exist. Here again we have a very neat little point. What the older hypnotists were observing, according to Young, was a result of coöperation and not of increased acuteness of the senses. In other words the hypnotic subject coöperates better — tries harder — and simply does what he could do in the normal state if he would but make the effort.

He further finds that the hypnotic subject, apart from his great openness to suggestion, differs from the normal individual in only two respects. The first of these is his great increase in muscular endurance. This is not evident in any sudden demand on his strength but is shown in his resistance to fatigue. Secondly, he found that the hypnotic subject had a remarkable increase in his memory for past events. While in the hypnotic state he could recall events in early childhood which had been long since forgotten by his normal conscious mind.

Thus while Young admits the existence of many of the phenomena described by the older authorities, he insists that most of these will not occur in hypnotism unless they are definitely suggested to the subject. Two only, resistance to muscular fatigue and memory of forgotten events, seem to occur of themselves.

W. R. Wells at Syracuse University is emphasizing what he terms "waking hypnotism". This he has reduced to a remarkable classroom technique wherein he demonstrates the possibility of influencing an entire group at one sitting. The strangest part of his procedure, however, is that he gets his results with the subjects fully awake at all times. He is very careful not to make any suggestions of sleep, but begins by suggesting to his subjects that their eyes are closed. Then he follows fairly closely the typical tests, but gets the results without using the idea of sleep. This is a very interesting point, since many old authorities claimed that hypnotism and sleep were first cousins, so to speak, if not twin brothers.

PERHAPS the most interesting use of hypnotism now is in the field of medicine. Here we see a distinct shifting of the medical viewpoint within the last few years. This is due to the influence of psycho-analysis. According to the teaching of psycho-analysis many nervous diseases result from the so-called complexes. These are the memories of experiences which have a very unpleasant emotional tone. For certain reasons, these memo-

ries are driven completely out of consciousness — are "forgotten" — and are locked into the unconscious. But owing to the make-up of the human mind they may have a very bad influence on the health of the individual.

MANY such cases occurred in the war under the name of "shell shock". The following, quoted from William McDougall's *Abnormal Psychology*, are good examples:

A color-sergeant of long service was carrying a dispatch from one part of the front to another, riding a motor-bicycle. He suddenly found himself, a few hours later, pushing his bicycle through the streets of a seaport town some hundred miles from the front. He was utterly bewildered and, in order to avoid suspicion of desertion, he surrendered himself to the military police. He remained unable to give any account of his long journey from a spot near the front to the seaport. After some stay in various hospitals he came under my care. He had no symptoms beyond his amnesia for this short period of some hours' duration, and a certain depression and lack of self-confidence, such as naturally resulted from the circumstances in a man of his good record and responsible position. Waking conversation having failed to overcome the amnesia, I tried hypnosis and at once the amnesia yielded; the dissociative barrier was overcome, and he continued in the waking state to be able to recollect and describe the whole incident: how a shell exploded near him, throwing him down; how he remounted his cycle and set off for the seaport; how he found his way by studying the sign-posts and asking questions, etc. It was clear that, though his actions had been conscious, intelligent, and purposive, yet his conscious activity was of a restricted kind; he seemed to have had no thought about the consequences of his action, but to have been driven on by the single strong impulse of fear, taking the form of a desire to get far away from the danger-zone.

Prof. McDougall relates also the following case:

A soldier, a big vigorous man, was in hospital after being rendered briefly unconscious or dazed by shell-explosion. He showed no symptoms, and I was about to return him to duty when other inmates of his ward complained of his walking in his sleep. I found that, several times nearly every night, he would get up, walk over to the bedside of the only sergeant in the ward, and stand there until led back to his bed. He could throw no light on this peculiarity. In hypnosis he at once relived and described the scene of his accident. A shell had exploded, killing and wounding several comrades; he rushed off to the sergeant to report; and, as he did so, a second shell exploded, dazing him. In the somnambulism he was reliving this scene, the memory of which was dissociated.

In these cases we see very clearly illustrated what we term "hypno-analysis", or analysis of the unconscious mind by means of hypnotism. Strange to say, when these forgotten memories are returned to consciousness, the patient generally recovers his normal health.

ANOTHER weird use to which hypnotism would have been placed, had the war continued, was that of extracting information from prisoners of war. For instance, we know perfectly well that a nerve specialist could easily pick out the good hypnotic subjects in a prisoners' hospital. He could do this without exciting the least suspicion, could have them isolated in separate rooms and then hypnotize them under the guise of mental healing. The next step would then be easy. For instance, he would tell the hypnotized prisoner that he was back in Germany and was speaking to his superior officers. A few men dressed as German officers would help the trick along. This would simply be the ordinary type of visual hallucination. Then he would be asked to describe fully the happenings of

the previous day. Unless I am very sadly mistaken he would tell everything he knew under the influence of these suggestions. This procedure, I happen to know, was under consideration by at least one of the warring nations.

OUR older authorities used hypnotism very freely in the treating of certain mental conditions, especially bad habits. This practice still persists with but little change. Thus it is a recognized method of attacking the drink or morphine habit. If a man or woman turns out to be a good subject, the hypnotist may say to him that the next time he takes a glass of liquor or touches a morphine needle he will be violently sick at his stomach and will vomit. If this suggestion only works — and the chances are it will — we shall probably sicken him of his bad practices in short order. On the other hand, straight suggestion in the lighter stages of hypnotism often works wonders in these cases. This whole procedure, however, is an old one long since familiar to the nerve specialist.

Another interesting revival in the practice of hypnosis since the war has been its use in child-birth, which seems to have become a more or less accepted procedure at the Heidelberg clinic in Germany.

"But," it may be asked, "why not use hypnotism in place of chloroform or ether generally, since we can get anæsthesia merely by suggestion?" There are two main reasons. In the first place, only one-fifth of the human race can be thrown into somnambulism, or the deepest stage of hypnotism. Here only are we sure of getting immunity to pain. Secondly, even then results are not certain. I have had patients suddenly wake up out of deep hypnotism for no apparent reason whatsoever. This is rather a common experience with all experimenters. Should this occur in the middle of a major operation the result would be disastrous.

AN INTERESTING chapter in the development of hypnotism deals with its use in the cure of what we term multiple personality. In this rare condition we see two or three people actually inhabiting the same body. For instance, you will suddenly lose consciousness, but your body will go right on as if nothing had happened. You are walking in your sleep, if you will, only your eyes are open and you are so normal in every respect that no one can tell the difference. Then suddenly you regain consciousness, and carry on just as if there was nothing wrong — only you have that gap in your memory. Let us call you Mr. A. Careful investigation has shown that while you were unconscious a Mr. B. was running your body, exactly as in the case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. This Mr. B. is in many cases just as much of a personality as you are. It is just as if Mr. B. was a spirit from another world and had stepped in to control your body for a short period. His visits may occur only once or twice during your lifetime or these interruptions may come during your entire existence. Our greatest authority on these weird conditions is Dr. Morton Prince, lately Professor of Psychology at Harvard University. In one example, the famous Beauchamp case, there were actually five personalities in the one body! Treatment

by hypnotism seems about the only way in which to cure such conditions, since in the hypnotic state it is often found that you have the memories of both A. and B. The cure consists of waking the individual and forcing him to keep both memories.

ANOTHER proposed use of hypnotism sounds like a fairy tale. It is a strange fact that many of us seem to have talents in our unconscious mind of which we are quite unaware. Thus we know of cases wherein a hypnotized subject suddenly developed great artistic ability. He shows real genius as a painter while under hypnosis, yet he is a complete failure in his normal condition.

The careful investigation of such cases is only a matter of the last few years. One writer — Mühl — actually proposed that by means of hypnotism we search out these hidden abilities in the unconscious and then "re-synthesize" the individual. In other words that we make over his personality, so that when he is awake and normal he will be able to retain these good features of his unconscious mind.

Two problems are always of great interest to the general public. These deal with the questions of who can be hypnotized and with the power of the hypnotist.

With reference to the first of these we are often asked, "Can an individual be hypnotized against his will?" That depends entirely on a number of factors. First, we have the case of the sleep-walker. People of his type can certainly be hypnotized without their consent, if not against their will. Then there is always the fact that after an individual has been hypnotized once, it is far easier to repeat the performance. By means of suggestion a good operator can render a subject so susceptible that he can probably be hypnotized at any time and quite regardless of his wishes. On the other hand, the recent experiments by Dr. Young and Professor Foote at Louisiana State University, might throw a doubt on this point.

HOWEVER, I take it we are mainly interested in whether a normal individual can be hypnotized for the *first time* against his will. Probably he or she cannot be so influenced. Bernheim, the greatest of all the old masters, said that no one could be hypnotized against his will "provided he knew he could resist". In other words, no one could be hypnotized provided he realized that the best operator was powerless so long as he kept his head and did not get excited. On the other hand, it is quite possible for the subject literally to frighten himself into it. Heidenhain showed this quite clearly. He secured the coöperation of a German army officer to demonstrate a little drama. First he told the men of a certain section that he would hypnotize them. Then he had the officer in question give him permission to proceed, but this same officer absolutely forbade the men to go into the trance. The men, of course, knew nothing concerning the fine points of hypnotism. They regarded Heidenhain as an individual with uncanny power. Moreover, the threat of their officer to court martial them if they became victims merely made matters worse. As a result the men were literally terrified into the trance.

We must realize, however, that this question is still unanswered. The psycho-analytic school and indeed others before them have shown that hypnotism could probably be helped by strong emotional shock. It is possible that the normal individual could be hypnotized if the operator were allowed a free hand to use certain drugs, deprive the victim of sleep and keep him or her at a state of high emotional tension. For obvious reasons this has never been tried.

Finally, just what power has the hypnotist over the subject? An interesting point, but one which can never be answered. The reason is clear. The only way for me to find out if a certain subject will commit murder is to have him do so. Unfortunately Uncle Samuel is not broad-minded on these points and no mere university professor is going to force a showdown.

THE unconscious mind is much alive to certain issues. Thus I can have my subject commit murder with a rubber dagger, put imaginary poison in his victim's tea, or forge a check which he knows will be immediately torn up. He — or rather his unconscious mind — realizes that the whole thing is just a little farce and he is willing to play his part. On the other hand, make any suggestions which run counter to his real ideals and you have a very different picture. Your subject either flatly refuses or wakes up. Dr. Young and Professor Foote at Louisiana State University showed in very neat fashion this power which the subject has to resist the operator. In their experiments the subject, before the seance, wrote on a piece of paper just what he would not do. He then put this in his pocket. Strange to say, although he went into somnambulism it was absolutely impossible to force him to do those acts which he had previously decided against.

For all that, a clever and unscrupulous operator might be able to accomplish any end. Suppose I hand my subject a revolver loaded with real ammunition and tell him to shoot Mr. X. in the next room. Then I remark to my assistant that the bullets are, of course, dummies. The subject will think it is the usual farce and carry out the suggestion. Personally, I would not like to be Mr. X. To be sure I have merely fooled the subject, but he will have no memory of whence came the suggestion, and according to our laws he is responsible for the murder and not I. Indeed I can readily see how a really clever operator could make the subject carry out almost any suggestion simply by tricking him, as in the case just cited, or in the previous scheme of obtaining information from prisoners of war.

HYPNOTISM, in fine, is a dangerous toy; don't play with it. Probably it is perfectly safe in the hands of a skilled operator, although such an authority as William Brown, Professor of Psychology at Oxford, would say it always has a bad effect on the subject. Be that as it may, it certainly is not a plaything for the man in the street. A bungling operator may cause all sorts of nervous disturbances in his subject. Hysteria and all its symptoms may very easily result. So let it alone.

The Common Stock Racket

By Frederic Drew Bond

Penetrating side-lights on the high finance which has deluded the American investor with the dream that speculative common stock is as safe as bonded securities.

For five years, as everyone knows, the country has witnessed the longest rise in stock prices — the greatest bull market on the stock exchanges — ever seen in this or any other land. Much that has happened is an old story to the man who recalls the first decade of the century, the days of Morgan and Harriman, but much is new. And among the new things is one of the first importance to everyone who thinks of investing his bank deposit in securities.

Let us glance back a decade. At the close of the war, the enormous rise in the cost of living had made many dissatisfied with the three or four per cent. interest offered on funds by savings banks or by Government bonds. To raise money, corporations were compelled to offer high interest rates on new issues of bonds. But this meant a heavy burden of payments to bondholders for years to come. It is not surprising that some enterprising companies, at first few in number, but soon numerous, conceived the idea of raising needed funds by selling preferred and common stock rather than bonds. Plainly, a corporation which obtains the money it needs from selling its stock rather than its bonds is in a stronger position than one which has to put out bonds; for dividends on stock may be passed when not earned, but interest on bonds must be paid, willy-nilly, even at the cost of drawing upon capital.

But new stock, even of good concerns, had become chronically hard to sell in America. Too many fly-by-night concerns had skimmed the cream of surplus incomes, and the man who had been fleeced by George Graham Rice was suspicious even of John D. Rockefeller. Moreover, the long educational campaign of the American bankers in the years before the war had done its work only too thoroughly. No longer could the small city man or the thrifty farmer be easily induced to put his savings into, let us say, a confectionery company because Huyler's had been a vast success; nor into an oil company because of the fame of Standard Oil; nor into a mining concern because of the bonanza of Calumet and Hecla. Though the stock market was rising from the middle of 1924, the reluctance of the great American public to buy new is-

sues of stocks remained. The great corporations had to put out stocks rather than bonds: but how to persuade the public to buy, continued a moot point.

AT THIS psychological moment came the needed device to turn the trick, the "rationalization" whereby the public would willingly part with its funds. Bonds, it was discovered and proclaimed, are not really safer than stocks at all; just the opposite holds; stocks are the better long-term investments. The old notion of the superiority of bonds is as out-of-date as pre-war ideas generally.

In the spring of 1925 a series of articles by a hitherto unheard-of writer, Kenneth S. van Strum, appeared and were immediately afterwards reprinted in book form. This work was entitled *Investing in Purchasing Power*. It pointed out the rise in the cost of living since the beginning of the war and indicated that a bond bought in 1913 would have returned at maturity in 1920 much less purchasing power than at the earlier date. But a stock might very well have gone up in price and in the dividends it paid during that period; in fact, a number of stocks actually had done so. Many tabulations of similar import were given at length just about the same time. Another writer, Edgar Lawrence Smith, put out the same idea in even more vigorous form; this last book was called *Common Stocks as Long-Term Investments*. It is on the ideas contained in these two books and in the writings of their very numerous adherents that the astounding sales pressure of promoters, bankers, brokers, and dealers has been based, to distribute successfully the largest output of new securities in a few years that American finance has ever emitted.

Into the thesis of these books, we shall glance in a moment. Here we are concerned with what actually happened. It suggested and stimulated the wildest confusion between investment and speculation in the mind of the moneyed American public, and it gave everyone with an itch for speculation and some surplus cash exactly the excuse needed. The most rigorous wife in the Middle West, a Prohibitionist and a member of the W. C. T. U., the sort of lady who would have been horrified by the mention of "speculation" by her husband, could see nothing wrong with a "conservative investment" sponsored by a highly "conservative" New York or Boston house, especially if the "investment" proved to be — as it frequently did — quite lucrative! By the end of 1925 the craze had touched every portion of the country.

PERHAPS it would, of its own accord, have gone much further. But the sale of new stock issues is bound up in some curious psychological fashion with the course of prices of the old issues listed on the great exchanges, especially on the New York Stock Exchange. Speculation on these exchanges had got out of hand, and in the early part of 1926 occurred a smash whose aftermath endured for months. Attempts to sell new stock by the aid of the common stock theory began to meet a stolid sickening sales resistance. Just here, certain brilliant brokerage houses discovered the idea and uses of the previously unknown "investment trust". The public would not take common stocks willingly any longer, unless at concessions in price

unpleasant to think of. Very well; the public need not. An "investment trust", which should purchase the best of stocks on a scientifically arranged plan of diversification and should sell its own securities to the public, might do the trick. Had not the Moore Brothers with the Rock Island Company in 1902 shown that, when the public will no longer pay a fair price for a good stock, it is quite possible to get it to pay an exorbitant price to a holding company which buys up the good stock? Besides, did not financial organizations known as "investment trusts" exist in Great Britain? Had they not existed for years? Well, use the same name here! Sponge up common stocks, and let the public own parts of the sponge!

IT MIGHT have been thought that there was an inconvenient fact here to be overcome. The British investment trusts were founded and flourished on the legitimate investment idea of taking advantage of the spread between low interest rates in Great Britain and high interest rates in the British colonies. Money raised in London was placed abroad where it brought in a higher return, and this higher return was distributed to the holders of the trust certificates. But the "investment trust" in America has been a "trust" in only a very few instances, and it has had little or nothing to do with investments in any proper sense of that word. Essentially, it is a speculative corporate pool formed to buy and sell securities generally or securities of some one or more special types. Its analogue, previous to the War, was not the British investment trust, but certain Dutch associations operated very conservatively from Amsterdam, whose origin may be traced back well into the Nineteenth Century, if not earlier.

Previous to the War, small speculative pools of this sort had been constituted sporadically, but with one or perhaps two exceptions, none had long survived. Up to well into 1924, the total capital involved in the American "investment trusts" was but half a million dollars. During 1926, as we have seen, they thrived exceedingly, and by May, 1927, about $300,000,000 had been put into some seventy concerns. By October, 1928, it was estimated that 207 were in existence in the United States and Canada, and that their combined resources totalled over one billion dollars. Of these "trusts", however, nine were controlled by four financial groups and accounted for over half a billion of the resources. Most of the trusts were then and still are of small or medium size, using these words, of course, in the Wall Street comparative sense. *Practically all of these trusts of real importance have been put out, or sponsored by or affiliated with groups emitting new issues of common and preferred stocks, very often of entirely new industrial or commercial corporations.*

SINCE the beginning of last October there has been a change. In the first place, the rate of issue of these corporate pools has speeded up astonishingly. In the four months or less up to the end of January, 1929, about $600,000,000 cash has been placed in new concerns. Secondly, practically all of the newer concerns have ceased to use the utterly misleading term "investment trust". Thirdly, some of the most powerful financial groups not only in American but even in world

finance have enlisted as public sponsors of the newer concerns.

Men of great intelligence may be reasonably presumed to intend the natural consequences of their activities. Now, the consequence of stock purchases by the corporate pools with their billion and a half resources has been, in such stocks as they have entered, a partial absorption of the "floating supply" in such shares and an enormous strengthening of the bull interest. "Security purchases by these companies," said *Barron's* editorially on January 21, "have been a stabilizing influence in the stock market and explain in part why the better common stocks have declined but little in market slumps and advanced sharply when the general trend was upward." As many persons have been greatly mystified as to how the management of these concerns intend themselves to profit, it should be said that in addition to their own holdings and their indirect interest in common stock stabilization, they often have received options at the inception of the corporation on large blocks of the "trust's" shares, besides stated fees.

What might be called the basic idea back of the speculative movement of the first decade, was the "merger". Mergers were everywhere and talked of concerning every business. So, the common stock craze, the basic idea of the present great movement, has spread far beyond stimulating individual purchasers and "investment trusts". It has extended its influence in the form of a "liberalizing" tendency into the management of trust funds, of life insurance companies and of savings banks. In all three of these sorts of institutions the laws restricting investment to real investment securities have been either modified or subjected to attempts at modification. Anyone who will closely study the personnel connected with the great insurance companies with the aid of the *Directory of Directors*, *Who's Who in Finance*, or similar works, will find little difficulty in tracing the line of affiliation with the great issuing houses of America. The line is less easily traced in the instance of trust funds and in the instance of savings banks, but there is a certain unity pervading the structure of the entire financial world, which reveals itself on close examination.

It is not intended here to make the positive statement that wider latitude than in the past should not sometimes be allowed to the controllers of these varied sorts of institutions. We have merely to note that the facts have occurred together and are casually interconnected. We will omit consideration of trust funds here and confine ourselves to the situation regarding the legally permissible investment of savings funds and life insurance companies.

About a year ago, the Wales-Merriam Act in New York State broke away from the old time restrictions imposed on the purchases for investment by the insurance companies. The new law allows investment not only in bonds but in debentures, guaranteed and preferred stocks — all, of course, under certain restrictions and limitations. No doubt, a good case can be made for life insurance purchases of debentures and guaranteed stocks. Nor can it be doubted that there are certain preferred stocks which merit rank as

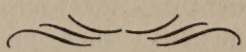
investments. The real point which invites criticism is the permission to expose the insurance companies to the inevitable vicissitudes of business through stock ownership instead of restricting them to issues protected by legal contract, and with a fixed and exact principal repayable on a definite maturity date.

WHAT fundamentally is the sophism underneath the common share delusion? In brief, it is the error that because American industry may expand for years to come, *therefore* each present corporate unit will get the benefit of the expansion. No account is taken of new competitive corporations or of possible industrial shifts. In fact, the most curious feature connected with the Smith-van Strum theory is the paradox by which, though intending to prove the stability and necessary progress of existing sound industrial corporations, it has been used as an argument to induce the purchase of shares of new corporations — the competitors of the old. As for the many instances adduced of lucrative stock purchases, one and all they mean merely that "hindsight is better than foresight". Those dazzled by the vision of occasional stock bonanzas should recall equally glaring failures. Who, for instance, in 1906 would have anticipated the fate of such immensely powerful corporations as St. Paul, Rock Island, New Haven, and Boston and Maine, not to speak of the less stable group of some half score roads which made up the Gould group of railroads?

WHEN Mr. van Strum speaks of "investing" in purchasing power, he really means "speculating". Had his stocks been bought in a period of falling commodity prices, the bonds, not the stocks, would have stood up best. But, after all, if a group of stocks bought at the same time as a group of bonds yields at some future period a higher total if sold, what does it prove? Just what everyone has always known, that stocks may be quite good speculations at times. To buy for a rise in principal is always a speculation. That hundreds of thousands of persons now owners of stocks were lured by the word "investment" and would have been scared off by the word "speculation" does not affect the facts.

Nor can a stock of a company possibly be stronger than a bond of the same company. For if the stock is safe, the bonds are safer, and if the dividends on the stock are sure, the interest on the bonds is surer. On the other hand, dividends on the stock may cease and yet bond interest remain secure. The difference is between a stock, dependent on economic conditions at the best, and a bond, dependent on a cold blooded legally enforceable contract, at the worst.

But what's the use? The disease must run its course.



Have We a Navy?

By Captain N. H. Goss, U. S. N.

What Lord Balfour calls the cubical, concrete, congealed facts indicate to this expert authority that the question which he asks must be answered in the negative

The answer to this question lies in a consideration of two subjects: whether our Navy is adequate to perform successfully its normal tasks and duties that may naturally be imposed upon it; and how it compares in strength with the navies of other principal Sea Powers.

Unless the Navy is adequate to carry out successfully all its duties, it is a failure and as a business proposition does not justify the money spent upon it; for unless it is so efficient as to be capable of maintaining peace with a reasonable assurance, or in the final analysis of war capable of successfully defending the country's interests, the money spent upon it had better be saved. In other words, the Navy is first of all an insurance, and may be properly looked upon as such.

Every country, our own in common with all others, has certain foreign policies upon which the well being and interests of the nation depend; a task of the Navy is to assure the carrying out of these policies in peace without molestation. All these duties impose activity in many areas upon the Navy.

Past policies of the country with regard to the Navy and the present restrictions of the Washington Treaties have left the Navy without any outlying bases besides Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian group, and the Panama Canal. These while fortified are not bases in a complete sense, since neither is self-supporting and each is dependent for security upon unrestricted sea communications between it and the United States. Manila Bay in the Philippines is fortified in a restricted sense, but is too isolated and too weakly held under the restrictions of the Washington Treaties to be of any support to our fleet and is actually, in point of fact, a weakness. These are all the defended outposts we have on which to base the defense of sea communications that cover the globe.

A consideration of these then discloses some idea of the proposition the Navy faces in order to be adequate, for unless our outlying positions and possessions are secure and our essential sea communications kept open, the Navy is not adequate. When we consider that the Panama Canal is nearly 1,800 miles from Hampton Roads, and well over 3,000 miles from San Francisco; that Hawaii is more

than 2,000 miles from the Pacific coast and Manila 4,500 miles beyond Pearl Harbor; that each of these positions is dependent upon the home country even for supplies, we gain some idea of the task facing the Navy in being adequate for the support of these positions alone. When we consider that the prosperity of the country is dependent in an increasing measure upon unhampered trade with all the countries of the world, and that the economic life of the country is dependent upon the importation of such essential commodities as sugar, hemp, coffee, rubber, manganese and nitrates, all of which come over routes where secure bases for fuel, shelter, supplies and refitting are lacking, we gain a further idea of the problem the Navy faces.

Not all vessels can always be at sea, even in time of war. Some must always be under repair, and the number of effective units at sea with the fleet or on other equally important tasks is dependent upon the location of the facilities for repair and docking. If these navy yards are conveniently located, less time is lost in going to and from stations and fewer units can perform the same duties; if they are scattered or lacking entirely in areas that must be traversed, the number of units required to make the Navy adequate for its tasks is correspondingly increased. Thus the problem is a complex one, and the necessary numbers are dependent upon the primary factor of the relation between secure positions and the lines of communication the country's interest requires kept open.

Naturally, the problem is dependent also upon the positions other Powers have with relation to the location of our outlying possessions, the sea routes connecting them with our home country and other necessary trade routes. It is generally known that Great Britain has possessions throughout the world; how these possessions, with the actual and potential naval bases in the harbors they contain, support and facilitate her sea communications, is perhaps not so generally realized. When we consider that such possessions of hers lie off our own coast; along the sea lanes to Central and South America; along the Caribbean approaches to the Panama Canal; along the routes from the Panama Canal to the Philippines; at Singapore and Hong Kong, and in East Indian Islands also near the Philippines, we see that the tasks of her Navy are not only lightened by the British possession of these positions but the possible task of our Navy, in giving security to our vital position in the Canal Zone and maintaining our essential trade routes, is correspondingly increased.

Japan is principally concerned in the affairs of the Far East. For uninterrupted trade and secure communications with China, Manchuria and Siberia, she occupies an ideal strategic position. But Japan also lies near the Philippines, and her positions in the Caroline and Marshall Islands lie directly along the routes from Hawaii to Guam and the Philippines.

We too have very important and necessary trade connections with China. As long ago as 1899 the Open Door Policy, upon which the integrity and unhampered development of China are dependent, was proclaimed; we shall be interested also in the development of Siberia as that

country becomes stabilized. China and Siberia are a vast reservoir of raw material and a potential future market for manufactured goods in an almost unlimited sense. The development of these countries under conditions approaching a monopoly such as now exists in Manchuria and Korea would not only interfere with and hamper our desirable trade relations but would give to the country possessing such a monopoly an aggrandizement of power contrary to our interests and unhealthy to the peace of the world. Here again we see that the task of our Navy in defending our interests in the Philippines, in promoting the security of our trade relations in the Far East, and assuring us a fair share of future trade expansion through the assertion of the Open Door Policy, which it is easy to see will be of increasing importance in the future, is complicated and increased by the positions in that area, not only of the Japanese, but of Great Britain as well.

WE MAY now pursue the question of whether we have an adequate Navy by considering what we have in actual vessels and also what others have.

Everyone knows that a fleet is composed of various types of vessels. How the actual strength of a fleet is dependent upon the relation of these types to each other, and how a fleet to be effective must be composed of various types in the proportions determined by experience and experiment to be necessary, are naturally not so well known to the general public. All the various types are necessary, and no fleet can be wholly effective that lacks any of them. The principles underlying naval strength remain constant; new weapons or new methods, while adding complexity, do not change them because the essential needs which the various types supply remain the same. As soon expect an army short of heavy artillery, or deficient in aircraft, or lacking trench equipment, to be efficient, as expect a fleet, lacking the relative numbers of the various types which experience has determined essential, to be effective.

WE HAVE eighteen capital ships, a number definitely fixed by the Washington Treaties. These are all battleships and hence are comparatively slow, none being capable of more than 21 knots. When we consider the great distances that must be covered by them away from the proximity of secure bases, or even defended harbors where they may find any measure of shelter or repair facilities, it is fortunate indeed that these battleships are well protected and possess at least as strong resisting powers as any other capital ships in existence, with one possible exception. Four of these ships are, however, of inferior gun power according to modern standards, mounting only 12-inch guns. These four, comprising the Utah and Wyoming classes of two each, and the oldest two 14-inch gun ships of the Texas class as well, are limited in range in a modern sense, since their guns cannot be elevated sufficiently to take advantage of up-to-date aircraft spotting. While our battleships are admirable in defensive qualities, we lack entirely the high speed type of capital ship called the battle cruiser, a vessel large enough to embody adequate deck and underwater protection, carrying also the heaviest guns but fewer in number, but with somewhat less side

armor protection. Lack of this high speed, long radius type is considered a serious defect, since distances to be covered by us are so great and our bases are so few and far between.

THE British have twenty capital ships, none mounting less than 13.5-inch guns. Of these, sixteen are battleships and four are battle cruisers; one of the latter, the Hood, the largest and most powerful war vessel ever built, over 7,000 tons larger than now permitted by treaty to be built, and large enough to permit the most complete protection contained in any vessel afloat, and with the greatest speed without sacrificing any material amount of gun power. All except four of the British battleships, the Iron Dukes of 21 knots, are comparatively fast, not below 23 knots; while the five Queen Elizabeths are capable of a sustained sea speed of 25 knots. The British possess also the two Nelsons, the only vessels yet permitted to be built under the provisions of the Washington Treaties, two ultra-modern vessels carrying the heaviest battery afloat, with ample protection, and a speed of 23 knots.

The Japanese have ten capital ships, four of them of the fast battle cruiser type; none mount less than 14-inch guns; none have less than 22.5 knots speed; and their two Nagatos are larger and considerably faster than our own somewhat similar Maryland class. The value of well located bases is well illustrated in the greatly increased effective strength theirs give these Japanese capital ships in Far Eastern waters, contrasted with the handicaps our greater number of such vessels, without even a place to fuel much less repair damages, would suffer in an endeavor to defend the Philippines. Their fast battle cruisers are particularly effective for raiding convoy or fleet movements across large sea areas, especially where there are no opposing battle cruisers of equal speed.

THE airplane carriers are the other type limited by the Washington Treaties, 135,000 tons being allotted to the British and ourselves and 80,000 tons for the Japanese. We actually have three, our Saratoga and Lexington, of 33,000 tons each, and the old experimental Langley. The Saratoga and Lexington are very large, not necessarily because the Navy wished it so but because it was convenient to convert two battle cruiser hulls that would otherwise have been scrapped under the Washington Treaties. These two vessels do possess great speed and have adequate underwater protection, but also carry many eggs in one basket, and one bomb or one well-placed shell would as quickly impair their effectiveness as that of a smaller carrier, so that our plane carriers are little if any more effective than the three of 63,000 tons which the Japanese have, and certainly considerably much less so than the six of 107,000-odd tons which the British possess. The treaty provides that experimental carriers like our Langley may be replaced at any time, and it was desired in the Navy Building programme, as originally proposed, to build five additional of considerably smaller size, as reasonable speed for our remaining purposes could be obtained in smaller vessels carrying not so many eggs in one basket, with consequent less liability of all units being immobilized by damage to their equally vulnerable

flight decks. In connection with plane carriers it may be noted that all shore bases in possession of Great Britain or Japan, near our possessions or along our lines of communication, are potential aircraft bases of greater strength than any airforce carried by surface vessels.

LIGHT cruisers, while the most discussed type at present, are after all only one of the elements that constitute naval strength, although adequate strength does depend on necessary numbers of these, and comparative strength in this type depends greatly upon the bases available for their use. Of this type, we have the ten Omahas and the eight Pensacolas now under construction, a total of 146,000 tons; the addition of the fifteen cruisers contained in the bill recently passed by Congress will increase our cruiser strength to a total of thirty-three modern vessels of 296,000 tons.

The British have already built fifty-six vessels of this type with a total tonnage of 313,766 tons, have under construction eight additional of 76,000 tons, and have also authorized and appropriated for two more of 16,600 tons, a grand total of sixty-six cruisers of 406,966 tons. While all of them are under twenty years old, the oldest seven are of only 25 knots speed and hence below the modern definition of this type, which is a cruiser with a speed greater than 27 knots, less than twenty years old, with guns not above 8 inches. Disregarding these seven vessels, which are, however, sufficiently modern to be useful for many purposes, the British still have a cruiser force of fifty-nine vessels of 371,906 tons.

The Japanese, who as we have seen enjoy great natural advantages of position in the Far East, have already built a modern cruiser force of twenty-two vessels of 119,855 tons, have under construction six more of 60,000 tons, and have authorized and appropriated for one additional of 10,000 tons, a total of twenty-nine vessels of 189,855 tons. They also have three other serviceable cruisers less than twenty years old with a speed of 26 knots, so the Japanese too are comparatively strong in this essential type.

A GOOD deal has been said in the press, particularly the foreign press, about the size and gun power of our later cruisers. While, considering the distances they will have to cover due to our lack of adequate bases, they will naturally be of the largest size permitted, in order to give them necessary steaming radius and sea keeping qualities, and also will have the 8-inch guns their size permits them to carry, we find that the British have included in their total not less than seventeen large cruisers mounting 8-inch guns, together with four other large vessels only slightly under 10,000 tons mounting 7.5-inch guns; and that the Japanese have eight of the large 8-inch gun cruisers together with four somewhat smaller ones also mounting 8-inch guns. It is interesting to note, too, that the normal duties of cruisers do not involve cruiser force actions, like battle lines of capital ships. They are largely employed on scouting, escort, convoy, communication and raiding duties, involving largely single vessels, while the smaller vessels are actually more suitable for work with a battle fleet, especially to the British and Japanese, since their cruisers would

enjoy the support and protection of battle cruisers.

DESTROYER leaders are a new type developed largely during the war as a result of experience requiring an equally fast but somewhat larger destroyer to serve as flotilla or destroyer leader in coördinating the movements of destroyer groups; large enough to afford a somewhat more stable platform for observation and to carry the staff and communication apparatus required efficiently to handle a group of destroyers. This is a type that we lack entirely, and have so far failed to authorize. Lack of it largely reduces the efficiency and potential strength of the large destroyer force which we acquired as a result of anti-submarine activities begun during the war.

The British, who developed the type, have eighteen of these flotilla leaders, which the Japanese have thought so well of that they have built or have under construction twenty-four vessels, all modern, that may be classed as of this type.

Destroyers are one type in which we excel in numbers and potential strength, as we have 276 of modern construction. All of these, however, as we have just seen, are without leaders from which to control them and are all of practically the same age. Considerably less than half of them are in commission, due to lack of personnel to man them, hence they are deteriorating, and more than half of them have uneconomical motive machinery which greatly reduces their steaming radius. The British have 164 of this type of vessel, some of them considerably more modern than ours, with leaders from which efficiently to control them. The Japanese have eighty-three, almost all of post-war construction, with, as we have seen, twenty-four ultra-modern leaders with which to handle them.

A FLEET submarine is an ocean going, long radius submarine of more than 1,000 tons, speed over 20 knots, carrying larger than 3-inch guns, a submarine capable of operating for long distances from its base and remaining at sea for long periods of time. This too is a type developed by experience, largely by the Germans. We have nine of these, built and building, of 18,618 tons, but our three oldest ones are already obsolete. As all submarines are inherently of low submerged speed, and as none of them can make any great speed in rough weather, they are not effective unless they are at least comparatively numerous, since they are not able to keep up or change their position to conform with the movements of swift surface vessels. Naturally all submarines are particularly dependent upon bases. We all remember how the most concentrated effort could not stop the German submarines from operating in the English Channel until the Germans were driven away from the Flanders coast ports of Zeebrugge and Ostend. The British have twenty fleet submarines of 31,210 tons, and the Japanese have built, largely since the Washington Conference, a great force of twenty-six of these vessels of 38,400 tons.

The submarine in a modern sense is a vessel materially smaller than the fleet submarines, and while hence not large or fast enough to go to sea with the fleet, yet large enough to operate on the high seas and be effective at moderate distances from its base. Of

these we have fifty of the "S" class, which were all designed previous to the lessons learned from the Germans after the war, and are rapidly becoming obsolescent. The British have twenty-nine of 24,150 tons, in general more modern than ours; and the Japanese have a great force of forty-five of 36,497 tons, nearly all very modern. It may be remembered that the Navy Building programme as originally proposed contained a provision for the gradual replacement of our older submarines by a force of modern vessels of somewhat less total tonnage, but this, in common with the provision for nine destroyer leaders, was stricken out in the House.

Beside their normal and familiar duties, submarines are inherently valuable also for observation and communication duties, since they can remain on post for long periods of time and cannot be driven off.

No consideration of naval strength, however brief, is complete without some discussion of the merchant marine. Were all men-of-war abolished, predominance in sea power would inevitably pass into the hands of the nation possessing the greatest merchant marine; and the relation of the various types of fighting vessels to naval strength is also dependent upon the relative strength of merchant marines, especially of comparatively large and fast sea going vessels, and of the bases or ports available to them for fueling, supplies and shelter in the areas in which they operate.

While we possess numerous ocean going vessels, we possess very few large merchant vessels of considerable speed, suitable for conversion into auxiliary cruisers. Great Britain possesses great numbers of such vessels; Japan has a relatively large number of them. Our actual naval strength, lacking these merchant vessels and lacking suitable bases, is more than ever dependent upon regular men-of-war capable of steaming long distances at sea, of as great gun power as may be consistently carried, and of as great protection against damage from the air, from gun fire and from underwater attack as may be practicable. It has been charged that we are stimulating competition and taking an aggressive stand by mounting 8-inch guns on our new cruisers. What we are really doing is, frankly, trying to offset our lack of merchant ship tonnage capable of conversion into auxiliary cruisers by mounting on our real cruisers guns larger than those the numerous auxiliary cruisers they might fall in with can carry.

From this, we are now able to proceed with the answer to our title question: "Have we a Navy?"

We have seen something of the great advantages the British naval bases and harbors throughout the world confer upon them; how the Japanese positions in the Far East augment the relative value of their capital and other ships. We have seen how we lack battle cruisers while the other principal naval powers have them. We have seen how the British possess twenty capital ships to our eighteen. We have seen the great number of modern cruisers the British and the relatively large number of cruisers the Japanese possess. We have seen the relatively small number of such vessels we have, actually or in prospect, and how we lack well located bases from which these and our other vessels, both naval

and merchant marine, may operate. We have considered plane carriers, both the number we have built and those others have built; also the other plane carriers we are authorized by treaty to build. We have considered surface torpedo craft, and seen how we totally lack the destroyer leaders necessary to employ effectively the great potential strength of our destroyer force. We have discussed our submarine strength; noted our lack of numbers of the large fleet submarine type and of modern vessels of the smaller type. We have noted the great numbers of modern submarines and destroyers which the Japanese have constructed since the Washington Conference. We have made a brief survey of the merchant marine situation and noted our weakness in comparison with the strength in fast ocean going vessels which others possess.

All of these are factors of naval strength, with a bearing upon the question of whether our navy is adequate to its needs or to the duties that may devolve upon it.

SINCE our deficiencies and relative weaknesses are a matter of record, of fact, which may be arrived at by comparison and computation; and since, due to lack of sufficient numbers of essential types or lack of them altogether, our fleet lacks necessary modern auxiliary units to balance our capital ship strength and we lack suitable vessels to insure our vital communications and provide necessary convoy escort; the answer to our title question is that rather than being guilty of attempting to start a naval competition, or of seeking naval supremacy, we, both in a sense of adequacy for its normal tasks or in comparative equality in strength, have *not* a Navy.

Volstead's Fond Precursor

By John Holley Clark, Jr.

England's "noble experiment" with Jekyll's Gin Act of 1736, through which the Anti-Saloon League of the aristocracy sought to impose Prohibition upon the "lower classes"

It is the boast of some Americans and the shame of others that Prohibition is aboriginal to America. Our good friends in Europe also are prone to consider it a species of *dementia Americana*. It will be interesting, therefore, to examine a little into one of the very first prohibition experiments, which occurred not in America but in England — the famous Gin Act of 1736.

In the days when Peg Woffington was England's Mary Pickford, Ethel Barrymore and Dolores Del Rio rolled into one, when Gay's *Beggar's Opera* proved itself the *Abie's Irish Rose* of the London stage by a phenomenal run of sixty-three consecutive nights, when good Queen Anne, George I and George II were Defenders of the Faith, and Robert Walpole was rising to be the big boss, England first took up drinking hard liquors in a serious way. The "lower orders" — as they were commonly called — developed a passion for gin.

In the sixteen hundreds Englishmen stuck to wine and ale. The upper classes drank the wine, the lower classes the ale. But in 1670 there was a change. Dutch William came over with his hard drinking Dutch courtiers, and decided that it would be well to encourage the home distilling business as a patriotic move. Up to this time the distilled liquor used in England came largely from abroad. French brandy or *eau de vie* and Irish *uisque beatha* or whiskey were imported or "run" into England to some extent. The whole consumption, however, was at the rate of less than a pint a head a year.

But when William began to encourage home industry in these commodities, with the accent on Holland Geneva or gin, there came a change. The lower classes — particularly in London — took to gin. By 1710 the consumption had quadrupled to 2,000,000 gallons from 500,000 gallons in 1684, while by 1732 it had tripled again to 6,000,000 gallons. And the ruling wine drinking classes gradually had it borne in upon them that the common people were getting most astonishingly drunk with amazing regularity.

It was the custom then for politi-

cians in London to issue anonymous pamphlets called "letters to friends in the country," or "impartial inquiries" into this or that. One of these, printed in 1737, remarked in accounting for the Gin Act:

> Dram-drinking was really grown to an excess scarce to be imagined. Children tasted them almost as soon as they were born and old People went to the other World with them in their Throats. Children dying looked as if they had been parboiled. If a servant Maid went for a little sand, or a Footman stepped out on a Message, 'twas odds they returned drunk, and then there was such a Sort of Impudence attended this kind of Drunkenness that a Rack would not have forced a Confession in Words, though they could not breathe without giving themselves the Lie while they denied it. Soldiers reeling from their Duty, Porters staggering under their burthens, Basket Women unable to carry themselves, were Sights almost as common as Soldiers, Porters or Basket women. You could go nowhere amongst the ordinary people without tasting a Part of their Morning's Draught with the Air you sucked in. In the famous quarters of Rag Fair and St. Giles's the distributors of Drams were receivers of pledges also, and Numbers of bewitched people reeled half naked from their shops, stripped as well of clothes as of their Senses.

Smollett says it was not uncommon to see signs "Drunk for 1d, Dead Drunk for 2d, Straw for nothing", and we read of one place where "a trader has a large empty room backwards where, as his wretched guests get intoxicated they are laid together in heaps, promiscuously men, women and children, till they recover their senses".

All this was inexpressibly perturbing to the upper classes. They had a deep Anglo-Saxon interest in the morals and health of others. They recognized that the strength of the country depended upon a sober and industrious laboring class. And, what was more, they found it impossible to be properly waited upon. When they got drunk over their wine, as they very regularly did, it made no particular difference. They had no pressing duties the next morning. But if the lower classes were not going to keep sober, what was the world coming to?

It was most perturbing. But you could not entirely blame the common people. For some centuries distilled spirits had been widely touted as a panacea for human ills. *Eau de vie* and *uisque beatha* both mean "water of life," and from the time of their production in commercial quantities in the fourteen hundreds they had been endowed by their makers with remarkable healing qualities. The *Hollingshead Chronicles* quote a learned doctor as saying of ardent liquor:

> It sloweth age; it strengtheneth youth, it helpeth digestion, it cutteth phlegm; it abandoneth melancholly; it relisheth the hearth; it lighteneth the mind and it quickeneth the spirits; it cureth the hydropsia; it healeth the strangurie; it pounceth the stone; it expelleth the gravel, it puffeth away ventosity; it keepeth and preventeth the head from whisking, the tongue from lisping, the mouth from snaffling, the teeth from chattering, and the throat from rattling; it keepeth the weasen from stiffing, the stomach from wambling, and the heart from swelling; it keepeth the hands from shivering, the sinews from shrinking, the veins from crumbling, the bones from aching and the marrow from soaking.

When men of learning held such views it is not surprising that the poor were not in want for excuses which, considering the feelings of the time toward intoxicants, were not illogical. They accordingly drank more and more. And the more they drank the more the rich were perturbed at the excesses that ensued. Finally, as the Earl of Ilay said later, "the poor

ran gin mad and the rich ran anti-gin mad". And as the rich made the laws, they decided to make one about this.

THEIR first attempt was in 1729, when Parliament decreed that no one should sell less than two gallons of "compounded spirits" without paying a prohibitory license fee. The idea was that liquor could be made as cheap as it was only by compounding a portion of good spirits with the offscourings of the distilleries. But at this law the people laughed. The sellers invented concoctions that were not "compounded" but were simple spirits. These were called "Parliamentary brandy" and other derisive names. So the people generally thumbed their noses at the wine drinking rich who would take away the poor man's gin. The law was repealed in 1733.

But the rich would not take this lying down. In 1736 the Justices of the Peace of Middlesex, in London, registered a protest with Parliament in which they pointed out that there were 6,000 gin shops in London. This was one to less than 100 inhabitants. In some districts one out of every ten houses sold gin.

This aroused Sir John Jekyll to introduce into Parliament a measure which, passed in 1736 with surprisingly little opposition, was long famous as the Gin Act. It recited that "the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors by the common people tends not only to the destruction of their health and the debauching of their morals, but to the public ruin," and prescribed as a remedy that "no person shall presume by themselves or any other employed by them to sell or retail any Brandy, Rum, Arrach, *Usquebaugh*, Geneva, *Aqua Vitæ* or other distilled or Spirituous Liquors, mixed or unmixed, in any less quantity than two gallons" without paying a license fee of £50 and other taxes which were and were meant to be commercially impossible.

IN THE seven years the Act was in effect, only two licenses were taken out, so that the law was, as it was meant to be, prohibitory of the retail sale of distilled liquors. And it was analogous to all prohibitory laws in that it struck at what has always been considered the great evil of liquor, sale by the glass, or the "dram" as it used to be called. Even now the only thing everyone in America is agreed on is that the saloon must never return. And the distinguishing evil of the saloon was that it sold by the glass, so that one drink led to another and drunkenness was encouraged. The reasoning in 1736 was that since dram drinking led to drunkenness the prohibition of dram drinking would stop drunkenness.

The idea that a law which put an arbitrary line at two gallons of spirits could ever be enforced, seems absurd to us now; but that is because generations of experimentation with temperance agitation and prohibitory legislation have intervened. It also seems absurd to us to expect to put over a law so plainly and openly aimed at reforming the manners and morals of the poor while the rich continued their dissipations. In those aristocratic times this did not seem out of the way to the ruling classes in England, but the practical effect was much what it would be in England or America today. As Lord Hervey said when the law came to be repealed, "When the poor found themselves at once totally

excluded from the use of any sort of spirituous liquors, and the rich, I mean those who could purchase two gallons, at the same time indulged with as free and as cheap an use of it as ever they had before, it so raised their indignation that it was impossible to suppose the law could be executed in any, much less a free, country."

And what were the effects if any? Robert Walpole, the Premier under whose auspices the law was passed, wrote his brother the day after it went into effect that the Jacobites were stirring up the people to take "advantage of the universal clamor that prevailed among the populace at the approaching expiration of this darling vice". The distillers were urged to "give away gratis, to all that should ask for it, as much gin as they should desire . . . that the mob, being thus made drunk, might be prepared to commit any sort of mischief." Troops were stationed at strategic points, "which have had the desired effect, and in the opinion of all mankind are thought to have prevented the greatest mischief and disorders."

The anticipated riots did not come off, but it was largely because the most devoted adherents of gin found an easy way to circumvent this law as they had the former one. The only method prescribed for the enforcement of this drastic prohibition was the provision for a penalty of £100 against violators, which was to go one half to the King and "one moiety to the person who shall inform on one".

The gin drinkers and gin sellers after a few "weeks of panic" soon "discovered", as Lord Cholmondeley later put it, "that without informers the new law was without operation, and the informers were therefore persecuted by them without mercy and without remission". They actually murdered some of these informers, "and the magistrates themselves were in danger if they appeared zealous in the execution of this law." Thus the mob effectually circumvented the law, and by the time three years were up, "magistrates and officers left off acting", as Lord Hervey said, so that the law became inoperative.

In brief the law was not enforced. However, it did make for "outward order and decency", much as Prohibition in America has done away with the open saloon and driven the traffic underground.

In 1743 Robert Walpole decided the law had had its trial. He also needed money for his European entanglements. So without much ado he put a repealer through the House of Commons in the form of a bill making taxes and license fees nominal. But when the bill came to the Lords it gave rise to extended debate, in the record of which you will find most of the arguments — both wet and dry — with which we have all become familiar. And the wets and the drys were just as passionate as they are in these days.

To the prime wet argument, that the law could not be enforced, the Bishop of Oxford answered that the "open scenes of wickedness" that preceded the law "we have got rid of. . . . But it is said that though spirituous liquors were not publicly they were privately retailed as much as ever. I am sorry for it, my Lords, but this shall never be an argument with me for allowing a public retail. I shall always be for confining vice to holes

and corners, and it must be allowed that the temptation can never be so great or so general as when we have a public shop at every corner." Which, after all, is the best argument the drys have evolved on this phase of the argument.

But, say the wets, in the person of Lord Ilay: "Soon after" the law "was passed it was found that it occasioned the frequency of a crime still worse than getting drunk with gin, which was perjury. What has been the consequence, my Lords? It has raised among the people such a contempt for law, order and government, as has spread itself among all degrees of men and in every thing that relates to public affairs." He ascribed to the prohibitory law all of the crimes and misdemeanors of the age, from highway robbery to the writing of scurrilous anti-government pamphlets — one of the prime amusements of the times.

And then the wets entered the argument for high license as a gradual prohibition, such as held the stage in most of this country from 1860 to 1910. Lord Cholmondeley said that "as the excessive use of these liquors prevails most among our poor sort of people, the best and most proper way for" stopping it "is certainly in my opinion" to tax distilling, put on license fees "and prevent any clandestine retail. By the duties you will so much enhance the price of the liquor that the poor will never, or but very seldom, be able to purchase a debauch, and by preventing a clandestine retail, you will always have the retailers under your eye and may punish them if they encourage tippling or drunkenness in their houses."

It was this argument that raised the drys — as it always has raised them — to the greatest heights of indignation.

Lord Chesterfield was most fiery. "Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited, let the difficulties in executing the law be what they will. Would you lay a tax upon a breach of the Ten Commandments? Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous, because it would imply an indulgence upon all these who could pay the tax? This is the very case now before us. You are going to lay a tax and consequently indulge a sort of drunkenness which almost necessarily produces a breach of every one of the Ten Commandments." He scoffed at the idea that the tax would reduce consumption. How would the revenue be raised if distilling diminished? The Government would be bound to encourage it to increase its revenue.

And the Bishop of Salisbury said: "I think religion is deeply concerned in this bill. It is the most un-Christian Bill that was ever thought of by any government; and therefore I think it incumbent upon me as a Christian bishop to give my testimony against it in the most open and express manner I can."

And so it went for hour after hour, until at last the repealer passed, 82 to 55.

The great argument of the wets in all generations — "It can't be enforced" — was successful. Yet the event proved the wets to be wrong in most of the other arguments presented. They claimed that most of the prevalent crime and disorder was due to prohibition. If so, the repeal of the law should have put a stop to those crimes and disorders. Yet it was so far

from doing so that Fielding was impelled in 1751 to write his powerful pamphlet *On the Late Increase of Robbers*. This increase he ascribed in great part to the increase in drunkenness. Yet the wets had held out the taxing statute as a better remedy for drunkenness than prohibition. Nor were the wets more accurate in their claim that license would put a stop to illicit sale. For no less than 4,000 persons were prosecuted on this account in 1749.

We are now engaged in another extended argument on the virtues and vices of Prohibition. We are going over the same ground taken by the two sides two hundred years ago. And we will probably continue the argument for years to come. When we attempt to assay the arguments of the two sides in the present controversy we can well bear in mind some of the conclusions which may be drawn from English experience.

On the one hand it seems clear that legalizing the sale of liquor is not apt to diminish crime, increase sobriety, or put a stop to illicit manufacture and sale.

But on the other hand the present law, like the rather absurd statute of 1736, cannot last if the people really become convinced that it cannot be enforced. The success of Prohibition rests upon faith. If the drys can instill in the people of this country a faith in its ultimate success, it will remain. If the wets are able to convince the people that it can never succeed, it will fail.

Moment

By Bernice Kenyon

On the still earth all deep in grass I lie
To watch blue heaven moving bright with cloud,
Turning beyond the thought of such as I
Who, with no timeless infinite endowed,
Would dream far boundaries for unbounded space
And minutes' order for this moving time,
When, on a day of gold, in this gold place
I watch the sky, and hear the noon hour chime.

Over my head, oblivious and intent,
The bees spin by toward higher fields than these;
A thrush's chant, poured out and softly spent,
Fades through dim thickets of the alder trees;
So swift the flight — so slow the lone bird's song —
I cannot tell if noon be short or long.

The Poetry Trade

By Herbert G. Bruncken

The divine afflatus of the starving bard in a cheerless attic has become the robust breath of life to a multitude of prosperous prosecutors of big business

"Is the Great American Novel a a poem? *John Brown's Body*, by Stephen Vincent Benét, now in its second hundred thousand." Thus run the literary headlines, and thus is the legend of the penurious poet being exploded today. Indeed, John Brown's body may be mouldering in the grave, but his sales go marching on. And then there is *Tristram*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson, "the greatest poem ever written in America," which is now in its twenty-second printing. This is an estimated circulation of from seventy to one hundred thousand copies. Nor should one forget *The Buck in the Snow*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. The limited edition as well as the first trade edition of this collection of poems was sold a month before publication. And Mr. Robinson's publishers report that a limited edition of his new book, called *Cavender's House*, which is to be issued in April, is entirely sold, and that the first trade edition is expected to be disposed of also before publication.

Decidedly something new and strange is stirring in the state of poetry when long poems such as those by Messrs. Robinson and Benét approach the best seller class. One is reminded of the critical dictum at one time pronounced by Poe, to which Walt Whitman agreed, that there can be no such thing as a long poem in America. When Poe made this careless prophecy, a poet was thought to be a pale, under-nourished creature in a dismal attic, struggling in the creation of immortal odes, and a "poetess" the sad wisp of a disappointed lady living with her brothers or sisters in a lavender and old rose retirement.

But times have changed! Today the word "poetess" denotes the same state of extinction as the word "dinosaur", with only a difference of species. Today a single poem, or a collection of poems, may become a literary event, to say nothing of a possible financial one. Today, in fact, poets, including trousers and skirts, are all busy putting their poems across, and what is more to the point, are getting them across. For this unprecedented state of affairs thanks are due in part to the large army of confident women poets who have entered the thinning ranks of our male singers, and in part to a dearth of critics who might lead

a counter-offensive. To write poetry is no longer an art but a trade.

The new poets (not "poetesses") have already contributed to the trade more efficient methods of marketing, distribution and production of goods. No longer is it considered wise to spend years in the perfection of one poem; (it took only two years to write fourteen thousand lines of *John Brown's Body*); no longer is it considered good business ethics to write unpopular stuff; no longer should poetry be profitless; and finally, no longer should anyone tolerate writing in obscurity. These are all antiquated customs, entirely out of place in modern times. Indeed, both writing and living conditions among poets have been so improved in recent years that it can truly be said that one is able at last to read poems from contented poets.

TO BE successful in the trade one does not have to be an Edgar A. Guest, either. Let me offer the record of one poet who, in seven months, sold sixty-three poems to seven magazines and five newspapers — which is an average of twelve poems produced, distributed and marketed a month. Or take the lady poet who in five months sold thirty-nine poems to only two magazines and three newspapers. Nor were these pieces done in the inimitable manner of Mr. Guest. They were not about the old rocking-chair that grandmother used or the little golden curl that once was Mary's. On the contrary, they were real artistic poems about Sappho, the State of Idaho, lilacs-in-the-rain and the Woolworth Tower.

But these are examples of individual prowess only. A brief perusal of the poetry trade as it is carried on over the country in the magazines, among book publishers, in prize contests, poetry societies and circles, will reveal some curious information. For example, last year about five thousand five hundred poems were printed in approximately two hundred large and small magazines and metropolitan daily newspapers. In 1927 the total exceeded six thousand, while in 1926, a banner year, the sum was a little less than eight thousand. The number of publications in both years remained about the same.

IN THESE impressive totals the women poets carry off most of the honors, as far as their number is concerned. This can be illustrated fairly accurately in 1926 and 1927, where records are more complete. In the former year four thousand six hundred and fifty-one poems were published in the smaller magazines of limited circulation and in metropolitan newspapers. These were written by sixteen hundred and sixty-nine poets, of whom nine hundred and twenty-eight were women and seven hundred and forty-one were men. In the latter year three thousand five hundred and seventy-one poems were sold by fourteen hundred and seven poets, of whom eight hundred and seven were women and six hundred were men. Of course these figures are the first to have been compiled on this still infant industry and are, therefore, not entirely complete. It is to be hoped, however, that the statisticians in the Commerce Department will recognize the statistical possibilities of the poetry writing business. They may in the course of time be encouraged to supply the numerous trade papers of the versifiers with monthly tables and charts showing

the trend of the trade. A few statistics can invariably dignify the lowliest industry.

NEXT come the poetry prizes and awards, which by reason of their astonishing increase in recent years have done much to make the muse more sweet tempered and helped to take the poverty out of poetry. There was only one known prize in 1913, while in 1924 a total of thirty-four prizes were offered. The number has not diminished in the last four years; it is safe to assume, in fact, that such prizes have been as many as fifty during this time. In the last seven years one hundred and eight well known and well advertized prizes have been offered for poetry in sums varying from $2,000 down to $25. Fifty-six of these prizes were captured by women and fifty-two were taken by men. Of course some prizes have strings attached. One all-poetry magazine offers this year a prize of $1,000 for the best poem published in its twelve issues. But to be eligible for the prize you must enclose a subscription with your poem.

Naturally there must have been a reason for the prize-giving mania that spread over the country in the ten years between 1914 and 1924, and is still going strongly. An inquiry would reveal influences too numerous for discussion here. Undoubtedly the poetry renascence of 1914 afforded an original impetus; our after-war prosperity added fuel to the flame; but not the least reason was the tremendous invasion of women into public life. It became no longer the sole prerogative of men to chase the happy ghost "Career"; women too began the chase, and it has gradually led them into all of the professions, including literature. But, as has been intimated, they have injected a practical spirit into the vocation. It is no longer fraught with pathetic penury, for a little lobbying among wealthy friends and in women's clubs, and a little feminine aggressiveness, have done the trick for poetry. They have made it safe for America.

BEFORE peering into the inspirational activities of poetry societies and circles, or before exploring the cloudy universe of artful anthologists, it may be instructive to investigate the net earnings of the verse business in the past three years. There are two things on which one can base a general estimate; first on the total number of poems printed in these years, as given above; and second, on the number of prizes awarded in the same period. Thus by assuming that the average price paid for a poem in 1926 was $5 and the number of poems sold was seven thousand seven hundred and six, the amount paid for poetry totaled $38,530, which, with prizes averaging $50 each, would bring the sum to about forty thousand dollars. In 1927 business wasn't so good, the net earnings being only about thirty thousand dollars. In the case of some of the leading poets whose volumes have reached the incredible circulation of over a hundred thousand (according to the publishers), the individual incomes are almost unbelievable. A general idea of what these poets are earning may be obtained by taking the most extreme example and from that making one's own deductions down the line. Assuming book royalties to be six per cent. of the selling price of each volume, which is a

modest estimate, and the selling price of the volume to be $2.50, the poet's income on a hundred thousand circulation would be in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand dollars. Of course, book royalties differ in accordance with individual arrangements made with publishers, while the retail prices of books also differ. The prevailing price for a book of poems is $1.75 or $2.00 These figures, naturally, do not represent all the possible sources of income. The poet may receive a Pulitzer prize of $1,000; he may give public readings at $50 each; and he is certainly able to dispose of occasional poems in magazines at $25 to $50 each. Altogether it is not so bad a prospect, even if it happens only once in a lifetime.

THEN there are the poetry societies chanting throughout the States of our lyric Union. Their relation to the trade may be compared with the inspirational meetings of earnest salesmen. The purpose seems to be a sort of "get together", where the members compare notes on their sales in the past month and listen to the latest poems still smoking from the heat of the creative griddle. Chief among these societies is the Poetry Society of America, which might be called the father, or perhaps more accurately mother, of them all, since its membership appears to be largely composed of women. From this society radiate numerous lesser organizations such as the Poetry Society of Virginia, of Texas, of South Carolina, etc. The women predominate here, too, but a male membership is sometimes achieved by the simple process of giving honorary memberships to Senators, Congressmen and Charles A. Lindbergh. The Governor of the State of Virginia was at one time, and may be still, the happy holder of such an honor given him by the Virginia society. As a matter of fact, the Poetry Society of America has a good male representation according to its list of members, but a meeting of the society reveals a male attendance of about one man to every eight women. Thus far men have been elected as presidents, but this rather antiquated practice will doubtless soon be abandoned.

In addition to these organizations there exist countless circles and guilds of poetry which function, in most cases, as a part of the activities of women's clubs. These are a gold mine for the lecturers. Nor should one overlook the Pen Women's League, which seems to act as a sort of trade union, giving advice, encouragement, criticism and prizes to aspiring poet members. The League, moreover, is fully alive to modern methods of promotion, as is witnessed by its inauguration in May of last year of a Poetry Week, exactly as we have an Apple Week or a Smile Week.

THE publishers have not been asleep in this frenzy of poetry promotion. At least certain kinds of them have had every reason to approve the awakening interest of women in poetry, for no sooner does the fledgling poet collect several dozen poems than a book becomes the next objective. Unfortunately, however, some of the reputable publishers accept poetry only when they consider it meritorious or safely profitable to them, which reduces one's chances somewhat. Also they require some distinguished ballyhoo to help the book along, and that

isn't always easy to get. But there remain the "cash publishers". Some of these have been in business many years and have served a good purpose, while others with less to their credit have more recently sprung into being. The increase of poets wandering about with unpublished sheaves of poems has afforded a happy hunting-ground for these publishers. They carefully read your manuscript, ponder profoundly over the merit of your poems, and after much dignified deliberation finally decide to assume the heavy risk of publishing a book for you. But only after they have your check in hand for $500 or thereabouts. It's a pretty fair business on the whole, for as one of them said: "It only costs me around $200 to put out five hundred copies of a little book of poems, and if I charge $500 for the job I can clear about $300."

FINALLY there are the astute anthologists, whose chief interest is apparently to discover every year a new kind of poetry anthology which will include as many poets as possible and yet appear to be fairly discriminating. The idea back of this system is simple enough, for it is based on the obvious fact that when you include a contemporary poet in your anthology he will want to buy at least one copy to see himself in print. The greater the number of poets, the greater the number of sales. In one or two instances, however, the anthologists have required definite proof in the shape of a check or written order that the poet will buy one or more copies of the book before his or her poem is accepted. This, of course, is a very secure business proposition — for the publisher.

But the game does not stop there. Of late it has assumed a more professional air, with distinguished poets in the rôle of anthologists, each trying to do the other one better. Someone has the idea that poetry can be a cure for our sundry ills, so out comes an anthology of poetry cures; next comes a book of poems "suited for quotation, modern in tone, having deep spiritual qualities and perfectly suited for ministers' pulpit use". The months go by and lo! a famous poet gives us his valued collection of favorite poets. The dozen volumes include nearly all the great singers of the world and, what is more important, a disproportionate host of contemporary American singers that appals the critical reader. But, undaunted, the work goes on. The latest venture is an anthology of world poetry which in nine weeks after publication sold 76,149 copies.

AS A sort of accompaniment to this grand chorus, the annual anthologies of best poems continue to appear. Several of them are really earnest efforts at a critical selection. One old and tried annual anthologist in a special edition added a sort of "Who's Who" to the collection in which one might relate his life achievements — after first ordering the book. You were permitted to tell where you were born, what poets have influenced you the most and what you do with yourself when you aren't hell-bent-for-Parnassus. All the poetry in the book was dull by comparison with this amusing section.

The poets who are requested to contribute to these anthologies must be content with the honor implied in the request. That is all they receive.

In too many cases the honor is doubtful and the only tangible reward goes to the compiler. Judging by recent anthology sales the reward should be fairly comfortable.

Having thus far suggested the extent of the poetry trade, it must not be understood that women, merely because of their greater interest in poetry, are trying to preëmpt the field or stigmatize men's activities in verse writing. Such an assumption would be absurd. But since women are now largely determining public opinion in the United States, and since the majority of our magazines are written for them, to them and by them, the standard for poetry at present is definitely feminine.

IT SHOULD not be forgotten that public opinion in America regards anything which is unsaleable as not worth producing, and this applies equally to mattresses, shovels or poetry. If poetry doesn't pay, there must be something wrong with it. The majority of women who write verse find out what kind of stuff will pay and write it. From this attitude springs the poetry trade, which is flourishing so well because we have no fearless critics to combat it. Fortunately the country has several fine contemporary poets, whose published work is a beacon to true artists groping in a gloom of mediocrity.

If an effort were made to determine what elements constituted feminine poetry, one would name first its chief characteristic — subjectivity. When a woman writes poetry, her emotions generally centre around herself, and she is only interested in the world as something that reflects favorably or unfavorably on her own individuality. It is usually favorably, and when unfavorably, wailingly agonized. As an artist it is rarely that a woman can translate her emotions objectively; in other words to comprehend the world and the human beings that are part of it, not as they touch herself, but as they affect the great lot of humanity. Feminine poetry, moreover, when it is cheerful is generally so in a superficial way; it is too often over-refined through an erroneous and typically feminine conception of the difference between refinement and truth. It is embroidery poetry, very apt to be sentimental and cloyingly sweet. And only in rare instances does one find a poem written by a woman where the unpleasant and even tragic truths of human relationships have not been carefully censored or glossed over.

THIS sort of poetry has earned the epithet of "magazine verse," which it rightfully is. It is standardized poetry, the kind that quickly sells. Needless to say, this innocuous sort of singing is also done by men, but since women are the present arbiters of public taste in these matters, what else can a man do if he would join the trade?

"Little Flower of Lisieux"

By Alvan F. Sanborn

A mediæval marvel in our own day is the story of Little Thérèse of Lisieux, Girl Saint and "Darling of the Entire World", almost rivalling St. Francis of Assisi

The unprecedentedly rapid canonization of Thérèse Martin and the tremendous spiritual fervor engendered thereby constitute one of the most striking psychological phenomena of this Twentieth Century.

Under the name of "Sainte Thérèse of the Child Jesus", or that of "Sainte Thérèse of Lisieux", the new girl saint, prodigal dispenser of roses, is today a world figure. In the relatively short period that has elapsed since her death, her reputation for sanctity, passing beyond the walls of her cloister, has encircled the globe. Wherever Catholicism has gone, she and her promised "rain of roses" are known, while the scene of the greater part of her brief but beautiful career, the quaint little Norman city of Lisieux (which owes to its fantastically ornamented old houses its name of "Capital of carved wood"), is coming to rival Lourdes as a place of pilgrimage.

It may be said, I think, without exaggeration or flippancy, that Sainte Thérèse of Lisieux — not to be confounded with Sainte Thérèse of Avila, the Sixteenth Century reformer of the Carmelite order, to which Thérèse of Lisieux belonged — is the most "popular" of saints. In lands far separated, her followers assemble under the open sky, by thousands, to do her homage or implore her intercession. Her altars, statues and banners appear in the churches and chapels of every country under the sun. Her autobiography has been translated into nearly two-score languages, and her portraits, statuettes and medals, reproduced by tens of thousands, are highly important elements of international commerce and are conspicuous in the shops devoted to the sale of objects of piety everywhere.

Cardinal Hayes of New York — to refer only to the United States — lets no occasion pass to proclaim the little French saint the figure most worthy of the imitation of modern women. Bishop Russell of Charleston dedicated a hospital to her. Bishop Shahan placed Georgetown University under her protection. Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland and Bishop Gallagher of Detroit led to her canonization at Rome bands of American pilgrims, stopping at Lisieux *en route*. Bishop Nussbaum of Marquette, Bishop Conroy of Ogdensburg, Bishop

Gibbons of Albany, Bishop Hickey of Rochester, Auxiliary Hoban of Chicago, and the prelates of other American dioceses and many American priests and laymen, have been to Lisieux, to invoke Sainte Thérèse, while Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia has been so frequent a visitor that the whole city knows him by sight. An American pork packer, ignoring the sacrificial significance of the traditional sandal, recently made a pilgrimage to Lisieux by air in an avion specially chartered at Le Bourget for the purpose, and I am told that the Paulist Fathers and the Knights of Columbus are particularly devoted to her memory.

In France, Sainte Thérèse of Lisieux is a national celebrity. Her image is a favorite good-luck fetich of the participants in athletic contests. She has aroused the sympathetic interest and admiration of non-Catholics and even of sceptics. She is a frequent theme for the painters and the sculptors who exhibit in the annual Salons. Her career and personality have been portrayed by secular authors of reputation in books designed for a public that would refuse to read purely devotional literature. She has been put into at least one play and into films produced on the Boulevard, and her name, like that of celebrated generals and politicians and movie-stars, is utilized by advertisers — supreme touchstone of popular favor — to call attention to their wares.

Her case is being widely studied and discussed by scientists. Some of the experts indulge in learned disquisitions on "psychotherapy" and "auto-suggestion", on "the origin and evolution of legends" and the "relation of tuberculosis to sanctity", while others treat her extraordinary vogue as "a mystic miracle" or apply to her such terms as "superior degenerate", "consumptive *illuminée*", "hallucinated genius". But all, whatever their explanations or diagnostics, admit that she is a force to be reckoned with.

Marie-Francoise-Thérèse Martin was born on the second day of January, 1873, in the small Norman city of Alençon, famed for its lace industry (*point d'Alençon*), in which her father, Louis Martin, had acquired a competency. She was the last of nine children, four of whom had died in infancy, the survivors being all girls. It is worthy of note that her father, in his young manhood, had contemplated entering a monastery, that her mother, Zélie Guérin, at one time desired to become a nun, and that every one of her four sisters ultimately joined religious orders.

At four years and a half, Thérèse lost her mother, and Monsieur Martin moved to Lisieux, where his wife's brother, Monsieur Guérin, a druggist, lived, in order to benefit by the aid and advice of Madame Guérin in bringing up his five daughters. He settled in a comfortable but modest house, known as *Les Buissonnets*, in the outskirts of the city and a little off the National Road from Alençon to Honfleur and Deauville. Thérèse studied under the second daughter, Pauline, up to the age of eight, when she became — as had her four sisters before her — a half-boarder in the school attached to the Benedictine Abbey on the other side of the city. She remained until she was thirteen in the Abbey School — which was the

scene of her first communion and her confirmation — and then continued her education under a private teacher.

Save for precocious piety — "from three years on" she says of herself "I refused the good God nothing" — which manifested itself in the making under the trees of *Les Buissonnets* of tiny altars (one of which still exists), in an introspection that seems at times to have reacted unfavorably upon her health; in two or three mystic visions, or previsions; and in a vain appeal to the Mother Superior of Carmel to be allowed to enter the Convent, there seems to have been nothing particularly striking about Thérèse Martin's early years.

At fourteen and a half, after obtaining, without great difficulty, her father's consent to the move, Thérèse renewed her demand of admission to Carmel. The Mother Superior again refused, on the ground that she was still too young, and the Bishop of her diocese confirmed the refusal. Nothing daunted, Thérèse, accompanied by her father and her sister Céline, went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and, calmly defying the etiquette of the Vatican (which forbids pilgrims received by the Pope to take the initiative in conversing with him), she pleaded her cause so eloquently with Leo XIII that she ended by carrying her point, although he did not give his consent on the spot.

At fifteen, then, on April 9, 1888, Thérèse Martin entered Carmel. Two years later, she took the vows, under the name of "Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus et de la Sainte Face", and nine years later, at the age of twenty-four, she died of pulmonary tuberculosis, her end unquestionably hastened by a deliberate determination "to offer herself to God as a victim for the salvation of souls". In 1895, two years before her death, at the suggestion of the Prioress, she began committing to paper, for the edification of the Carmelites alone, her memories and meditations. The result was *The History of a Soul* (*Histoire d'une Âme*), which bids fair to take its place alongside the precious *Imitation of Jesus Christ* as an aid to devotion, and which was probably a potent factor in bringing about her canonization.

About the time Sister Thérèse commenced her memoirs, the first disquieting symptoms appeared, and in April, 1896, she had a slight hemorrhage; but, like the Saint Curé d'Ars in a similar contingency, she concealed the fact, up to May of the year following, continuing to practise the austerities of the Carmelite régime. Two months later, in July, 1897, she entered the infirmary. There, the Sisters brought her roses from which she plucked the petals one by one, caressing her crucifix with each petal. And one day, as some of the petals fell to the floor, she said: "Pick them up and treasure them; they will enable you to give pleasure later on. Don't miss a single one!" Another day, as she was going over the manuscript of her book, she remarked: "Multitudes of souls will be touched. Oh, I am sure of it, everybody will love me!" — surprising affirmation in view of her customary modesty. "One evening," testifies Mother Agnes of Jesus, "she welcomed us with a particularly memorable expression of serene joy and said to us: 'My Mother, a few stray notes of a far-away concert have just reached me, and I am reminded

that I shall soon hear incomparable melodies. I have never given God anything but love; He will return my love. After my death I shall send a rain of roses. . . . I feel that my mission is about to begin — my mission of making others love the good God as I love Him. . . . I want to spend my heaven doing good on earth. I cannot rest before the end of the world; but when the Angel shall have proclaimed that time is no more, then I will rest, and I shall rejoice because the number of the elect will be complete.'"

To a Sister, who bent over her bed as death approached with the affectionate query, "You'll look down on us from your place in heaven, won't you?" Thérèse replied, with impressive directness and simplicity, "No, I shall descend." And her very last words were: "Oh, how I love Him! My God, I love You!"

TOWARDS eight o'clock in the evening of September 30, 1897, Sister Thérèse passed on, and four days later her mortal remains, followed by the Sisters of Carmel, by several priests and by a little group of believers, were carried up the long hill to the cemetery of Lisieux.

Almost immediately, the hill cemetery became the scene of happenings to which the ecclesiastical authorities attached immense importance, and the grave of Sister Thérèse began to be visited by persons of all sorts and conditions, in quest of health or in need of consolation or encouragement, many of whom believed that they found what they sought. Little by little, Thérèse's reputation for wonder-working spread, and, in 1909, under the Papacy of Pius X, a formal demand was made for her beatification.

The World War gave a tremendous impetus to her fame, by reason of the mysterious predilection for Sister Thérèse of the soldiers and their women folk. Anxious mothers, wives and sweethearts, particularly among the devout peasantry, sent images and medals of Thérèse to their loved ones on the firing line, or pinned them to the uniforms of those leaving for the front, and they made pilgrimages to her grave, where they confided their desires to scraps of paper which they buried in the ground. And an incalculable number of the combatants in the trenches looked upon her as their special protectress and formed the habit of addressing to her their petitions. Indeed, whenever her canonization is referred to today among the common people, there is always somebody to affirm, "'Twas because the *poilus* wanted it."

NOR was Sister Thérèse unknown in the États-Majors. Marshal Fayolle declared himself heart and soul with the soldiers who "thank her for the rose petals she has strewn under their feet, for the favors she has obtained for them," and Marshal Foch publicly affirmed his gratitude to her for "her powerful assistance in the war."

In 1921, Pope Benedict XV proclaimed the "heroicity" of the virtues of "Sister Thérèse of the Child Jesus, Servant of God," and pronounced her "Venerable." In 1923, Pope Pius XI, in the presence of 80,000 of the faithful, conferred upon the "Venerable" Thérèse the honors of beatification and pronounced her "Blessed." In 1925, on May 17, the same Pope inscribed her name solemnly on the Calendar of the Saints,

and that evening, a delirious throng of half a million acclaimed the new Saint before the Basilica of Saint Peter's, which was brilliantly illuminated in her honor. In 1927, he fixed October 3, the anniversary of her burial, as her Fête Day, and he recently granted the petition of a number of Missionary Bishops that she be declared "the titular patroness of all the Missionaries, men and women, and also of the Missions existing in the whole universe" jointly with Saint François Xavier.

THE beatification and the canonization of Thérèse of Lisieux were at variance with Canon Law, which prescribes that at least fifty years must elapse after the death of a Servitor of God before the judiciary discussion of the Process of Beatification can occur. But, in 1918, the Holy See had exempted the cause of Sister Thérèse from the prescription, because the pressure in her favor was unprecedented and irresistible.

At Lisieux, a few days before the beatification and in prevision thereof, the remains (about to become "relics") of Sister Thérèse were transferred from the Cemetery to the Chapel of Carmel in a white hearse drawn by four white-caparisoned white horses, in the presence of more than 50,000 spectators. The hearse was escorted by a detachment of American soldiers, carrying the American Flag and the ensign of the American Legion. At the ceremonies in honor of the beatification, which were held at Lisieux the following August, Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, represented the United States.

The canonization was celebrated with a Week of Prayer (inaugurated by Cardinal Bourne of London, Archbishop of Westminster), culminating, on the exact anniversary of the death of the Saint, in an ecclesiastical pageant of a splendor certainly never before witnessed at Lisieux and which could not easily be paralleled outside of the Eternal City. The chiselled silver and onyx Reliquary (donated to Carmel by a public subscription in Brazil) was borne in triumphal procession, under arches, canopies and festoons of roses and clustered flags, through the principal streets and past the principal churches, from the Chapel of Carmel to the Public Garden. It was preceded by the flags and the religious banners of many nations, the United States included, and it was followed by four Cardinals, an Armenian Patriarch, five Archbishops, and thirty-one Bishops, all in full canonicals; by scores of bare-headed, bare-footed monks and black-cassocked priests; and by lay pilgrims from every quarter of the globe.

IN THE Public Garden, formerly the property of the Bishops of Lisieux, a colossal altar had been erected, and there, under the open sky, the Archbishop of Rouen celebrated a pontifical mass, and the multitude chanted the *Credo* and partook of the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening, the arches and canopies over the streets were lighted with electricity, the buildings of the entire city were illuminated, the Star and Cross surmounting the dome of the Chapel of Carmel was outlined in gold against the dark background of the sky, and its rose-garlanded façade was a veritable sheet of flame.

Humanly speaking — that is, miracles apart — the world-wide vogue

of the new Norman Saint may be attributed to the pathetic brevity of her career and to her irrepressible girlishness. Her canonization is thus a canonization of the spirit of youth and beauty, a tribute to the charm and the candor of girlhood.

Sainte Thérèse of Lisieux, whom even the grave Sovereign Pontiff styles, almost playfully, "the Beloved Child of the Whole World," is a saint who — with due reverence be it said — is a close approach to a pet.

In the Carmel "Room of Souvenirs" are treasured the dress Thérèse wore when she scattered flowers before the Blessed Sacrament on Corpus Christi Day, the dress she wore on the occasion of her first communion, the bushes from which she picked the roses whose petals she strewed before the Crucifix in the Convent yard, the ears of wheat and the wild flowers with which she bedecked every day the statue of the Christ Child in the Convent, and the two cornflower wreaths she tressed for the Holy Virgin during her last illness. Several inscriptions in the Chapel further emphasize the nature of her appeal; for instance, on the shrine itself, in Latin: "Congratulate me, because while I was still young, I pleased the Most High"; on a marble angel at the right of the shrine: "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes"; and on another marble angel at the left: "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

And then there is the fact that this gracious Girl Saint is to all intents and purposes a contemporary. But for an untimely death, she might still be among us, and would now be but fifty-five. Her four elder sisters are all living: three in the Carmel, where she finished her brief earthly career, the other in a Vizitandine Convent of the near-by city of Caën. Plenty of people in various walks of life in both Alençon and Lisieux (including an ex-Cabinet-Minister) knew her as a child. Making allowance for minor differences, she lived, at least up to her entrance into Carmel, the same life as the majority of persons now a trifle past middle age, and even in Carmel she was preoccupied with washing, ironing, sweeping, sewing and gardening, as not only her autobiography but certain of the souvenirs exhibited at Lisieux (pin-cushion, needle-book, scissors, wooden shoes) abundantly testify. The persons who invoke her, naturally get the closer to her since they have the impression that they are talking with a person they might easily have met. And these are considerations that render her exceptionally sympathetic.

In a prosaic age, Little Sainte Thérèse, with her arms full of roses, stands — purely devotional considerations left out of the account — for poetry; in a pragmatical age, she stands for idealism; in a self-indulgent age, for sacrifice; in a speed-daft, noisy, nerve-racking age, for contemplative calm. One does not need to be a devotee of the Catholic religion, or for that matter, of any religion, to realize this. "Even the unbeliever," opined the late Père Léonce de Grandmaison, "may consent to see in such a character as that of Thérèse of the Child Jesus one of the great spiritual flames that sweep away the shadows of egoism and of materialism."

Democracy and the Broken South

By Struthers Burt

Seeing the loss of the Solid South as good riddance, Mr. Burt hopes for a new Democratic Party to be rooted in Northern and Western liberalism

On the sixth of November, 1928, for the first time since the Reconstruction days of 1876, four Southern States, Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas, voted the Republican National ticket. While they were doing this, the uncertain but by tradition Southern and Democratic Border States of Tennessee and Kentucky were also joining the landslide, the first, and the more Southern and Democratic, by a majority of about 38,000, the second by the enormous majority of 184,320.

The following day the statue of Thomas Jefferson on the campus of the University of Virginia was found draped in black, with this placard attached to its neck: "Sacred to the memory of Jeffersonian Democracy and religious tolerance. Deceased, November 6, 1928;" and within a week, the Senate of Mississippi, a State which with Spartan regularity had returned a Democratic majority of seventy thousand, issued two bitterly facetious bulletins: one inviting the defeated Democratic nominee to live where "Democracy still flourished", the other calling upon the sister State of Virginia to surrender the sacred bodies of Jefferson, Jackson and Lee. Not long after this, the University of North Carolina played a game of football with the University of South Carolina, and numerous unreconstructed alumni of the former, fortified by those liquids the Southern political leaders have politically but not actually abolished, travelled up to Chapel Hill and, sitting on the South Carolina side of the field, repeatedly begged the young gentlemen from the still loyal State to "lick those damned Republicans".

There is nothing quite so dead as a political campaign, once it is finished. For the most part the country, outside of the South, has half forgotten how Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas voted, and of those who vividly remember, only the few deeply interested in politics still retain any curiosity as to the causes that made those States vote as they did. Those causes, however, are of vital interest; not as history, but as indications of what we may expect in the future.

What is the future of the Republican party, and of the Democratic party? And is there any hope for a third

party? And if there is no hope for the last much needed consummation, what is the Democratic party going to do with the great and increasing Liberal vote that at the last election either joined the Democratic ranks or else, without enthusiasm, voted for Mr. Hoover? Until the Democratic party absorbs and settles this question of the South, it will settle nothing.

TAKE myself, for example. For some time now I have lost all curiosity concerning the Republican party, and every trace of eagerness in its behalf. I think I have that party pretty well charted, and in any position which it may assume, until it dies of overeating, I see within it no chance of any forward-looking political philosophy. I have definitely left the Republican party, unless it experiences a miraculous change of heart. But, on the other hand, and especially since the last election, I am not enraptured by the Democratic party, to which I seceded. I see nothing in it to retain the loyalty of the liberal and discontented voter, who, just at present, is the most important voter in the country. In the last campaign there must have been at least five million such who voted the Democratic ticket, and two million or more who voted the Republican ticket. Within four years this bloc of votes, without any leader or any satisfactory outlet, will be enormously increased. What is going to happen to it? Just at present the liberal and discontented voter resembles nothing quite so much as a shot-gun bride, all dressed up, waiting for a bridegroom who has no intention of appearing.

That part of this vote which joined the Democratic party at the last election, and, incidentally, gave it practically all of its impetus, courage and fighting qualities, has been bitterly disappointed. It is more than disappointed; it feels that it has been stabbed in the back by that very section of the country upon which it had the right most to depend. Leaving the well ordered if disingenuous fold of the Republicans, it suddenly became whelmed in the lack of cohesion, the local jealousies, the utter stupidity of the Democrats. And since the election it has witnessed even more lack of cohesion, even greater stupidity. It can perceive no intelligent intention on the part of the Democratic party to hold or capitalize the growing power that only a few months ago this party possessed. It hears nothing but conflicting counsels and hostile opinions. Only the still small voice of Mr. Raskob, detested in the South, the editorials in *The New York World*, and the occasional utterances of Governor Smith, bear the slightest relation to common sense or an appreciation of the situation.

WHY did the South break? We have heard two leading replies: First, Prohibition; second, Intolerance. Very simple, but not true. If either one of these causes, or both combined, broke the South, then this present discussion would have extremely little import and the future of the Democratic party and of those liberal and discontented voters who, lacking any other place to go, would like to remain Democrats, would be much rosier. The Solid South, given the slightest encouragement, would reconstruct itself; the "erring brothers and sisters" would return, as, in their almost incredible state of obfusca-

tion, the old-line leaders in the South firmly believe they will. They forget that flesh-pots, once tasted, have their recurrent charms.

Had it been merely Prohibition and Intolerance that broke the South, all that the Democratic party would have to do at the next campaign, to make at least a good fight, would be to nominate a Protestant Liberal candidate with sufficient reserve to equivocate on the question of Prohibition; with sufficient facial control to frown in the South and Middle West and smile and wink in the East and North. But those who believe that Prohibition broke the South are either ignorant of Southern conditions, or else deliberately self-blinded, as are the dry Southern political leaders. The same is true of Intolerance. Undoubtedly it decided a number of Southern votes; undoubtedly Prohibition decided a smaller number. Thousands of Southern women, led by their militant parsons, marched to the polls and did battle for *aqua pura* and the Protestant Popes of the Evangelical sects. Also, undoubtedly, there were many features of the Southern campaign so disgusting that the good Republicans in the North would not believe them if they were told. But the majority of these marching women would not have marched unless their husbands had permitted them, and while they were marching, their husbands, for the most part, were voting for Hoover and prosperity.

THE State of North Carolina has been on the edge of breaking for years. So, too, in a lesser degree, have been the States of Virginia and Florida. North Carolina has been regarded for a long while now by the Republican party as the keystone State for the breaking of the South, and rumor claims that during the last campaign that party poured hundreds of thousands of dollars into it. Certainly it is odd how closely allied most of the North Carolinian anti-Smith leaders are to big business. Much of the South was ready for a break, and the nomination of a wet Roman Catholic candidate merely furnished an excuse to overcome traditional prejudice and the horror of neighbors.

Furthermore, the South is broken for good. It will not again solidly vote the Democratic ticket until, under Republican administration, there is a serious financial depression, and then it will vote Democratic as will all the rest of the country, and for the same reasons.

THE real causes of the breaking of the South are shown by the statistics of the last election; which few people have taken the trouble to study. Statistics, I am well aware, are extremely fallible, but not when they repeat themselves with a curious insistency. It was the large cities and the more advanced counties and sections that defeated Governor Smith, not the traditional, Protestant, dry South. This holds true for every State. As we have seen, it was the more liberal and advanced States that voted the Republican ticket, and even among those States that remained loyal, the two most liberal and advanced, Georgia and Alabama, gave Smith such small majorities that they could hardly be called loyal. Among the cities only New Orleans gave Smith an impressive majority and,

discounting the large Catholic vote there, New Orleans is such a cosmopolitan city and so old, that the social upheaval which has formed the New South cannot shake its traditional poise or intelligence.

THERE are fascinating sidelights on this study of Southern statistics. For instance, it was the eastern, Protestant, dry counties of North Carolina that voted for Governor Smith, and the wet, liberal central and western counties that voted for Mr. Hoover. Norfolk, usually considered the wettest and most liberal spot in Virginia, gave Hoover a majority of 2,504; Richmond, less wet and less liberal, Hoover a majority of 554. In Georgia, Talbot County, persistently dry and reported to have not one Roman Catholic, voted 536 for Smith and 74 for Hoover. Such instances, taken at random, were repeated throughout the length and breadth of the South. They can have only one meaning. They mean that the tradition which has kept the South Democratic has entirely broken down under the onslaught, within the past ten years, of good roads, prosperity, travel, and, above all, the rise of an entirely new wealthy class; a class that is recruited either from Northerners who have emigrated or from Southerners who have not one bit of Southern tradition in their blood; who, in fact, are hostile to Southern tradition. It is Reconstruction over again, with the Carpetbaggers this time wearing golf clothes, driving about in high-powered cars, and patronizing country clubs. And it is a process that is spreading. In four years there will be even less of the Old South left. The statistics of the last election are perpetually strengthened by incident and observation; their message is clearly understood by the majority of intelligent Southern students of social and political conditions.

IT IS necessary, however, to go on. Merely to say that it was the more liberal and advanced sections of the South which voted the Republican ticket is misleading. Perhaps I have already hinted that there is Liberalism and Liberalism. There is real Liberalism, and the Liberalism of the road sign, the country club and the stock market. Prosperity is new to the South. It is a matter of the last decade. We must not entirely blame the South if it is now revelling in that unaccustomed prosperity with the usual unpleasant results which sudden prosperity brings. The process is inevitable. It is unavoidable evolution. But, since the old, and in many ways liberal and charming, tradition is gone, it is a delusion to hope for any real new Liberalism or charm in the South for at least twenty-five years to come. Certain members of the rising generation may exhibit real Liberalism, real charm. The placard on the neck of the statue of Thomas Jefferson at the University of Virginia is encouraging. In the last campaign it was clearly apparent that the Southern Democratic vote was a coalition of what is left of the Southern aristocracy, of the ignorant and blindly prejudiced Democrat vote, and of very young people, the last moved by reasons that the two former classes would not in the least understand. But there are not enough, as yet, of these young people. It will take another generation for the "awakened" South to reach

that state of calmness under prosperity now attained by the Middle West, or that long accustomedness to prosperity that every now and then induces the Northerner to risk even financial gain for the sake of a cause.

THE present-day Republican voter in the South — actual Republican or anti-Smith Democrat — is at the very lowest rung of Republicanism. He is in the General Grant, antimacassar state of Republicanism. It will take him decades to climb to the position of such liberal Republicans as Nicholas Murray Butler, or even Mr. Hoover. Just now the South is acutely, if unconsciously, non-Democratic both in the philosophical and political sense of the word, and all the Southern accent in the world will not change the situation. The South has found a new pocketbook, and it is new pocketbooks that make new Republicans. In all its future calculations the Democratic party throughout the country must take this fact into consideration unless it wishes to continue to advance upon disaster after disaster.

The Southern Democrats have always exerted far more influence in their party than their numbers or intelligence warranted. There are always those fatal one hundred and fourteen Electoral votes, but even they should not be great enough to complicate and ruin the future of a party which at the last election received twelve million, nine hundred and seventy-five thousand votes from the rest of the country and just two million and twenty-six thousand votes from its Southern supporters. Even in the campaign of 1924, where the popular vote for Mr. Davis was 8,386,503, the South contributed less than twenty-five per cent. In the last campaign it contributed less than one-seventh of the total popular vote. In 1924 it gave Mr. Coolidge one million, three hundred thousand votes; in 1928, Mr. Hoover two million two hundred thousand votes. But, in the last campaign, outside of the huge popular vote the Democratic party received in the North, there was another encouraging feature, and that was that the Northern wing of the Democratic party seized power and held it. And that is where the control must remain if the Democratic party, save in crises and through the misfortunes of their opponents, is ever again to win a national victory.

BEFORE the Democratic party, two roads are open. It can either choose to remain a purely local party, winning local victories, and resembling, by being all things to all men in all sections, nothing quite so much as its bitter enemy the Ku Klux Klan; or it can become again a real party, which at present it is not. In order, however, to become the latter it must adopt a definite programme and that programme must be Liberal. There is no room for another Conservative party. There are enough Republicans as it is. As a Conservative party the Democratic party can appeal only to those who are born Democrats, and in the mysterious processes of political inheritance it would seem that, whenever twins are born, at least three of them are Republicans. The world is definitely divided into liberal minded and conservative minded people. You get nowhere merely by dividing these two divisions into subdivisions. Solely as a Liberal party, and a clear-cut one at that, can the Democratic party

hope for any dignified future. It is necessary for it to adopt a programme so intelligent, so liberal, that any man with a trace of Liberalism in him will be compelled to leave the Republican party and join the Democratic. During the last campaign flashes of this were seen, but the whole programme was so disconnected, so extemporized, that only extreme Liberals were willing to take a chance.

But the first thing any Liberal party must do is to disregard the present South. The policies of the Democratic party must be framed by the Liberal North and the Liberal States of the West, and the South be permitted to take or leave those policies as it sees fit. To do otherwise is simply thrice to confound confusion and to create a programme of compromise that will attract no intelligent or honest voter. Personally, I would rather today, wild as the statement may seem, count upon building up a liberal Democratic majority in the black Republican State of Pennsylvania than in the former Democratic State of Virginia. In the last election Pennsylvania gave Governor Smith 1,200,000 votes, a little more than half the total Southern Democratic vote.

WHAT is the hope that any of this will be accomplished? Very little, I imagine. Political parties do not function that way. Save when a new party is born, chance controls them, not intelligent intention. Only a very great leader can reconstruct the Democratic party, and at the last election the party itself, particularly the Southern wing of it, forced into retirement the only leader it has who so far has exhibited signs of a growing greatness. What is likely to happen is that the Democratic party will drag along, confused, rudderless, half Liberal, half ultra-Conservative, until mysterious economic forces over which no political party has any control damage the reputation of its opponents. Just at present the chances of such a contingency are remote.

SINCE the Civil War the Democratic party has been considerably more a subject for epigram than congratulation. To one trained to visualization, it represents a picture of a rabble of bitter enemies shouting across a sunken road at each other. Between these two groups, paying no attention to the shouting, not even raising their heads, march the rank and file of the Republican party; not very pretty, perhaps, not in the least inspiring, but marching. It has been said of the Democratic party that it invariably contains the wisest men and the biggest fools in the country. That is true. It has also been said that no two Democrats can sit in a room without hurling pitchers of ice-water at each other. Can you, for example, imagine any men more antipathetic than the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald of Boston and the Hon. Josephus Daniels of North Carolina; unless it be the Mayor of New York and the Governor of Texas? In all the ranks of the Republican party there are no such contradictions. The Republican party is not Roman Catholic in one section and bitterly Protestant in another; it is not confirmedly wet in the North and confirmedly dry in the South; it is not rural in the small States and aggressively urban in the big. It is immoral, moist, non-sectarian, and wickedly efficient.

But if there is so little hope for the

liberal voter in either of the major parties, is there any hope for him or her in the minor parties? Norman Thomas, recent candidate for President on the Socialist ticket, says there is. I wish his statements were convincing. They are not. It is all very well for him to say that the newspapers of America no longer confuse Socialism with Communism. The newspapers of the United States may not. On the whole they are edited by men who can read and write. But the average voter of the United States hates and dreads the word Socialism as much as he hates and dreads the words Soviet Republic or Fascist Italy.

Moreover, even if I can read and write, I would like Mr. Thomas to explain just the difference between Socialism and Communism. The Socialist party in the United States will not win a victory in a hundred years until it changes its name. In all Socialistic doctrine, the very basis of Socialism is the theory of the abolition of private property. Theoretically, economically, that may be correct, although I do not think so; but practically no such theory can ever be put into operation in any Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic country, save by a short-lived revolution. There has been nothing throughout history so marking the racial differences between the Slav, or even Latin, on the one hand, and the Anglo-Saxon and Teuton on the other, as the inherent passion of the latter races for land and private ownership.

When I say that, I step out of my rôle as an amateur political prophet and with much more assurance assume my real rôle of practical psychologist and observer of nations. In common with most English speaking and German speaking Liberals, I dread the doctrinarianism of the Socialist just as much as I do the depraved opportunism of the professional Conservative. Charming as Mr. Thomas is, I should hate to have him as my President. Reasonable as he is, he cannot help, being a Socialist, being also a doctrinaire. Moreover, I know no social or political theories so "dated" as those of the Socialists. The world will have to seek a new cure.

Ex-Governor Smith has recently called for "a militant policy to promote the principles" of the Democratic party. Very well, Governor; but before we begin to fight, what exactly — word for word, sentence for sentence — are those principles? And what are you going to do with Governor Moody of Texas, Senator Hefflin of Alabama, Senator George of Georgia, Senator Glass and Bishop Cannon of Virginia, and that grand old "Republican" wheel-horse, Senator Furnifold McL. Simmons, of North Carolina? What are you going to do with the old Democratic party, so that you and your liberal supporters throughout the country may live comfortably and at peace beneath the standard of a new Democratic doctrine? What, in a word, will you do with the South?

The Flight from the Farm

By Ross L. Holman

When farmers' properties go at auction for five cents on the dollar, it is not surprising that two million a year abandon agriculture for city industries

Not long ago I attended a closing out sale of farm equipment and personal property. A cultivator, for which the owner had paid forty dollars and which he had used only a few days, brought only two dollars and eighty-five cents. A twenty dollar roller brought three dollars. Two or three turning plows each sold for less then what it would cost to buy a new point for one of them. A large mare, fat and unblemished, was knocked off at eleven dollars, and two horses not quite so good, but in medium shape, brought one dollar each.

Occasionally, on some of the articles, the auctioneer had much trouble in getting bids at all. When his pleading for bids grew monotonous, some one would bid a fraction of a dollar, more to get him to move on to the next article than for any desire he may have had for the article on which he bid.

The equipment sold was in good condition, and the sale would have been unique in the bargains offered and the lack of any desire on the part of the crowd to take advantage of them, if it were not for the fact that you could find repetitions of it by tens of thousands throughout all sections of the country. In fact, farm sales of this character are becoming the rule with fewer and fewer exceptions. While the conditions, of course, are not as bad in some sections as in others, you will find roads and highways throughout the entire country, wherever agriculture is, or has been, a going industry, plastered with bills announcing these sales. Many county papers are having to print a number of extra sheets each week to give due publicity to these closing out auctions.

I do not believe there has ever before been such feverish anxiety on the part of farmers to unburden themselves of farms and farm equipment. There are so many trying to sell out or wanting to sell out that naturally there are few left to buy. Hence, the main reason for low and slow bidding at farm sales.

Many of these sales are foreclosures. The owner has fought a losing fight for a number of years, and creditors take over his property to salvage whatever part of his indebtedness they can for themselves before he becomes more heavily involved. Other farmers, who are heavily in debt, are selling out vol-

untarily rather than take every dollar of their earnings to meet interest payments which fall due with relentless regularity. There are still others who are very little in debt, but are so discouraged and disgusted over the meagre returns of their farms that they are dumping their possessions along with the others on the bargain counter, seemingly content to take what an already glutted market for property of this kind will allow them.

IT WOULD be difficult at the present writing to get a definite line on what percentage of our farm population is tearing itself loose from the soil to seek its fortune elsewhere, but the latest published statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture estimate that the migration from the farm to the city has been going on at the rate of 2,000,000 a year ever since 1922. This is offset somewhat by a little back flow from the city to the farm, but the decrease in farm population is becoming alarmingly large as the years go by.

In making a survey of one civil district of a certain county in Tennessee, a splendid section of farm lands, it was found that seventy-five per cent. of the farmers were making a change the same year. That is, they were either selling, renting or abandoning their farms. This, of course, does not mean a seventy-five per cent. decrease in farmers, as many of them will be succeeded on their farms by other farmers, but it gives a pretty clear conception of the restless spirit that is pervading the ranks of agricultural producers.

There are two potent factors that have given such impetus to this agricultural exodus. One is the continuing discrepancy between farm earnings and farm expenditures. The other is the growth of industrial activities in industrial centers. Alluring wages, accompanied by an alluring eight-hour day, are having an alluring effect on the mind of the farmer who has been accustomed to an eight hour half-day, and who has been harassed by labor shortage, droughts, plant diseases, livestock epidemics, boll weevil, storms, floods and demoralized markets.

The farmer who has been accustomed to rising before daylight, working at hard physical labor all day, and milking the cows and feeding the pigs by lantern light, finds an irresistible appeal in the siren call of a highly paid industrial job that carries with it an eight-hour day, city conveniences, time for movies, no initial outlay of capital, and no excessive taxation of brain energy. This appeal has a more alluring effect on the farmer's mind when he sees that in spite of all his farm efforts, he is compelled, at the end of the year, to add another thousand or so to his outstanding indebtedness.

WHILE the number leaving the farm is reaching appalling dimensions, there are many more who would join the migrating throngs if it were not for the fact that they have tied up the savings of a life time in the farms they own, and they do not want to see their possessions sacrificed by throwing them on a congested and glutted market and probably not realize enough on them to liquidate their indebtedness. So they continue on, still trying to strangle the mortgage or at least to keep it under control, until conditions, reacting in their favor, shall give them a chance to cancel it.

This condition, however, does not affect the ordinary hired labor on the farm, which is free from all entanglements of ownership and can go at will. The exodus of farm labor has added another serious problem to the farmer's lot and another cause for dissatisfaction with farm life. It has compelled many either to sow down or "turn out" part of their land and work just what they and their families can handle.

IT IS interesting to speculate on what must be the feelings of a farmer when he picks up his newspaper and reads such overworked phrases as "unprecedented prosperity", "more money *per capita* than ever before", and "savings banks report huge increase in deposits". It would be hard to explain his reaction when he reads the prognostications of the more optimistic news scribes who write eloquently about how fast the farmer is getting out of debt and on his feet.

People have been deluded so long about this talk of returning farm prosperity that it is time they were learning the truth. That other industries are faring unusually well cannot be disputed. But agriculture in 1928 was in a more distressing position than it was in 1921. Since the 1921 crash in farm values, farm commodities are selling on a somewhat higher level than they were when they reached their lowest depths that year, but this slight increase falls far short of taking care of operating expenses and interest in the average debt, and, consequently, farm indebtedness is greater today than ever before.

With the exception of one year, the number of farm bankruptcies has been greater in every year since 1921 than in the year before. The last year for which I can find reports, shows six times as many as 1921. Bank failures in rural sections during the years of depression show a gain of 1000 per cent. over the same period just preceding the war. With the exception of one year, the number of abandoned farm acres has increased every year since 1921. The crop acreage of 1925 was 7,000,000 less than that of 1924, yet the acre value of the 1925 crop was less than that of 1924. Although the corn crop of 1925 was nearly 25 per cent. larger than the crop of 1924, the big crop of 1925 was worth $314,000,000 less than the small crop of 1924. These are some of the numerous inconsistencies of our economic readjustment that has caused so much dissatisfaction among our agricultural population.

IN ONE county in the Middle South 1000 farm mortgages, covering about one-half the farms of the county, were written in 1923, and have been increasing ever since. To find a farm free of debt in our best agricultural sections is getting to be the exception and not the rule. According to figures compiled by the United States Department of Agriculture, we can safely draw the conclusion that farm indebtedness in the United States now amounts to one-third the estimated farm values. Eliminate from the list the entailed farms that cannot be mortgaged and the farms of wealthy capitalists making a living at some other profession, and take into consideration the fact that loan agencies will not loan more than one-half the appraised value of a farm, and it is evident that there is not much more land to be mortgaged. Indeed, loan agencies

are reporting a great decrease in applications for new loans.

While farms are not supposed to carry mortgages beyond one-half their appraised value, the number of farms that are being offered for sale by loan companies and discouraged farmers is glutting the market so that in many sections the farms are not bringing the amount loaned on them. In fact, many loan companies are begging owners to remain with their farms and pay what they can.

Most of the farms that are turned back are passing into the hands of tenants who can rent them from the loan companies or new purchasers much cheaper than they can afford to own them. Consequently, our soil fertility is being mined out by a system of tenant farming, as no one can reasonably expect tenants to undergo a big expense to maintain the fertility of some one else's farm.

IT WOULD surprise one to see the number of rural communities in the United States that have had a complete shift of population in the past seven years. As this change takes place gradually, it is not so noticeable while it is going on. But pick out any community where these conditions prevail and you would be amazed at the scarcity of old residents.

Many of the younger farmers who give up their lands are charging off the years they spent farming and learning to farm, and are seeking employment in industrial centers where the remunerative features offer greater attractions. What the older ones are doing, who are too aged to make a new start in life, would form many pathetic stories. The young men, who have grown up since the depression set in, are seeking as never before new fields where the world offers more recognition for merit than in agriculture.

According to the Department of Agriculture, the average acre value of the ten principal crops produced in the United States in 1926 was $19.07. Now let us take the average farmer and the average farm of 150 acres. Let us suppose that every acre of that farm is tillable soil; that there is none of it in woods, swamp, rocks, glade or other non-productive acres, which really must be reckoned with in the average farm. Then let us suppose that every dollar he takes in for a year's work is clear; that he had no labor costs, that his fertilizer was given to him, that nothing was paid for machinery, repairs, upkeep of buildings, fences, etc.; that he had no taxes, insurance or interest on debt to pay. In short, let us suppose that out of every dollar taken in on this average gross per acre income, he makes 100 cents clear profit. He would not then be making as much as a Chicago bricklayer or plasterer on full time employment. Mind you, this is on an average investment of $13,000, where one has to take every conceivable form of risk, while the bricklayer or plasterer has no capital investment except a few dollars in hand tools.

MANY of our economists ascribe low values of farm commodities to over-production, a supply that exceeds the demand. It is hard to make the average farmer believe this when he knows that in the years preceding the war the American farmers produced more *per capita* than is being produced today. Yet, though not getting rich, he accumulated instead of losing. Today, with 20,000,000 more

American consumers to feed, and exports to foreign markets from thirty to seventy per cent. greater, he, with production down to a pre-war supply, is unable to keep out of bankruptcy. In fact, our population has increased twice as fast as production.

The big overproduction we hear so much about does not exist. The main trouble lies in the enormous spread between producer and consumer. There is too much expense in taking raw commodities from the farm and delivering them to the consumer in finished form. Yet it is evident that, unless these handling charges are considerably pared, farm production will have to be cut far more than at present before the farmer can get a fair return from his labor and investment, and the consumer as usual will suffer.

RIGHT here is where public sentiment maintains another inconsistent position. Whenever a manufacturer finds that the market is gorged on the products that he manufactures, he either curtails production or shuts down his factory altogether until conditions look more promising. Yet, if a farmer lets part or all of his land lie out when he sees that the cost of producing is outrunning production, public sentiment brands him as either lazy, trifling or indifferent. The general public seems to think that the farmer should adopt a different set of business methods from those put into use by other industries. In the corn belt, where production has been the greatest, there have been more bankruptcies and bank failures and bigger mortgages than in other sections of the country where production is not so great. This would seem to bear out the conclusion that under conditions like the present, the heaviest losses occur where there is the heaviest production.

IN LOOKING over the list of migrating farmers of my acquaintance, I rarely ever find one who is leaving merely because he prefers some other line of work. One cannot help but be impressed that, but for the fact that it is not remunerative,the farmer is more contented with his job than any other class of workers. Perhaps this is the reason so many of them have held out so long in the face of unbelievable odds. The average farmer loves the soil. To him there is an irresistible charm in being close to nature. He likes the free and independent action that goes with the job. When one of them has worked and fought for years to earn and win a farm and the home that goes with it, we can easily understand his attachment for it. This is what makes the picture so pathetic when he is torn lose and transplanted.

The Brotherhood of Man

By Cedric Worth

A noble aspiration which became considerably shopworn when two veterans of the road engaged various Wobblies in something more than psychoanalytical dispute

I did not see Mr. Jim Tully, Mr. Harry Kemp nor Mr. James Stevens. But a thousand other hobo philosophers sat along the curb of the main street of Wessington, South Dakota, that morning, discussing the noble art of tramping, its shades and difficulties, its nuances, subtleties, principles, niceties, aims, delicacies, vexations, paradoxes and tremendous importance. Since that day each one has written his book, published excerpts in the reviews, and been hailed as the voice of rugged, untamed manhood, which prefers freedom to soap, or something.

These men, even then cogitating their writings, looked appraisingly at Nels Corwin and me as we walked down the street from the direction of the elevator. We were just arrived without breakfast on the local freight. Coal dust lay heavy on our faces and our hands were black with grime. This condition served to identify us, it aroused no comment, nor should it have, seeing that the noble philosophers we passed were also filthy.

The three blocks of the street we traversed up one side and down the other, looking closely along the curb for some acquaintance met in a box car who might be good for the price of coffee. We found none. In front of the pool hall we sat down with our feet in the dust.

"You fellows just pull in?" asked a young philosopher next us.

"Just got off the train," I said.

I should not have phrased my answer that way, for like the other arts that of tramping has a patter which its earnest devotees strictly adhere to. They conduct learned controversies about it in the editorial notes columns of *The American Mercury*. In ten months of hoboing over all the States west of the Mississippi I had schooled myself not to deviate from the accepted forms of speech, but occasionally I slipped. I was immediately rebuked.

"Live near here?" the young man beside us asked.

That was an insult, of course. It was put in the tone with which Adrian Dornbush, who painted beside me in Coblenz and Heidelberg, receives critical opinion of his work from a student at the Dubuque Art Institute, of which he is director.

"Made it from Wichita in two days," I said — a lie by three days. "Any of the Squareheads cutting wheat around here?"

"They're only paying six bucks." The young man spat into the dust and rolled a cigarette. "Nobody but the homeguards are working for that."

"Nobody's going out, eh?"

"We're organized up here," the young man said, "and seven bucks a day is what these Squareheads got to pay, the way they expect a man to work from daylight to sundown."

A young farmer in overalls and torn straw hat drove a Ford at a walking pace along the other side of the street.

"Any of you fellers want to work?" he shouted to the men on the curb.

"Seven bucks," the answer came in a bored drawl. Those who made it looked archly at each other.

The farmer drove the length of the street and speeded up his Ford, disappearing in billows of dust on the road from town. The philosophers talked on of man's inhumanity to man, and particularly of the wicked farmers' wilful inhumanity to downtrodden harvesters.

Noon came. It was very hot. From the stores on the street men and women hurried to houses on cross streets for dinner. A few of the sitting men left the curb and went to the lunchroom. A few more went to one or another of the groceries and bought bread, sardines and cheese. These walked with their purchases to the cattle loading pens down the track, where there was cool water free.

The noon hour sped and those few who had eaten came back to the curb. Their return, like their departure, was politely passed without note.

Nels Corwin and I noted it. We were not hoboes because of a burning sense of brotherhood with the great unwashed, but because we had neither money, job nor home.

"Let's get a job," said Nels.

We had one formula for getting a job which had never failed us. It was not patented nor did we keep it secret, but we never saw anyone else use it.

"Know anybody who needs hands?" I asked the proprietor of the pool hall when we went in.

"Why, yes, I guess some hands are needed," he said; and asked in surprise, "You fellows looking for work?"

Convinced that we were, he said: "Now, I think I seen young Jake Schwimmer driving along a while ago looking for men. His place is three mile straight out the road from town, turn south two mile."

"Kind of a long hot walk," I said. "May we use your phone, or will you call Schwimmer up?"

He called Jake Schwimmer with his surprising news.

We strolled to the end of the street and sat in the shade of the German Lutheran church until Jake drove in. The curbsides gave us the philosophers' curse as we drove away in the farmer's car.

For fifteen days we labored in Jake Schwimmer's fields. His mother, who brought little Jakie from Germany, cooked us great heaping harvest hand meals of chicken and dumplings, mealy boiled potatoes, beef roasts as big as hams, and hot, home made bread. In the cool of the evening we went to the windmill to wash our shirts, underwear and socks before

turning in in the spare room which had the best bed in the house.

We finished shocking Jake's wheat on Monday. After dinner Jake said, "I'll give you boys a full day for today. You been good hands."

A place was carefully cleared at the dining table. Jake sat himself squarely before it. The mother brought ink bottle, pen and check book and placed them on the table. With great deliberation Jake wrote two checks for $90 each. That afternoon he took us to the bank in town and we cashed the checks.

Farewells said to Jake, we went to the town shoemaker and sat in our socks while he half-soled our shoes. Under each new sole he nailed three $10 bills for us.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later we lay on our backs in the shade of a willow tree at Aberdeen, a hundred miles north and east. Near our tree was a railroad crossing where north-bound trains slowed so they might easily be boarded. We watched a figure moving toward us along the track, and recognized when he drew near the young philosopher who had sat on the curb beside us at Wessington. He recalled us, too, and sat down in the shade.

"Going North?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Nels.

"North Dakota?"

"Ah-huh."

"Gonna join the Wobblies?"

"Christ, no!"

"Lots of them up there."

"We won't see much of them. We aim to work in the harvest."

"Plenty of them in Aberdeen now," our young friend said.

"Yeah," said Nels, "I noticed that. We been panhandled plenty. Wish them guys would move up the track and make a stake."

"You fellows worked in Wessington, didn't you?"

"Ah-huh."

"How much you get?"

"Six."

"It used to be two."

"It used to be four bits a day, you go back far enough," Nels said.

"You know what brought up harvest wages? The I. W. W.," said the young fellow. "They made the Squareheads come across."

"Sure," Nels said, "they did it by quitting work and hands were so scarce they would pay almost anything for help. That makes it O.K. for us. We work and don't need any scummy walking delegate to tell us what to work for. Those dirty grafters go around peddling cards and song books and shove all they collect off the poor bums into their pockets. We don't aim to support them with our dough. Where you been working?"

"I couldn't find work. You fellows willing to stake me to a meal until I hook onto a job up North?"

We rolled from our backs and pulled two dollars apiece from the thin rolls in our pockets. The boy thanked us and hurried toward the town. He was a short, well set-up lad, twenty, perhaps, and cleaner than most. At the end of an hour he was back.

WHEN a north-bound freight came along he ran to the rear of the train. We swung into an empty box car near the locomotive, closed the doors and prepared for sleep.

There was a pounding on the car door at Kidder, a stop twenty miles up the line. Through cracks we saw the young man and four companions

so we pushed open the door and gave them a hand up. One was dressed like a brakeman, trousers and vest of a shiny brown suit and dark blue shirt with starched collar and bow tie. They went to one end of the car and we to the other.

Not far beyond Kidder we crossed the line between the two Dakotas. The paunchy fellow in the brakeman's costume came to our end of the car.

"You fellows carrying cards?" he asked.

"Cards?" I said politely.

"You know what I mean, workingmen's cards."

"Wouldn't take a step without one," I said, and pulled an old card case from the big watch pocket in the bib of my overalls. From it I drew an engraved card discolored by sweat and handed it to the man. He read — it was the year after the war — :

CEDRIC RUTHERFORD WORTH

Lieutenant, United States Marines

He read the card and stared at me for a minute, so steadily I got creepy. Infinite disgust was in his stare.

"Now, captain," he said, "you and the major here," pointing to Nels, "are in North Dakota. This is our State. You can't ride these trains without a red card, understand. You can take out a card now, or you can get off the train — now."

The train was making about twenty miles an hour.

"How much do you get for a card?" asked Nels.

"It costs you $3.25 to get into the one big union," the man said.

Nels shouted with laughter.

"Jesus! We ain't even got good health," he said, "let alone $3.25."

"You can't put anything like that over," said the organizer. "That fellow down there saw you guys flash a roll in Aberdeen."

"I'll bet you ate your dinner off it," Nels said.

"Come on, now, what about it?" the organizer was sharp. He drew a flat book of red cards and red receipts from a hip pocket.

"Say, mister, do you stuff birds?" said Nels, simulating a harelip. "Well, you know what you can do with that book."

The organizer went back to the four men. They huddled in a group, talking. Frequently they looked at us, and the little fellow who had eaten of our bounty smiled.

Cleats of one-by-four pine had been nailed to the side of that car to protect something in shipment. Where we sat on our haunches Nels loosened one of these with his hands. There were nails in the end of it. Nels was quarter-bred Cherokee. I asked no questions as he laid the board, four feet long, on the floor at his feet. He rolled a cigarette.

Four of them sprang to their feet suddenly and rushed us. The organizer remained where he was.

They charged in a pack. Plainly, none wanted the honor of being first to close in. We were larger than any of them and tough as asphalt from a summer in the fields. The young fellow of the curb was the man I wanted to reach.

Nels took three steps forward, and they saw his club. He swung it, and a tall man screamed as the nails sank into the muscles of his shoulder.

The others, disconcerted, stood hesitant, and I got at the comrade I had singled for reproof. The moving floor of the car spoiled my stance, but I landed on his abdomen solidly enough to double him up. The other two jumped me and I could not cover. Their fists brought blood from my nose and opened the flesh over a cheekbone before Nels laid on again with his club. We went to our corner and they carried the last man Nels had struck to their end.

Still breathing hard, we left the car at Rutland, in North Dakota, a little later.

THE harvest was ripe for gleaning at Rutland. The score of houses in the village stood on a single street; a barber shop, two pool halls, a two-story wooden structure with a sign proclaiming it the "Rutland Hotel", and a few stores. The curbs were lined with comrades talking upon the evils of Capitalism.

They were most thickly seated on the corner by the barber shop. I went into the shop and asked for water. It was given me by a kindly barber, who also provided towels and plaster, with which I bandaged the cut on my cheek. He declined money for his bloodied towels.

Out in the street we elbowed our way to a seat on the curb among the philosophers.

"Wouldn't surprise me if we run into some Wobblies up here," Nels addressed me in a great declamatory voice. "If we do I aim to lay out every one of the God damn . . ."

It is difficult to indicate what he said about the Industrial Workers of the World. Nels was once sergeant in charge of Sixth Division Headquarters runners. The Sixth Division travelled more miles over France than any other, and its members made contacts with many gifted cursers in their travels. The command of downright profanity displayed by Nels was superb. Only for a base did he use the common epithets concerning canine ancestry and the unwed state of female parents. They were adorned with scrolls and parabolas of the most unmentionable adjectives.

The speech to me could be heard for half a block, and was heard by at least a hundred of the brethren within that radius. When he stopped speaking there was a complete silence on the curbs. It lasted a long time.

"Well, I'm glad to see there are no Wobblies here," said Nels. "Let's go over to the pool hall and see if there are any there."

THE silence was not broken until after we were through the door. While we were absently playing at pocket billiards — I was too much upset to do much at the game — a weather beaten farmer came. He held converse with the proprietor.

"You fellows looking for work?" he said, coming over to us.

"Yes."

"You Wobblies?"

"No."

"The Wobblies asks six dollars a day. Suit you?"

"Fine."

"I had to shoot a feller last harvest," he told us between squirts of tobacco juice. We were driving through the dust to his farm. "He was a Wobbly. Come to work for me for five dollar and when I was half through a-cuttin' he says I got to give him six. I wouldn't do it. Got up next

morning and went out to milk and there he stood a-cuttin' the draper (canvas conveyor on the binder) with a knife. Made me so God-awful mad I takes the shotgun and lets him have it in the belly. They was a-goin' to burn my crop this year for it, and I had to hire field guards after the wheat got ripe."

SIX days ended the harvest of that man's fields. On the last day we were approached by the village constable, who offered us a place on his threshing crew. Threshing pays a dollar a day more than shocking and lasts from three to six weeks in each community. We took the job. After three weeks the heavens darkened.

On the third day of rain we went to town. Our stocks of tobacco and socks replenished, we went into confidential parley with the pool hall man. From him we learned that the owner of the Rutland Hotel sold drink of a kind in favor locally.

Surprised quiet fell upon a dozen men when we entered the principal room of the hotel. They were members of the brotherhood employed in the vicinity who, like us, sought refreshment while the rain kept them idle. The host took us to his kitchen and furtively produced a bottle. We were young, then, and strong, but a drink was all we could use of that bottle's contents and we went back to the common room.

"That's them two scissorbills," someone in the room spoke. "They had to go to work for the law if they went to work at all."

"They got their friends laying outside or they wouldn't have the nerve to come here," said another.

"Ever been in Chatillon-sur-Marne?" Nels asked me. "We had a hell of a time there and left corpses piled high as a barn. I felt just like I do now when we went into that town."

The talk was ended by a drunk who roared out a ballad from the old I. W. W. song book, for which I was glad.

I looked over an old newspaper, while Nels went out a side door and along a boardwalk in the rain to an outhouse. A man followed him and stepped into the little building right after Nels.

"You fellows are so brash because you got protection, you think, working for the constable," he said in the darkness. "You ain't got protection, no matter who you work for. This is our country, and I'm warning you to get out, savvy?"

Nels crept as far away from the voice as he could. He was afraid of a knife.

THE primitive latrine was probably twelve feet long; its only equipment a peeled log, running from end to end. In front of the log was a floor, behind it a pit.

Nels heard the other man move. He crouched. The man moved again, and Nels swung with all his might at a shape he could dimly see. His fist landed solidly on ribs. The fellow stumbled, his knees struck the log, and he fell over into the pit behind it.

Nels hurried back into the hotel. A train whistled at the station less than a block away.

"I don't like this town," he said.

"Don't think much of it, myself," I said.

We ran out into the rain and caught a train for Aberdeen, Sioux City and Omaha.

"They Shall Not Pass!"

By Karl W. Detzer

Etchings of heroic adventure in regions where the country doctor still lives and braves all dangers, distances and labors to perform his mission of mercy

At least once each year, usually about the time of the first big snow in Upper New York State, editorial writers find opportunity to mourn the passing of the country doctor. In their steam-heated sanctums eight floors up, with a classified directory bearing the names of eight hundred specialists in eight hundred diseases at their right hand, they grow lachrymose over the eclipse of a Grand Old Institution.

The idea spreads inkily across the land. Newspapers in rural States copy it one after another. They comment on it, in most cases with sarcasm, and sooner or later the country doctor reads it. Of course it amuses him; annoys him a little, perhaps. Observing himself in the glass, he admits that he does look a little tired (there was that diphtheria scare late in the fall when he couldn't get much sleep), but he is far from dead.

These are good editorials for the most part, well written and full of homely philosophy. Their only flaw is that they start from a false premise. The country doctor is not passing. As fifty-one million rural citizens know, he is doing business at the old stand just as faithfully as he did when father was a boy. And he has no intention of quitting. Of course he has lost the luxuriant and awe-inspiring set of whiskers which once were an integral part of an M.D. diploma. He has lost the horse and buggy. He has lost faith in whiskey-and-quinine as a last resort in all mysterious ills. But what of it? So has the city lost its old-fashioned horse car, the old-fashioned mustache cup, the old-fashioned editorial writer with his gun on his desk. Let us be of good cheer.

It is true that the old-fashioned city doctor is out of the picture. He has been succeeded, legitimately, by the specialist. But there has been no such succession in the country. The wide open spaces still have, and need, their general practitioner. It's no place for specialists out where the pavement ends.

The industries in our North Michigan county are nothing more than fishing, fruit-growing, sand-farming and a little late timbering. We have ten thousand souls, most of them poor and a tenth of them Indian. The house in which these words are being written

is one hundred and sixty miles from the nearest street car, and thirty miles across snow drifts from the district metropolis (not in our county), which boasts ten thousand people. In all this thirty windy miles now, at ten o'clock tonight, there are probably not a dozen lighted windows. But fighting the storm, wallowing in drifts on some lonely road, burrowing stubbornly ahead with one of those windows as his goal, you may be assured at least one of our five doctors is still going his daily rounds.

On the last day of December, 1928, the small boy in this household developed influenza. It was not a serious case; we wished only to be careful; so at eight o'clock that morning we drove to the nearest telephone and called the home of our country doctor, ten miles away.

All day we waited. The little boy was tucked in for the night at six o'clock. At eleven, with the New Year not an hour off, like a few other sober country folk, we went to bed. At eleven-thirty we awakened to see car lights reflect on the bedroom ceiling, as the doctor bucked drifts, coming down across fields from the county road.

"Sorry," he said, stamping the snow from his boots. "Lots of 'flu' up the hills. Busy day. Got here as soon as I could."

This particular country doctor is thirty-three years old. His diploma was granted by the medical school of a great university; he did his first interneship at the Ford Hospital in Detroit. He practised a year or two in that city because of the contacts it afforded. He got a job as house physician at a State hospital for the insane, in order to observe the treatment of certain mental diseases. Then, in a village of three hundred, in our sparsely peopled county, he set up shop.

Not as a penance, understand. He believed he could make a living where he was needed. He "received a call" and accepted it with as much humility as any humble worker in the theological vineyard. Of course, he did not intend to starve. It happens that in our brief summer hundreds of city folk come to their cottages in this neighborhood. They, too, occasionally need a doctor. A few of them, if they are very sick, send down to Indianapolis or Chicago or Fort Wayne or Lansing or wherever their winter homes are, for their own doctors. The rest call ours.

They have discovered, first in minor illnesses, then in bigger emergencies, that he is modern and alert and kindly and self-sacrificing. It is a brief harvest for him. These patients are not here when the snow drifts deep. The local people are, with all their ills and their flat pocketbooks. This country doctor's job lasts twelve months a year.

On the night that he came late to our house, he was just completing, good-naturedly, a day only a little more crowded than usual. He had been on the road since six o'clock that morning. He had called on thirty-one patients with influenza, scattered over a territory thirty miles long by ten miles wide. He had stopped twice at the home of a nineteen-months old boy with pneumonia, whose fever he had reduced in two days from 104 to 99, using an old-fashioned remedy. He had brought one baby into the world in the early morning, on a kitchen table, with grandpa holding the lamp and grand-

ma giving the chloroform, and the woman from across the road offering large-handed assistance. Later that same morning, in the small white operating room of the neighboring town hospital, he had performed a Cæsarean section on a diabetic woman forty-two years old, with her first baby. Both mothers and both children are doing well. He had diagnosed three cases of whooping cough and administered the "shots". He had thawed out one frozen radiator and one frosted foot. He had two more calls to make after he left our house.

And still we hear of the passing of the country doctor!

A CAR turned over and plunged into the lake one afternoon last summer on a North Michigan road. A country doctor was called, not the same one I have just been discussing. He arrived simultaneously with a famous city physician who had heard the crash at his cottage across the lake.

Five women had been rescued from the submerged car. Two broken legs, one broken shoulder, one dislocated hip, long jagged gashes, concussion, submersion, shock . . . five cases needing immediate attention there by the road.

"Better get them to the hospital," the city man suggested.

His rural contemporary shook his head.

"Thirty miles," was his comment. "No ambulance. Have to fix them up here."

The city man consented to assist, kneeling beside the country doctor in the dusty road. They administered chloroform to one woman (there's often too little time for ether in the provinces), set broken bones, sewed lacerations, patched up the patients one after another, and took them to the nearest summer hotel. Under the back seat of the car the local doctor had enough first aid equipment to handle nearly any emergency. But here were five patients at once. His kit was not large enough to cope with this necessity.

Bystanders saw him go back to his car, take out two complete sets of baby garments and tear them into bandages. The country doctor often has to furnish his own layette! And this man in particular remembered all too distinctly the details of his first call after settling in this county, when he was forced to dress a new baby in the only covering offered him, an empty gunny sack.

I THINK of a doctor in Iowa, forty years old, a graduate of Johns Hopkins, who for years has dreamed of directing his own country hospital. One stormy night three years ago I was sitting in his warm office when a telephone call came from the brother of a girl living nine miles north of town. She would give birth to a baby in probably an hour.

The doctor refused to go.

"You should have called me earlier," he objected.

Then: "A car couldn't make it tonight. I'd have to use a team."

And finally, weakening: "I don't know where she lives."

He was informed that plans had been made for another sister, who lived in town and owned a horse, to call for him at once. I saw them off, in an open wagon without protection from the storm. The horse

was a starving nag, the harness was half rope. The sister must walk later, it developed, the snow was so blinding. She led the horse, while the doctor, whose hands in a few minutes must be very gentle and warm, held the icy reins. They reached the house in time. The baby was born safely, a nine-pound boy.

I never asked my friend whether the family paid him. I knew they had not. Unfortunately he has no rich summer resorters in his practice. But many ne'er-do-wells. It wasn't exactly the Jukes family, but they were at least first cousins, who five winters running needed his care through pneumonia for five different children. The doctor gave it, knowing he would never be paid. He cared for the oldest boy when a car knocked him off his bicycle and fractured his skull; for the oldest unmarried daughter when she produced twins; for an assortment of children in between with boils, colds, fractures, and in the case of one little girl, a bad mental inheritance. After many years of this, in desperation, he permitted the mother of the family, who was still in her forties, to begin to pay something on his bill by doing his laundry.

YES, they are self-reliant and they are versatile, these medicos of the open spaces.

They believe, with a childish credulity, that self-sacrifice is essential to their trade, that a ten-mile trek at four in the morning and five below zero, to a dead-beat's house, if someone in the house needs a doctor, is an unquestionable duty. With rustic simplicity I have heard them contend that a crop failure is not merely an excuse to escape honest debts; it's only the doctor's hard luck.

They hold to the same steadfast code of pioneer ethics that actuated the old-fashioned practitioner. In spite of his scientific training and his city interneship, isolation has made our Michigan family doctor as self-reliant and as versatile as the rural medico of fifty years ago. He has lost none of those splendid and inspiring qualities that marked his predecessor as the staunchest citizen of his community.

BUT what he has gained! Out along the country roads he has carried a new understanding of preventive medicine. He has hoisted the banner of cleanliness on the highest hilltop in his rustic bailiwick. With the help of the four other doctors in his county, he has beaten the germ theory into hundreds of skeptical agricultural heads. They don't believe him, but they're afraid not to do what he tells them. He has introduced vaccine and antitoxin into French-Canadian and Polish and Bohemian households who have relied for generations on golden thread, balsam bark, and sauerkraut water . . . this last a sure cure for all ailments of the liver. He has established school clinics. He has modernized rural medicine, has set science in the long established seat of pastoral superstition. He is up to the minute in the practice of his profession.

It is unfortunate that his respected predecessor who drove the horse and buggy for all his splendid qualities neglected to teach his patients certain things. Day and night the modern scientific practitioner must struggle to overcome the results of

this neglect. There is the matter of hospitals. Our doctors are fighting to get sick persons out of small, airless, crowded farmhouses into the modern little hospitals that are found today in many county seat towns. And what objections they must overcome!

It is not wholly a matter of expense. Cost usually has little to do with it. The county would pay that, if need be. But for years, in the pre-gasoline age, stout farmers encouraged each other to shun the hospital. It was a last, hopeless resort. In nine farmhouses out of ten, hospital still is spelled "d-e-a-t-h".

And whoever heard that a cold is contagious! Certainly if a neighbor has the grippe, if he is sick enough to stay in bed, then, if ever, is the time for all his friends and relatives to sit in his bedroom and wish him well. As for keeping the baby out of crowds, a family reunion on a Sunday afternoon, with nine children, married, and twenty-nine grandchildren, all coughing together in the front parlor, isn't a crowd . . . it's just a family reunion! Sure, and the doctor wouldn't want to keep the baby away from a reunion!

IT HAS been an uphill road, this long winding trail from superstition and ignorance, and country doctors still are climbing it. To be sure, there is much less difficulty now than there was four or five years ago in stopping an epidemic. Take diphtheria. One week last fall three men in my county administered three hundred injections of antitoxin to farmers and their families who drove into town at the suggestion of a county school superintendent and volunteered to take "the stuff", when diphtheria closed the schools in their district.

Gasoline transportation and the printing press are responsible to a very large extent for the change in country doctoring. Rural medical associations, embracing three or four counties each, meet once a month with the aid of good roads and the automobile, talk over their problems, and frequently listen to a specialist brought for the occasion from the nearest large city or the State university. These monthly meetings are clearing houses for ideas. Often they take the form of clinics. Medical journals, professional magazines, Governmental and State public health reports, come to the country doctor by the ream, most of them free of charge, and he reads them thoroughly. I have heard parents in our summer colony claim that our country doctor has a wider range of vision than many city specialists.

ONE night last summer a small town doctor was preparing for a baby case, an "o.b." in the parlance of the profession. He summoned the husband and discussed anæsthetics.

"Your wife doesn't do so well under ether," he explained. "I remember the last time. Now there's a new anæsthetic which is absolutely safe. I've used it five times with real success. It's not so well known yet, but it will be."

Permission was granted. The baby was born, and in the morning the father picked up a copy of *The Chicago Tribune*, a day late, that had come in on the night train. There was a story on first page, announcing the successful use in New York of this new anæsthetic. The country doctor

had read of the experiment in his medical journal four months before. Studying the facts, he had been brave enough to try it, without waiting for New York to say "Ready!"

ASIDE from his pills and powders, the rustic practitioner plays the same splendid rôle his father did in the life of the community. With the priest, or preacher, and the superintendent of schools, he is one of the intellectual triumvirate of the village. In our country, parents who have scraped up money enough to send their children away to college for a year, beg the doctor to recommend the school.

Often the doctor delivers the armistice day address (it is more than likely that he is a veteran of the World War). He is the man who writes the letter to the Governor at the request of the town, asking why the snow plow doesn't keep this or that road open. Sometimes, even, patients who can't recover because they are worrying about money make him their consultant in financial matters as well.

One day this winter a country doctor was called to an island in Lake Michigan, fourteen miles off shore, where a woman was bleeding to death. The summons came by submarine telephone from the coastguard commander on the island to the nearest commander on shore. A gale was howling down from the north. Ice packs ground against the shores. The coastguard stations, hours earlier, had warned all shipping to tie up.

A mailboat man, in his eighteen-foot gasoline boat, answered the doctor's call for a volunteer. Five hours they fought the storm, while ice piled over the cabin and weighted the deck. The doctor remained with his patient three hours, and then the return trip began. Four more hours. And the port was eleven snowy miles from the doctor's office.

The husband of the woman was a coastguardsman at a salary of ninety dollars a month. The doctor had journeyed twenty-two miles in his car, twenty-eight miles in a small boat. He had spent twelve and a half hours. He had unquestionably risked his own life, and saved a woman's. He charged fourteen dollars. Villagers, discussing the case, decided that it was not too high, considering.

THE country doctor passing? Hardly. But the assumption makes good editorials, just the same. City dwellers like to read them, and they should not be denied the pleasure of contemplating in their snug urban libraries the frosty jingle of sleigh bells or see once more in glamorous retrospect vistas of snowy roads, or hear again the whinney of the doctor's patient horse.

But when the country doctor reads them himself . . . the telephone rings before he has finished, more than likely. He must put them down with a sardonic smile, refill his two medicine bags, check up on the supply of sterilized gauze in the back seat, test his flashlight battery, tell his wife he will be home eventually, crank up the car, and start out.

Bid, Bridgers, Bid With Care!

By Mary Day Winn

The world-wide mania for Auction Bridge which, "horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air," makes draw poker stale, home runs trivial, and the World War an incident

All the world's a bridge table,
And all the men and women merely players.
— *Shakespeare in modern dress.*

The time of this drama is any Tuesday from November 13 to March 26. The place is any spot having four or more (at a pinch, three) inhabitants, in that area bounded on the east by the Atlantic, on the west by the Pacific, on the north by the Arctic, and on the south by the Panama Canal; in other words, North America.

The actors in the piece are over three million people of both sexes, of all ages from nine to ninety, and of all social degrees, from cooks to Congressmen, bootblacks to brokers, writers to editors. They are all, presumably, gathered around bridge tables. The stars of the act are Mr. Work (not the former Secretary of the Interior, but *the* Mr. Work), Mr. Whitehead, and whichever two of their disciples have been, for the time being, tapped to play a stellar rôle.

In a little soundproof room in New York City, Mr. Work, designated as "North", majestically leads a two of diamonds. This momentous fact is immediately communicated through 116 broadcasting stations, from Ketchikan in Alaska to Balboa in the Canal Zone, to over three million radio listeners. One-fourth of this number, or eight hundred and seventy-five thousand "Norths", promptly lead the two of diamonds also.

"Mr. Work's opening lead of the two of diamonds indicates that this is the fourth best card of that suit in his hand," explains the high priest at the microphone; at which announcement over three million eager worshippers hitch their chairs a little closer to the loud speaker.

"Mr. Whitehead, 'East', follows with the three of diamonds," is the next world-shattering fact which rings over the ether. Whereupon every listening "East" plays the three of diamonds.

This mass movement, the radio bridge game, represents the largest number of human beings who have ever done the same thing at the same time in the history of the race. At least ten million different people during a season listen in at these

games, which are broadcast over a greater number of stations than were hooked up at any one time for either of the leading Presidential candidates. The country will worry along somehow, no matter who is President, but our civilization will go down in dust and ashes if we do not settle satisfactorily that great question, "Shall we, or shall we not, adopt the informatory double?" Beside it, other questions sink into their rightfully insignificant places. The Senate may wrangle over treaties and naval rivalries, believing that its little political game is the really important one, and that the biggest problems in international relations are being settled in its windy sessions. Several million bridge players on both sides of the Atlantic are not even interested enough to inform the Senate of its mistake! They know that the only serious difference between England and America is whether or not the British can overcome their traditional distrust of the Yankee sufficiently to accept the obviously superior American honor count!

INFLUENZA and bridge are the two greatest epidemics that have swept this country since the Great Glacier receded and left it habitable. Of the two visitations, bridge is undoubtedly taken the more seriously by those infected. Our medical friends have developed antitoxins which are about sixty per cent. efficient in giving us immunity from influenza; but no antitoxin will protect us from the bridge bug. In the early stages of the epidemic it was thought that poker players were immune, but this theory has been smashed by the facts. Poker breathed its last when Big League baseball threw its chips into the wastebasket and began to babble of "majority calling", "singleton leads", "quick tricks" and "negative doubles". For the few Die Hards the sight is a sad one. Home run kings resting from their triumphs; firemen waiting around for a chance to be heroes; travelling salesmen on their way from one victim to the next; business men detained at the office — all these are no longer interested in discovering the mathematical possibility of drawing to a straight. Instead, they are counting trumps, and trying to guess whether or not they can put through an ace-queen finesse. It is like the old frontier war between the sheepmen and the cattlemen, this battle between poker and bridge, and poker is losing out on every range.

BRIDGE, its followers tell us, is the only game that is played in all civilized countries. Enthusiasm for it has circled the globe, though the craze is perhaps most virulent in the United States. One-third of the world's players, it is estimated, are Americans; we never do anything half-heartedly. About fifteen million people, or, generally speaking, sixty per cent. of the intelligent adult population, play bridge more or less — mostly more. Anyone who doubts that it is now the great national pastime only needs to cast a reminiscent eye at America's former idol, Babe Ruth, and observe how pitiful is the pittance paid him by his worshippers when compared with the income earned entirely from bridge by Milton C. Work, Wilbur C. Whitehead, Sidney S. Lenz and other idols of the card room. Mr. Lenz is reported to have turned down an offer of a thousand dollars for a single

bridge lesson, because he did not have the time. Comtemplation of the activities of Mr. Work leaves one in a state of collapse.

As ITEM number one for Mr. Work, jot down the fact that he is at present about half way between sixty and seventy years of age, and had practised law successfully for thirty years before he settled down to a really serious profession. A speaking tour of the country in 1917 for the benefit of the Red Cross, in which he earned one hundred thousand dollars telling a war-torn country under what circumstances it was permissible to make an original no-trump bid, convinced him that he had mistaken his vocation for his avocation. So after the war he turned his back on Blackstone and, somewhat tentatively, offered to give lessons in bridge to some of his friends.

The offer did not remain tentative for long. Before the season was out he was teaching eight hours a day for six days a week and had all his time booked up for a year ahead. This was in that period of post-war depression when the country was not supposed to have even enough money to buy shoes for the baby. What Mr. Work's present annual income is from the various phases of his bridge activity, one can only conjecture, but there are a few concrete facts on which conjecture can be based.

He no longer gives bridge lessons; that task is relegated to his hundreds of professional teacher-pupils scattered all over the country. He does, once a year, give a short course of seminar talks to a selected group of these teachers, who come, wide-eyed, from as far as California, to sit at the Master's feet.

But this is only a beginning, only the first faint bugle notes of the appalling diapason of his activities. He has written fifteen books on bridge, of which several million copies have been sold. One of them alone, now in its twenty-ninth edition, has sold nearly half a million. Sharpen your pencil, Gentle Reader, and figure for yourself what the royalties must be. One can only conclude that these books have been written in his sleep, because he also dictates, daily, an article on bridge which is syndicated to over 200 newspapers, dashes off a weekly piece for one of the weekly magazines, and four monthly ones for monthly periodicals, helps to edit *The Auction Bridge Magazine*, and finds time, in between, to collect his share of the profits on the sales of five or six thousand bridge pads a month. This, of course, is all in addition to giving an average of over two hundred bridge lectures a year ($250 to $375 per lecture) and answering personally from 2,000 to 12,000 letters a month from players who cannot eat, sleep, rest or get married until they find out whether that no-trump bid they made last night was "conventional" or not.

Asked recently what he did for rest and recreation, if any, Mr. Work was mildly surprised. "Why, play bridge, of course!" he said.

THE above statistics indicate clearly that bridge has advanced to the status of a Menace to the American Home. At the Tri-State Convention of the W. C. T. U. last July, the embattled matrons paused long enough in their fight with the Demon Rum to hurl a lance or two at the Demon Bridge. One cannot escape the conviction that these ladies had at some time

or other been scolded for trumping their husbands' aces. Bridge circles were full of gossip last fall about an unfortunate wife who committed this sin and was promptly slapped by her enraged spouse. Mr. Whitehead, asked his opinion of the matter, remarked that it just went to show how really patient men had become; in the good old frontier days the husband would have shot her. The Chicago judge before whom the slappee subsequently sued for divorce was saddened but not surprised. So many family quarrels over bridge had been brought to his court, he declared, that he strongly recommended that husbands and wives should avoid playing as partners.

Bridge enthusiasts themselves have not been blind to the fact that the professional reformers are considering their pastime with a speculative eye. They have made various pathetic little attempts at palliation. Colonel Frank A. Cook has worked out a schedule for progressive bridge parties which will keep husbands and wives from ever playing at the same table. It is hoped that this schedule, if widely adopted, will materially lower the rising American divorce rate.

In his book, *Politicians and the War*, Lord Beaverbrook casts some illuminating sidelights on the relative importance of a rubber game and a world catastrophe. He relates how, in the summer of 1914, on the Saturday before Britain's declaration of war, he and Lord Birkenhead went to Mr. Churchill's house. There he found Churchill with a couple of friends, and four of them sat down to a rubber of bridge, Beaverbrook playing the unhappy rôle of "kibitzer":

> Suddenly an immense dispatch box was brought into the room. Churchill produced his skeleton key, opened the box, and took out of it a single sheet of paper which seemed singularly disproportionate to the size of the box, just as the paper seemed too big for the brief message typed on it. On that sheet were written the words, "Germany has declared war on Russia."

It might be reasonable to suppose that this cataclysmic news would have shattered the bridge game, but anyone who thinks so has never played bridge. Churchill did give up his hand and depart immediately, "as in duty bound," explains the narrator, evidently feeling that such an act needs explanation; but his place was quickly, and we suspect eagerly, taken by Beaverbrook, who complains a bit peevishly that he found himself "in an extremely unfavorable tactical position". Though the fires of a world conflagration were crackling all around them, it was near morning before the four Neros left for their homes.

It is one of the characteristics of bridge that it can absorb and hold the interest of its devotees at a higher pitch for a longer time than any other card game ever invented. And those who have become its slaves hug their shackles. The story is told in New York of a commuter who, on his daily trip to the city, used to play bridge with his cronies in their club car. At the age of seventy-two he retired from business, but he was not willing to retire from bridge. Every morning now he takes the 8:10 train, rides into New York as usual, has his hour or so of bridge, and on reaching the city takes another train back home.

The number of clubs whose sole *raison d'être* is bridge is continually on

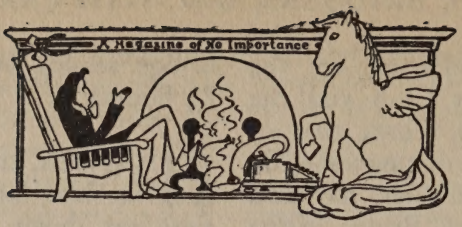
the increase. In addition to the Knickerbocker Whist Club and the Whist Club of New York, two of the oldest and most distinguished in America, New York City has two others, the New York Bridge Whist Club and the Cavendish Club; the last of these, named for an English statistician and whist genius whose real name was Henry Jones, admits women to its membership. In addition to these well known local clubs, there are the American Whist League and the American Auction Bridge League, not to mention dozens of other lesser known organizations, as well as the groups of bridge players in the big athletic clubs, such as the Racquet and Tennis.

SEVERAL national bridge tournaments are held annually, notably those under the auspices of the American Whist League and the American Auction Bridge League, which have the distinction of being the final authorities in this country on bridge laws.

Some of the champions who take part in these tournaments have to be men of stamina. In the mere matter of physical endurance they could probably play the village blacksmith under the table long before they themselves were ready to add up the score. At this writing, the record for long playing seems to be held by Commander Winfield Liggett, U. S. N., retired, who once endured through a bridge session lasting approximately 83 hours.

HIS laurels, though, are in danger, for last fall four doughty warriors sat down in a hotel room in Cleveland, where they had gathered by appointment, grimly determined to play until they had proved that certain tactical methods of bidding, which one of them had advocated in a book, and to which his adversary had taken exception, were good or bad. The author of the book was George Reith, chairman of the Card Committee of the Knickerbocker Whist Club; his partner, who was trying to help him vindicate his judgment, was Ely Culbertson, New York bridge teacher; the reviewer who had to back up his criticism on the field of battle was Carl T. Robertson, associate editor of *The Auction Bridge Magazine*, ably assisted by Ralph Reed Richards, of Detroit, first president of the American Auction Bridge League.

Three days later the four men rose from the card table, weary knights who had fought the good fight in defense of their principles. With a few hours out for sleep and food, they had played steadily for three days and three nights. The critic and his partner had won, and in their hearts was a great exaltation. In the words of the old proverb (if there isn't an old proverb to that effect there should be), "Happy is the sleep of him who has fought for the right."



Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, without good Rhyme, Reason or Responsibility, Reflecting Nothing beyond the Peculiar Mental Processes of its Editor

APRIL, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 4

THE S. & N. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

WE HAVE for some months been under a terrific strain. It has always been difficult for us to keep a secret, and when the secret involves — as does this one — matters of profound scientific and sociological import, we practically split at the seams. But now it may be told.

STUFF AND NONSENSE, mindful as usual of the customers' keen interest in the way the world wags at the North, South and all intermediate poles, has promoted and prepared, floated and flown its own Antarctic Expedition. Under the gallant leadership of the stalwart Commander Boid, of Sixth Avenue and the Yonkers Navy, we have sent forth our own little argosy to brave the perils of the Vasty Deep (*name copyrighted*) and penetrate far into the Frozen Wastes (*name also copyrighted*). With a degree of pardonable pride we report that the expedition has reached its objective, such as it is, and is in direct radio communication with the home office on the eighth floor front, where hourly, daily and even weekly bulletins are now arriving with almost painful regularity.

The reasons for our reticence to date may be briefly stated. In the first place we wished to be sure that the expedition had arrived in good condition and without any C. O. D. charges. On a former occasion we sent Commander Boid on an important expedition deep into the Middle Atlantic States. He was supposed to discover Washington's Farewell Address in order that we might correct our mailing lists, but we found him later in the Eastern Penitentiary with no clear and scientific idea as to how he got there. One can't be too careful, as in fact we told him at the time, and it would be very embarrassing to find ourselves publishing the story of an Antarctic expedition that had got itself mislaid somewhere east of Suez or in the Gobi Desert.

In the second place there is the matter of the weather. We came to the conclusion some time ago that winter is no season in which to be reading of Antarctic expeditions. So we insisted that Commander Boid arrange his schedule and itinerary so that he might arrive at the South Pole in the early spring and stay there throughout the summer. This involves, of course, that he will be there during the Antarctic winter, but this is likely to make his story even more interesting and much more satisfying to those at home who are just about to dust off the old straw hat and white flannel trousers. The customers must positively be pleased, even though it may be a little hard on Commander Boid.

In the third place we have kept this thing to ourselves because we were bound this should be an exclusive as well as an authentic story. We believe we have succeeded. The day-by-day account of the S. and N. Antarctic Expedition appears exclusively in these pages. Nobody else knows anything about it. We have had our

anxious moments. There was an office boy, for instance, who was found leaning on a broom in the outer office when the first news came to us that all was well on the other side of the world. He may have been asleep, but we could not be sure. Rumor had it that he talked in his sleep anyway. So we shot him.

One disquieting circumstance leads us sometimes to suspect that others may have pirated part of our story. We refer, of course, to the newspaper reports appearing in *The New York Times* and elsewhere concerning the alleged Antarctic expedition of the alleged Commander Byrd. We have on several occasions noted the use in such reports of phrases and expressions which seem to have been lifted bodily from our own narrative. We don't want to be unnecessarily nasty about it, but it must positively stop. There are laws and things designed expressly to prohibit this sort of thing. For example we call attention to such phrases as "icy barrier", "frigid wastes", and "deep blue Antarctic sky". There are also "penetrating cold", "sub-zero temperature" and an occasional "intrepid aviator". We are surprised just as much as we are hurt to think that any species of American journalism would stoop to steal or at least borrow our stuff in this shameless fashion.

The purposes of the S. and N. Antarctic Expedition are in part scientific and in part humanitarian. Concerning the latter, we need only say that if you knew Commander Boid and his assistant, Captain Bittern, you would know exactly what we mean. The scientific aspects of the expedition are principally a matter of ice. It occurred to us, shortly after the election of Mr. Hoover, that ice is becoming an increasingly important factor in civilization. A shortage of ice is a possibility too terrible to contemplate, and even a scarcity of ice has on occasion been known to break up the party long before bedtime. We are aware, of course, that there are here and there electric refrigerators, but we are also convinced that there remain thousands and tens of thousands of old-fashioned fundamentalist Americans who stand staunchly by the icebox and hang on doggedly to the ice pick. For them there must be unearthed new natural resources of ice, new veins, deposits and lodes.

We rejoice to announce that in this respect the expedition is a complete success. Its outstanding discovery is that there is ice at the South Pole. The comparatively trivial findings of the rival expedition confirm our own observations. There is ice there. Lots of it.

The S. and N. Expedition set out late one night from the Hoboken side of the Hudson River, amid the deafening clamor of a Pennsylvania ferryboat's siren and a harbor tug mourning for its mate. Farewell messages were brief and to the point, and no photographers were present. Consequently there were absolutely no pictures taken of the start of the expedition, which fact is enough in itself to stamp this as an extraordinary and epochal event. The crew had been carried aboard, the captain stood on the bridge, and the gallant Commander Boid, muffled to the ears in a hotel blanket, stood at the bow to watch for ice. A wave of the hand to the Jersey shore, a salute to the Statue of Liberty, a few kind words with the quarantine officials, and the ship stood out to sea. New York slid into the mists of night, Commander Boid slid into the scuppers, and the expedition was on its way.

The equipment of the expedition had been a matter of extraordinary care and forethought. In the hold were stowed three portable houses, including birdbaths and built-in breakfast nooks and both first and second mortgages. There were also three cases of beer, ear-muffs for the entire crew, and a stereoscope to pass the hours during the long Antarctic night. The balance of the space in the hold was taken up by cigarettes, carefully blended to yield not more than three coughs to the carload and two testimonials to the ton. There was also an extensive library, consisting of three odd volumes of *Beacon Lights of History* and *Smull's Legislative Handbook* for 1914.

On the second floor of the ship were stored the scientific instruments and apparatus. These included a surveyor's transit for estimating the height of Antarctic and other mountains, a piece of string with a horseshoe tied to it for plumbing the depths of the polar seas, a frying pan and fifteen corkscrews. In another cabin was the theodolite, specially equipped for the occasion with a photostat, rheostat, thermostat, and ice-cream freezer attachment. In addition there was a large-scale map of New Jersey which, in order to conserve valuable space, was used to cover the dining room table.

Two airplanes were carried on the deck, one on the afterdeck and the other on the before-deck. The first of these was an old Curtiss pusher; the other a new Fordson tractor. Both were equipped with snowshoes, compasses, tachometers, altimeters, inclinometers, and front and rear bumpers.

A team of Arctic dogs or "huskies", carefully selected from the waterfront of Hoboken, was kenneled immediately aft of the engine room, whence the faithful beasts were taken daily by Commander Boid for exercising up and down the deck. This had the further effect of exercising the ship's two cats, and was also quite good for the Commander. Carrier pigeons, a Spanish parrot, two or more guinea-pigs, a ground hog, a bowl of goldfish, thirteen mice and a crew of sixteen completed the livestock of the ship.

The personnel of the crew is perhaps unique in the annals of the sea. Commander Boid himself is, of course, well known. He comes from a good family and has come a surprisingly long way. For many years he has moved in the best circles, and it is in fact his disposition to move in circles that has enabled him to enjoy the hospitality of civic governments throughout the country. He is a skilful aviator with the assistance of a good pilot and two or three mechanics, and holds a Master's certificate in navigation which he picked up in San Francisco. His outstanding achievement was, of course, his expedition in search of the Northwest Passage to Patagonia. He didn't find it, but he certainly did a lot of looking. Then there was his non-stop flight on a ham sandwich from Conshohocken to Manayunk, Pa., which was followed by an endurance flight of oratory across the continent with stops at all principal cities. He has received decorations in all parts of the world, including a thick ear, a broken nose and a practically perennial black eye, but in spite of all he is modest, retiring and unassuming except when roused.

Captain Bittern is his chief officer and a man of mystery. He has spent so much time in Arctic waters that he looks uncommonly like a walrus, and it is popularly supposed that he derives his name from his habit of observing that "it's bitter'n hell in them parts when 'tis cold." He is a big, two-fisted he-man and seaman, probably with hair on his chest though we are not sure. He is well known in literary circles as a contributor under a *nom de plume* to the "Short Turns and Encores" department of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

The Fourth Estate is represented by a young reporter named Owen Wessell. He got on board as a stowaway, disguised as a Sunday edition of *The New York Times*, but upon being unwrapped he so endeared himself to the crew that they insisted he stay and peel potatoes. There is also a radio operator who divides his time equally between repairing his instrument, practising on the saxophone, and playing dominoes with the captain. Most of our dispatches come from him, by way of the ether. The difficulties of radio telephony from the Antarctic Circle are enormous, but somehow he gets through. The process, we believe, is known as "mushing through". We are not exactly sure what is meant by "mushing" but it certainly sounds like it.

On board the good ship GULL, *February 21, 11 a.m., Eastern Standard Time. Weather clear and colder, with some frost on the lowlands. Latitude, 3.1416; longitude, 40 w., 110 v. A. C. Tides as usual.*

Well, here we are, safe and sound after our long and tiresome journey, and all eager to begin as soon as possible to explore the frozen wastes that lie before us. Our trip was quite uneventful, except that the cabin boy fell overboard as we passed the Equator and has not yet rejoined the ship. We are all quite well and happy. Commander Boid, with his usual thoughtfulness for his men, has been careful to keep the crew occupied and contented and has arranged many pleasant social evenings on board to keep the boys from running around nights. There has been a little friendly bridge and some tiddliwinks, and Captain Bittern has given us weekly readings from Browning which were much enjoyed. Last Tuesday tea was served on the after deck and a pleasant time was had by all. There has been a little fishing, but no skating or tobogganing. The married men among the crew have been keenly interested throughout the trip in watching the crow's nest. There are three eggs in it, but since the mother crow is a little temperamental we fear nothing will come of them. The father crow has not been seen for some time, and we conclude that he is a travelling man.

We are anchored at last on the very edge of Antarctica, within a mile or so of the bay of whales. It is a strange experience indeed, after the long silences of the open sea, broken only

by the creaking of the tackle and the croaking of the captain. The bay of whales is an indescribable sound, terrifying and ominous. It seems to continue day and night, which suggests that there must be several whales working on some sort of schedule. We have seen a bear, and after studying it carefully through the polariscope we have concluded it was a polar bear. Fortunately the bear didn't see us.

We are already convinced that there is ice here. We have not examined it closely, but it certainly looks like ice. Gazing out from the ship we can look upon hundreds of square miles of ice never before seen by the eye of man — assuming, of course, that it *is* ice. We get somewhat the same sensation whenever we open the electric refrigerator, but it is much more impressive by the square mile. Moreover the captain doesn't care to have the refrigerator opened. The lettuce doesn't seem to keep very well in this climate.

We are preparing to unload the ship and particularly to set up our portable houses and make ourselves comfortable for the work ahead. The dogs are all well and we now have eighteen guinea pigs. One of the crew has a slight cold. His curiosity and scientific zeal got the better of him and he stepped off the ship to see whether it was indeed ice that was spread all around the landscape. He reports that it was ice, but there wasn't enough of it.

(*To be continued*)

The S. & N.
Alphabetical Education

No. 10. Bricklaying

Bricklaying is generally regarded as one of the skilled trades, it being extraordinarily difficult to lay one brick on top of another in accordance with the laws of geometry and the rules of the union, the process further calling for a straight eye in working hours and a straight face on payday. The other essentials of the trade are a trowel and some bricks.

Before laying the bricks it is as well to decide just what the ultimate function of the bricks is to be. They may be intended to make a fireplace or a garage or a false front for a skyscraper, and the matter can hardly be left entirely to chance. A conference between the architect, contractor and ultimate consumer of the proposed edifice will usually arrive at some decision, and progress should thereafter be rapid, provided there are enough bricks.

Lay the plan of the building on the ground, enlarging it if necessary according to scale. Lay a brick carefully in line with the proposed wall, and lay another beyond it so that one end of one brick is contiguous with one end of the other brick, leaving the other ends of both bricks as far apart as possible. Repeat the process with a third brick. Lay two bricks on top of the three bricks, so that each of the two upper or superficial bricks spans the joint between two of the lower or subtended bricks. Lay a third brick on top of the two bricks which are on top of the three bricks. This makes six bricks in all and it is now lunch time.

There is also mortar to be taken into consideration. Mortar serves a double purpose. On the one hand it holds the bricks together and on the other it keeps them apart. Mortar is compounded of a great deal of sand and water and the least common denominator of lime. Sometimes cement is substituted for lime, in which case the architect evidently has a mean disposition and this is going to be a very expensive building.

The most difficult problem in bricklaying is to determine what to do with the brick you happen to be holding when the whistle blows at the end of the day. After prolonged years of discussion in bricklaying circles, it is now generally agreed that the bricklayer shall simply let go of it so that it drops in its tracks.

No. 11. Broadjumping

Broadjumping is one of the most popular high school and collegiate sports, though it has also more practical advantages and applications than is usually expected of an academic study. Broadjumping is simply a polite term for jumping as far as possible, and if there be added the idea of jumping as quickly as possible the broadjumper is prepared to visit almost any large American city with a reasonable expectation of life.

Really capable broadjumpers can and do jump for astonishing distances, sometimes surpassing twenty feet at a single effort. Most of us would need at least two jumps to arrive at the same conclusion, which shows the advantage of a university training. The real beauty of broadjumping is that you can jump and jump and jump without exhausting the

subject, and even though you should at last break the record and jump thirty feet all at once, it is comforting to know that there are still plenty more feet waiting eagerly to be jumped.

The rules of broadjumping are quite simple. Both feet must leave the ground and ultimately return to it. It is considered unfair and unsportsmanlike to turn somersaults en route, or to split the seams of your jumping pants. Having set out on a jump it is considered bad form to change your mind and come back again. There must be no refueling in the air, and no stop-over privileges are allowed.

Broadjumping contests are regular features of inter-collegiate track-and-field meets. They are generally supposed to add variety and spice to the programme, and to increase the sale of pop and peanuts. Young men go in for broadjumping who are not suited by nature or architecture for the football team. Since they cannot die for their Alma Mater, they can at least jump for her.

Our Own Book-of-the-Month Club

Editorial Note: In regard to our Book-of-the-Month Club, we again call attention to the fact that it is our own private possession, and usually hangs on the wall beside the long bow which none but ourselves can string. It must therefore not be confused with any other firm by the same name. It is a knobby, brutal sort of club, but there are no lethal notches on it nor any ominous stains. We swing it principally for exercise, which we take once a month whether we need it or not.

HOLIER THAN THOU. By C. E. Ayres. (Bobbs, Merrill, $2.50.) Reviewed by a spiritual pessimist, who would sometimes admire to think that nobody gives a hoot for his eternal salvation, but can't seem to keep his mind on it.

According to this book, if you still believe that there is any such thing as right or wrong, or any real difference between them, you are wrong. At least you would be, if there were any such thing as wrong to be. But since you can't be wrong or right, what difference does it make and who cares?

Good or bad, right or wrong, true or false, are simply a matter of what the neighbors think, or — to put it more plainly — they are by-products of our *mores* and folkways. The book says so. It proves it by chasing an argument around a bush. If you move quickly enough you can catch the argument by the tail and thereby complete an impregnable circle, against which the moralists will beat out their bewildered brains in vain. Sitting tight inside the circle you can then behave as you please until arrested.

The author has nothing but an amused contempt for any divine or spiritual law, which for all we know may be a mutual sentiment. Since he takes evolution just as seriously as those who believe there is some difference between true and false, he concludes that morality also is a matter of yearly models. Shakespeare beat him to the idea by three centuries, remarking that "there's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." The trouble with the modern man is clearly that he thinks too much, thereby getting himself all tangled up with Prohibition.

This is a variation in B-flat on the behavioristic theme. It is equally logical and airtight, and it runs into the same blind alley. The most amusing phenomenon in the scientific sideshow is the hardboiled behaviorist, who thinks long and loud and laboriously to arrive at last at the conclusion that thought is a matter of chemical combustion. Thereby he burns himself to a crisp in his own bonfire. Mr. Ayres has put on the same act. His book will be a good book and a true one only if the neighbors think so, which by and large they won't.

At the end of vaudeville shows they once put on a whirling dervish to clear the house. When introspective science gets itself tied into a hopeless knot, somebody writes a book which argues as progressively as a merry-go-round. Then common sense cuts the knot into little pieces, and they start stringing us again in another direction.

While recovering from the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, we may recall for the good of our souls the opinion of Francis Bacon. "It is true", quoth he, "that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion."

Our Center of Gravity

"To err in opinion, though it be not the part of wise men, is at least human."

PLUTARCH.

Mr. Thomas Edison, being now eighty-two years of age, is once more put on the witness stand by reporters with nothing better to do, and expected to stand and deliver the oracle. Just how this annual ceremonial observance came first to pass is beyond sensible explanation, but now every mid-February is so marked and memorialized. The questions are fairly consistently asinine; the answers usually noncommittal, and partaking not much of the divinity expected of them. But this year, at least, one ray of light shone through the Stygian murkiness of the wizard's observations on this and that and the other. In answer to one interrogation he wrote: "This question is too damned ridiculous to be worth answering." So be it. *Ipse dixit.*

Elsewhere a shadow of pessimism fell across the questionnaire. Asked, as is part of the ritual and custom, to say somewhat concerning human happiness, the seer stated that he had never yet met a happy man. Almost this precipitated a crisis. In some journalistic quarters there was a disposition to hush it up; in others there were editorial interpretations. Later editions did a little fancy exegesis and agreed that what was said was in a fashion cryptic and must be viewed in the light of subsequent statements. For if the master mind, the prophet and seer, the source whence all modern blessings flow, the supreme inventor and discoverer, has neither invented nor discovered any sign or evidence of happiness, then we have perhaps chosen an unprofitable shrine for our homage. Which would be most disturbing.

Most of us go seeking after happiness, since there is no demonstrable good reason for seeking after anything else. We have an amazing variety of notions as to where to find it. Health, wealth, peace, or leisure in this world, or salvation and a comfortable location in another, cover countless formulæ out of which we hope to distill an acceptable reward and dividend to make life worth living. Unless overtaken by the most deadly form of pessimism, our efforts and energies are daily tribute to the hope of happiness. We seek it and pursue it.

Yet there is little need of proof that it is rarely found at the end of the most carefully charted highways. If wealth can buy it, then it should be the special pride and possession of the idle rich, which it is not. If leisure can encompass it, then leisure should be less prolific of boredom. If it is a by-product of many possessions, then it should be priced and paraded in department stores. If it goes customarily with electric lights and radios and built-in bath tubs, then Mr. Edison should not be so ignorant of it.

So it seems that happiness may prove not something at the end of the rainbow or around some unknown corner of the future, for many who have arrived at some such destination go short of it. When they get there the cupboard is bare, and there is nothing much they can do about it except to assume that there is no such animal or else that they have missed it unaccountably on the road. Few of those who have topped all the hurdles that lie in the average path can assure us that true happiness lies beyond the last one, waiting for somebody to lay hold on it.

So there is but one alternative conclusion; that happiness can by no means be postponed, earned, and collected at last in a lump; that it grows, if anywhere, by the wayside of life, in byways as well as on highways and within reach of both small and great. It must be taken on the run and in the stride, chiefly in small doses and always according to the capacity of the one who gathers it. It is always at hand and in clear sight. Sometimes our eyes are shut to it by pain and calamity, but a worse blindness is that which comes from seeking it too far ahead.

The commonest grief of age is that opportunity has slipped by beyond recovery. The most tragic loss is to have lost the opportunity for happiness day by day. Since Mr. Edison has now confessed that it is not hidden in his laboratory, we may now look again for it nearer home, where other times and peoples have been content to find it.

BULLETIN BOARD
of the S. & N. Heterogenius Club

Editorial Note: The Heterogenius Club is a new organization which we are now organizing as chief organizers. It is unique in that it has no officers, dues, meetings or purposes. Membership is conferred solely by the publication on the monthly Bulletin Board of one or more masterpieces acceptable to the high standards — moral and otherwise — of the Club. These may be in prose or verse and on any conceivable subject, provided it is quite unimportant. There are seven touchstones of excellence by which the Board of Governors, Directors and Guardians will judge contributions. The first is that they must be brief. The second is that they must be short. The third is that they must not be too long. The others are equally important.

There are no dues for membership in the Heterogenius Club. By the same token no financial inducements are offered to prospective members. The only compensation offered for acceptable contributions is the comfortable consciousness of a good deed shining in a naughty world. It ought to be enough.

On the Bulletin Board there will also be published news notes of interest relative to the members and their public and private life, if any. Just at the moment we don't think of any for this issue.

Gourmandy

By Sara Henderson Hay

I'm sick of cobble stones and noise,
Of leather-lunged delivery boys,
I'm tired of the smutty air
In every street and alley way.
For oh, my heart is calling me
To Gourmandy, to Gourmandy,
And I must rise and follow there,
Some not too distant day!

In Gourmandy the fountains sing,
With aromatic murmuring
Of orange-juice, and lemonades,
And ginger-ale. An arbor spills
Sweet jelly clusters from the vine,
And ducklings, broiled in sherry wine,
Go wandering up the fragrant glades
Among the spicy hills.

The frosty frozen cream lies spread
Along the peaks of gingerbread,
And on the marshy-mallow plain
How slimly tall the cheese sticks rise!
Hard by the pungent scented wood,
A little hill of angelfood,
Grows crimson with the lucent stain
Of huckleberry pies.

The pretzels preen their tawny flanks,
And stretch themselves upon the banks
Of milk-shake rivers running through
The sugared fields of Gourmandy.
And every dusky eve is heard
The warble of the Muffin Bird,
Which wings down drenched in honey dew
From each ambrosial tree.

There, skies are never merely blue,
But that divinely richer hue
That glistens on the turkey's breast
Fresh lifted from the roasting pan;
Such mellow gleaming amber gold,
As candied yams are wont to hold,
And which, methinks, hath much of zest
To warm the heart of man.

I'm tired of incandescent nights,
Of One Way streets, of traffic lights,
Of food that restaurants prepare,
And every raucous city way;
For oh, my heart is calling me
To Gourmandy, to Gourmandy,
And I must rise and hasten there,
Some not too distant day!

Problems of the Patent

By Edward Davis

(*News Note:* A London judge has ruled that an invisible bacillus, recently discovered and used in the manufacture of explosives, is the property of the inventor or discoverer, and may be patented.)

Can a man get a patent on a cow?
Maybe so, but I'm sure I don't know how;
  For its rich and fruity juice
  Has been in "public use"
Too long to get a patent on it now.

Can a man get a patent on a bee,
Upon proper application, with the fee?
  I doubt it, for the features
  Of the busy little creatures
Were known and used when men lived in a tree.

Can a man get a patent on a snail?
Not unless he put a lawyer on its trail
In that prehistoric time
When the world was mostly slime;
For now its basic principle is stale.

Can a man get a patent on a cod?
Its liver has been useful, but it's odd
That it's somewhat prehistoric,
And — in Boston — allegoric,
And the man to get the patent's under sod.

Can a man get a patent on a yeast?
It's a useful and prolific little beast;
But it's been on sale for years
In this dismal vale of tears,
And the man to get the patent is deceased.

Can a man get a patent on a hen?
He might have if he'd tried to do it when
In the days of long ago
The first rooster tried to crow;
But the patent office wasn't open then.

GENERAL INFORMATION

(*This department is maintained for the convenience of our readers and in recognition of the crying need for their enlightenment. Inquiries addressed to us will be here answered by experts on our staff, in association with a large corps of correspondents in every conceivable location. All information supplied is guaranteed to be as reliable as is at all necessary.*)

Question: "I have a passion for hobbies. I have, in my time, collected stamps, fossils, coins, bottles, and motion picture actresses. I have done fretwork, tatting and cross country running. I have grown roses, climbed mountains, written poetry and raised guinea pigs. Is there anything else I might do?"

Answer: You might try keeping a lizard. The keeping of lizards is a comparatively unexploited pastime, and should offer opportunities to develop your own individuality, not to mention that of the lizard. We would suggest one of the bigger and better lizards, rather than the sort that the children put into the bathtub when their great-aunt comes for a week-end visit. A lizard of twelve or fourteen inches would be about right.

If you happen to be well known around the Zoo, you may be able to obtain a second-hand or shop-worn lizard there at a somewhat reduced rate. Otherwise you can try the lizard department of any up-to-date drug store. If you are a travelling man, you will find that very nice lizards can be obtained by sitting quietly in the sun about fifty miles south of El Paso, Texas, until you become the center of an admiring group of lizards, not to mention rattlesnakes. Pick out a lizard of quiet habits and nice manners and entice it home.

In keeping lizards the first thing of importance is to keep them. A lizard is an inquiring sort of beast, and if allowed to run undisciplined will plug up the plumbing in no time. The second essential is to give the lizard plenty of sun. Lizards are very fond of sunning themselves, and to do so it is practically essential that they be supplied with sun.

We are not quite sure what diet is considered best for tame or captive lizards. Probably it all depends on the lizard.

Question: "What is a seismograph? I notice the word occasionally in the newspapers in connection with the subject of earthquakes, and am uncertain whether the seismograph is the cause of the earthquake or simply one of its after-effects."

Answer: Before committing ourselves too deeply on this matter, we took just a peek into the Encyclopedia, and there discovered — just as we expected — that a seismograph is "an instrument for measuring the shocks and undulatory motions of earthquakes." This gives you at once some idea of the moral nature of an earthquake, and suggests that a seismograph might serve as a useful device for determining the box-office value of imitators of Gilda Gray. A seismograph is a very delicate instrument, as sensitive as the Watch and Ward Society of Massachusetts, and always has its ear to the ground for trouble. It may also occasionally be seen standing on its hind legs and sniffing eagerly to all points of the compass for signs of an earthquake in the vicinity.

A seismograph, properly trained and housebroken, will give prompt notice of an outbreak of earthquakes in China, and so provide an excellent reason for staying away from China. It will record without local prejudice an earthquake in California, though the machine may occasionally be misled by what is not an earthquake but simply an unusual activity in real estate. It will give warning of the approach of a

local or domestic earthquake, in time for your wife to take in the wash and fix her hair. The milk bottles should also be immediately placed on ice, since earthquakes have a souring and curdling effect on fresh milk and cream.

If properly adjusted to its environment, a seismograph will also keep a faithful record of household events and eventualities, and write them imperishably in a wavy and jagged line so long as its ink holds out. It will make a note whenever the baby falls out of bed, and just how the baby feels about it can be determined by the condition of the line and also by the condition of the baby. A sharp peak in the line, followed by the crash of falling glass, indicates that the children have broken another window. When saucepans boil over the line takes on a wavy and spluttering appearance, and when the bedroom clock stops the line disappears entirely.

At the approach of distant relatives intending to stay for a few days, the seismograph expresses itself in dots and dashes which may be readily read by the experienced eye. This gives opportunity for you to arrange a case of small-pox, measles or *impetigo contagiosa*, one or more of which should be sufficient to discourage the most determined relative in the family.

Our Bedtime Story

(Continued from last month)

You remember, children, our little friend the hot dog whose name was Algernon and his brother named — strangely enough — Tobias, who had a narrow escape from going into the artistic profession on 57th Street. Now these two had an uncle named Elmer, who was deeply involved in a chicken pattie in Greenwich Village, and Alfred and his girl friend were sitting right in front of him and it certainly looked bad for Elmer. But since they were talking so earnestly and holding hands under the table he felt a little hopeful, particularly since he was getting cold rapidly.

"Alfred, dear," said the girl (and while you may be surprised to hear that her name was Violet, that's just the way it was), "when do you suppose we can get married?"

"Pretty soon now," said Alfred vaguely. "I'd say right away, except that you know I'm ambitious. Like Caesar," he added, with a modest but becoming blush.

"I know," sighed Violet, loving him for it just the same. "And I think you're getting on wonderful. Just wonderful. What are you hauling now?" For, as you will recall, Alfred was a truck driver.

"Barrels," said Alfred, trying not to brag about it. "I started on flatwork, — packages and parcels. Then they gave me packing cases. Now it's barrels. Someday I'll be up to furniture, or even pianos. I don't suppose I'll ever get a chance at statuary; that seems to be a job for specialists. But you can never tell, sometimes."

"When you get to furniture, can we get married?" asked Violet, a little tremulously.

"I don't know," said Alfred, toying at Elmer with a fork. "I feel I've got bigger things in me than barrels and furniture. I want to go on and be somebody and do things. I want to be famous. Like Napoleon or Babe Ruth or Ruth Elder." He flushed with embarrassment and gave Elmer an awful dig.

Violet's heart sank clear down to her waistline. "You mean, Alfred," she stammered, "you mean that you want — to — to write testimonials?"

"Yeah," said Alfred, gathering courage from the wreckage of Elmer. "You know I'm young and strong and willing to work; I'm ready to start at the bottom and work up. I could begin on laundry soap and even vanishing cream, though that's rightly a woman's job. Then I might get a chance on shaving cream, if I made good. After that I'd take up breakfast foods, and work up at last to yeast cakes. You can't hardly make the big time, — five-cent magazines and rotogravure, — until you get to yeast cakes. And after that — after that — why, cigarettes!" He fell silent, astounded a little by his own daring.

"And after that," she breathed, "after that, Alfred dear, why couldn't you, — why couldn't we write testimonials for Simmons Beds? Couldn't we, Alfred?"

They sat silent, bathed in a roseate light dawning out of the future. Life was real and earnest, life was good. The restaurant manager closed the door with emphasis and turned off half the lights. The waiter snatched Elmer away and took him to the kitchen for reassembly. Hand in hand they walked out into Washington Square.

(*To be continued*)

Rec'd
APR 22 1929
B. P. L.

North American Review

May

Women and Birth Control
By Margaret Sanger

I'm Teaching My Boy to Defy Me
By Lincoln Steffens

The Failure of the Federal Reserve
By H. Parker Willis

America's Clipped Wings. *Army and Navy vs. Aviation* . Frank A. Tichenor
Why Fight over Hollywood? . . . . . William C. Lengel
What the Teacups Tell. *A Fortune Teller's Confessions* . . Princess Karina
Master Farmers Succeed . . . . . Robert Stewart
A Case of Speeding . . . . . P. W. Wilson
Introducing Virginia Bodkin, Detective by Intuition
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When Antiques Come to Judgment . . . . . F. J. H. Kracke
An Interview with the U. S. Appraiser at the Port of New York
Waterways as Highways . . . . . Franklin Snow
Dead Hands and Frozen Funds . . . . . Ralph Hayes

STUFF AND NONSENSE *by* DONALD F. ROSE
HERSCHEL BRICKELL *on Books* — ALAN H. TEMPLE *on Finance*

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Talk of War or Peace?

Almost effective method of stirring up war is to keep predicting it. Let the people of two nations talk long enough about an inevitable conflict and conflict becomes inevitable.

People in England and the United States today are predicting a future Anglo-American war. If these forebodings emanated only from club-window prophets, they would be none the less symptomatic. But they are heard also from lips more worthy of attention.

A typical instance is mentioned by William C. Lengel at the start of his article, *Why Fight about Hollywood?* appearing in this issue. He says that only the English are discussing future war; but within the past month I have heard similar predictions from a dozen Americans, each of some prominence.

Strangely, this war talk is rarely accompanied, even parenthetically, by expressions of regret. "We'll have to take Canada, of course," said one recent caller who seemed to gloat upon the theme. He didn't vouchsafe so much as a shudder for the prospect of Americans fighting Canadians. He was a western politician. He has been successful in life — but not successful enough to escape that frustrated craving for self importance which seeks vicarious satisfaction in Jingoism.

Psychological explanations of Jingoism aside, let us grant sincerity to him and to all the hard-headed propagandists who consider "pacifist" a sufficiently damning term to squelch every advocate of world peace who is earnest enough to hope that something may be done about it. Yet we may still believe that Americans are pacifists in the sense of actually preferring peace. True, when we recently renounced war in general, we added in effect that we weren't renouncing any specific future war or occasion for war.

Still, this renunciation of war in the abstract would mean something, if only we could also find a way of preventing actual wars.

Now, one traditional way to prevent war, as every authority on the subject has often pointed out, is to be prepared for it. This can be proved by the simple process of ignoring Europe and 1914. Let America be so strong that no nation dare attack her; then let her be so strong that no coalition dare attack her; then let her be so strong that the whole world would hesitate to attack her — thus peace will be assured. The only difficulty here is that other nations may adopt the same plan. So, within whatever limits are prescribed by pacts and naval agreements, the old jockeying for superiority in armament goes on.

Let's grant it once for all: Preparedness prevents war only in theory and not in history. Would it not, then, be an interesting experiment to determine whether — since war talk certainly helps to cause war — peace talk might not help to preserve peace?

This suggestion doesn't refer to the conventional insincerities of diplomats, who are always protestingly pacific up to the very moment when the machine guns start rattling; nor does it refer to conciliatory negotiations between official delegates over specific disputes. These things have been tried. What hasn't been tried is patient, tolerant, sympathetic and persistent peace talk *among the people* — not the officials — of rival nations.

If, as Mr. Lengel charges in this issue, the English papers are maliciously ridiculing Americans with intent to arouse animosity among Britons toward our citizens, they are doing more harm than any technical agreement as to naval parity can counteract. And the parallel fomenting of anti-British feeling in America, by self-appointed prophets of a coming war, is equally menacing.

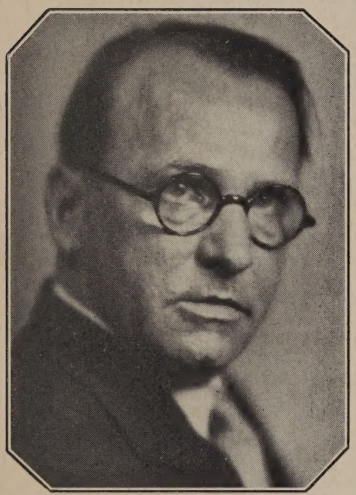
The possibility of world peace is the supreme issue of our time, vastly overshadowing all others. It can't be met alone by disarmament conferences, or empty official phrases. But peace can at least be promoted by the conscious effort of the people of each nation to see the best and not the worst in other peoples.

Said William Pitt the Elder, urging withdrawal of British troops from Boston, "Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power."

The tables are turned today, and America is the superior power. Why should we not concede that the British are really a good sort after all? Why should we not, as people to people, concede that through mutual friendship and forebearance we may yet find some less horrible solution to the problems of commercial expansion, trade routes and the freedom of the seas than this ancient doctrine of despair — an "inevitable" war? — K. W. P.

Ira L. Hill

Above, Marjorie Wells, mother of ten, to whose article in a recent issue, criticising birth control propaganda, Margaret Sanger (at right) replies in this number, remarking that if there is authority in large families she herself was one of eleven children



Frank A. Tichenor (above), aeronautical authority who (page 521) demands a new deal for aviation

At left, H. Parker Willis, banking expert and formerly Secretary of the Federal Reserve Board — a system which (page 547) he charges with grave faults

At left, Lincoln Steffens and son Pete, who are mutually engaged upon radical experiments in child rearing

At right, F. J. H. Kracke, U. S. Appraiser of the Port of New York, who discusses (page 624) amusing difficulties in the importation of foreign antiques

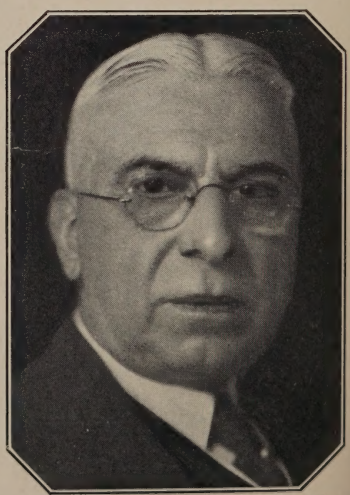


Photo Era News

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 227 MAY, 1929 NUMBER 5

I'm Teaching My Boy to Defy Me

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

A famous author, now a father at a grandfather's age, rears his small son in unorthodox ways, with an ex-burglar as tutor

CHILDREN, like poets and prophets, can greet the sun, formally, in all seriousness. They are, unlike the poets and prophets, humorous; children love to laugh, but not about solemn matters of ritual. It is not playing, it is reality, to run to the window when one wakes up and, throwing back the curtains, say:

"Good morning, Sun. I am glad to see you."

My Pete does that. He makes his sober salutation and, silent, listens for the response.

"What does the sun say, Pete?" I ask, for I cannot really hear the answer any more. He can. He turns to me with satisfaction and tells me:

"The sun says, 'Hello, Pete. I am glad to see you.'"

If this were pretending, there would be a twinkle in his eye, as there was the other day when he hit me with a rake. To my look of astonishment and injury, he offered me up a smile and explained: "Pete only playing."

Even that was not acceptable until I remembered how, a few days before, I had come up on him suddenly from behind and given him a hug and a spank. It was only an expression of my "mother-love" for him, but his dignity or his feelings were so hurt that I had to explain at once that I had done it only in fun.

"Papa only playing," I had said, and that made it all right with him. Naturally he assumed that the same formula would go with me and a rake.

He had not yet learned — he has not been taught — that he is to do not what I do but what I say. He does not know and I'm not going to tell him that there is one law for the adult law-giver, another for children. And it is no doctrine of mine, but somehow he has inferred that there is a difference between work and play.

The rising sun is the signal that the

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day's work is begun; for, as he himself has observed, "Pete and sun go to sleep together, and Pete and sun get up together". Sadly he watches it sink into the night sea; joyously he sees it come up over the morning hills and peep into his window to call him. There is no pagan awe in it, no cave-man's superstition, only the meeting and greeting of equals, playmates, fellow-workers. He welcomes the sun as he does any other visitor, except that there's a thrill of wonder at the coming of the sun.

It's a bit as if, like the poet, like the cave-man, like a grandfather, Pete were not so sure as the astronomer is that the sun will rise again and that there will be another day. No joke, this.

DID you ever see a tired child resisting sleep? It's a pitiful, puzzling sight, and I am convinced that it is a tragedy to the child, for now I think I have the key to the puzzle and a relief for the tragedy. When Pete was born, he had a trained maternity nurse, a young English woman with no imagination. At certain regular hours she would whisk the baby away to a darkened room to sleep. Very well. He cried and kicked, but he had to acquire good habits, and regular sleep is a good habit. I let him go. I resented the nurse's professional manner; my imagination went wailing after my struggling child. I used to protest, only half-believing it, that the baby was fighting and afraid for his life — no less.

I remembered darkly how I, as a child, dreaded sleep. It was so long, so lonely, so final; it was the end of all things. And my humble masculine argument with this dominating woman was that Pete had not slept and waked often enough to know the difference between sleep and death. "All he knows," I pleaded weakly, "is that he has just come to life; birth was a painful struggle out of the narrow darkness into the wide light, and now that he has won out and lives and has caught his breath, he does not want — he fiercely fears — to sink back into the blindness of that broken prison: sleep, death, whatever it is."

SO I felt it, but the woman sniffed and I yielded. "Children are women's business." Bunk. And Pete yielded, too. Women are children's business. His habits formed, he usually slept pretty regularly. Now and then he fought again, as in the beginning; and he was forced to bed regardless. But later, when he was old enough to talk and understand, I hit upon a better way. When it was his bedtime, we did not grab him up and carry him off. We finished with him whatever he was doing and then asked him what was next on the programme. He knows and he respects the routine. He would say, reluctantly, that it was time to sleep and he was willing to go to bed; that was fun in a way. There was always a story to be told. But after that —

It was awful. His face expressed his feeling that the end had come. I myself dreaded to leave him so and finally he himself showed me how to bridge over the long night chasm of darkness and vacancy. He said, appealingly:

"Papa, first Pete lie down, then cover up, then sleep — lots and lots of sleep — and then — ?"

He looked up expectantly to me and, sure, I got it. He wanted the

rest of the programme. He needed to know, on authority, from me, that there was a future, a continuing life — as I did when I was a child of three — and — as I do as a man of sixty-three. The grandfather in me went out to meet the child in my child.

"That's right, Pete. First snuggle down, then cover up warm, then sleep, lots and lots and lots of sleep, and then — "

"Then — ?" he urged.

"Then, when the sun wakes up, we'll all wake up, and you and I — we'll go out and greet the sun, and then — "

"Then — " he breathed eagerly.

"Why, then, we'll go out in the garden and do — wonderful things in the sunshine."

Sometimes he names the wonderful thing he wants to do, sometimes he only repeats the words, "wonderful things", but he is satisfied. And I am satisfied. We both smile. We have a future and the future is sunny and wonderful.

II

THERE is no mystery about children. They are puzzling, often, but they are never incomprehensible. At least, they are not incomprehensible to old folks, and I think they need not be to parents. Fathers and mothers are themselves the keys to their offspring. A disorderly father should be able to understand why his image will not put away his toys. A quick-tempered mother should not have to call a doctor for her daughter's tantrums; he can only advise self-control — in the mother. The mystery is about parents, young parents, busy with their own affairs, too preoccupied with their future to think of the present of their children and to recall how it was with them when they were young.

"Run away now and play. Papa is reading his newspaper."

Parents say that, not grandparents. Grandparents do not consider the news so important as parents do. Grandpa has time and memories, some self-knowledge, some sense of proportion. Children love grandpa and grandma, and parents complain that the old folks over-indulge and spoil the children.

"Why aren't you as strict with my child as you were with me, your child?"

A mother asked her mother that and the grandmother, reproached, did not answer. She did not say, as she might have said — as almost any grandma might say to her child — that the results of her discipline justified a change of method. This grandma looked guilty, caught, convicted, as if she were ashamed of her "weakness" with her grandchild instead of her "strength" with her own child. She still doubted her mother-love; she still believed in justice. Her mind was still wrong, but her conduct was right.

THERE may be some day a science of child psychology; it is needed, but we don't have to wait for the scientists. Everybody knows enough to deal with the problem of his children. One's knowledge may seem to have no relation to the child or to education; one may have to go far afield for a parallel, but the knowledge is there, waiting to be recalled, turned into wisdom and applied. An engineer knows how to make a river dig its own channel; an editor knows how to edit the writer

instead of his copy; a salesman can sell goods by cultivating the desires of the buyer; a farmer can improve his crop — any crop, whether of grain or pigs — by ploughing, fertilizing, breeding.

One day my son came running to me and, climbing up into my arms, said:

"Papa, don't look in that other room."

That is his way of announcing a crime. He had done something he should not have done in the next room: spilled or broken something that seemed to him serious. And maybe it was. His shocked expression of guilt was serious and my first, my parental, my property impulse was to go and see and repair the damage. A grandfather's sense of values checked me. There was nothing in that room quite so precious as Pete and his needs. I paused long enough to recall a story, which I shall tell him when he is old enough to take it in. It's about a political boss, a very, very bad man for whom I had developed a weakness.

I WAS muckraking him and his machine and his city, specializing in the big graft, the business corruption, when it occurred to me that his control of votes was rooted in his indulgence of vice and crime. I ought to know about that, even if I did not write much of it. He was telling me things; he gave me all the best evidence I had against him and I was sure he would confess his method of dealing with the crooks as he had owned up to all his traffic with business men. But I put my opening question gently.

"Martin," I said, "what do you do about petty crooks?"

"Wha'd'ye mean by petty crooks?" he demanded with his affected hardness.

I explained that by petty crooks I meant prostitutes, gamblers, pickpockets, burglars and the like.

"An' wha'd'ye mean by what do I do about them?"

"Well," I said, "you go to the front for them, don't you? You get the district attorney to let 'em off or ask the judge to go easy?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, with a jaw-thrust of defiance and three fingers held under my nose. "Three times."

That answer struck me. I didn't believe it, and I challenged him.

"Now, Martin," I said, "don't you sometimes do it four times?" And when he didn't answer, I said, "Seven times?" Still no answer, and I went the limit. "Don't you sometimes get 'em off seventy times seven times?"

He broke. "Yes, I do. Sometimes I get 'em off every time I can." He was glaring at me as if he wanted to fight. I was silent a moment, then I answered him with a soft question.

"How do you justify that? How do you make it right with yourself for getting off these — hopeless repeaters?"

He wiggled in his big chair, digging for his answer, and he struck it, at last.

"Well," he said slowly, "I'll tell you. I think that there's got to be in every ward a guy that any bloke can go to when he's in trouble and — no matter what he's done — get help — not justice and th' law, but — help."

THERE was something eternally right about that. I sat taking it in and it went in, deep, warming me like

sunshine. Sure. It was a real service to a real, human need. It was the practice of mercy. It was the unlawful "pull" that lay at the bottom of the power of the bosses, but it was Christianity. And it was scientific. The psychiatrists know that many criminals are sick or weak people, and the rest, strong, too strong. I sat there that day silent and thoughtful with that silent, old, thoughtless, inarticulate practitioner of wisdom, thinking it over and over till I had it. When I had it I rose, shook hands with my teacher and went home.

How much better it is to read men than books. Books had that truth; I had read it often, but I did not learn it till this bad boss taught it to me face to face. Then I learned it so well that, years later when my own petty criminal climbed up into my lap, I remembered that guys like Martin and blokes like his heelers and children, sometimes need help — not justice but — help. I did not go and look into the next room. I just sat there and held — and I think I helped — Pete. I comforted him while he punished himself for whatever it was he had done. And I'd do it again. I'll try to remember to do it three times; I hope I'll be wise enough to help my son as often as that good old bad politician went to the front for the most hopeless, helpless crook on his string.

Indeed, I think that society will do as much some day and that, after society stops punishing and begins helping and curing its children, parents will. Punishment satisfies our outraged feelings; it relieves (and it measures) our weakness, but it arouses fear in the culprit and may break his spirit. We don't want to teach children fear; courage is the first virtue to inculcate in them. And as for breaking their spirit, however comfortable obedient children may be — however uncomfortable for parents wilful children may be — will power is what makes the leaders of men. How can we cultivate will power in our children?

It seems to me that it is pride that prevents parents from finding the way. It sounds impossible and it looks childish, but I have seen a father contend with his child merely for the sake of winning. It's instinctive. I know the instinct, but my little boy showed me how to get around it. He defeated me in a will contest one day and it did him so much good and me so little harm, that I make a practice of setting up conflicts and letting him win them, just as I let him catch me wrong and himself right now and then. Drawing a line across a walk, I dare him to cross it.

"I will," he says.

"You shall not," I answer.

Eyeing me, feeling and meeting the challenge, he repeats: "Pete *will* do it."

"Pete must not," I forbid, and he, summoning all his strength and courage, braces up and defiantly steps over the deadline.

"Pete did it," he shouts and I, shaking his hand to congratulate him, agree: "Yes, Pete did it." And we walk off together, proud and boasting of Pete and Pete's courage and will power.

There's no trouble for me about my pride. That's "face" and the child understands it; and he takes care of it. After he has been swelling for a moment, he glances up at me and a shadow crosses his face. He takes my hand and says:

"Papa, Pete and Papa only playing, yes?"

He does not want me to be beaten either, and so with the courtesy that was born twin with his courage, he passes off the incident as a joke, to save my face.

And there is no trouble about getting him to heed me when quick obedience is necessary. In an emergency, I call a request to him in a tone the opposite of command: no challenge, only urgency and a bid for his courteous consideration of my wish.

THERE is a difficulty in this policy. A dog-fancier once expressed it for me. I told the dog man I wanted an Airedale pup to bring up. He shook his head, disapprovingly, and to my inquiry why, he answered clumsily:

"But an Airedale is sensitive, very hard to bring up. It takes a gentleman to handle an Airedale."

And a human baby is more sensitive than an Airedale pup. I asked a young gentleman the other day how he had been brought up, by what means or manner he had been made so considerate of others. "I don't know," he answered. "The only discipline I remember was the feeling I had that mother would like some things and wouldn't like other things that we did."

"Did she tell you which was which?"

"N-n-o," he said. "We knew that, somehow."

The key to this boy is, of course, his mother and the key to her character or manners is that she is unshockable. A gentlewoman, I never saw her recoil from any word, idea or act, and I am sure her children never saw her surprised, even if they surprised her. Self-control is catching. I've seen my boy catch it.

A burglar calls on us now and then. He has self-control. He quit stealing after some twenty years of it, without repentance and without losing the confidence of his pals; and he stopped taking opium after ten years of the habit. He could spend twenty minutes turning noiselessly a shrieking doorknob and half an hour removing a wallet from beneath a pillow under an uneasy sleeper. He concludes from his experience with himself that self-control can be absolute. Pete seems to sense this man's scorn of weakness and self-indulgence. The boy and the man like each other; and they play understandingly together, but if the child becomes excited and rough or noisy, the ex-burglar gives him one look and turns away. Pete simply ceases to exist for him. This is unbearable for the child. He comes around in front of his friend, stands quietly looking at him and when he catches his eye, there is a moment of communications which I can't quite read and then the game goes on, properly. Both criminals are masters of themselves.

I want that ex-burglar and stick-up man to be a nurse and companion for my child, and I told him so one day. He considered my proposition. He looked at me, he looked at the little boy, thought a moment and answered: "All right. I will, later, when Pete's a bit older." Since that man does whatever he says he will do, I know that my son will learn what it means to be honest and the captain of his own soul. Yes, honest.

III

WHEN I was a boy about ten I made the acquaintance of a farm laborer named Jim Neely who caught my imagination and respect.

He thought that I sometimes rode my Indian pony too hard. He did not say so. He said that my pony was an extraordinarily fast walker and that his second-best gait was not running, but single-foot, a sort of dog-trot. This was true. I knew it, and I realized that cowboys, Indians and even the cavalry out West covered great distances in a day by alternately walking and trotting or single-footing their horses. But Jim Neely knew that I was under the spell of literature and that the books I read were not honest when they described pursuits and escapes on horseback as races at full gallop.

"I'll bet that pony of yours could walk to town in close to an hour," he said, "This big horse of mine couldn't. Why don't you try it?"

I TRIED it, several times, and a trial it was — for me. The strain on my impatience and my honesty was so great that I doubt whether I could have done it, except for Jim Neely. I could not cheat him. He would know, and he would despise me; and he would never utter an accusing word that might give me a chance to lie and excuse myself. No, if I single-footed, if I spurred that pony off a walk for even only a hundred yards, I had to admit it in my report. I don't recall the record my pony made in those seven mile walks, but I know that the horse and I satisfied Jim Neely, even though he never said more than "I told you that kiouse could walk." He was a man of few words and us kids, we like men of few words.

But the test came one night when I did have to run my pony. Mrs. Neely, Jim's sister-in-law, fell ill and had to have a doctor. I was called out of a deep sleep and asked to rush to town with the summons. I loved Mrs. Neely, but I was almost glad she was sick; it gave me such a chance to do something useful and, indeed heroic; to tear through the lonely, dark night to save a life. I jumped into my clothes. No pony-express rider ever dressed faster than I did, nor more gladly. Jim Neely came in.

"Your horse is ready at the gate," he said. I dashed out to mount my steed, Jim following, and I seized the bridle and jumped into the saddle.

"One moment," cautioned Jim, taking my pony by the bit. He spoke very slowly.

"You know, don't you, how to ride fast and far?"

Of course I did, and I wanted to start. But Jim held me, wasting precious time, talking.

"You start off easy, a gentle lope to, say, the main road. Then you walk the pony a hundred yards or so, then you lope to about the Duden farm. By that time the pony will be warmed, but a bit winded. Walk again till he is easy, then go it; gallop — don't run — a mile or so. Walk again, slow, then fast, but walk; then run him a bit but not far. Trot half a mile —"

IT WAS awful, not only the time wasted in talking, but the slow directions to go slowly. And the worst of it was that Jim was right. That was the way it was done. I knew that. But it was hard; it was not the way Paul Revere did it. All the books I knew let a fellow run all the way, and that was the fun of it — to run till your horse dropped. But Jim did not want my horse to drop; he wanted me to get to the doctor, in a hurry but surely.

So I rode, as Jim directed, and I got the doctor. But I was tired out — not

so much physically, as nervously, mentally, romantically. Something had been spoiled, something that was as precious and as beautiful as poetry or religious prophecy. And yet, as I read books afterward and heard men talk (about politics, for example) and played imaginative games with boys, I came to see that I had a substitute. What boys and grown-ups believed and dreamed, was not so beautiful, not so romantic and not nearly so heroic as what they did. Honesty, intellectual integrity, is not only the best policy; it is the most beautiful way to see, and to take, and to do things; as Jim Neely and Martin, the boss, and my ex-burglar know and teach.

Some day, pretty soon now, I mean to explain to Pete — or I'll ask my ex-convict to explain — that the sun does not, really, set and say good-night, nor rise over the hills and bid us good-morning; that, as a matter of fine fact, it is the earth that turns round and round; and that, if he can see it so, it will appear more wonderful to his imagination than it looks now to his eye. And I know that my child or any child can achieve this vision, now, before he has been too much educated by teachers and poets who know it but can no longer see it straight.

Lad of Mine

By Catherine Parmenter

Little lad, little lad, dawn is on the moor:
All its eager beauty wakening the earth —
Wakening my heart to the old, magic lure
Of the day's sweet birth!
Dawn-clouds flaming in the garden of the sky,
Dawn-wind, golden as the tang of golden wine,
Brings me a fragrance of blossoms far and high.
Little lad of mine!

Little lad, little lad, dusk is on the hills:
All the peace of heaven holding quiet tryst —
Waiting for the moment when a bird's song thrills
Through the shadowed mist.
Dusk in all tenderness, bearing candle-light,
Kneels like a weary child before a lost shrine —
Whispers a prayer for the pity of the night.
Little lad of mine!

Little lad, little lad, dawn and dusk are gone.
Oh, may they sing to you! — lest your dreams be dead:
Memories of eventide . . . blossoms of the dawn,
By the swift wind sped!
Music of the morning, frail as April tears —
Silver songs of eventide, when dim stars shine —
Oh, may they call you across the silent years,
Little lad of mine!

Wings for the Nation

By Frank A. Tichenor
Publisher of Aero Digest

A spokesman for American aviation sees preparedness as only a costly farce unless our flying force becomes a third arm under a unified Department of Defense

It is far more necessary today than it has been for many years to face boldly the problem of national defense. Conditions absolutely new and dangerously critical have arisen. The situation has not been paralleled in any sense since the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac in Hampton Roads wiped the wooden ship as a fighting machine off the seas. Every wooden fighting ship afloat became virtually obsolete when these two ironclads showed that they could float and fight. A war was on. Selfish interests were to some extent subordinated. The fact was therefore acknowledged.

Now the airplane similarly has rendered steel ships obsolete.

The difference between the two epochal episodes in our national defense lies in the circumstance that now, in 1929, in the very face of this fact, we proceed unhesitatingly with the greatest warship building programme in our history. The so-called Big Navy bill provides for vast expenditure upon devices which the great majority of honest experts candidly admit cannot be much more useful in the next war than cross-bows and arrows would have been in the last one.

But heart palpitation has been replaced by that comfortable feeling of security among the old line naval officers on both sides of the ocean; the privately owned American shipyards, which will come in for some fat contracts, are rejoicing; the towns wherein are located Government yards are smiling and puckering up to prosper, and a certain satisfaction glows among specific steel mills.

Before the World War had its crashing, roaring, spectacular and very painful birth in 1914, progressions of the art of ordnance and projectile making, plus the invention of unbelievably high power explosive, already had rendered the steel ship of such doubtful value that, while the English and the German peoples both were confident of the prowess of those great fleets for which they had been taxed so heavily, the admirals in command postponed any real engagement until sheer shame forced the great ships out of their safe harbors

into action. Then, after destruction of properties which had cost enormous sums and the loss of multitudes of lives, nobody on earth could tell and nobody on earth can tell today which side had been victorious. The incredible affair had no effect whatever, one way or the other, on the winning of the war by the Allies. Both in Germany and in England the people were utterly appalled as they were told reluctantly by closely censored newspapers that the "Grand Fleets", which had been proclaimed for various decades, had done nothing whatsoever toward the solution of the problem as to which side would gain the final victory.

It is noteworthy that in the recent debates in our own Congress, in consideration of the so-called "Big Navy Bill", not one word was said about the Battle of Jutland, the greatest test of steel ship navies in the world's history. Certainly no whisper on the subject came from any of the powerful lobbyists intent upon the passage of the measure. Read our debates of recent months. You will find no mention of any naval achievements or disasters of the World War except those of the submarines, which are not fighting craft at all but murderous devices. Navies are not extolled because of usefulness, but the old tradition of utility is accepted; we are urged to build, build, build merely because others seemed to have decided on a similar mad extravagance. That one great naval battle of the world's greatest war, that battle in which greater sums of money were risked and lost than ever had been risked and lost afloat before in history, ever since it was fought to a tragic, no-decision tie, has been something for the naval experts of the world to forget when addressing the tax-paying public, and to quarrel over when arguing among themselves.

And the Big Navy billions promise even less usefulness today than similar expenditures gave in World War times. Since that tremendous orgy of destruction a potential enemy of the surface fighting naval ship, an enemy which then was a mere child, has grown into a potentially terrible maturity.

The Airplane, when the Battle of Jutland was fought, was but a military and naval adjunct, an experiment which gave great promise and had a certain usefulness. Today the airplane has become an entity so proved, so powerful, so certain and so swift, so pregnant with still only faintly visioned future possibilities, that the thoughtful man who faces facts, refusing to fool himself and scorning to endeavor to fool others, is perfectly aware that from a military point of view it rules the world. Save as plane carriers all floating naval ships are of a very doubtful value and quite possibly the submarine quickly will succumb in the next war to the plane which carries depth charges.

I am an advocate of air preparedness which will count, and not of steel ship preparedness, which will not count. Yet in mentioning that tragic battle farce off Jutland I have no claim to make for aircraft. The navies licked themselves—each other. Quickly it became evident that a real fight must mean complete destruction for both sides, victory being quite impossible. The struggle of the cats of Kilkenny!

That this would be inevitable had not occurred to any of the experts, so the building of those navies perhaps had been excusable. But after the lessons taught by that one battle further similar expenditure on surface ships became inexcusable. To the submarines and the torpedo boats and to the T.B.D.'s which licked the former with the depth charge and the latter with speed and guns, belong the only actual naval honors of the great World War. It is a simple fact of history and those in high places know it. The military and naval experts of this nation know, and fear the nation will find out, and the air experts of this nation know and fear the nation cannot be convinced, that the navies of the world, perhaps excepting submarines, were threatened when the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk, were terribly imperilled when the Allies and the Germans, ace against ace and squadron against squadron, strove in the air during the World War, were further jeopardized when Lindbergh flew across the sea and were finally doomed to virtual extinction when the Question Mark soared on and on and on above California.

Our national defense has become a problem very different from any that the highly technical old-line naval and military men acknowledge. It is a problem of new ways of spending the nation's money for the nation's protection. It involves expenditure of defense appropriations with a new industry, which means that solidly established, fat and entrenched interests must be left without those Treasury funds to which they long have been accustomed.

We have always separated our defense into two activities, giving the Army its department with a secretary in the Cabinet and the Navy the same thing. Now that the new aerial arm of defense arises, more important than either of the old ones and absolutely necessary to them both, we so far have carried on by splitting it between the two with their heads in command each of a portion of it. In this way we have deliberately subordinated our most technical and vital weapon of defense to men untrained in the use of it who hate it at heart because it sponges off the slate their old traditions.

The Army has its air service and the Navy has its air service. Both have been extraordinary in accomplishment, owing to the enthusiasm of the splendid youths who have comprised their personnel. But neither has had more than a Cinderella chance at money, preferment or position in the departmental organizations, or, therefore, in the public eye. Yet as a matter of essential fact and in popular opinion our national defense has been separated into three camps, each with its own enthusiasts. There are the powerful military and naval groups, headed by men who fight with desperation for their own old professions and are backed by the commercial interests which have highly profited by supplying them. And there is the new arm, the air force, split into two fragments, doing the best it can, sustained principally by its own enthusiasm and that of a slowly awakening public.

Here, again, as ever since the old days when the naval and military oligarchies first were established, is perpetuated that division of authority which has been the major error in our

national defense plans. Each branch of our defense has its own head. They may coördinate, coöperate and work intelligently in team-work, but on the other hand they may not. Coöperation never has been perfect in the past; it must become constantly less perfect as time changes situations, making the Army and the Navy continually less important through the growing significance of the new defense arm — the air force.

It would be madder even than the present imbecility to add another separate branch to the defense machinery, and make Air, under its own Secretary, co-equal with the Army and the Navy. That would result in nothing more or better than confusion worse confounded. Already we have suffered from possession in our Governmental curio collection of political, non-expert, often utterly incompetent secretaries of our Army and our Navy. To add a similar freak for Air, while not necessarily subjecting us to peril of eventual defeat and conquest, might conceivably invite attack by envious powers observing first with amusement and then with predatory lust, our bad management and unnecessary weakness.

UNDER the present system, nobody gets justice, least of all the taxpayer who supports the whole incompetent political machine. He is not rightly treated, since we should be spending our millions actually upon national defense, not on defense of jobs and rank and pay for experts largely trained in matters obsolete and useless. The Army is not rightly treated, for the Chief of the General Staff does not go directly to the President, Commander in Chief of all our forces. He must go to the Secretary of War, always (and by design) a civilian, but usually appointed (and this was not intended) as payment for campaign contributions of hard cash or political services. The Navy is not rightly treated, for its equal ranking officer is similarly barred from the ultimate authority by an obstacle of the same sort and equally likely to be unfit.

THE Naval Bureau of Aeronautics and the Army Air Corps are handicapped in an even greater measure. Appeals and suggestions of their developing experts must first go to their chiefs, who must take them to the departmental assistant secretaries for air, who must take them to the Secretaries of War or Navy as the case may be, who must take them to the President.

The old story. "Pass the word on to the parson that Mrs. Terry's a good woman," says Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones tells Mrs. Muldoon. Mrs. Muldoon tells Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Smith tells Mrs. Robinson. Mrs. Robinson whispers it to deaf Mrs. Perkins who gets it wrong, and Mrs. Perkins confides it with elaborations to Mrs. Dewdad. And so the parson presently is startled by the news that Mrs. Terry is a pest — immoral, dishonest, lying and a danger to the parish.

The obvious solution is the creation of a single Department of National Defense, in which will be included and coördinated all available energies and every engine which conceivably might be useful to the protection of our citizens and our national wealth and happiness. The head of such a Department of National Defense would be a *real* secretary of WAR, not of Navy

only, not of Army only, not of Air alone.

We have a few in Washington who see just what has happened and is happening. Congressman W. Frank James of Michigan for instance, now Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, understands the situation. In discussing the necessity for a National Defense Department, to take over all defense activities, including Navy, War, and Air, Congressman James said:

"THE question is one of such vital import to the life and security of our country that it should be answered only after a careful consideration of all phases of the problem, and in order to afford the opportunity for such consideration, so that we may come to definite, incontrovertible conclusions, I propose to introduce in Congress a bill which will provide for a Department of National Defense and to urge whatever hearings may be necessary to its thorough and decisive study before the Committee on Military Affairs.

"The experiences of the Allies in the World War, like our own in the Civil War, fully demonstrated the soundness of the age-old principles of unity of command. Marshal Foch and General Grant were not only given power to command the forces combined under them, but they were also given the means wherewith to exercise this power.

"The present system is inefficient in the extreme and conceivably might give us serious trouble. The President commands the Army and the Navy through two civilian secretaries, with a general staff functioning under one secretary and an operations staff functioning under the other. The two secretaries are quite independent of each other, except that they are both members of the President's cabinet. Where the interests of both are concerned the matter is referred to a Joint Board. This studies and recommends to the two Secretaries.

"There are several other somewhat similar boards and committes, one of which is the Joint Aeronautical Board. All are composed in equal numbers of Army and Navy officers, but might just as well be composed of single members for each service, for the members of each service always when voting act as a unit.

"My opinion is that not a single controversial question has been competently settled by this cumbersome and unintelligent means.

"These errors of course can be corrected by Congress, as such errors usually eventually are, but the point which I am making is that under a single Department of National Defense new complications of this sort could not arise and if such a Department now is organized old ones will be wiped out."

FORTUNATELY we have in Congressman James an aeronautical expert and a veteran of the Spanish War. He saw the message on the wall of Fate almost as soon as it was written there. He has become a practical aviator and within two years has flown over 30,000 miles, visiting every Army post and outpost of this great Republic, including those in our remote possessions. Inasmuch as he therefore speaks not only from theory but from practical knowledge, a statement from him becomes really important.

The creation of a Department of National Defense would add greatly

to our national safety. It would eliminate departmental politics from all services, or, if not of itself doing this, would result in a closeness of organization which would enable the single Department's single head to do so. Departmental politics in armies and navies have been the ruin of many European governments, and, while under our system, which carefully curbs the power of our armed forces in our political life, this has not occurred or even been threatened, we nevertheless have suffered from the waste of so much money that to total it is to stagger the imagination. We have decreased the efficiency of our national defense to an extent which might have been disastrous to us, though by sheer luck we have escaped disaster, except for this waste of money, an experience so common in our procedure as to have ceased to attract attention even from the taxpayers. Any service which in wartime will be universally proclaimed as being made exclusively of "heroes", in time of peace more or less naturally can get away with murderous attacks upon the nation's pocketbook.

UNDER the better system suggested we should be able to achieve a really accurate and efficient apportionment of the total funds appropriated by Congress to those departments and purposes most needing them. Under such a system one of the great scandals of our national life, the organized lobby of highly paid special pleaders which always exists in Washington for the purpose of influencing Congress, would be eliminated so far as national defense goes, a desideratum fervently to be prayed for by every taxpayer and especially by every patriot.

The existing system involves a situation which would not be tolerated for an instant by the general manager of any big business, or which, if tolerated, would very quickly eliminate either that general manager or the bigness of the business. Three arms, instead of two, now exist in our national defense machine, and the new one, the third, is, in fact, the most important of the three.

THIS renders more emphatically absurd than ever the fact that under the old system the Army and the Navy each determines its own needs without relation to the other, even Congress falling into the same error by appointing separate committees under no obligation to consult. It is as if the Army and the Navy had to do with matters not in any sense related one to the other. And yet the boundary between the two disappeared entirely when air power came into being, and not only into being but into an importance greater than that of either Army or Navy. This activity has been taken up by both land and sea fighting forces, with the result that it now exists as a subordinate branch of both, and in each case a branch which, beyond the technical comprehension as it is of men trained before it came into being, is cordially hated by the older and more politically powerful men in both.

These things make impossible competent preparation and training for defense against that foeman who is now surer than ever in our history to come, since for the first time he can come from very far, swiftly and terribly. The development of aviation has destroyed the mighty ocean barriers

which in the past have been defenses so effective that we have been in a position to rely to a very great extent on war preparations after, instead of before, war declaration.

THE situation has been evident to clear thinkers for some time. On May 25, 1928, Senator Bingham introduced a resolution creating a Joint Committee to investigate the problem of control of aircraft for seacoast defense. But such an investigation, as a matter of fact, will consume much time and money, and would be wholly without point were all our national defense activities consolidated forthwith into the custody of one department. Such an investigation would be long drawn out, involving the education of Congressional students in the minute details of facts and opinion as stated by all witnesses, and, inasmuch as developments and progressions of all sorts would be certain to stand still while it was in progress, would involve lack of preparedness during that whole period. This becomes additionally serious when it is remembered that a plan, if made by this laborious process, might fail to get through either house of Congress, or, perhaps, even both houses, or might meet with Presidential disapproval after it had been passed.

Until the arrival of aircraft the Navy naturally and properly was held to be the nation's first line of defense against foreign enemies. With aircraft forging ahead in its development with the magical rapidity which has characterized it of late years the Navy is obviously no longer in that distinguished position. Seeing the handwriting on the wall, the Navy naturally is anxious and is scheming to annex to its own control all coast defense as well as all floating activities. The Navy Department is fully aware, although it will not publicly acknowledge it, that the battleship and cruiser presently will fade entirely from the picture. Knowing this its experts naturally fear that unless it gets control of something which hitherto has been in other hands, and which is certain to continue potent, vital and important, it will not be able to maintain continuity of its power.

THE importance of correcting the existing evils without delay is paramount. The creation of an adequate Air Force will take time as well as brains and money, for not only must airplanes be designed and built in accordance with the best ideas, but men must be trained to handle them effectively. Probably it is true that responsibility for the great plane of the future will be as great as responsibility for the great ship of today. Aeronautics, therefore, should be controlled by a power outside the Navy, but obligated to supply the Navy with such force as it may need.

Unified control is necessary but it must be remembered that there ever will remain some difference between Naval and Army aviation. Naval aviation should be limited to that which finds its bases upon fighting warships and plane carriers. Army aviation has a scope far wider for it must organize, operate and maintain an air force large enough to defend from the land not only the whole United States but our foreign possessions, and to operate with and as an item of all ground forces in the field. The old necessity for air forces as auxiliary to the Army undoubtedly

still, also, exists, but new necessities demand such an air force as will be able to conduct independent operations, quite distinct from those which naturally would fall to the lot of a force auxiliary and subordinate to the Army. Therefore what is true of air force for the Navy is true of air force for the Army.

These two facts, considered together, can mean nothing but a wholly separate air force including, commanding and in time of need distributing the nation's air forces as a whole as they may be needed in the various fields.

Far greater than either Army or Naval air forces, greater, indeed, than both combined, is the commercial air fleet of this nation. It is growing startlingly and will continue so to grow. In time of national defense need, it would be far more available to and sympathetic with a separate Department of Aeronautics, independent of both Army and Navy but coöperating with both, than it could be with the Army or the Navy.

There is but one effective way whereby the United States can be provided with an adequate fighting Air Force, and that is through the organization of a Department of National Defense. In such a Department all three fighting arms — Navy, Army and Air — would be fully represented, fully coördinated, fully prepared in times of peace for swift expansion to the needs of war. The airmen and air-minded public of the nation are ready for such a forward step in our national policy. How long will the Army and Navy stand out against it?

Women and Birth Control

By Margaret Sanger

Answering Marjorie Wells, mother of ten, who decried Birth Control propaganda in our March issue, Mrs. Sanger, one of eleven children, urges the social duty of family limitation

I was one of eleven children. My mother died in her forties. My father enjoyed life until his eighties. Seven of my brothers and sisters are still living. If I am not an "old-fashioned" woman, at least I was an old-fashioned child. I have never thought it necessary to call public attention to these circumstances of my life. Not that I am ashamed of them, but, on the other hand, neither am I brazenly proud of them. I do not believe that these facts are sufficient as a foundation upon which to erect a code of morals for all men and women of the future to follow. I do not say: "My mother gave birth to eleven living children, seven of whom are still alive and more or less healthy. Ergo, all women should give birth to eleven or a dozen children." There are, it seems to me, a few other things to consider.

I have been impelled to cast aside my habitual reticence because I have just finished reading a highly personal essay in the March number of The North American Review, written by a lady known as Marjorie Wells. Mrs. Wells confesses herself the mother of ten children. Her family stretches "already as far as the eye can reach and with the end not yet in sight." This biological fact seems to endow Mrs. Wells with the glib authority to hand down decisions concerning complex problems which have puzzled humanity since civilization first began. I rejoice with Marjorie Wells in the peace and happiness she has found in her "monumental" family. But I confess that I am not convinced that feminine wisdom increases in direct proportion with the number of one's offspring.

Implicit in Marjorie Wells's confession I discover a certain condescension toward the mothers of smaller families. She knows all there is to know about keeping the stork from the door. She admits her vastly superior knowledge of practical biology. She has read my book *Motherhood in Bondage*, which is a compilation of case records in marital misery, of protests from slave mothers against the blind inhumanity of natural law. From the citadel of her self-satisfaction, Marjorie Wells asserts that my theo-

ries have become badly scrambled with my emotions and that I attempt to be "both scientific and sympathetic at the same time" — as though that were quite impossible! I have made, according to Mrs. Wells, "the usual mistake of women who attempt the guidance of public opinion, and try to transfer to public responsibility what is essentially and inevitably a private and local problem."

INTELLECTUALLY speaking, she "high-hats" me. A mere woman who has borne only three children instead of ten, who can therefore never hope to reach that peak of serene Olympian indifference to the cries and moans of my less fortunate sisters which Marjorie Wells has attained, I cannot hope to equal in dialectic skill a lady who has enjoyed the educational advantages of ten pregnancies. I have not yet attained that point of self-confidence which enables me to cast aside as irrelevant and unimportant the conclusions of scientists who have devoted their lives to the study of genetics, nor can I close my eyes to the statistics of Government workers who have made deep researches into the conditions productive of the alarming maternity death rate in these United States. Having been only one of eleven hungry little brothers and sisters, I was not able to profit by the early educational advantages which Marjorie Wells evidently enjoyed. Her philosophic poise enables her to look upon the birth of a child as "a purely private and local problem." I have always assumed, and I do not believe that I am egregious in this assumption, that the birth of a child is an event of the utmost importance not only to the family into which it is born, but to the community, to the nation, to the whole future of the human race. I agree with President Hoover:

> The ideal to which we should strive is that there shall be no child in America: That has not been born under proper conditions; that does not live in hygienic surroundings; that ever suffers from under-nourishment; that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection; that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health; that has not the complete birthright of a sound mind and a sound body; that has not the encouragement to express in fullest measure the spirit within which is the final endowment of every human being.

I suppose those of us who subscribe to these ideas are in the eyes of Marjorie Wells hopeless sentimentalists.

MY opponent sharply crystallizes a definite point of view not only concerning the theory and the practice of Birth Control, but toward all the social problems which confront us today. Hers is the attitude of "splendid isolation," of enlightened self-interest, of *laissez-faire*. She tells us in effect that she is the mother of ten healthy children, that she and her husband enjoy from them a daily dividend of satisfaction and delight, and that therefore she "should worry" about the behavior and condition of the less fortunate. "Am I my sister's keeper?" asks in effect Marjorie Wells.

It is late in the day to point out that all human experience teaches that an attitude of "splendid isolation" can no longer be logically maintained by any individual in the face of the problems which confront American civilization. If only from the motive of self-protection the well-born and the well-bred can no longer shirk responsi-

bility concerning "the behavior and the condition of the unfortunates."

Time after time, it has been demonstrated in all the countries of Western civilization, that as we descend the social scale the birth-rate increases. Dependent, delinquent and defective classes all tend to become more prolific than the average normal and self-dependent stratum of society. With this high birth rate is correlated a high infant mortality rate. This law is true in all countries. More children are born; more babies die. So likewise, the maternal mortality rate jumps correspondingly. Out of the surviving infants are recruited the morons, the feeble-minded, the dependents, who make organized charities a necessity, and who later fill prisons, penitentiaries and State homes. To compute the cost in dollars and cents of these industriously prolific classes to society is beyond human power. Every one of us pays for their support and maintenance. Funds which legitimately should go to pure scientific research, to aid the fine fruition of American civilization, are thus diverted to the support of those who — in all charity and compassion — should never have been born at all.

WE CANNOT ignore, as Marjorie Wells confesses she does, "such charming contingencies as inherited lunacy, disease and abject poverty." They press in upon us on all sides. These things, she says, do not belong in her personal problem. I beg to remind her that they do. For, despite her valiant efforts to bring up her own brood, Mrs. Wells will, in time, find out, if she has not already found out, that the children of the defective and the diseased will crowd into the schoolroom with her own children, and that standards of intelligence must perforce be lowered to meet their limited capacities. The community in which she lives will call upon her to aid the alleviation of the poverty and distress of the all too prolific. Her property and income will be taxed to maintain State institutions for the support of the dependent and the delinquent. She will resent bitterly this enforced expenditure of funds that should go for the higher education and the cultural development of her talented children. That is, if her resources are as limited as she admits them to be. And finally she will discover that her own good luck in life is not the general rule, but a fortunate exception, upon which it would be the utmost folly to attempt to generalize concerning this exceedingly human race.

"BUT", she may now retort, "you are speaking dogmatically, making a special plea for public approval of the dissemination of Birth Control." Marjorie Wells is convinced that the cases recorded in my book *Motherhood in Bondage* are abnormalities and horrors, gathered together merely to foist the practice of contraception upon unwilling parents.

Let us turn, then, to less prejudiced and partisan sources. Let us consider the findings of impartial investigators who have no interest in what our critics call propaganda. Let us find out, if we can, the truth concerning the conditions under which children are brought into our American world. For this evidence we need not go far afield. In a recent report published in *The Survey*, Hazel Corbin, R.N., general director of the Maternity Center Association of New York, states that year

after year, more than twenty thousand women die from causes due to childbirth — one mother for every one hundred and fifty babies born! The Newton bill had as its aim Government responsibility for the health of American citizens including the special needs of the mothers of the country. This bill died when the last Congress expired. The Sheppard-Towner Act expires June 30, 1929; and unless Congress provides a further Federal subsidy, the Government aid for mothers and children which its funds have furthered during the last six years will be brought to a close.

When correlated with the refusal of State legislatures to consider bills which would make Birth Control education permissive, these facts assume new significance. Our Government pronounces itself unwilling to assume responsibility in alleviating the hazardous trade of maternity. At the same time the State and Federal authorities refuse to countenance legislation which would allow American mothers to help themselves — which would permit them to choose the time and the conditions best suited for the fulfillment of the maternal function. "The birth of a baby is such a common, every-day occurrence," writes Hazel Corbin, "that people do not realize that during pregnancy the margin between health and disease becomes dangerously narrow, and only by skilled medical supervision can the maintenance of health be assured. Every mother in the country needs skilled medical supervision, nursing care and instruction during pregnancy, at delivery, and for the six weeks that follow. Many families do not know of this need. Not all families can provide this care. It is not available at any price in many parts of this rich country. There are no doctors, nurses and midwives properly trained to give adequate care to all mothers."

Yet two million women in America are compelled, by law, to descend annually into the valley of the shadow of death, to bear two million children in a country that has enacted drastic immigration restriction laws to prevent over-population. No: we are not under-populated — there is no need for a "full speed ahead" policy of procreation. Since the revelations of *Motherhood in Bondage* are condemned as exceptional, let us listen further to the testimony of Hazel Corbin: "There are, caring for our mothers, midwives so ignorant and superstitious as to suppose hemorrhage can be controlled by placing an axe upside down under the patient's bed. *Of about fifty thousand practising midwives only a small portion are well-trained and the majority are untrained — yet in most instances they are licensed or registered by their States.*"

Let us turn to the testimony of Julia Lathrop, ex-chief of the Children's Bureau, under whose supervision Government agents made extensive investigations into the conditions surrounding infant mortality in eight typical cities of our country. Infant mortality rates concern all children who die during the first five years of life. On the whole, according to Miss Lathrop in *The Woman's Journal*, the evidence is overwhelming that poverty, ignorance, or both, lack of medical and nursing care, unwholesome living conditions, overworked mothers, remoteness from doctors and

nurses in rural areas, and other types of inability to give babies needed care are in marked degree coincident with high infant mortality rates. A vast number of babies and of mothers die needlessly every year in this country. This fact is well-known to statisticians, doctors and to some social workers, but details as to social and economic conditions under which the parents live are seldom disclosed or frankly discussed.

TODAY the situation remains fundamentally unnoticed. Women clamor for deliverance from compulsory motherhood. Yet dull-witted legislators, both State and Federal, refuse to sanction the dissemination of harmless contraceptives to those unable or unwilling, due to the conditions discovered by Government agents, to undergo a pregnancy that may be fatal to mother or child. Yet measures aiming to improve by Governmental agencies dysgenic conditions surrounding maternity and infancy are condemned and defeated as "paternalistic." The situation calls for a Shaw or a Swift.

Perhaps this dilemma has been created not so much by the laws and the legislators themselves as by the smug and bland indifference of women themselves — of those fortunate, well-bred, well-educated women who refuse to concern themselves with the sordid tragedies of those they consider their social inferiors.

Whether Birth Control is right or wrong, moral or immoral, a need or a nuisance, one thing is certain. Mothers of ten or of one can no longer, by the mere exercise of a function common to all living creatures consider themselves exempt from social responsibility. As Miss Lathrop has expressed it: "One thing is in my opinion certain — only mothers can save this co-operative work for maternity and infancy. If prosperous, intelligent mothers do not urge the protection of the lives of all mothers and all babies, why should we expect Congress to come unasked to their aid?"

Though Julia Lathrop is here making a plea only for Government protection of maternity and infancy, the same truth is applicable to the doctrine of Birth Control. The most stubborn opposition to Birth Control has come, not from the moralists nor the theologians, the most distinguished of whom recognize its legitimate necessity, but from those women who, like Marjorie Wells, "know as much about keeping the stork from the door as my most friendly and unfriendly critics," yet nevertheless assume that such knowledge, simple, harmless and hygienic as it is, must be kept for the privileged few and from the very women most in need of it. Such an attitude seems to grow out of a frantic feminine desire to retain a certain superiority, social or otherwise, over one's less fortunate neighbors.

EVEN for that very limited and very special type of woman who is gifted by nature and natural inclination — and also by wealth — to undertake a specialized career in maternity and to become the mother of ten or a dozen children, there is need for the practice of Birth Control. For if she be intelligent and farseeing, such a woman will recognize the necessity of "spacing" her children, of recuperating her full physical strength and psychic well-being after the birth of

one child before undertaking the conception of another. Mothers of large families have written me expressing their gratitude for the benefits of Birth Control. It has enabled them to give each of their children a good start in life. It has prevented crowding, and has moreover permitted them to enjoy marital communion which would otherwise have been impossible. But let us recognize today — with the ever-increasing cost of living, and the high cost of childbirth — that the large family must more and more be considered the privilege of the moneyed class. A large family, if the income is small, is a crime against the children born into it. I was one of eleven, and I believe that I am slightly more entitled to speak on this subject than Marjorie Wells, who is, after all, only the mother of ten! I may be prejudiced, but I feel that the testimony of a child born into a large family is of more interest and importance than that of the mere progenitor of a large family. It all depends on the point of view!

AMERICAN civilization has long passed the pioneer stage of its development. We no longer have a vast continent to populate. We no longer need mere numbers. But we are only beginning to realize that there are other values in life than those of mere quantity. We have not yet outgrown the adolescent habit of worshipping the biggest this, the largest that, the most of the other thing. So I think, no one need take any excessive pride in the production of a large family, even though the rotogravure sections of our Sunday newspapers will undoubtedly, for the delight and amusement of their millions of readers, continue to publish photographs of large families which imitate visually a long flight of steps.

The attitude of those who have been rewarded by life, and cannot see the punishment inflicted upon others reminds me always of Dr. Pangloss in Voltaire's *Candide*. "It has been proved," said Dr. Pangloss, "that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for, everything being made for a certain end, the end for which everything is made is necessarily the best end." And though the world went to wreck and ruin about him, he still maintained that "it does not become me to retract my words. Leibnitz cannot possibly be wrong — the pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world. All events are inextricably linked together in this best of all possible worlds."

Rather, I think, in this matter of mothers and children — whether we be the mother of ten, or the sister of ten — we must heed the counsel of Candide himself and cultivate our garden.

Why Fight Over Hollywood?

By William C. Lengel

An American editor charges the British press with so persistent a campaign of ridicule against our citizens as to arouse a mutual and menacing hostility

At a recent dinner to a visiting British celebrity in NewYork, the imported English editor of an American periodical became overwrought with strangely un-British emotions while making a speech deploring the war that was bound to come between our two countries. Of the twenty-four guests present, twenty were American editors or writers. So there were twenty men who were surprised at the honest tears which filled the eyes of their young English dinner guest and astonished at his remarks about the impending war. Both the surprise and the astonishment soon passed and the party proceeded to enjoy itself. Yet practically every Englishman is convinced there is going to be a war between England and America. That is because every Englishman is taught to despise America and to hold Americans in contempt.

Nearly every American will think you are kidding if you tell him there is going to be a war between America and England. That is because most Americans are so centred on their own prosperous conditions that they are indifferent to England and Englishmen.

Why is it that the great preponderance of this talk about war comes from England? The answer is the British press.

The British press is primarily and almost solely responsible for the feeling against America, Americans and things American. The weapon is ridicule. There is a persistent campaign carried on by the Beaverbrook papers — *The Daily Express*, *The Sunday Express*, and *The Evening Standard*. Lord Beaverbrook is a Canadian; the editorial director of his *Daily Express* is an expatriate American, Ralph Blumenfeld.

What is characteristic of the Beaverbrook papers is true in almost the same measure of *The Daily Mail* and *The Evening News*. *Punch* does it; so do all the tuppenny weeklies, while the sensational Sunday papers play up our scandals and our vulgar prosperity, our cheap movies, our war-like preparations.

One Sunday the *Express* with a screaming headline across the front page and other sensational headlines in the first two columns — the important ones in British papers — ran

a story revealing a startling anti-British pamphlet being distributed by the million in America by a "noted" jurist. It was done in a way to make an honest Englishman's blood boil. If I had been an Englishman it would have made my blood boil. I could hardly wait for the papers from New York to see how they treated this sensational piece of news. The New York papers of the same date arrived, also papers for the days and weeks following. Our editors had been scooped.

ACTUALLY I needn't have waited for the New York papers to know that the so-called disclosures were unimportant. They were only the ravings of a certain Judge Rutherford, the head of a small religious sect, a man practically unknown in America. But to the Englishmen who read *The Sunday Express* the title of Judge meant that Rutherford was an eminent jurist, a person of distinction, whose attack carried weight and force behind it. The subjects of King George who read the article in *The Sunday Express* had every right to be indignant, to become warlike in turn, to want revenge.

Another Sunday the *Express* ran an equally sensational article baring the secret power of our navy. This disclosure was news to me and its effect on a Britisher proud of his country and the King's "navee" could only have been to make him demand a still greater navy. The article was couched in so provocative and challenging a way that had the situation been reversed, the disclosure being about England and printed in, say, *The New York Times*, I, a rather peaceful American, might have been upset and won over to the support of a bigger and better navy. Surely now, I thought seriously, the American papers will carry this information in their columns. But not a word. It developed that the *Express* had simply sensationalized an article published in *The Scientific American*.

Let me try to make clear that the year and a half I spent in England was one of the pleasantest periods of my life. The object of my visit was business, but a business that is more social in its nature than commercial. I was there to represent editorially Mr. Hearst's group of magazines, to obtain from distinguished foreign authors the magazine rights to their novels, short stories and articles; and beyond this to keep an eye open for young and promising writers whose work might prove suitable for American publication.

I was there to scatter sunshine and gold, to distribute largesse. I had none of the worries of getting established, of making acquaintances or friends, none of the problems of competition which beset the business man entering a new field. I was asking nothing of England, I had come to give, not to take.

YET during my entire stay hardly a day ended that I did not find my wife and young son ready to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* and begin hostilities without waiting for a formal declaration of war. Then they would present me with a copy of *The Daily Express* or *The Evening Standard* or the *Mail* or *Evening News* (or all of them) with a cartoon, a joke, or a news-story in which an American was the goat. Vicious, cruel, vindictive. No German Hymn of Hate could be so pernicious as this propaganda of half-truths on the part of the British press,

or so effective in instilling first distrust, then fear, then hate.

An American, to the British papers, is a "guy" who says "bo" when addressing anyone, who uses "I guess" in every other sentence, who begins every remark with "Say!", who considers "youse" a perfectly legitimate word. According to the cartoonist he wears large horn-rimmed glasses, a funny fedora hat, either too large or too small, and is pot-bellied and stands on his heels, aggressively offensive. And a foot-long cigar is protruding from a corner of his mouth.

His daughter, in the cartoons, also wears huge horn-rimmed glasses. Her vocabulary is somewhat more limited than that of her father. Occasionally she says "Gee," but for the most part she knows and uses only the word "cute," sometimes preceded by "ain't it?" The Tower of London, the Royal Albert Memorial, the National Gallery, Westminster Abbey, the Stadium at Wembley, Hampton Court, the Henley Regatta, Windsor Castle through a vista of trees, the Changing of the Guard—all are "cute" to the visiting American miss.

DON'T think for a moment that these cartoons are the pardonable efforts of underpaid cartoonists to be funny. The cartoons are part of a deliberate editorial policy. When the summer tourist season is on and Americans fairly flood London certain of the papers send pressmen (reporters) to listen to and report conversations and remarks made by their visitors. More often than not the reporters create this small talk, for no American outside of English novels ever talked as these tourists are made to talk.

I asked one of the editors of *The Daily Express* the reason for this sort of pin-prick editorial irritation and he grinned and said they were simply giving their readers what they liked to read, which, perhaps, completes a vicious circle.

CHIEF among other sources of distrust and ridicule are English actors of the stage and of the screen; novelists, other literary lights, and lecturers. They come to America, take our good American dollars, then go back home and spread glad tidings that we are a lot of crude, uncouth, uncultured boobs. The newspapers seldom fail to print interviews of the experiences of these returned travellers to our dark land.

One actor, in particular, was interviewed to the extent of nearly two columns in *The Evening News*. His specialty was playing "silly ass" Englishmen in the States. He came here and held his own countrymen up to ridicule in exchange for American gold. American money made him wealthy and enabled him to maintain his family in England — not only comfortably, but luxuriously.

Let's see how he felt about the country which had treated him so generously. Let's look at the picture he gave his own compatriots.

WHEN AMERICANS ARE UNINTENTIONALLY FUNNY

G. P. Huntley on Some People He Met

"I have come back really for a short holiday and to readjust my English, which has suffered somewhat from three years of Canada and the United States," today said Mr. G. P. Huntley, the actor, who has just returned to London from America after a three years' absence.

Unless one is heavily muscled around the ribs it is dangerous to interview Mr. Huntley, writes an *Evening News* representative who

called on him. Humour, in the form of jokes, anecdotes and yarns, literally pours out of the man.

"I found Americans very droll — unintentionally at all times, however," continued Mr. Huntley. "They are not as subtle as people in this country imagine them to be.

"'Say! whaat day was yer summer in Englan' laast yeah? Wait a minute now. It was Thoisday, Friday, no, it wasn't too, it was Toosday. Sure, you bet, that's right. Yer summer last yeah was on Toosday and on Thoisday the yeah before!'

"That is typical and, for many years, a well-employed American joke."

[Author's note: This "joke" originated in *Punch* and can be heard all over England every summer.]

A Treble Event!

"To me, everyday life is what you journalists call 'copy.' All sorts of peculiarities absorb my interest. Americans I have always found provided a fair amount of food for fun. But last year I was treated to something very special. I was playing in New York Cyril Maude's part in *Aren't We All*, when one evening a lady, very prominent in American society, kindly invited me to her box in the Metropolitan Opera House. I went. It is a marvel I ever came back.

"During the first interval my hostess leaned over to greet a wealthy woman of her set in the next box, and as though to gather reflected glory, commenced to introduce me with a tremendous eulogy.

"'Oh! Mrs. Blank, I want to introdooce you to a very dear friend of mine. He is a great actor and is soitainly as well known over heah as in England. He is an Englishman and I think he is poifectly wunnerful and his name is pasitively a household woid in this country and in England. He is Mr. J. B. Hartley and is playing Sir Charles Cherry's part in *Don't We Sometimes*.'

"As a matter of fact, I was just preening my feathers when my hostess cracked off her introduction of me as a 'household word' but oh, my! 'J. B. Hartley' . . . 'Sir Charles Cherry' . . . 'Don't We Sometimes' . . . for G. P. Huntley. . . . Cyril Maude. . . . 'Aren't We All.' . . . What a treble event. . . . And a household word on top of it all. I don't think that we, at our best, could produce such a one as that in this country."

Can't you just hear an American woman box-holder at the Metropolitan Opera House talking in this wise? But what satisfaction the English readers of Mr. Huntley's interview got from accepting this caricature as a true picture of an American social leader!

THIS spirit of ridicule of and contempt for Americans permeates England. America and things American furnish a topic of conversation or debate for an entire evening. At a dinner at the Forum Club my wife and I were guests of a distinguished South African novelist. We were the only Americans present and it is doubtful whether our presence was known to any of the speakers. It was purely a literary gathering. The first speaker was a war correspondent and lecturer. His entire talk was made up of "funny" stories about America and Americans. Believe it or not, every subsequent speaker took the cue from him and told "funny" stories about Americans.

Finally the chairman of the meeting called on a queer-looking little person who wrote a daily article for one of the newspapers. She rose to her feet in a most embarrassed manner and said, "I'm sorry I can't make a speech because I can't remember any funny stories about Americans."

And with few exceptions, every writer in the gathering was getting more money from America for his work, greater sales and wider recognition than at home — and the aforesaid few and unfortunate exceptions were trying or hoping to find an American market for their literary wares.

To illustrate: At another affair given by a well-known Scotch artist

living in London I overheard a young author say to a rather unprepossessing woman, "Come with me, I want you to meet Mr. Lengel. He's an American."

Her companion replied, "I don't want to meet an American. I *hate* Americans."

"But my dear, he's an editor."

"Oh — Oh!"

She was brought over. "Oh, I'm so glad to meet you. I just *love* Americans."

And within five minutes she was trying to sell me a Life of her father, one of the great dramatists of the late Nineteenth Century.

THOUGH there was no outward spirit of antagonism toward Americans among the stay-at-home literary folk with whom I came in contact, without exception they thought we had waited too long to enter the war, that we came in for purely selfish reasons and that we alone profited from the war. The feeling was a natural one, but it seldom expressed itself in bitterness, except in the case of two authors whose works stand at the peak of popularity in America. These two men were still fighting the war several years after its close and were more bitter toward the United States than toward Germany.

Britishers take a certain pride in admitting they are "grousers," which means they like to make things look worse than they are. Yet it is strange and rather disheartening to see them grousing so about America. For years the Prince of Wales has been travelling over the world, becoming acquainted with the subjects of his far-flung Empire. He has found time, as well, to visit countries remote from his own nation's sphere. It was not so long ago that he visited South America. So far as I can recall the papers of our country commented on this trip of Edward's as a pleasant gesture, hailing him as a super-salesman. That he was taking business from the United States and directing it towards England never seemed to occur to our editors. Or, if it did, they kept the thought out of both the news and editorial columns.

President Hoover makes a trip to South America. "A good-will trip," it is called. It probably never occurred to any American to call it anything else. But the British press saw only a sordid American go-getter, a presidential-drummer, trying to stir up trade for the United States at the expense of England.

UNITED States Attorney Tuttle started an investigation of the sinking of the *Vestris*. Lives were lost. Why those lives were lost, through whose fault, and how a recurrence of that tragedy might be prevented were fairly important points in a thoroughly honest and laudable desire to get at the facts while witnesses were available and details fresh in their minds.

Did England regard the investigation in any such light? Not for a minute. Mr. Tuttle, a Federal attorney, was branded in the British press as a cheap Tammany notoriety-seeker whose investigation was designed to do one thing and one thing only — to discredit the British shipping industry so that American shipping would profit.

This is all a matter of record and can be substantiated by reference to the files of the London papers published during the course of Mr. Tuttle's investigation.

I have cited these instances of British suspicion and distrust as simply another angle of the hate-fear complex against America which is spread over Great Britain by the press of that country.

NEVERTHELESS they all want to know about America, about the fabulous wages, the cars owned by day laborers, the opportunities that are so abundant. Ride in a taxi driven by a fairly young man and as often as not he will ask you about his chances in America. It happened to me dozens of times. If they are not already on the quota list they are planning to get on. The same is true of garage mechanics, fish-mongers', and green-grocers' assistants, clerks in the big stores.

They flock to American movies. The frantic roars of the press can't keep them away. And, except for the war debt, the British papers are more bitter about American motion pictures than anything else.

Here is a half-column from *The Daily Express*. But the give-away is in the third and last paragraphs.

LURID FILMS FOR CHILDREN

American Lessons in Debauchery
Travesties of Life

The influence of lurid American films on the minds of British school children was condemned by Mr. J. Aubrey Rees at a meeting of the British Women's Patriotic League in London yesterday.

"These weekly attendances at our cinemas," he said, "are far in excess of the total attendances at our churches. Ninety per cent. of our elementary school children between the ages of eight and fourteen years visit the cinemas.

"Thirty million people go to the cinema every week. More than £2,000,000 a year is paid by British exhibitors for American films. Only £125,000 is paid for British films.

"The mental food given to our cinema audience is mainly melodramas, lavish displays of wealth, pictures of low dancing salons, debauchery, luxurious homes, millionaires on the one hand and paupers on the other.

An Example

"Last Saturday afternoon I looked in at a cinema for about ten minutes. It was packed with school children and they were all roaring with laughter at an American picture of a man dressed half in the garb of a man and half in the garb of a woman, standing behind a screen being kissed by an old gentleman.

"This is the kind of scene that children are allowed to see at the end of their school week, just before their visit — if any — to the Sunday school.

"This younger generation nurtured on these American ideas will as the years go on base their lives on American ideas of morals and on American ideas of life generally.

"Over and over again they have seen the story of the wealthy American father whose son spends his time in the company of ballet girls. We do not know that type of successful man and squalid son on this side of the water. Such films are alien to all ideas of life and thought in this England of ours, and many of these American films are a shocking travesty of life, and ought not to be tolerated in Great Britain.

"We want to see in our cinemas British life, British character, and British history produced by British artists."

THAT, remember, is a news story, not a critical appraisal of one of our "masterpieces" from Hollywood. The film critics do not wish such calm British restraint as that exhibited by Mr. J. Aubrey Rees in the foregoing. The cinema critics froth at the eyes, nose, mouth and ears when writing of American motion pictures. Of course, the worst of the Hollywood output is infinitely better than the best of the British attempts. That's the rub.

But think of going to war with England over Hollywood! And that is just about how much basic cause there is for a mortal conflict between the two countries.

Every American who has lived in England has felt and observed what I have here set down. English exhibitors show vulgar American films for the same reason American exhibitors do — for profit. But British publicists use these films as another opportunity to misrepresent American life and even to imply that we are deliberately debauching English infancy. Thus, out of trivial travesties of America, tragedy is being worked up — an ugly fabric of mutual dislike is being woven out of one nation's silly misunderstandings of another's slang and movie-for-profit manners.

Can't the British press coddle the obvious inferiority complex which now seems to have a war-worn nation in its grip in some other way than through arousing contempt and hatred of America?

Master Farmers Succeed

By Dr. Robert Stewart

Dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Nevada

Many concrete examples, in various States, of agricultural prosperity won through good business and scientific methods, while laggards were in the doldrums

Agriculture, as everybody now knows, has unquestionably been in a very bad way for a good many years, and numerous explanations have been offered to account for it. Out of the confused discussion of the matter a very important fact emerges. During the entire period of agricultural depression there have been many farmers who have been eminently successful, and have been so recognized in the judgment of their neighbors and competent authorities. Why have these farmers been able to make good while the industry as a whole was in the doldrums? Have they been particularly fortunately situated? Do they have more fertile land? Or have they mastered the economics of production and marketing better than their neighbors?

These outstanding successes in farming and rural citizenship are receiving the recognition due them. The idea and plan for such recognition originated at the University of Wisconsin, where for many years certificates of merit have been conferred with appropriate ceremonies on selected groups of farmers, not to exceed three in any one year. This plan has since been instituted in a number of other universities and agricultural colleges throughout the country.

In 1925 the idea was adopted and further amplified by Clifford V. Gregory, the editor of a farm paper in Chicago, who inaugurated the Master Farmer movement. The term "Master Farmer" is regarded as the property of the Associated Farm Papers, and cannot be used by unauthorized parties. In 1927 the movement had been adopted in Oklahoma, Texas, Alabama, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Montana, Illinois, Nebraska, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and Wisconsin. Over three hundred Master Farmers in twenty-one States have already been selected.

In the Master Farmer movement the honor seeks the man. A farmer is nominated for this honor by his neighbors and friends. The nominee, his work and farm, are then studied by competent judges who rate him on the basis of his accomplishment. Attention is given to his methods of

farming, the appearance and upkeep of the farm, his home life and his relationship to community affairs.

Master Farmers are selected from every type of the farming industry. No single type of farming necessarily makes for success. Of the eighteen Oklahoma farmers who were selected, nine were specialists in the several branches of livestock production. Five of them specialized in beef production, two in hog production, two in sheep production, and two were dairymen. No record is made of an outstanding success of a single crop cotton farmer.

WHAT are the methods which these farmers have been following which have permitted them to make such outstanding success during the period of agricultural depression? In January, 1928, in Oklahoma, eighteen men received the recognition of Master Farmers. The average size of the farm operated by these Master Farmers was 399 acres, having an average value of $32,000, on which these farmers made a net income of 10.4 per cent. in addition to the family living, including rent and household expenses and all the operating expenses of the farm. That is, the Master Farmers in Oklahoma made all their living expenses and operation expenses of the farm including taxes, interest and insurance, and each had an average of $3,328 left over as interest on capital invested and payment of services of operator as Farm Manager. This is quite a different story from that ordinarily given wide publicity regarding farming conditions.

The size of the farm operated by these Master Farmers was an important factor in the results obtained by them. It was considerably larger than the average farm of the region. The average size of farms in the State is 260 acres: that of the Master Farmers is 399 acres. High yield of crops also was an important factor contributing to success. The average yield of wheat in Oklahoma was 14 bushels an acre during the years 1924–26. Eleven of the eighteen Master Farmers produced wheat and their average yield of it was 25 bushels. The average yield of cotton in Oklahoma during this period was 177 pounds an acre. The nine Master Farmers who produced cotton secured a yield of 304 pounds. The average yield of corn in 1924–26 was 17.6 bushels an acre, while thirteen Master Farmers who produced corn secured a yield of 28 bushels. The average yield of oats was 25 bushels an acre, while the thirteen Master Farmers who produced oats secured a yield of 38 bushels.

All the Master Farmers used the most approved methods of production. Every one owned and used a manure spreader. All practised crop rotation and followed good methods of soil improvement, such as growing legumes for improving the quality of the soil. On these farms 16 per cent. of the land was in legumes while in the State as a whole only one and one-half per cent. was thus planted. There are two combines, seven tractors, fifteen tool sheds and eight blacksmith shops on these farms.

THESE Master Farmers believe in organization. Sixteen of them belong to coöperative marketing associations. Twelve are members of the Farmers' Union or National Grange. They also are vitally concerned with local affairs. All of them are supporters of the Church and Sunday School. All

vote at elections, and eleven are local election officials. All of them take vacations, and eleven carry life insurance, which is usually neglected by most farmers. All have excellent homes, and the average house has eight rooms. The houses are equipped with refrigerators, oil or gas stoves, and complete water systems with bath rooms and sewers. All have lighting systems and sixteen have power washers, seven have vacuum sweepers and eight have electric irons. The average number of children is three and every child will have a high school education and most of them will go to college.

Recently fifteen Master Farmers were selected in Kansas out of a group of two hundred and seventy who had been recommended for this honor. The Agricultural Census of 1925 showed that the agricultural wealth of the United States decreased by fifteen billion dollars; yet the average worth of these fifteen Master Farmers in Kansas increased from $22,098 in 1918 to $32,007 in 1923, and to $41,635 in 1928. During the period when the agricultural wealth of the entire country decreased 19 per cent., the wealth of the Master Farmers in Kansas actually increased 88 per cent. These farmers almost doubled their agricultural wealth during the most trying time in agricultural history of the country.

How did they do it? Wherein does their method differ from that of the average farmer of the country? They regard their farm as a manufacturing plant of which the soil is the basis. The soil fertility is guarded and built up so as to produce the best possible yields. The ten-year average production of corn in Kansas is 17.7 bushels an acre, while these Master Farmers secured a yield of 41.2 bushels. The State's wheat average is 12.4 bushels, while the Master Farmers' is 20.9 bushels an acre. The average yield of oats in the State is 23 bushels, while the Master Farmers produced a yield of 43.3 bushels.

These Kansas farmers are making money. How are they spending it? Each farmer in addition to securing the best equipment possible is looking toward expanding his business. Fifty per cent. buy high grade stocks, bonds and other securities. Most of them are firm believers in insurance. Ninety per cent. insure their buildings. Seventy per cent. carry life insurance and insurance for the educational fund for their children and to protect their purchases of land.

How about their home life? Eighty-one per cent. have complete water systems in the house. Fifty-one per cent. have furnaces and electric lighting systems. All have good libraries and subscribe for the best papers and magazines. Seventy-five per cent. have radios.

These prosperous farmers in Kansas are not only making money for themselves but by their purchase of modern farm equipment, including machinery, tractors, combines, trucks and automobiles, they are contributing to the prosperity of the entire country as well. The investment of their surplus cash in stocks and bonds also helps to supply capital for other lines of industry.

These prosperous Kansas farmers were not unduly favored as to their opportunity to start farming. Many of them started as hired hands on some one else's farm, and by saving money

were able to purchase farms for themselves. Many of them started as farm renters. Seventy-five per cent. of the farmers purchased their own farms with cash saved by their own efforts. Fifteen per cent. purchased part of their land and inherited part of it. Only five per cent. inherited all their land, while five per cent. are still renting their farms.

This is in harmony with the results obtained from a study of the Master Farmer movement in other States. In Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas there are six men among the Master Farmers chosen for 1927 whose net worth is between $50,000 and $75,000. The inheritance of five of these men amounted to less than $3,000; the rest of their net worth represents the rewards of their own efforts.

SOME of the individual efforts of this group of Master Farmers are noteworthy. An Illinois farmer who entered the State corn growing contest averaged 94 bushels of corn an acre: the third year he averaged 97 bushels, and in 1926 he obtained a yield of 119 bushels an acre. The average yield of corn for the entire State of Illinois in 1926 was only 35 bushels. This farmer was producing three times more efficiently than his neighbors. Another Illinois farmer bought a run down place thought to be of value only as a hunting ground. The first year he farmed he secured a yield of only 17 bushels of oats an acre. He soon increased this yield to 75 bushels by practising a system of good soil management.

In Nevada, Orea Wimsett, a former Iowa school teacher, purchased a farm on the Government reclamation project at Fallon in 1922. He had exactly $2,400, yet he contracted for 120 acres of Government land. He commenced to raise quality goods for the market, principally turkeys and dairy products. In 1927 his net worth was $15,000, and during that year he made six per cent. on this capitalization and had $3,200 left over as payment for his labor and management of his farm. That is, during the worst period of farm distress in the United States this school teacher had increased his capital from $2,400 to $15,000 within five years, and had made during 1927 $4,700 for his labor and interest on his investment. There are few lines of human endeavor where this could be duplicated. Probably more school teachers ought to farm and more farmers teach school. Wimsett's methods were very simple. He raised quality products for the market. He followed good business practices, and knew exactly what he was doing by keeping good records. He quickly detected the leaks in his business and stopped them.

THIS is the day of the merger. Competition has become so keen that only the most economical producers and distributors can succeed. The agricultural industry alone maintains its isolation, and the small productive unit is the rule. The idea that the ideal farming system is one based upon the foundation of the small farm, and that centralization is not only impractical but highly undesirable, is deeply rooted in this country. President Hoover, for example, in his acceptance speech said: "Farming is and must continue to be an individualistic business of *small* units and independ-

ent ownership." The success of the Master Farmers in Oklahoma clearly demonstrates the fallacy of the small farm. Many farmers are trying to succeed on units so small as to render economic success impossible.

The average farmer does not pay much attention to the question of soil improvement. All the eighteen Master Farmers in Oklahoma paid considerable attention to the best recommended practices for improving the quality of the soil. All of them used barnyard manure and grew legumes for soil improvement. All practised the scientific rotation of crops. As a result their yields of crops were far above the average for Oklahoma as a whole.

In industry, successful enterprises spend vast amounts of capital in necessary research to reduce the cost of production and secure a better product. In agriculture the situation is vastly different. The State assumes the responsibility of research, and every State in the union has its Agricultural Bureau. Twenty-five million dollars are spent annually by these research institutions, and a corps of workers everywhere are busy trying to ascertain new ways of more efficiently and economically producing crops. The successful Master Farmers are familiar with the results of these investigations and make abundant use of them in their operations.

Managerial ability is the rarest and most difficult form of labor to secure, and as agriculture is rapidly becoming commercialized the importance of it is becoming more and more fundamental. This ability the Master Farmers possessed to a rare degree, as is demonstrated by the close attention they gave to the details of the farm operations. Full advantage was taken of all available scientific information. Simple things make a big difference in the results obtained. Treatment of seed wheat with copper carbonate for the control of smut may mean all the difference between a good crop and a poor one. The date of planting is vital. In Illinois, for example, Government reports indicate that the period from May 10 to 20 is the best time to plant corn, since that period is usually followed by a wet spell which prevents corn planting for some time with a resulting poor crop. Fall wheat is planted as soon as the entomologist reports danger from the Hessian fly is past. These facts the Master Farmer knows and acts upon. As a result his crops are as sure, and as free from disease and insect pests, as it is humanly possible to make them.

The example of the Master Farmers in the United States indicates clearly that there is opportunity for genuine achievement in farming when men of ability, initiative and business sense give their best efforts to its problems. There is probably as good, if not better, opportunity in farming today for the young man of the right type, as there is in any other line of effort.

The Failure of the Federal Reserve

By H. Parker Willis

First Secretary of the Federal Reserve Board

Though based on confidence in "American business idealism" our system of bank control is declared to be afflicted with waste and incompetence

When I first made the acquaintance of President-elect Woodrow Wilson in 1912, our conversation related entirely to banking reform. I asked him whether he felt confident we could secure the adoption of a suitable law and, having done so, get it applied and enforced.

He answered: "We must rely on American business idealism."

This was his watchword — the faith in which he lived and died. Because he believed in American business idealism and its vital possibilities, he was not willing to take the plan that had been made up, ready to be handed to him by a small group of special and selfish banking interests, but he sought for something of his own which could be trusted to afford opportunity for American Idealism to work itself out. He got it. It served to finance the World War, and to revolutionize American banking practice. For a few years it was a great, a brilliant, a world-wide success.

Six years after Mr. Wilson's death, fourteen years after the adoption of the Federal Reserve Act in which he thought he had found an example of American idealism, it is fair to appraise the success of the effort for which he was, so far as practical legislation was concerned, fundamentally responsible. Has our experiment in central banking been like all other central banking organizations? Has it fallen short of them in practice and technique? Is its failure or success the result of more or of less of the idealism on which Mr. Wilson relied?

This is a fundamental question, one in which the average man is deeply concerned. According to the answer that is given him he will be inclined to make up his mind whether to go further along the general lines of government that President Wilson trusted or, perhaps, to try new methods of his own. There was a large section of the country which, at the time the Federal Reserve Act was adopted, was inclined to take things into its own hands, or as some persons would say today, using the language of a later era, to "go Bolshevik". The Federal Reserve Act was not, as many people

have supposed, an embodiment of radical ideas. On the contrary, it was an effort to prevent such ideas from seizing control of the financial machinery and using it in ways that might be dangerous if not disastrous. The so-called Money Trust investigation by Congress, the farmers' movement of that day which has survived or been resurrected as the rural credit agitation of the present time, the demands of "progressive" Republicans, and many other popular movements of opinion all center more or less around the same thing: a readjustment of our banking system. Public opinion becomes effective slowly. Financial evolution moves "in many a backward sweeping curve". Our currency and banking system is never safe unless it is in sympathy with the popular will. It needs exactly the element of idealism that the President prescribed and believed we could get on the principle of *noblesse oblige* from American bankers and from our abler business men.

Woodrow Wilson thought of a system which would smooth rates of interest throughout the nation, make credit available on equal terms to all who were entitled to it and could offer satisfactory security, apply our bank reserves sacredly to the purposes for which they were intended — the maintenance of solvency and liquidity in the several banks — and generally provide an organization which would keep in mind the fundamental interests of the public as the guide of all financial effort, at the same time that it adhered closely to the tried principles of careful banking and sound credit. To do this of course it would be necessary to have the service of some of the ablest in the banking community as well as the recognition on the part of banking leaders generally that a dominating public purpose was at work in the operation of our American system of finance.

Have these objects been attained in any substantial degree? Since the inauguration of the Federal Reserve Act we have suffered one of the most serious financial depressions and revolutions ever known in American history — that of 1920 and the following year. We have also seen our agriculture pass through a long period of suffering and even of revolution in which one million farmers have left their farms, according to current estimate, because of difficulties growing out of prices of land and its products and of credit conditions. We have suffered the most extensive era of bank failure ever known in this or any other nation, in the course of which certainly not less than 4500 banks have gone to the wall with corresponding suffering and disaster to the communities in which they were located. In some Western towns, there have been times when all banks in the community have failed, and it has not infrequently occurred that given banks have failed over and over again. They neither had been subjected to the control from the Federal Reserve System which would have kept them from failing by regulating their affairs, nor did they receive the skilful guidance and support, when embarrassed, which might have prevented their failure notwithstanding they had fallen into bad condition.

In fact there has been little difference in this liability to failure between banks that have been members and

the non-members of the Federal Reserve System. So far as they are concerned the system might about as well not have existed. Finally, we have seen the arrival of an unprecedented era of stock speculation in which bank funds have been put back into the stock market and have thereby impaired the reserve resources of the country to a dangerous degree. This is the record: it is incontrovertible, not even denied by those reserve bankers who are willing to speak frankly about it. It has been a lamentable disappointment to the idealism that lay at the root of the original enactment. What is the cause of such a failure?

THAT is not a question that can be answered in a word. Nor ought it to be answered in terms of technical finance. It is essentially a great human question, a question which involves the attitude of American bankers toward public service, a problem which requires analysis of the position of American public men toward the system of government under their management. Being a human question, it must be answered in terms of human relationships, first of all from the standpoint of the man who more than any other was responsible for the fact that the Federal Reserve Act ever reached the statute books.

Before all else the new system needed men — strong men at the top of things; and capable men to carry on its skilled work in the banks. President Wilson, however, was greater in ideas than in his choice of instruments to carry them out. He had shown great daring in his defiance of vested banking interests when he gave his support to the Federal Reserve Act. He had won a complete victory over his opponents in Congress. Why should he not have shown the same degree of courage in the arrangements he made for administering the new Act and ensuring its success? No one can answer this question. It can only be said that the President was not able to maintain the same degree of insight and courage in his selection of the personnel that he had shown in his decision as to legislation. His choice of the first members of the Federal Reserve Board was not wholly happy. They represented a composite group chosen partly for the purpose of placating this, that or the other interest, and containing an element whose nomination was the result of personal favoritism that surprised and disappointed many. Thus chosen, it was not strange that some of the appointees themselves sought to use "places" as small change with which to pay debts. When the Board was considering a resolution to the effect that in future members of the reserve staff should be appointed "solely on merit", Comptroller John Skelton Williams moved to leave out the word "solely" and in this he was sustained by several members of the Board. The incident is illustrative merely. It did not stand alone.

NEVERTHELESS this Board, made up as it was, surpassed in general capacity, public spirit and ability the then Secretary of the Treasury and his advisers, and was to prove an important support of the nation during the World War. On the other hand the inclusion of certain elements in the Board gave an opportunity for selfishness and for catering to special interests that was to prove disastrous later on. President Wilson had erred as he

often erred in supposing that the holding of important office would transform an incumbent and revivify his patriotism. It did no such thing, but on the contrary it furnished an opportunity for the gratifying of personal prejudices that did much to hurt the new System in its earlier years. Later on as the President's illness grew graver, the Reserve Board fell into even greater difficulties. Perhaps it reached the low ebb of the Wilson period with the appointment of a member who was chosen because of his ability to get delegates for a Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

But this low level was nowhere near that reached under President Harding. "I never expected to select any man who had once been appointed by Woodrow Wilson," he exclaimed, as he was disposing of a member of the Federal Reserve Board who had given eight years of faithful self-sacrificing service, "and I won't reappoint you unless I have to". It was a wholly characteristic remark, illustrative of the point of view which prevailed not only among the "best minds" who formed the original Harding Cabinet but among a large aggregate of "deserving" Republicans — and Democrats. It was further worked out by President Harding in practice through the appointment of an old crony of his own as Governor of the Board and the naming of superserviceable politicians to other places. Before his death he had done his utmost to debauch the whole undertaking.

The failure of Woodrow Wilson to reach his own high level of aspiration ought to have worked powerfully upon business and financial minds to make up for it, since they had been given a large increase of local autonomy for the reserve banks themselves. It sometimes thus happens that a bad law or a weak administration in Washington is accompanied by strong and effective management of the local representatives of some system. This, however, is seldom true in banking and it surely was not in the case under discussion. Starting with initial selections of somewhat mediocre quality for directors in reserve banks, made by the banks which constituted the body of reserve bank stockholders, and with distinctly second grade officers, in many cases, chosen by these same directors to discharge executive duties, the System has quite steadily run down hill until the present time.

The original appointees could not be supermen. But they were not on the whole even the most efficient bankers to be had. Reserve banks had hardly assumed their first form, when it became apparent that local bankers had very generally sought to use them as a means of "taking care of" favorite sons, persons who had by common consent become a kind of general charge upon the banking community, or inefficients of various varieties. "On entering the reserve bank, I felt like a cat in a strange garret" wrote the chairman of one of the institutions to the Secretary of the Reserve Board upon assuming duty during the war. When it was suggested to him that like other cats in a similar situation he might very well seek a more congenial place of residence if he chose, his answer was indignant, yet he continued to try to make himself at home in the garret

which his friends had selected for him, although his efforts were without any material success. When reserve directors were to be chosen, the country banks often refused to vote at all or, when they voted, sometimes cast their ballots as they were directed by city correspondents or in other cases simply returned them blank.

IN THESE circumstances popular or democratic control of reserve banks was out of the question and the problem simply remained whether there could be some arrangement whereby reasonable efficiency might be secured by reason of the assumption of power on the part of capable men who recognized their public duty. If such men existed they did not make their appearance, and the precedents set in the first boards of directors have survived and been carried on down to the present time. In one reserve bank today the chief management is in the hands of a man who never before did a day's actual banking in his life, while in another institution both Governor and Chairman are the former heads of defunct or failed banks notwithstanding that one of their assumed duties as reserve banks is to prevent other banks from failing. They have naturally had a high failure record in their district. In other reserve institutions constant complaint by constituent banks, accompanied by requests for the removal of the Governor of the bank, have for a long time been the order of the day. In middle Western districts complaints are constantly made that the banking interests belonging to public officers are not subjected to the same general discipline as are those whose ownership is in the hands of less favored proprietors. In a majority of districts the standard of efficiency of performance as judged by local banking standards is low among reserve executive officers. In the endeavor to make a favorable showing before Congress, not a few of the reserve banks have, moreover, been disposed to offset the effect of high salaries paid to their managers by adopting a niggardly or stingy policy toward employees. As a result they have tended to lose capable men and have found it hard to get others, and the net result has been practically continuous deterioration for years past. The policy of the "F. R. (Friends and Relatives) bank" is a byword in one of the Eastern districts.

WHY should any such lame and impotent conclusion have come to pass? "I do not see why," exclaimed a member of the Federal Reserve Board upon one occasion, "it should be necessary for this Board to have to bribe men to work for it in addition to paying them their salaries." In the early days it was considered by many bankers a somewhat antisocial act to work for a reserve bank and while of recent years the stigma has been removed in that respect, it has been increased in another. Few men are allowed to find the road to advancement in the banking profession through the holding of executive office in the reserve banks. The feeling of doubt and even hostility which is thus indicated is naturally returned in many instances by reserve bankers. They tend to think more and more of the question of their own promotion, prerogatives, rights, expense accounts and general privileges and advantages within the System. These

they are constantly at pains to augment, with bad results, since the fact that the public is not allowed to trade with the reserve banks cuts off much constructive criticism that would otherwise come to them. Certain it is that they tend to grow less efficient and that the conception of public service upon which President Wilson relied in his early ideas of a type of banking organization which would do its utmost for the community has never been realized. The expectations, the far-visioned hopes of the Executive of 1913 have been as badly disappointed in the attitude of bankers toward the new system and in their willingness to give personal service to it as they had been in the outcome of his own selection of men to bear the brunt of the administrative labors in Washington.

THE great extravagance of the System in providing for its own luxury has illustrated this antagonism to simple financial living and high financial thinking. It was only a little while after the System had been fully launched, and when it was making war profits in considerable amounts that someone conceived the idea of using these profits to provide phenomenally costly buildings. The banks were able to pay for them out of their earnings and they straightway did so. Vast empty spaces used by only a scattering of employees, costly marble halls and stairways, needless heavy bronze work, elaborate furniture and unnecessary purchases of every kind today survive as mementoes of this heyday of extravagant outlay upon themselves of which reserve bankers were guilty. It was a sad chapter in American financial history that any such expenditure could ever have been authorized, least of all when we consider the sources from which the profits had been drawn that made it possible to engage in this saturnalia.

Defense has indeed been offered for this kind of expenditure based upon the necessity of making a "dignified" appearance before the community. The fact of the matter is that the Federal Reserve Banks do not come into contact with the community. They deal chiefly with member banks and representatives of acceptance houses and their customers in many cases carry on their relationships by mail. There is much movement out and in on the part of clerks who represent local banks with items to present, Government bonds to convert or redeem and other transactions of like character. Nevertheless, the reserve bank is certainly not in a position which warrants the familiar argument that customers will be favorably impressed by ostentatious display.

DESIRE to prevent the Government from getting the large profits that have been made out of Government business, or foolish pride in costly buildings and furniture and lavish expenditure as a hall-mark of prosperity or success, alone can explain the waste that occurred in this building programme. It is not strange that the community at large — the small banks which have hard work in making dividends — instead of being attracted and impressed has been repelled by the reserve bank attitude of outlay. Today the reserve banks must keep a full billion dollars of their constituents' money at work merely to pay their own expenses in normal times.

Perhaps this waste of money and

this tendency to decadence in ability of management might have been forgiven had it been possible for reserve banks to show so great a grasp of principle and so sound a method of operation — whether as the result of instructions received from some one source, or adopted as the outcome of conference and agreement among all the authorities of the several banks, does not matter — as to preserve the main objects of the system. But the reserve banks unfortunately have lacked the courage to move against the tide and to resist the dangerous tendencies in banking which it is the special function of all central banks to correct. They have lacked it again and again when they have followed, not led, financial opinion.

PROBABLY the best illustration of what they have done and not done is afforded by the experience which the country has had with speculation. Four years ago the present "bull market" was just beginning to take definite form and three years ago it was just getting fully under way. In the autumn of 1926 a group of bankers, among whom was one with a world famous name, were sitting at a table in a Washington hotel. One of them had raised the question whether the low discount rates of the System were not likely to encourage speculation. "Yes," replied the conspicuous figure referred to, "they will, but that cannot be helped. It is the price we must pay for helping Europe." It may well be questioned whether the speculative era has been the price paid for helping Europe or the price paid to induce a certain class of financiers to help Europe, but in either case European conditions had nothing to do with the discount policy except in name. The truth of the matter is that reserve banks have kept their rates down to abnormally low figures with the excuse that in so doing they enabled Europe to borrow money here more readily and prevented European banks from having to send gold here. Meanwhile they have looked on complaisantly as more and more funds were borrowed from them for speculative purposes, in amounts many times over what were borrowed for the purpose of promoting European reconstruction.

SO THEY have "sat tight" and said nothing while the "small man", from Maine to Texas, has gradually been led to invest his savings in the stock market with the result that the constantly rising tide of speculative transactions at higher and higher prices has swept over the business of the country. Concerns which formerly borrowed from banks for their current working capital and which submitted to the guidance of these banks in making their commitments have been able to get from the public at large the funds with which to pay off their obligations they themselves going into the business of lending on collateral.

In March 1928 Roy A. Young, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, was called before a Senate Committee. Do you think that brokers' loans are too high? he was asked. "I am not prepared to say whether brokers' loans are too high or too low. I am satisfied they are safely and conservatively made," he answered. "I do not think the Federal Reserve should say whether they are too high or too low." At about the same time the Secretary of the Treasury in a

formal statement assured the country that they were not too high and even President Coolidge using material supplied to him by the Treasury, perhaps by the Federal Reserve Board itself, had made a plain statement to the country that they were not too high. Very much this same assertion was reiterated by the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board in addresses before bankers' associations in the autumn of 1928. The Federal Reserve System, designated by President Wilson as having been charged with the duty of protecting the interests of the average man, thus did its utmost to assure the average man that there was no reason why he should feel any alarm or should think that any excessive use was being made of bank funds. Yet in the face of such repeated assurance, the Reserve Board itself had no hesitation in issuing on February 2, 1929, a general letter addressed to reserve banks cautioning them against the grave dangers of speculation while admonishing them that they had neither the right nor duty to lend for the promotion or maintenance of speculative values.

THIS shilly-shallying was treachery, perhaps unintentional but real, to the basic idea of the whole system — the idea that bank reserves must be kept intact — free of the speculative taint. It was the banking sin of all sins for which no apology could be offered, no explanation given. It was the violation of the whole basis, the underlying thought of the entire undertaking in which the reserve banks were engaged. Misunderstanding or lack of sympathy with the law had been displayed from the beginning. "See how the Interstate Commerce Commission has spoiled the railroad business; let us not spoil the banking business likewise," cried one of the banking members of the Reserve Board at one of its earliest meetings in Washington. But even this special interest view as to rate control fell far short of the philosophy by which, one step after another, the liquid basis of the system was abandoned and the foundation for aid to speculative interests was provided.

PERHAPS the final, the most ironical phase in the history of an effort which started as idealism and has shifted into a series of concessions to special interests is the fact that as service has declined in courage and disinterestedness, praise of the system for what it has not done, has grown.

The prevailing point of view with respect to the Federal Reserve Act is laughably illustrated by the effort on the part of great groups of egotists to claim authorship of the Act, now that it has become accepted by members of the banking fraternity who find it serving their need. Yet at the beginning there were few who were so poor as to do it any reverence. I remember well a conversation with a member of the Senate deeply concerned in the success of the legislation, in which the latter recalled the case of Huckleberry Finn who had been told by his Sunday School teachers that any effort to assist negro slaves in making their escape from slavery would result in sending the guilty party to "everlasting fire". It pained Huck greatly that he should thus unmistakably have to recognize it a religious duty to return to servitude the negro whom he was then aiding to escape down the Mississippi. Many moments of un-

happiness went by but at last after thinking about the matter all one afternoon he finally said to himself "Very well then, I'll *go* to hell". Much this same point of view was developed among those who were working to secure the establishment of the Reserve System. Yet at the present time the very men who were so anxious to repudiate any responsibility for a plan which they thought was likely to fail are the first to claim the fundamental authorship of the Act and to resent very sharply any suggestion that they were themselves not wholly responsible for it. The noisy controversy shared in by a group of aspiring bankers and politicians as well as of bankers' lawyers and professional men to say nothing of the self-centered Colonel House, none of whom had the slightest relation to the drafting of the Act, clearly illustrates the egotistic point of view that has been indiscriminately characteristic of this entire body of individuals. What could be expected from a set of men who were solely intent in standing from under when there was any danger or friction, displaying however a canine appetite for credit and praise when anything had been accomplished, while eager only to "stand in" with the "big men" whom they believe to be the masters of American finance and banking?

IF THE Reserve System has been unsuccessful in getting the right kind of men to operate it and if many of these men have been inclined to develop into "chair-warmers" and bureaucrats anxious chiefly to eat good lunches, wrap their lips around Havana cigars of the best brand, draw large salaries and inhabit costly buildings at the expense of the member banks, a fundamental reason for the failure of its original objects is provided. Idealism is not a plant that thrives in the present atmosphere of reserve banking, nor is it likely to be very carefully tended by bankers of the type which now predominates in the reserve institutions.

If again the reserve banks themselves have fallen under the control of home and foreign financial interests so that they have lacked courage to exert any kind of control over banking rates, or banking practices, or the conditions under which loans are advanced, can we feel surprised that, during the short life of the Reserve System, we have had one credit depression or panic of major proportions, one era of banking failures of unprecedented severity and extent, and one speculative stock market debauch which threatens to wreck the whole fabric of American finance if allowed to go on as at present?

IF FINALLY we know that through the fortunes of war the United States has been entrusted with a very large fraction of the world's available gold supply yet instead of conserving this supply and rendering it available for redistribution as a basis for post-war monetary systems, it has practically allowed it to be absorbed through the desire to maintain inflation at home, can we wonder that many who participated in the development of the Federal Reserve System originally, look back today with a regretful eye upon the fact that they ever imagined for a moment that President Wilson's idealistic experiment could be accomplished?

It is not too late to turn defeat into

victory. The Reserve System has done much that has been worth while. Without the System we could not have financed the war nor could we have accomplished many useful technical reforms that have taken place in American banking. We have the framework, the financial structure necessary to develop something of the kind that was planned by hopeful and far-seeing minds fifteen years ago. We have learned by experience that hopes even though sustained by great financial resources cannot alone accomplish the desired results. There must however be also popular interest, popular understanding, popular support, if any system of financial reform designed to put the United States into position to maintain its great industrial structure safely and well is to be really successful. The question today is whether the rank and file of American citizens, which means in the last analysis the rank and file of American business men, are willing to take the time off from golf and business to bring about an actual realization of what has so long been sought — so faithfully attempted by a few.

On the Common

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

In my mind there is still
Such a flutter of wings,
Gray-lavender wings
Through gray-silver air,
Over grass that was worn,
Between trees that were bare,
Reflecting in water
Their soft mirrorings,
In garlands of flight,
In lances of light,
In and out above people,
(Heedless of cares)
Against building and steeple,
First in groups, then in pairs,
Now joining, now parting,
Now soaring, now darting,
But so silently, softly,
The whole city seemed
To be netted with wings
That shone and that gleamed —
And my mind forgets all more significant things
For the stir and the quick light movement of wings.

What the Tea Leaves Tell

By Princess Karina

A professional fortune teller of twenty years' experience confesses that her secret lies in revealing their true selves to clients who ask her to reveal the future

Gypsies are a vanishing race and true gypsy blood is rare. I am not a gypsy, even though many take me for one, probably on the assumption that all who read fortunes, tell the future and affect a costume of gay colors and beads must be gypsies or something like them. But though I belong to no Romany tribe, I think it likely that some strain of gypsy blood is in me, even though so deeply buried that I cannot trace it.

I was born in Ohio, and there are no Ohio-born gypsies, as far as I know. But my parents came from England, down in the West Country, not far from the Welsh border. Not far, that is, as distances are reckoned today, yet my mother was scarcely ever away from her home village in Somerset until she came to this strange new country. Somerset County in England is the home of every legend of Britain's early history, and in the neighborhood of Glastonbury folk and fairy tales are common gossip. I remember from my childhood stories of King Arthur's knights, of sorcerers and wizards, of treasures buried in Avalon hill. There were other darker stories, in which the magical and mystical ignored all historical possibilities, and tales of the strange fairy folk who still lived safely on the peat moors of Somerset. Such history as I have learned since then tells me that these legends, in fact, came down from Wales, and it may well be that from the same strange country came many of the Somerset people. It is only a few centuries since the fields around my mother's English home were under the sea, and they still lie below sea level. There are queer folk in Somerset, and even though they be not gypsies, there is strangeness in their blood. I have never been back to see my mother's home and it is long since I heard her tell the legends of the West Country, but they were the stuff on which I fed my imagination in years past.

My parents came here half a century ago. Mother brought with her all the country lore of healing medicine, of reading signs in the sky, and of the magical properties of things that grow. She could read hands and the stars. I suppose that by these gifts she found her way into the medicine shows and country fairs of the growing Middle West. When I first remember

her we lived in a little town near Columbus. My father had also followed circus life or something like it, but only, I think, because he knew horses. When I was very young we went to farming, and all the days of tramping and touring are to me only stories my mother used to tell. My father is a shadowy figure of one whom I scarcely knew. He died long ago, and then we left the little farm, going to live in a crossroads town not much bigger or better than a village.

I remember that we went away from there not many years later. Mother, I think, was turning to account her sideshow experience — telling fortunes, reading the stars and perhaps dabbling in spiritism. It is easy for me now to see that we were in a fashion driven away.

We went to a smaller place, further west — a "tank town" — where Mother kept a poor sort of lodging house. There were meals to serve and I did my share. There was some schooling, but not much. Mother died there.

When her small affairs were settled there wasn't much left. What there was I put away for emergencies and turned waitress in the only restaurant in town. There I learned too much of the world and its ways, even though so little of it was within range and reach. Another girl and I struck out at last for the East, and got as far as Cleveland, where for two years I was waitress in a lunchroom. I was now sixteen, though no one knew it but myself. For business purposes I was twenty at least. Then came some years of changing jobs, and experiences big enough at the time but since grown trivial. I took a turn behind a counter, then in what my mother might have called "domestic service", and back again to the waitress' apron. I joined a travelling show, and left it again in two weeks. I fell in love and out again, and probably with a pretty poor grade of matrimonial prospect. I was shrewder then than I am now, hard-surfaced and sure of myself, and the sixth sense which is now my chief business asset was already alive and alert to keep me from entangling alliances with men.

There were in those days no tea-rooms, but I found myself at last settled happily enough in a quiet restaurant where afternoon tea was a novelty not unknown. And here I took to reading teacups.

The reading of the tea leaves is an old story in the West Country of England. My mother drank tea in a fashion to scandalize the most hardened toper of pre-Prohibition days, and when I was a child at home the kettle stood always on the hearth, or rather on the round stove in winter and the cookstove in summer. I suppose that she drank a score of cups of strong tea a day. Out of the teacups she read me many a story, never twice the same but always promising happiness and adventure. I learned from her to find the meaningful characters, the figures of animals, the "clouds", the man and the woman, the stranger, the far journey, the letters. I remember reading fortunes for girls at the little school, who stopped in our kitchen on their way home, or for brakemen in the rough railway town, who drank coffee but would have me brew a cup of tea for the fortune that lay at the bottom. It was no more than a game at first that I played in the quiet

afternoons in the restaurant for favored customers, but soon it was more than that. The visitors came back and asked for more. They brought their friends, and suddenly the tea leaves became a business asset. That was fully twenty years ago. I have been reading teacups ever since.

I HAVE been since then in every section of this country save the far Southwest. I have told fortunes to Japs in California and to negroes in the Carolinas. I have been run out of little towns where the revival spirit has flared up against the devil and all his works, which seemed to include my innocent interpretations and prophecies. I have been three times arrested. I have learned that there are many cities where one may read teacups but may not tell fortunes, but I have never found a city, town or village where most women and many men will not listen to the story of the tea leaves and cross with silver the hand of her who tells it.

Now, at last, I find myself one of an astonishingly large and increasing number of readers of fortunes who ply their trade in fashionable teashops, in restaurants heavy hung with "atmosphere", and even in private salons where there are not merely teacups but crystal balls, mirrors and magic bowls of water. We do not "tell fortunes". The phrase is forbidden. We read the tea leaves and ask no pay, since city governments will grant no license to the supernatural or anything that looks like it. But what a business we do! In the teashop where I spend my time moving from table to table, telling fairy stories to young girls and old ladies, there will be as many as three thousand visitors a day. On busy days I myself will read the teacup for a hundred or more. Fortunately the old and lovely tradition persists that if you wish to be lucky you must cross the gypsy palm with silver. I get no pay from the tearoom where I do my readings. There are ten of us, gaily dressed in color and "jewelry". We attract the visitors, who pay twice as much as they should for lunch or dinner. Meanwhile the "girls" do very nicely.

I believe I am a good "reader". My clients come back to me and bring their friends. They ask for "The Princess". They tell me that my promises have come true, and that I have helped them over their troubles and on the road to success and happiness. Most of them would not admit it, but I know that many secretly believe that something magical actually lies at the bottom of the teacup. I never undeceive them.

WHY should I? My story is always one of encouragement, of hope, of a future worth living for. They want to believe it, even though they affect to be amused by it. Moreover I give them good advice, or think I do. I want them to believe it and act on it, and the tea leaves help. This is, in fact, about all that the tea leaves contribute to the performance. They are really not much more than stage properties for a private demonstration of practical psychology. I gave up long ago reading the leaves themselves, and now really read nothing but faces and hands and manners and mannerisms and many small details of dress and personality. The tea leaves would badly cramp my style, if I took them seriously. They would be telling me, for instance, that my client is going to

get a letter, when I know from all the signs that she is in an agony of trouble over her husband. They would talk of a tall dark man who is coming into the life of the girl before me, though I can see by a glance at her lovely face that tall dark men are a commonplace to her. They would suggest money, though the woman before me is expensively dressed and jewelled, and needs not money but a touch of romance in a tiresome life. So though I have her stir the cup thrice before emptying it, and then turn it around while she makes a wish, and afterward seem intent on the tea-leaf pattern, I am not looking at the cup. I play with it so that my subject will watch the cup and thereby be off guard a little. Meanwhile I watch my client.

THEY do not mean to tell me much — these giddy girls and jaded women. Often their attitude is one of challenge, as though daring me to penetrate their mask of indifference or assurance or smiling well-being. Yet in the first few moments of our table acquaintance they have told me much more than they realize. Their clothes are a story in themselves. I know what is quietly expensive in woman's attire and what is dressy but cheap. I can see at a glance the signs of careful economy, and recognize those who wear good clothes as if to the manner born. The stenographer's costume is as individual as though she wore a uniform, and so is that of the homebody out on a shopping spree. I note as quickly the engagement or wedding ring, even though on a gloved hand. Sometimes an open handbag gives me some slight clue. There is help, too, in the fact that these tearoom lunchers and diners are almost always in pairs. I come upon them while they are talking and any word may be significant. Moreover, while I read the cup for one, the other will be interested and possibly talkative. The subject may keep a poker face, but her friend will often reveal by expression or word or gesture whether I am on a true track.

IT IS part of my "patter" to decline to read the past. The tea leaves, I tell them, only reveal the future. Yet I startle their attention when I can by making some casual references to their occupations and past experiences, safe and general deductions from simple evidences. It is, for example, surprisingly easy to recognize certain occupational types — after you have studied thousands of types as I have for many years. The newspaper woman, the school-teacher, the office girl, the housewife, the woman of leisure are all subtly stamped with the signs of their calling. Just as in a crowd almost any observant eye can recognize the army man or the sailor, despite civilian dress, so I can mark sharp distinctions which would evade a less practised eye. If I make a lucky shot, I know it at once and can usually go further. Also I know when to stop short of committing myself dangerously. It is enough to arouse interest and gain some guidance for myself in reading them more intimately.

What has brought them here and led them to allow me to intrude so impertinently into their private affairs? At first, of course, nothing more than curiosity and a desire for mild amusement. But if this were all, I would find little pleasure in my work and take no pride in it. The thrill of my queer trade lies in the fact that I have learned by

long, long experience that below the surface of nine lives out of ten among older folk there is tragedy or trouble or anxiety or fear, and that behind the carefree face of youth there lies doubt or indecision or ambition or bewilderment. At the first glance I am hunting for one of these guiding threads of character and state of mind. If I find it, I can learn still more, and perhaps bring some help and comfort to one who needs it.

I AM sure that often I have done so. Sometimes they tell me so. Sometimes they come back later and ask more advice or bring me intimate questions and confessions that would belong more properly to the ear of their family doctor or a minister of the Gospel. But the chief sign that I have touched a tender spot or responsive chord is the changed tone of our brief seance. It is no longer a game; it becomes something painfully and even tragically serious. Sometimes they resent my inferences, but usually only because they are too true. More often they thrust aside all illusions of the forgotten teacup and unburden their souls of their bitterness and uncertainty and troubled fear. They talk plainly to me and want me to talk plainly in turn. As a rule I do so, and give advice, criticism, encouragement or reproof like a mother-confessor. They listen patiently and somewhat pitifully, and are unwilling to let me go.

They all need help. That is the fundamental fact that makes me free to forget my teacups and concern myself instead with the strange brew of human life. They all need help, just as I myself need help. I have lived a long time with myself, but still I dare not wholly trust myself to judge my own character, to settle my own perplexities, or to make up my own mind. I want the counsel of a friend and the strength of somebody else to fortify my own indecision. And there is indeed magic in the teacups, since over them strangers are eager for a moment to face me as an intimate friend and ask what help I can give them.

Their stories I have heard so many, many times that I am tempted to classify them, though indeed no two are alike. The young girls are troubled first of all with their love affairs, to which their ambitions make a bad second. They are no different at heart to the girls of my own younger days. Usually they know what they should do and why they should do it, but they badly want someone to tell them and urge them to do it. Generally they are torn two ways by their good sense and the warm impulses of youth, and I tell them to see to it that their head keeps watch over their heart. Or else they are too timid concerning themselves, and I take it rashly upon myself to counsel courage. They want to be sure of themselves, and I help them to be sure, knowing from my own experience that distrust kills the capacity for happiness. It is better to be bravely foolish or strong in self-denial or anything that is honest and confident, than to be always half-hearted.

ONE thing they need that I cannot give them. This younger generation, I think, is poverty-stricken by the collapse of religion, by the loss of the old unquestioned and unquestioning authority of what fathers and mothers have believed. That sort of faith is gone out of it, and all sorts of

trifling things are come to take its place. They are trying to walk alone, and finding it a lonely road.

It is easy to promise happiness and good fortune to a pretty girl and to advise her to be good and sensible. It is much more difficult to know what to say to middle-aged women who have already played a hand in the game of life and made something of a mess of it. Such women are usually at first cool to my analysis and then suspicious and keep what they think is a "poker face" while I am trying to reach their essential characters and private difficulties. But a poker face is an easy face to read. The effort to conceal something is an almost certain sign that I am close to the truth, and sometimes I know I am right because they tell me so emphatically that I am wrong. Quite often they give in at last and take me suddenly into their confidence. And what confidences they are! Unhappy homes, unfaithful husbands, lives half-starved of romance, lives useless and pointless, jealousies, hatreds, suspicions.

Sometimes the cases are specific. A woman tells me that her husband has suddenly left her, and is living with another woman. She asks what she should do. I point to her pocketbook. "Suppose," I suggest, "that woman at the far table should pick up your bag and walk off with it. What would you do?" She admits, of course, that she would go after the woman and the handbag and settle the question of ownership. Out of her answer I draw a quick moral. "You know where your husband is. You know his office hours. You are attractive and could make yourself more so. Go after him. Reach his office in the early evening in a taxicab and take two theatre tickets with you. The chances are he will come with you. The chances are that he is already tired of the other woman and wishes he were safely back home. Give him a chance to escape from his own foolishness. And don't be reproachful or tearful about it. Just walk in and claim him as naturally as you would claim your handbag. If it doesn't work, you will at least get something settled, and can begin to adjust your own life to what is before you."

I don't know, of course, if she will do it. But I see a sign of determination and new courage in her eyes. The other woman is going to find a fight on her hands.

Another woman confesses that she has for years been in love with a married man. The man has lately lost his wife, and now tells her that he too has been in love with this woman for years. But she is afraid. She knows she is not as young as she was and she doubts the man means all he says. What is the best thing to do?

I'm sure I don't know. But I am also sure that she will go to the man whatever I say. So I give her a little prosaic advice. I tell her that she is allowing herself to slip behind her own possibilities. I tell her to take some of her money and spend it on herself — on new clothes, on her face and hair. She might as well start her adventure with all possible advantages, and it will do her no harm at all to make the most of her good looks and charm. She will feel better for it anyway, whether she holds her man or not.

Another woman — whose name, by the way, is very well known — admits that she has spent most of her life en-

grossed in business. She owns valuable real estate, a couple of apartment buildings, and so forth. She is tired, disappointed with life, bored with herself. I tell her plainly and almost brutally that she is wasting her time. I urge her to turn over her affairs to a competent agent and then forget about them. I tell her to cultivate young company, take an interest in men, and have a good time; to spend some of her wealth on herself instead of accumulating it for relatives who will scarcely thank her for it when she is gone. She does not admit to me that she will do anything of the sort, but I can see that I have put into words thoughts that have been stirring deep in her own mind.

With many of my clients that is exactly what I do. I put into plain words the secret desires that I see written in their faces, their gestures, and in their reactions to my own questions and statements. It is no use telling a woman to do what she has never intended to do. But when I know what she would like to do or hopes to do or wishes she dared to do, then I can put a little backbone into her so that she will do it instead of thinking and brooding and worrying about it. She thinks I am telling her future, and so I am. I am telling her what will happen if she is honest with herself.

There are still older women who bring to me the most astonishing confessions of all. Though old enough to be grandmothers they are hunting with a sort of desperation for what they have missed out of life. They are hungry for young love, for romance and adventure, for anything that will touch their fast-fading years with the glory of life. Mostly they are comfortable and secure — and yet starved almost to death. They have spent their lives pursuing pleasure and never found happiness. They are truly tragic, and there is little I can do for them. It is too late.

Sometimes I take it on myself to be harsh with my subjects. For example, a woman tells me that she is sure her husband is unfaithful. He neglects and avoids her and is irritable and moody. She asks how she can catch him in his infidelity and get her revenge. The answer to her condition is written all over her. She is herself mean and suspicious, hounded by her own nagging distrust of all around her. I tell her so. She doesn't like it, but perhaps she may believe it and take herself in hand. There is probably nothing wrong with her husband — except herself. So I look deep into the teacup and assure her he is faithful and devoted to her, and tell her to treat him with the love and confidence he deserves. Maybe she will, and at least it will be good for her to try.

Or else a woman is restless and unhappy, though she has everything that this world can offer to make her life easy. The obvious trouble is that she hasn't enough to do. She is diddling away her life with cheap novels and bridge and puppy-dogs and gossip, until she is hardly fit to live. I tell her to *do* something — travel or study or take up some social work or even have a couple of children. She is a sick woman and made so by her own bad habits. I tell her to change them.

I hear from a lot of hypochondriacs. They have everything wrong with them that can be wrong with a woman who still walks on her own two feet, or

else they are just on the point of collapsing with cancer, nervous prostration, tuberculosis, or diseases more obscure. I consult the teacup and tell them they are going to get well — soon. I am sure of it. They are going to be very happy and strong and well. I can see that they feel better right away.

There are all sorts, all conditions, all kinds of people who come to me, but they all need the same thing — a little friendly and hopeful help. So always I tell a bright story. Good news, good fortune, good times are coming to them, as indeed they will if they go halfway to meet them. I have come to believe that most of the grief in the world — of which there is far too much — is the consequence of the fact that most of us go looking for trouble. Suspicion, doubt, fear, anxiety, distrust — all these are principally a matter of looking sourly at life instead of hopefully and confidently and bravely. If my teacups help folk a little to turn a better face to life, they are good medicine.

THERE is too much trouble in the world and it is written on our faces. We pride ourselves as a people on the bright freshness of our youth, its healthy beauty and strength. But while we do so, we should also study the face of age, where is written another story. Look around you, as I do constantly, in any subway car or street car or gathering of people who are not hiding themselves behind a Sunday face. A manner of life and philosophy of living that leave so many lines of weariness and worry and greed and fear are somehow all wrong. We have not won the great victory over ourselves and the world we live in until the face of age is a face of beauty, dignity and quiet assurance. The faces I read rarely show these things. I have seen more of them in country places than in cities, but everywhere they are rare.

IT IS faces that I read and not tea leaves. Sometimes, indeed, my client will insist that I tell the story of the teacup and nothing else. I remember one lovely woman who had clearly gone through great trouble. Later her friend told me she had lately and suddenly lost her husband. She did not ask any help; her own quiet courage was already competent to carry her through. She wanted to be amused with the trivial story of the tea leaves and no more.

And then there was the gambler, one of the few men who come to the tearoom where I work. He asked if any luck lay in the cup. I found it, of course, and the number seven. He came back later and laid in front of me a ten-dollar bill. He said it should be more, since ten per cent. was the proper share for the one who gave the lucky sign, but I did not quarrel with the unexpected fee. I asked him, however, whether he would give me in turn a tip that might be useful. He gave me one — to stay away from gamblers and gambling houses. He was one of the Rothstein group, and assured me the game was crooked through and through. My lucky seven in the teacup was for his own private use in the inside game played by those who took their living from gulls and dupes. He was frankly superstitious and always played hunches and signs and chance omens. He played fair with me, at least, by sharing his winnings.

But it is not alone the gambler who

is superstitious. Perhaps superstition is too strong a word. But practically all of us have a secret weakness for the occult and mysterious. We pride ourselves in public on our hard-boiled scepticism — and then we slip away to a tearoom to have our fortunes read, not believing, of course, but also not quite disbelieving. The trade I am engaged in grows steadily in popularity, and I need never be out of work. And this is only one relatively harmless phase of fortune-telling and character reading. Every city has its network of mystics, magicians, spiritists, readers of the stars, the hands, the head, crystal gazers and assorted psychics. I have done a little palmistry and some astrology; also dabbled briefly in spiritism. But I prefer the teacups. They are simple and amusing and apparently trivial, and they don't get in the way of my real job, which is to read people.

I love my profession. I work at it now not because I need to but because I can't give it up. I am continually fascinated by people, with their infinite variety of character and differences of problems and perplexities. For twenty years I have been looking at faces and beyond faces to the men and women behind them. They say that my eyes are dangerous eyes that seem to know too much; that they are deep and inscrutable and difficult to face. But there is nothing deep or inscrutable about me. My only difference is that to me other people are real, and not merely walking images in the likeness of men and women.

When you ask me to read your teacup, I ask you to turn it around and make a wish, and then I seem to study what lies at the bottom. But really I am watching your eyes, the play of the lines around your mouth, the traces left on your forehead by trouble or thought or even humor. I am swiftly interpreting your least gesture, the turn of your head, the quick play of the revealing muscles of your face. It is your face that is your fortune and I read your future there. All of us, indeed, carry our own confessional where all the world might see it. But few of those around us have eyes to read.

Aren't We Volsteadizing the Anti-Trust Laws?

By James Harvey Williams

A business man argues that just as Prohibition has unwanted results, so laws intended to prevent "monopoly" are producing mergers and semi-monopoly

Perhaps the most frequently cited attribute of our republican form of government is its usually direct and accurate legislative reflection of the popular will. This, in the main, has been so true of our legislative history as to have resulted in the discovery of a political axiom, which no candidate for office in recent years has dared or has even wished to ignore. This is the axiom that the mature and understanding judgment of our people upon public questions of large consequence when specifically expressed at the ballot box is *always right.*

Why is it, then, that some of the leading questions of this day remain among the great unsolved — such outstanding social questions, for instance, as divorce and prohibition, and such a fundamental business matter as the adoption of a clear-cut economic philosophy which will protect and bring into measurable equilibrium the legitimate interests of our *entire* public of workers, investors and consumers? Some there are, no doubt, who will say that these questions are not unsolved, that divorce laws are not a problem, that the Sherman Act interpretations have permanently settled all the economic ramifications of our modern trust and anti-trust problems, and that Prohibition does prohibit. But since all the world of contact knows better, the social world as to the one, the business world as to the other, the observing world as to each of them, it is evident that sooner or later, as the public at large comes to realize just what has happened, reconsideration of these unsettled or missettled problems will have its day in court.

The reason why these problems are unsolved seems plain. The divorce question we may dismiss because Congress has never seriously attempted to interpret the will of the people, still uncrystallized. But first the trust laws and now the prohibition law provide striking and similar examples of legislation designed to accomplish one popular purpose, and

apparently succeeding therein, yet so phrased as to become capable of producing, more or less directly, an utterly converse effect from that originally intended by the people's mandate. For example, the people demanded Temperance but Congress gave them Apparent Prohibition and Transparent Nullification; the people demanded the abolition of the saloon, but Congress gave them the speakeasy and the bootlegger. In almost the same manner the people outlawed the trust, but judicial interpretation and Congressional sentiment have substituted the ubiquitous merger which is fast leading to semi-monopoly; the people demanded that the door of opportunity in every business field should be kept open to new capital and to fresh blood (the "principle of competition" in its very essence), but by prevention of that tangible coöperation in the form of self-protective trade agreements between financially independent units, which would in itself preserve competition, the courts have put a very real premium upon that consolidation which means the ultimate *destruction* of competition.

CONSIDER the succession of anti-trust laws through which this anomaly has come about. First, there was the Sherman Act of 1890 which, briefly stated, says simply that every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise or conspiracy in restraint of trade is illegal, and that any person who shall monopolize or combine or conspire to monopolize any part of the trade shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Next, there was its supplement, the Clayton Act of 1914, which in addition to outlawing various specific offenses that might lead to monopoly, declares it illegal "to substantially lessen competition".

IN CASE the reader should share the general impression that *any* factor was involved in the origin of those laws other than the prevention of trusts or monopolies, and the consequent preservation of the independent unit in industry for the protection of the consuming public, reference not only to the language of these laws but also to the second annual message of President Benjamin Harrison, and to President Wilson's January 20, 1914, message to Congress — each of which furnished the immediate impulse for their respective enactments — will quickly disclose the error of that impression. These messages, though twenty-four years apart, clearly indicate the single-minded purpose of the people's spokesman that monopoly and oppression in industry shall perish from this land. This excommunication applied alike to "semi-monopoly", for a trust has been generally defined as an agency of sufficient size, capital or influence to be capable of controlling the processes of production or distribution in a given line of endeavor wherever legal or natural monopoly does not apply. Semi-monopoly therefore is the modern term for the trust as distinct from the monopoly, and this term bulks large in any consideration of the future extension of the rapidly increasing merger movement of today.

In addition to the Sherman and Clayton Anti-Trust Acts we have two other laws which bear heavily upon this general question: The Federal Trade Commission Act of 1914 and the "Sherman Pro-Trust Act" of

date unknown. The Federal Trade Commission Act was an expression of the desire of Congress to separate into two laws the purposes recommended in President Wilson's above mentioned message. It created the Commission to supplement the courts in dealing with business and made illegal "unfair trade practices," such as had previously brought about the universal public antipathy to trusts.

THESE three acts were openly fathered by Congress and were brought into the world by the signatures of the respective Presidents. The "Sherman Pro-Trust Act", on the contrary, appears to have been a mysterious conception of the Judiciary. This "Act" says, in effect, that it is unlawful for any two competitors in industry to agree together as to any matter affecting price, limitation of production or apportionment of territory — no matter how small a factor in a given industry the competitors may be and no matter how "reasonable" or how much in the public interest it may be for them to enter into such an agreement. It further says in effect that if the buyers representing the consuming public should by organization against the unorganized efforts of these independent units, succeed in reducing the latter's revenue to a point which will not return a fair profit for even the most efficient units, why well and good, since this is in the public interest. These unorganized units are thus told that they must either endure a continuance of "profitless prosperity" for so long as their resources may hold out, or else combine with other similarly affected units until they reach a state of semi-monopoly, and so have a chance to enforce such agreements as they may wish to make among their own controlled units.

Now, it is very difficult to obtain a certified copy of this "Pro-Trust Act." An army of lawyers has for a long time been almost exclusively engaged "at great expense" in an effort to ascertain the official conception of it. But all they have thus far been able to report back to their clients is that the original act does not appear to be in existence and that its authority can only be confirmed from a long line of piecemeal interpretations of the Sherman *Anti-Trust* Act, which do not appear to fit together; that for example, first they find the "rule of reason" when applied to trusts, and then later they don't when applied to "coöperative agreements" between independent units which might keep them from becoming trusts.

THIS confusion of thought has even found acquiescence, if not unofficial confirmation, in some of our leading business bodies, whose spokesmen have too readily accepted the Governmental theory of the "Pro-Trust Act" instead of the underlying theory of the Anti-Trust Act — the Governmental theory of "cut-throat competition to the point of consolidation" instead of that theory of coöperation which can be made to yield most of the public benefits of consolidation while still retaining the essentials of competitive independence. Which of these our Government will support, as mergers continue to multiply and the two theories come athwart each other — but that is speculation run riot! Who knows? Perhaps the creation of the industrial bootlegger will yet be avoided by a reversion to economic law.

But meanwhile "the will to merge" goes merrily on, as witness the published statement that 543 industrial mergers involving 1,205 units were effected during the year ended June 30, 1928.

And so it is, therefore, that what has herein been called the "Sherman Pro-Trust Act" is nothing more nor less than the antithetic and paradoxical effect given to the so-called Sherman Anti-Trust Act by "injudicial interpretation." In this connection the Clayton Act phrase "to substantially lessen competition" is not without significance. For years the Sherman Act phrase "restraint of trade" had been interpreted to apply to *any* restraint, just as in fact the phrase reads. But by 1914, when the Clayton Act became law, this antisocial and unworkable feature of the Sherman Act had begun to be recognized, which fact together with the then recent tendency of the courts to consider the reasonableness of the effect in respect to certain other phases of the Sherman Act, should make it open to question, if language means anything, whether that word "substantially" may not be fairly interpreted as softening the rigor of these interpretations in such manner as to permit actions which do not substantially or unreasonably restrain trade.

II

SOUND economic reasons do abound why a definite abandonment of this "Pro-Trust Act" can not come too quickly, but the immediate purpose of this discussion is to point out a moral reason, which at least supplements, if indeed it does not far transcend, the economic reasons. That reason is just this: In its moral aspect the "Pro-Trust Act" bears the same relation to business today that the Volstead Act bears to society. For one thing, in respect to these technical interpretations, it is unenforceable. For another thing, it thus brings the entire structure of the law into disrespect, as must any law which runs counter to human nature, economic law, a consistent purpose, common sense, or the will of even a very large minority of people. This is something of which legislators and courts have taken all too little cognizance when attempting to compel acquiescence to arbitrary *dicta* that are established by legislative or judicial ukase. No law can be respected that is not inherently respectable. No government can survive that cannot obtain a substantial unanimity of support for its code, and no code can permanently endure that does violence to our reverence for the established principles of law and order.

IN THIS respect, there are many similarities between the Sherman and Volstead Acts. For example, trusts and monopoly in industry have by public verdict been just as definitely relegated to the limbo of the extinct as has the saloon, and no responsible sentiment would wish to revive either; nevertheless, as Governor Smith has truly said, we have never had Prohibition or even temperance, while the renaissance of the trust is already in sight. But there are only a few essential differences. To be sure, we do not have occasion to see the Sherman Act violated as often as we do the Volstead Act; one who violates the latter must do so consciously, but it is quite as possible to

contravene the former unconsciously as consciously. Indeed, by far the greater number of Sherman Act violations are unconscious — even those, let us hope, which the Government itself has felt impelled to commit in deference to economic necessity and in the name of public interest.

YET, particularly in the case of the Volstead Act, there are intelligent persons who believe that the only chance of securing relief from what they feel in their hearts to be oppressive and unwarranted legislation is by demonstrating its unenforceability. This may not be so true of the Sherman Act, for the injustice of this law is not so popularly understood, partly because management in industry is in the hands of a relatively small class and partly because the public believes that the pro-trust part of the law is anti-trust. Nevertheless, there would be a far wider demand for Sherman Act revision today if it were not felt in many fields of both industry and distribution that the opportunities arising from mere exchanges of viewpoint with competitors afford at least a partial relief from the otherwise intolerable unfairness of the prevailing technical interpretations of this law.

Likewise, it requires no acute imagination to picture how flimsy would be the possibilities for revision of either the Prohibition law or the Eighteenth Amendment if once general observance of the law permitted the "organized drys" to point to this observance as evidence of general satisfaction with the law. It does violence, of course, to all the precepts of one's education not to obey first and then seek modification, and yet, after all, it is argued, we are not living in Utopia, and the "dry" organizations have hardly given evidence of a willingness to confine their activities to impractical methods of securing the result they desire. And there, as to this point, the issue rests, with both sides occupying a position that is morally indefensible, and to which the only present answer is "a plague o' both your Houses" — of Congress, for getting us into this "noble experiment."

ANOTHER difference between these laws, actual even if cynical, is that the Volstead Act violator for the reason stated does not merely admit it — he boasts about it, and vies with his friends for possession of the best bootlegger or speakeasy. The Sherman Act transgressor on the contrary does neither, not because of any innate consciousness of having offended against either public policy or private welfare, but rather because of the certain knowledge, and perhaps a certain resentment, that no consideration of that effect will weigh with any court or any prosecutor under the existing interpretations of this antiquated law. That resentment, if resentment it be, may be traced directly to the fact that the many independent manufacturers and distributors of this country are being compelled by legislative and judicial fiat to reconcile themselves to a theory which has never been authoritatively investigated in this country, much less proved, from the standpoint of the economic effect upon the entire public interest. And this in the face of the well known fact, generally proclaimed by students of the question, that the really serious production problem of the industries producing such necessi-

ties of modern life as coal, oil and textiles, to say nothing of the numerous other essential industries suffering from "profitless prosperity," cannot be truly solved until production is adjusted to capacity in the only way by which matters of private property can be adjusted — namely, by voluntary concessions and agreements of the parties affected.

III

IT WOULD have seemed that there could be no argument on that point — that all the world had recognized the economic criminality of wasting natural resources by overproducing in times of diminished demand, with which, of course, is inevitably coupled an unprofitable price. It would have seemed, too, that the wisdom of the age-old policy of producing to fit the demand had been not only abundantly vindicated by generations of experience but had even been tremendously accentuated by the hand-to-mouth buying policy which producers and distributors alike have almost universally employed since the war. This has been widely discussed as a great economic benefit that has contributed no little to the country's subsequent prosperity, and also as a tribute to the increased efficiency of our railroads, which made it possible.

It may be of interest, therefore, as a striking illustration of the difficulty which business has experienced in making its needs more generally known, to cite an utterly contrary opinion recently published by Dr. Virgil Jordan, chief economist of The National Industrial Conference Board, the high authority of which cannot fail to befog the issue further. This pronouncement, paraphrased in its essentials, states that:

1. It is a fallacy to believe that our essential economic problems can be solved by making production follow demand instead of raising demand to meet production as we now do.

2. On the contrary these fundamental problems are to expand and diffuse consumer purchasing power both here and abroad in proportion to the expansion of our production and productive capacity.

3. The evils of over-production are essentially evils of under-consumption.

4. Contrary to traditional economic theory, over-production is inevitable so long as banking and credit resources do not finance consumer purchasing power as rapidly as we finance productive power.

5. Banking policy, therefore, rather than limitation of production must adjust the demand to the supply because of its influence upon consumer purchasing power, and likewise its influence upon the restriction of credit resources available for speculation.

These views are truly so contrary to "traditional economic theory" and, it may be added, so contrary to the practical experience of all business men (except in the automotive and other new industry fields of unsatiated demand) that they are worth analyzing point by point.

FIRST, the attempt to raise demand to meet production, "as we now do," is the precise cause of all the profitless prosperity of the last few years. It has been otherwise described as the mad rush for volume caused by idle capacity. Actually volume or demand in normal or seasoned industries must either come gradually over the years, or be grabbed suddenly from a competitor. Competitors, also gunning for increased volume, do not like to be pushed backward. Volume can

be suddenly acquired only by price inducements. So the competitor fights back with his sharpened pencil, dipped in red ink if necessary, to produce the *coup de grâce*. The annual curtain falls — over Armageddon steeped in red! Of such is profitless prosperity!

STATEMENTS in Dr. Jordan's article make plain that Government reports indicating the existence of a large degree of profitless prosperity need but little elaboration. He says, "I need not repeat here the now familiar fact that in the last three years of prosperity the proportion of corporations reporting deficits in all lines of trade together was 41 per cent in 1925; 43 per cent in 1926; and, according to the statistics of income just released, rose to 45 per cent in 1927. Everywhere it is the industries catering directly to the new wants and consumption habits of the population, providing the luxury goods and services which make for the high standard of living about which we talk, that have been stimulated most strongly and have enjoyed the greatest prosperity. This prosperity has been achieved in part at the expense of the older industries furnishing the basic materials and the fundamental services. The result has been a fundamental contrast of stagnation in the basic industries with feverish activity in special fields, which has strengthened the illusion of general prosperity."

Now, as to Dr. Jordan's second point, if consumer demand is to be substantially expanded and diffused to keep pace with capacity instead of allowing production to be limited to demand, how are we going to make this gift-horse drink? To meet the requirement of national progress, increased demand must obviously be new business not taken from other American producers. The proposal, of course, commits us to the expansion of our productive capacity, or otherwise we should be limiting our production to the demand, which would be no new economic theory at all.

More advertising and more high pressure salesmanship? If so, how about the expense? We have already experienced a heavy increase in distributing expense all over the country in the effort to dispose of our mass production. This increased selling expense is almost offsetting the economies effected by that mass production. Distribution conferences and studies are being constantly inaugurated to locate the leak, and to see what can be done about it. Distribution mergers are all around us in the effort to improve this condition. We don't like price inducements, for we're trying to reform, and thus to avoid profitless prosperity, yet we don't see how we can make our horse drink without some kind of bait that is within our country's laws.

AS PURCHASING power is also to be stimulated abroad, what of the foreign producer's market? What is he going to do? And if we sell more abroad, import less under higher tariffs and take the foreign producer's market away from him, how are we going to collect our debts? It looks as though we'll have to "pass this one by" unless we can hit on some new sales plan that is likewise "contrary to traditional economic theory."

Thirdly, if the "evil of under-consumption" means anything, it indicates that the troubles of the oil and

coal industries are the fault of the consumers of these products and that we must keep on producing and make them buy. Haven't we enough flood control problems without pouring oil upon these waters? Aside from the wastage of our natural resources, how about the price? These resources cannot be stored indefinitely; they must be moved. Why buy ahead if the product will soon be virtually given away? Are not these industries presumably doing all that is possible today to stimulate the demand for their product, and can a substantial additional demand be created suddenly without undue sacrifice or expense?

FINALLY, to say that bankers should play a greater part in eliminating under-consumption by financing consumer purchasing power is to suggest a further development of instalment selling. The high pressure selling of the past few years has already mortgaged the purchaser's future dollar for sometimes as much as a year ahead. This novelty has contributed no little to the country's amazing purchasing power. But we do not yet know what the ultimate effect will be when unemployment sets in, as set in it must. Is it proposed to mortgage the consumer further or merely longer? It is stated that "wages may have to undergo a further inflation without a corresponding inflation in commodity prices in order to bring the level of consumer purchasing power higher." Perhaps that is the "nigger." But maybe the wage earner would fool us by speculating in the stock market instead! If we produce first and "demand" afterward, if we increase loans and raise wages to stimulate demand, if we lower prices to make the wage earners take the surplus — who will be left to receive these wages, let alone pay them? Surely as Dr. Jordan says, "amendment of the trust laws to permit limitation of production is fallacious and dangerous" indeed if the establishment of these new economic theories be the real *summum bonum*.

In short, is there not something of the spirit of Kaiserism in the suggestion of an economic programme so all-conquering as this would be — if the customers could be made to buy? It is, therefore, easy to see the harm that is done to the real need of industry when such untried theories emanate from high authority and further obfuscate the public mind as to the economic merit of Sherman Act revision.

SUBJECT of course to the true public interest, whose industries are they anyway? And what about the welfare of the employees and families dependent upon the prosperity of these industries? To reconcile one's business necessities to the *dictum* of a demonstrated or demonstrable theory of the public interest is not only a duty but a privilege as well, but to have to do so in deference to a comprehensive application of the phrase "restraint of trade", which all students of the question know was used in the Sherman Act for the utterly different purpose of curbing trusts and their unfair trade practices, leaves behind a sense of injustice. This leads many who know these facts to feel that, pending a fair and specific redetermination of the popular will in the light of all the economic facts, business in general will be no more likely to accept so haphazard an interpretation of its economic requirements than

society will be to accept the doctrinaire one-half of one per cent as a demonstrated measure of intoxicability.

IV

For the creation of this atmosphere which today surrounds the Sherman Act, both Congress and the Judiciary are responsible: the courts of years ago for reading into the law that which was not intended and of which the consequences were not foreseen, and Congressmen for failing all these years to face the facts and to educate themselves and their constituencies to a correct understanding of the problem and to the need for change. The courts of today, however, have obviously been in a quandary, from which there is no exit without legislative relief. They have been trying to steer a middle course between the Scylla they have inherited from the days of 1890 and the Charybdis of a new economic era; the Scylla of the times when the public would have been willing to hamstring the innocent (if indeed it thought any such existed) for the sake of strangling the guilty, and the Charybdis of the era of mergers — the era of a business philosophy which regards service to the public as a more searching test of essentiality than ability to earn excessive profits.

Business too must share responsibility for this confusion of economic thought. It has failed to educate the public to realize that the inflexible interpretation of the phrase "restraint of trade" is the chief cause of over-production, of profitless prosperity in so many industries, and of the consequent threat to the security and continuity of employment. Few indeed are the trade groups which have not at one time or another "resoluted" in condemnation of the pro-trust part of the Sherman Act, yet these bodies have never met together to submit a constructive alternative. So long as that hesitancy exists, not all the blame can be put upon Government.

Indeed, trade associations have almost without exception leaned over backward in confining their constructive efforts to the promotion of activities clearly sanctioned by all interpretations of the law, and have been scrupulously careful to avoid all discussion of prices in any form or manner. But few are the industries, given friendly competitive relations, where there is not private discussion of an illegal nature between two or three competitors when happening to meet away from trade association auspices. And not infrequently in such meetings the Volstead Act disappears from mind at the same time — just as it sometimes does even when the purchasing agents meet!

So, what a pass we have come to when numbers of our citizens have affirmatively discarded the established principles of law and order upon which our country was founded, not, as some would maintain, because they are spoiled children rebelling against the thwarting of their wishes — they obey too many unpleasant laws for that — but because they are convinced of the fundamental immorality of these *dicta* themselves and of the methods surrounding their adoption. In so far as the majority of opinion today is favorable to these laws it is because their true effects are not known. Obviously the intelligent American constituency will not for long be con-

tent to retain the shadow of an ideal at the cost of the substance. If the majority of the people do in fact believe in the present dry law (as to which much doubt exists), it is because, having seen the corner saloon abolished, they assume they have temperance or, at the worst, will soon have it. Similarly, if they regard the Sherman Act as a boon, it is because they have come to think of it only as an "anti-trust" law, and therefore as a necessary bulwark against oppression, and because they erroneously assume that attempts to amend it for the protection of *all* deserving classes of industry would weaken rather than strengthen the stability of that bulwark. For the public has not yet realized that, as a result of the subsequently extended scope of the law's application, the producing and distributing industries now need protection against organized buying to almost the same extent that consumers needed protection against "the trust menace" when anti-trust legislation was first enacted.

THESE laws, therefore, furnish shining examples of the ill effects of legislation by hysteria, of going to such extremes as largely to confound the desired purpose, and of the need for scientific determination of the probable effects before translating into definitive legislation the will of the people in matters of fundamental policy.

At least, in so far as the Sherman Act is concerned, does not this moral phase constitute one more powerful reason why definite and immediate steps should be taken to amend our so-called anti-trust laws? In such manner, for example, as will:

1. Permit large units to exist wherever size is required for the most efficient service to the public.

2. Permit small units to remain financially independent where mere size will not contribute to maximum efficiency.

3. Permit production to be adjusted to demand by means of agreements for the avoidance of waste and the conservation of our natural resources.

4. Permit geographical apportionment of territory where necessary to avoid wasteful and uneconomic cross-hauling.

5. Permit producers and, even more particularly, distributors to have through organization an equal opportunity with the buyers in their effort to realize a fair profit.

6. Permit the public to be protected by a Federal Trade Commission empowered to investigate and judge complaints and to cause appropriate action to be taken in the light of an economic philosophy based upon the *entire* public interest of capital, labor and consumer — not merely upon the interest of the consumer alone as now.

TO DO this would be only to follow the experienced judgment of a long line of eminent public authorities — the judgment for example of President Roosevelt, of Chief Justice Taft, of that brilliant student and observer, the late Senator Beveridge, and of the present Secretary of Labor Davis, who as recently as October, 1928, has charged, from his own intimate contact, that not only the strikes but also the pitiful economic conditions to which the soft coal industry is subject may be traced directly to these interpretations of the Sherman Act. That such a step would be welcomed by the American Federation of Labor their several resolutions on the subject leave no room for doubt. There can be even less question that it would be still more welcomed by the majority of economists and by the thousands of business men who have had opportunities for the most intimate observa-

tion of the present demoralizing conditions. Further, the steps here proposed would remove, at least from the future, the responsibility of the "protrust" interpretations for the profitless prosperity of many of our industries; they would check the growing menace of compulsory industrial combinations otherwise unnecessary; they would remove one cause of that widespread disrespect for the law itself which government of the people by arbitrary ukase always engenders.

If the judgment of such overwhelming authority is followed the result can be only a new interpretation of the law based upon an economic philosophy that is adapted to modern conditions — a rendering which will not only conform to the practice of every other civilized country, but which will no longer do violence to economic law, reverence for the law, and common sense.

Vampires Versus Virtue

By Algernon Crofton

Maintaining against the cynics that virtue is its own but by no means its only reward; that in bidding for man's greatest favors the lawful wife wins out

In very olden days a famous courtesan of Greece offered to rebuild the walls of Thebes out of her private and ill-gotten fortune. In the same era, so we read, the Cyprian sisterhood of Athens, "having made vast sums in the train of Pericles," erected and dedicated a magnificent statue to Venus at Samos. Polybius grew indignant because the three most beautiful houses in Alexandria belonged to three women of the class who have warm passions but cold hearts; and Demetrius gave the tribute gathered by the Athenians — about three hundred thousand dollars — to Lamia, his mistress, "to buy her soap."

That was the Golden Age for vampires.

Nevertheless, about that same time, Koheleth, the preacher, was crying to the Jews that the race is not always to the swift, and in some fields of endeavor it seems even more apparent today. Indeed so far as our present subject, the female contenders in the field of matrimony, may be concerned, we advance the novel idea that the laurel wreaths go mostly to the slow.

For it is not the lava-lipped sirens with outrageous eyes who plunder the world of its substantial joys and largest jewels, but their quiet sisters, their unobtrusive competitors. It is the women who do not practise sex appeal, the women who either have it not or who do not choose to use it, who generally walk off with the matrimonial prizes. And for women, irritating question though it be, what other prizes are so plentiful or so great?

Tomes have been written on the theory that in this wicked world the worthless woman triumphs and that the virtuous must seek her reward in heaven. Dr. Gina Lombroso sadly assumes in her *Soul of Woman* that "man's blindness to woman's real merit prevents good women from having as much influence on men as vulgar and coarse women." Later the good doctor sighs that "no thinking person can help regretting man's fondness for the least desirable type of woman." And only a few months ago R. Le Clerc Phillips wrote in *The American Mercury* an entertaining article, the burden of which was that the professional and amateur cour-

tesans of the world formed "monstrous regiments" of women whose physical and not too inaccessible charms enabled them to monopolize the attention and the love of men.

Well, it is not true. Men are not fools.

So firmly bedded in song and story is the fallacy that vampires win more from the male than do the virtuous, that I hasten to support the contrary assertion with facts, before a gale of incredulous laughter overwhelms the argument.

ONE thing is certain; all women may be divided into two great classes: those who depend upon men for their living and those who do not.

With the latter class we have, in this article at least, nothing to do. Its members have careers of their own to follow, and, like men, if somewhat more noisily, they wrest from a pragmatical world exactly those rewards to which their talents entitle them.

The first class, those women who depend upon men for their livelihood, may be at once divided into mudhens and vampires, two terms of high expressive quality, though I have never yet met a woman who would admit she was either the one or the other. The vampires, it seems, have not forgotten Kipling's poem, and the mudhens, like all women, would rather be called good-looking than good.

We are discussing here the comparative ability of these two types of women to obtain from men not only the bare livelihood they must have, but the gauds, the pomps and vanities which mortals strive so violently to possess. The pragmatical standard by which to judge them is, of course, the results obtained. In other words, which type comes eventually to possess most of the material things by which, unfortunately perhaps, success is measured?

For answer let us first consult the oracle whose shrine is any fashionable street corner. Before us will pass an endless stream of costly motors, and in each will be sitting a monument of female virtue, sometimes of certain charm but often a lumpy lady, furred and lorgnetted — a mudhen, if I may use the term just once more and for want of a better. For hours, all day, every day, we may watch this parade of prosperous and unalluring respectability.

But we will not see Aspasia and Lais and Phryne, the vampires, lounging in this wheeled luxury. Alas, alas, Aspasia and Lais and Phryne are walking today!

"Ah," says some observer with a bent for natural history, "you speak of the daytime. Vampires are bats. They fly at night. Let us stand before your oracle when the lights are lit. Then the count of mudhens and vampires will be different."

Agreed! Yet, *regardez, s'il vous plaît.* Let it be night. The lights are lit but the limousines are gone. The river of opulence has vanished. The vampires ride in taxicabs!

NATURALLY, it would be unconvincing to argue from a census of limousines that virtue repays those old-fashioned women who still practise it. Let us take a more substantial indication and compare the abodes of the virtuous and those of their more accessible sisters. In any city we may walk in the best residence districts past blocks lined with mansions of

consequence. The streets are bordered with them, homes imposing enough to serve as rewards of importance in this material world.

And who, we inquire, possesses these fine houses? Do Aspasia and Lais and Phryne live there? Does Beauty dwell behind these pillared *porte-cochères?*

Beauty does not. The mistresses of such establishments are generally, very generally, women whose faces were unlikely to be their fortune, women who never in all their lives artfully pointed a toe to display an instep, women who could not twirl a skirt as Carmen does if they practised it for years, and who, moreover, would not if they could.

Well, if the vampires, the women who hunt men, do not live in the great houses or in the villas by the sea, where do they live? Perhaps, sighs some innocent, Aspasia and Lais and Phryne maintain suites in the smart hotels down town, where, surrounded by the fantasies of an interior decorator and draped in cloth of gold, they receive those who pay the bills. The idea scarcely needs an answer. There are not in the whole United States of America twenty kept women living permanently in first-class hotels.

Jewels? Consider the famous jewels of the world. Few vampires have ever worn the great gems. Men buy these baubles as they do great houses, for their legal consorts. True, Prince Orloff paid $450,000 for the Orloff diamond, stolen by a French soldier from a Brahmin temple, that he might present it to his mistress, but Orloff's mistress was Catherine the Great, a lady who, being quite independent of male support, falls into neither of the two classes of women whose abilities and successes we are here comparing.

Let us continue for a moment to trace the famous gems. The Koh-i-nor was presented to Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and also Queen of the mudhens. The Regent diamond, the Star of the South, the nine huge stones into which the Cullinan was cut, the Nizan, the Victoria, all of them we find in virtuous hands. In modern times only one notable diamond, the Hope, has rested on a bosom which has responded to more than one lover, and then only for a fleeting moment.

Descending to gems of ordinary marts we find the tale the same. For every diamond bracelet bought for a vampire, their rivals can produce a hundred. Watch the buying at Cartier's, at Tiffany's, at Peacock's, at Shreve's. Rubies and emeralds, sapphires and pearls, go to the chaste. The vampires get wrist watches.

Now, if the men buy for their wives practically all the motor cars, all of the fine houses, all the jewelry of any importance, why is it? What fatal quality kills the vampire's chance of acquiring that material comfort for which she is ready to sacrifice so many things?

The Bible has it. "The strange woman" it calls the vampire, and in that phrase is blazoned forth both the vampire's lure and the curse which lies upon her. The lure of the vampire, the baleful fascination with which none may compete, is neither beauty nor wit. It is novelty, and no woman may possess that long. So the strange woman must pass or lose her strangeness and then confront the fact that no siren can practise her art in her own

home town. Thus the vampire has no home, the wife has — and, after all, home is what a man wants.

Admitting for the moment the power of the strange woman to cast an amorous spell upon the male she seeks, the curious sequel is that she is decidedly inferior to her sister so far as ability to keep her quarry is concerned. The quietly virtuous woman having once acquired a man, seldom leaves him and, contrariwise, the man seldom leaves such a wife, except perhaps for an occasional excursion. The vampire, on the other hand, has a constant succession of admirers. Struggle as she may, she very rarely induces any one of them to stay long. Seldom does she reach comfortable connubial intimacy; never does she reach the stage where it is not necessary for her to entertain the favorite when he calls. Always she must be light and gay, and decked in daintiness. Constantly she devises schemes to pique her lover's interest where what he really wants is not tension but relaxing.

It would scarcely be accurate to describe the life of the average vampire as one of consecutive polyandry, because it is seldom that she achieves a relation with man which may be at all justly compared to wifehood as opposed to mere concubinage.

If, then, our premises are correct, if the spoils of life go in great disparity to the wives and not to the concubines, if it is the virtuous and not the vampires who acquire the motors, the houses, the jewels, the boxes at the opera, and all the tangible and intangible things by which the success of man is gauged, is there any escape from the conclusion that the mudhens of the world outplay their more spectacular sisters at their chosen game?

A Case of Speeding

By P. W. Wilson

Introducing Miss Virginia Bodkin, whose feminine intuition finds short cuts beyond the fathoming of mere man in solving matters of mystery and crime

If I may present my card, I am Mr. Hamo Candlish, 14 West One Hundred Twenty-eighth Street, New York City, Insurance Investigator, and of Scottish ancestry. It is my business to look up the curious cases that, in this rapidly expanding and beneficent form of thrift, are constantly arising. Someone is found — it may be by mere mischance — in a lonely reservoir. Was he murdered? Did he commit suicide? Or was it whiskey? In an era when insurance takes precedence over immortality, it is essential to the actuaries that the statistics be correct. Indeed, our analyzed aggregates are submitted quarterly to the Department of Psychology at Princeton and the College of Business at Harvard.

It was such a case that brought me into touch with Miss Virginia Bodkin, and what follows is the substance of a report, prepared by direction of the Cosmopolitan Life Association, for Professor Hermann Caroll of the University of Oklahoma, who is engaged on a new edition of his well-known text book, *Behaviorism and Mis-Behaviorism*, already familiar to students throughout that state.

On Tuesday evening, September 4, 1928, at a quarter to eleven or thereabouts, a new Ford was driven at high speed from West Forty-ninth Street and swung round a right turn in a reckless fashion down Broadway. Ignoring the traffic lights and the policemen on duty, the car headed for Times Square, escaping a crash by a miracle, turned into Forty-sixth Street, contrary to the one way traffic, and avoided a head on collision by steering on to the pavement and into the glass window of a restaurant. The car was driven by Mr. George Barton, the international banker, who was accompanied by his wife.

As a consultant, I was summoned to the Cosmopolitan Life where I found the officials in a state of great perplexity. They could not understand it. One of them had known "old Barton" since they were at Princeton. He was called "the bishop" and was believed to be a total abstainer. True, his wife followed the fashions and enjoyed her jewelry. But why on earth did they run amuck down Broadway, and in a Ford, of all things? Good heavens, Barton's cars would fill a garage!

I proceeded to the police station in Forty-seventh Street and found Barton sitting calmly in a cell. A victim to Grover Whalen, he had been refused bail and, indeed, did not seem to press for it.

"Mr. Candlish," he said quietly, "I had been drinking and must pay the penalty."

He would say nothing further. I visited Mrs. Barton at her residence on Park Avenue. She was impressive yet taciturn and was still in her dinner dress.

"Have you ever known your husband to be intoxicated?" I asked.

"Not with me," she answered. "Never until last night."

She told me quite simply how they had spent the evening together, and in her story, I could discover no hint of a clue to what had become something of a perplexity.

Somewhat discouraged, I returned to the Cosmopolitan Life. There they suggested that I might do worse than talk over the case with a certain Miss Virginia Bodkin.

"She is only a kid," said one of my clients, "but they tell me that she has more sense than the entire police force in New York City. She often hears things that we don't hear and it might be well worth while to find out what she has to say."

Somewhat in a pique that, with my experience, I was referred to a mere girl, scarcely out of her teens, I made my way to MacDougal Alley in Greenwich Village where Miss Bodkin has her apartment.

It is essential, at this point, that I should describe Virginia Bodkin, exactly as she is. She was educated at the Spence School in New York where she has been long remembered for her brilliant performance of Shakespeare's most fascinating of all villains, Iago. In due course, she entered Bryn Mawr as a freshman, in which capacity, during the summer of the year 1921, she accepted a substitute position at a leading metropolitan store as assistant supervisor of unduly acquisitive customers, who indulge in petty thieving. Within a week, the losses from such larcenies were reduced, it was said at the time, by more than fifteen hundred dollars, chiefly in the bargain basement, and the accountants took the view that Miss Bodkin's further education in the philosophy of Professor Dewey was a waste of money. Rapidly she became the consultant of department stores along the eastern seaboard, and at Williamstown, her paper, advocating honesty as the only constructive alternative to dishonesty, attracted international approval.

Virginia Bodkin's apartment is not large but it is characteristic of her period and temperament. In aspect, it may be described as an oriental seraglio dedicated to the inferiority of man. Chairs are excluded and no divan, indeed no cushion, is permitted to rise as much as nine inches above the Persian rugs on the parquet floor. Curled upon such a cushion, as I found her, and wreathed with rings from a cigarette holder which reminded one of an angel's trumpet in a fresco by Fra Angelico, Virginia was attractive enough. A stuffed monkey of elongated anatomy was assisting her in the task of folding and cutting frogs out of paper. Her table was an album of Dürer's engravings, set on her somewhat obvious knee. I may add that Miss Bodkin is

guarded by two colored girls, of dignified aspect, sturdy proportions and unquestioned loyalty. She once confided to me that their names were Alexandretta and Georgina. She addresses them, however, as Aquilla and Priscilla, as they render her their services.

It had been on Tuesday evening that the Bartons collided with the restaurant. The afternoon was now Thursday when I called on Miss Bodkin; therefore, forty hours had elapsed. I was immediately admitted by Priscilla; and Miss Bodkin, folding a frog, raised her eyes merely for a moment, saying,

"As a rule, Mr. Candlish, I have to refuse callers when I am at work. But I realize that yours is an urgent case, and, frankly, I should like to know what insurance was carried by George Barton."

"How in the world —" I asked, but she interrupted.

"Please do not begin by tiring me. Your card announced that you are you. Since claims for insurance include theft, you may assume that I was already acquainted with your duties. You carry evening newspapers, and Barton's accident was handled by the courts this morning. His wife was also in the automobile — but need I emphasize the obvious?"

"Well," I said, laughing, "your guess is correct. It is about the Bartons that I came to consult you."

"Pretend that I have never heard of the affair and tell me precisely what happened."

I repeated the details of Barton's wild ride, describing how he had driven his car headlong into Forty-sixth Street.

"What kind of a Ford was it?"

"A four door. And there were two occupants — Mr. and Mrs. George Barton."

"Both in the front seat?"

"Yes — Barton was driving."

"Any baggage?"

"A lady's dressing case at the back."

"Containing?"

"Clothes for a night — nothing of significance."

"What clothes?"

Frankly, I was at a standstill. At the police station I had merely glanced through the contents of the overnight bag before the police returned it to Mrs. Barton.

"Was there a sports suit with golf stockings and shoes, a yellow scarf, and a hat with a jewelled monkey on it?"

"Well," I said laughing, "now that you mention them, I do remember something of the kind. I think no record was made of these few items of wearing apparel — but I can ask the police to check up —"

"You needn't. Gloves — were there any gloves?"

"I didn't notice."

"You mean to say that you didn't notice whether or not there were gloves?"

"Afraid not. But I can soon find out."

"*I* could find out. Were the windows raised?"

"Yes."

"And the blinds down?"

"Yes."

"I thought so," she remarked, and paused to replenish her ideas.

To be frank, I was astounded and remarked that I did not know she had been looking into the case.

"Merely meditating over it," was her answer. "After all, it is simple

enough. What did you say of his insurance?"

"Fifty thousand dollars on his wife, and he did his best to kill her the same evening."

"The papers say that there was liquor in it."

"So there was; and that is why the magistrate this morning cancelled Barton's license to drive an automobile and gave a jail sentence of a fortnight."

"What liquor did you find?"

"Barton had in his pocket a hip-flask, half full of whiskey."

"Good whiskey?"

"It smelt good."

"But do you mean that you did not taste it?"

"No," I said, "I left that to the police."

"Did Barton's breath smell of alcohol?"

"The evidence is emphatic — yes."

"Let us hear about the injuries."

"The radiator of the car was badly smashed and the bumper was buckled. Mr. Barton was found, bending over the wheel unconscious. His wife had a badly sprained wrist —"

"Right or left?"

"The right wrist, and there were bruises on her left arm."

"She was wearing?"

"Well, now —"

"You mean to say that you did not notice what she was wearing — Good Lord! Think, man, think. I can't do *all* the investigating from this cushion."

"As far as I can actually remember, her hair was shingled close in the fashionable boyish cut, and she had large crystal errings, falling from her ears, with a wide collar of rhinestones round her neck."

"Good — go on with such thinking."

"She had a striking green dress of some sort of stiff silk — picture dress, I think you would call it — with flesh stockings and green shoes with cut steel buckles."

"Excellent. I swear you have only forgotten one detail — a bangle of green jade."

"Thank you. There was such a bangle and it completed the picture."

"What Whistler would have called a nocturne in green. Precisely. And, of course, Mrs. Barton did not go to bed that night?"

"Well," I said, "I suppose not."

"You couldn't have called on her until the next morning and you found her dressed for the evening so it is no matter of supposition but of proof that she did not sleep very much. Did you see her at her home?"

"At the Barton residence on Park Avenue."

"And you found her?"

"Nervous, of course, and very upset over the things that were being said about her husband and their unfortunate mishap."

"She was a graduate of Smith, I see."

"Yes, and as you may judge even from her pictures, one of the loveliest women in society."

"Red hair?"

"It is inclined that way — but evidently you know her?"

"I have never met Mrs. Barton, but a nocturne in green is usually inspired by red hair."

She lit another cigarette, swept the frogs to the floor, tossed Dürer aside, and chinning her face in her hands, looked hard at me. They were eyes, of varied qualities — hard at times, yet capable of appeal — a

revelation of the tiger in her, at once huntress and maternal.

"How had the Bartons spent the evening?"

"We have traced their movements absolutely. Mr. Barton was at business all day."

"Banking, I think."

"Yes, he is, as you know, Barton of Wall Street. Indeed, that is what makes the case so extraordinary. If ever a man was bone-dry, as his friends supposed, it was Barton. He is, too, a leading layman in the Methodist Episcopal Church and absolutely the last man in the world you would have thought to run amuck along Broadway."

"Well, we have Barton in the city all day, incidentally taking out an insurance on his wife's life and safety. What about Mrs. Barton?"

"Mrs. Barton drove her new Ford from Westchester County and parked it, so she says, on Forty-ninth Street beyond Eight Avenue."

"With the bag inside?"

"I presume so — yes. Her husband had agreed to meet her there and together they walked to the Astor Hotel for dinner."

"Time?"

"About seven thirty."

"And the evidence?"

"There was a special delivery letter handed in for Mr. Barton by the Western Union at a quarter to eight. He was expected."

"I gather that Barton showed you the envelope?"

"He did, and after dining, the two of them walked into the Paramount Theatre for the evening performance. They came out — so they think — at about ten-thirty and walked back to their car."

"And, of course, he showed you the stubs of their tickets?"

"Yes — he did. I took nothing for granted and asked to see them."

"I assume that you have them in photostat."

"No — I confess that . . ."

"Imbecile," cried the girl, with a touch of ill temper.

"There's no need for excitement," I said, "I'll ask Inspector Hobbs to let me have the stubs and you can see them for yourself."

"You had better bring the flask along also," she said — at which point in our talk, there was a ring of the bell.

"Stay where you are," said Virginia as Priscilla, with a face like a bronze mask, handed in a card. Her mistress took the card, toyed with it a moment as if considering its import, and pursed her lips.

"Would you believe it," she said, at length. "We are honored by a call from none other than Mrs. George Barton. Show her in, Priscilla."

A woman, splendid in her bearing and costume, entered the room. Her hat did not wholly conceal a head of rich red hair which set off a clear white complexion, at once her own and faultless, and eyes light blue, restless and brilliant. Her hands were ungloved; they were soft and shapely, yet not too small. They were hands moulded for mastery — the kind of hands that Holbein loved to paint.

"Glad to see you," said Virginia, in a débutante manner. "You must meet my friend, Mr. Candlish."

"I have already met Mr. Candlish," was the cold answer, and she sank to one of the divans, giving little glances at objects around her. She began to finger an ivory box, elaborately

carved, that lay on a low table, and Virginia remarked, casually,

"From Benares, Mrs. Barton. Is it not a beauty? It was given me by the Schlessers — after I had recovered Mrs. Schlesser's ruby bracelet, somehow lost sight of, if you recollect, on the Congressional Limited."

With a quick little gesture, the banker's wife laid down the ivory box, and Virginia placidly continued,

"You wish to assure me, Mrs. Barton, that there is not a scintilla of truth in the insinuations against your husband, that he never had in his mind the remotest idea of injuring you for the sake of insurance, that you are devoted to him and that he is devoted to you and that you trust one another absolutely."

The eyes of the visitor, startled by this unexpected approach, filled with tears as Virginia thus addressed her; and she replied,

"That is exactly what I did come to say. I have been contending for an hour with the insurance people, and at last they sent me to you, saying that I should probably find their representative here and that I had best try to convince him."

"Mr. Candlish is the representative, and I shall advise him that you are telling the truth. If ever I have a husband, Mrs. Barton, may heaven grant that he may be as good a husband as yours. Your best course is to go home. You will have him back in a fortnight. See that you greet him properly with the cheerfulness that he deserves."

Mrs. Barton, proud of her habitual poise, was here overcome by her emotion. Virginia herself was silent.

"Your wrist" — she said, at length — "is it better?"

"My wrist?" retorted the woman with a bitter laugh, "Oh, there's nothing wrong with that."

"And the bruises on your arm?"

"Better — much better."

"You are suffering only from the shock?"

The visitor's hysteria was suddenly quiescent.

"Only from the shock," she answered in a low tone. Then wiping her eyes, she pulled herself together and rose to her feet.

"I can assure you," said Virginia, gently, "that your troubles are now over. Aquilla, show Mrs. Barton to the elevator and see that she has a taxicab," and the girl, with steady and understanding eyes, watched the woman as she forthwith left the apartment.

"Emotions — they are the devil," remarked Miss Bodkin, when we were alone again. "That poor creature bore up bravely enough as long as her husband was with her. But alone — by herself —" she sighed, then continued, "Well, the case is, as you will have realized, already finished. Still, I had better see those stubs and the flask before coming to a final conclusion."

I left Miss Bodkin with a curious feeling that, somehow, she had introduced me to a new world of perception. The older type of detective like Sherlock Holmes and his fraternity based their results on deduction — a slow and painful process, generally indicative of mediocrity. Virginia — as I soon realized — does not need thus to argue a case; she announces the result; and I cannot deny that her insight demonstrates the enormous superiority of women to men when they enter a sphere for which nature has fitted them.

I went to the police station and saw Inspector Hobbs. When I asked him for the stubs and the flask, he burst out laughing.

"'Ginny want them?" he said. "Thought so. She fancies that she is Scotland Yard and" — he gave a knowing wink — "she has money to spend, has 'Ginny. Oh, yes, she can see the stubs and the flask and anything else for that matter."

On returning to Miss Bodkin, I found her sitting at a low table, playing solitaire. Looking up with a queer little smile of triumph, she held out her hand and said,

"Have a life saver?"

It was peppermint and not devoid of fragrance.

"The flask," she demanded. "Let us see what discretion was shown by this good Methodist and teetotaller in the selection of his bootlegger."

She smelt the liquor, poured out a thimbleful into a liqueur glass, and drank it.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed, "That stuff may be described as the whiskey which was."

"Watered?" I inquired.

"Think not. It is old whiskey, ill corked, that has lost its strength. What Barton did was to fill his flask with some of the stuff which he had had in the house for years — probably as a restorative in case of sudden illness. The idea that such whiskey made him drunk may be dismissed. Enough that it affected his breath, and made excellent headlines in the press."

"Then you are certain that Barton was sober?"

"Never more sober in his life, and, heavens, he had need to be. The stubs from the Paramount, if you please," and she held out her hand.

I took the little scraps of soft card out of my pocket, and Virginia turned them over and over again in her fingers.

They had been, of course, torn in half.

"Notice anything?" she asked.

"Only the numbers," I answered truthfully.

"*Only* the numbers," said she with sarcasm, "*only* the numbers. My good sir, the numbers are *everything*. See this 750 on one ticket and this 25 on the other. It means that one of the tickets must have been 75025, and the other, either 75024 or 75026."

"What of it?"

"My dear man," she cried, "have *some* sense. Call up the Paramount manager. Give my name."

I looked up the number in her telephone book and received as I expected from the Paramount Theatre a most courteous reply. The manager immediately placed himself at the disposal of Miss Bodkin — most glad to do so, said he.

"I wonder," she began, sweetly smiling into the receiver, "if you would be so very good as to tell me at what hour on Tuesday evening you were selling tickets, numbered 75025 and thereabouts? . . . Certainly, I'll hold the line."

"Tickets," said she, as we waited, "are issued in rotation" — and her tone was indicative of my masculine stupidity.

The telephone resumed its activity: "Thank you — yes — Miss Bodkin on the line — yes — *really?* Six forty-five? not later? Are you sure it was not later? Thank you — very good of you — hope we may meet soon. No, no I tell you, I infinitely prefer Norma Shearer. No, you won't convince me

— Norma Shearer — well, we mustn't argue. Thanks — good night."

She put up the receiver. "You see," she said, "the Bartons bought their tickets, not after dinner but before dinner. In fact, what Barton seems to have done, was to leave Wall Street by subway for Times Square, call at the Paramount, buy the tickets, pass the gate with the crowd, stay for five minutes in the theatre and then walk out to meet his wife. In other words, they never attended the performance at all! From about eight o'clock, when these people left the Astor Hotel until ten-thirty when they entered their car for the ride, we know nothing whatever of their movements."

She lit a cigarette, adding,

"Except, of course, one thing — that they were desperately anxious to conceal themselves."

I gave way to a gesture of impatience. The girl was fantastic.

"Well," she retorted, "why was there a letter delivered to Barton at the Astor Hotel by the Western Union? It was in order that he might have his name paged and so prove that he dined in the place. Why did he worry to obtain tickets for the Paramount? It was in order to prove that he was there for a couple of hours. Why did he careen down Broadway? To kill his wife? Ridiculous. He took good care to slow up before he crashed. His radiator and bumper were crushed but nothing else.

"No, our friends the Bartons were endeavoring to establish an alibi for the evening — an elaborate and convincing proof, good enough at any rate for the newspapers that they were in Broadway from 7.30 p.m. till 11.00 p.m. and that, from that hour onward, they were under direct supervision by the police. Everything — the insurance, the Paramount, the dinner at the Astor, and of course the speeding, with the liquor — got into the headlines and helped them.

So did the clothes. In the car, there was, if you remember, a complete change of costume, and when the car crashed the blinds were still down. During that evening, Mrs. Barton was thus able to become two women. She began as a sportswoman just returned from a day of golf. Later she changed in the car and became the wife of a prominent banker, spending the evening with him at dinner and a movie; the only question is what the sportswoman had been up to previous to these known activities."

Virginia was seeing visions in her cigarette smoke.

"Obviously," she said, "this husband and wife were acting under the strongest compulsion of circumstances. Deliberately, they were committing a serious offense. What conceivable reason had they? There could have been only one reason. They committed one offense, in order to cover another even more serious. And the fact that Mrs. Barton thus elaborately disguised herself meant that it was she who acted as the principal in the shady business."

"But," I interrupted Virginia's logic, "what imaginable crime could a woman in Mrs. Barton's position be suspected of?"

"I can think of only one," said this astonishing child. "There are women of excellent family, who, at one time or another, indulge in shop lifting as a form of kleptomania — a disease that knows no class bounds. Any such woman who thus goes in for pilfering and seeks to dispose of her illgotten gains

through a fence, renders herself liable to blackmail — perhaps to gross personal insult — for the rest of her life. In the case of Mrs. Barton, the position of her husband as a banker and a leading Methodist Episcopalian would only make her the more vulnerable to persistent blackmail.

"It was fortunate we received that call from Mrs. Barton. I watched her closely. She was almost out of control of herself and so revealed her subconscious instincts. You must have noticed how her eyes glanced at small but valuable objects lying near at hand — how she picked up the little ivory box — and, above all, how she laid it down again when I made a simple remark about it coming from Benares. It was the reaction of a woman, as it were, found out, and I was then certain that Mrs. Barton had been — perhaps still is — inclined to petty kleptomania."

"Miss Bodkin," I again interrupted, "isn't this the merest theory?"

"Wait," she replied, "listen to the rest of the 'theory.' What was Mrs. Barton doing that evening in her sports suit? She emerged from the wrecked car with a sprained wrist and bruised biceps. Why should a jolt in a car sprain a woman's wrists and bruise her biceps? But, of course, if a woman were struggling with a man and had a weapon in her right hand, he might very easily sprain her wrist and grip the biceps of her other arm. You saw how Mrs. Barton passed off these injuries when I referred to them. Just so —"

And over the waywardness of human nature, senior to her own sagacity, Virginia heaved the sophisticated sigh of a sophomore. She had done her best for the race, but had failed.

The bell of the telephone rang its urgent call.

"Virginia Bodkin," answered she. "Oh, that you, Milly? Well, what luck? No answer yet? Why, this is the second day. Thanks. All quite clear."

Virginia was a little flushed.

"Get me Inspector Hobbs," said she.

I rang up the Police Station and handed the receiver to the girl.

"Inspector Hobbs? Good evening. Feeling fine, thank you. That address, Inspector, I promised you; yes, it's the Ambler Arms, West Fifty-sixth Street, Apartment 12. You'll find him there. But I *know* he's there . . . Why, just make the arrest . . . Good night — see you later."

"Funny thing," added Virginia, "but for two days there's been a dead man in that apartment, not yet discovered!"

She was a shade pale, and sinking to the divan she held out a cigarette for a light. For some reason, we were both silent.

"Just a little matter of routine," she went on. "As you know it is my business to watch the practice of pilfering in retail stores. For this purpose, it is useless merely to arrest the persons who steal the goods. The real criminals are those who receive and subsequently market the plunder. It happens that I have a list of every known fence in New York."

"Nothing to do with the Bartons?"

"Well," she answered, with a touch of nonchalance, "everything everywhere has to do with everything else. For instance," she went on after a moment's pause, "suppose a certain lady intended to settle her account with some fence who was blackmailing her. Obviously having arranged for an elaborate alibi, she would not take a

taxicab from the scene of her vengeance to the spot where a change of costume awaited her. Taxicab passengers are too easily traced. So, not to be connected with the lady in green, our friend in the sports costume would go wherever she had to go on foot.

"I had then to ask myself whether there was a fence, known to me and resident within about a quarter of an hour's walk of the bright lights of Broadway. You may have gathered that I direct a considerable staff of able colleagues. Frequently, they play the part of shop thieves and actually sell goods to the fences. My secretary has had no difficulty, therefore, in locating not only the fences within the prescribed circle but the pseudo-pilferers who were in touch with them. There were, in fact, nine fences possibly involved. All were given calls on the phone. All responded except one.

That one lived — or had lived — at the Ambler Arms in West Fifty-sixth Street. Inquiry of the doorkeeper was a simple matter. My colleague reported that he had not seen the tenant for a day or two, which often happened, but when pressed he did remember a lady calling the evening before with a yellow scarf, a hat with a jewelled monkey on it, golf stockings and a sports costume. In cases where we are interested, it is our business to encourage doorkeepers to remember such details. When you were good enough to recall, under pressure, the existence of such a costume in a certain lady's dressing case, my chain of coincidence was complete."

"Your theory," I said, "is ingenious but, my dear Miss Bodkin —"

"Virginia," she interrupted, "would be more respectful."

"Then, my dear Virginia, your theory has one flaw."

"Clever, aren't you? And the flaw —"

"You seriously suggest that old Barton entered into a conspiracy with his wife to murder a blackmailer and then allowed her to proceed alone and do the deed. It is incredible. Why didn't he himself do the killing?"

Virginia shrugged her shoulders. "Search me," she said at length, thus ornamenting her logic with an anachronism. Then she added, "I see three reasons for believing in a theory which, incidentally, happens to be the truth. First, it is not to be assumed of necessity that the Bartons contemplated homicide, except as a last resort; secondly, it is easier for a woman to disguise herself than a man; and thirdly, when it comes to a crisis, it is a woman, after all, who, in this world of mothers, has learned the art of courage. A woman knows by instinct about life and death and such fundamentals."

For once, Virginia seemed to be nervous and excited, and when the bell rang, she started to her feet. Priscilla announced, "Inspector Hobbs, Madam," and suddenly Virginia was her cool self again.

"Show him in, Priscilla," said she, wearily. "Show him in."

The inspector was a familiar type — big and confident, the embodiment of broguery *versus* roguery.

"I am afraid, miss," said he, "that he's given us the slip this time."

"Really," said Virginia, raising her eyebrows. "Do you mean, Inspector, that, after my information, you failed to get your man?"

"No, miss, we found the man all right, but he was dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Virginia, adding a feminine "phew!"

"Shot through the heart, miss, and shot through the head, too. A pistol was on the floor near his right hand with two chambers empty."

"That ends our arrest," said Virginia. "How long has the man been dead?"

"I should say a day or two, ma'am. He has bled a mouthful and it's all dry on the carpet."

"Any clues?"

"Not a one. Not even fingerprints on the gun. A gloved hand held it."

I remembered with a start the pair of gloves in the suit case, in which Virginia had been interested. I glanced at her now, but she was looking rather bored.

"I suppose you've checked up on the man's callers, and all that?"

"Sure," said Hobbs. "Often visited by women, he was; you know why. The doorkeeper described several; one in a rain coat, and a dame wearing a yellow scarf and a soft hat with some kind of jewelled dingus on it. Not much to go by, that isn't."

"Of course not," said Virginia, with vague acquiescence. "By the bye, Inspector, how are you getting along with that Barton affair?"

"Well, miss, the fact is that we are not doing very much more about it. Barton's paying his price and we'll let him be. Funny though, that a fellow like that should get himself into the papers by driving drunk down Broadway."

"Very funny," said Virginia, laughing. "However, Inspector, you did your duty in the matter and no *man* can do more."

"Yes, he's got his fortnight, and it's no *à la carte* this time, I can tell you."

He nodded to me, bowed himself out, and Virginia remarked, briskly,

"Aquilla — the elevator for the Inspector."

Waterways as Highways

By Franklin Snow

Twelve thousand miles of commercial routes on rivers and canals forecast for the Hoover Administration as an aid to solving the agricultural problem

When the people of the United States elected Herbert Hoover to the Presidency, they automatically cast their ballots in favor of intensive utilization of the vast network of inland waterways as arteries of transportation. Along the Atlantic seaboard and on the Pacific slope the question of canalization of the rivers of the Middle West was of little more than passing moment, but to the farmers of the great grain belt it was, and is, a matter of the utmost importance.

Twelve thousand miles of waterways are involved in the project which has, as its objective, the removal of the economic barrier which has been built up around the Middle West through the construction of the Panama Canal and the increase in railroad rates to the seaboard. The farmer pays the freight, generally speaking, on all his products, and the reduction in charges for moving his grain can, conceivably, add from seven to ten cents a bushel to the price which he receives for it, to quote from Mr. Hoover's analysis of the development of the Mississippi in his speech at West Branch, Iowa, at the outset of his campaign.

It was not until the railroads were crippled by the vast flood of war munitions back in 1917 and 1918 that serious consideration was given to using the great system of connecting rivers of the Middle West as carriers of freight. And it was not until the war was virtually over that the Government's fleet of barges on the Mississippi and other rivers swung into operation. Even then, censure, skepticism and ridicule were the lot of advocates of waterway development, and it is only in the Middle West and among engineers of the coastal regions that this sentiment has been supplanted by one of enthusiasm. To the bulk of the populace, inland waterway development is a step backward — a reversion to the days when the canal was the principal, and in fact, only mode of freight transport available.

Picturesque as it was, with its languid waters, its towpaths well-defined highways for the countless horses which drew their boats along its course, the canal enjoyed but a

short reign of popular favor. It was succeeded by the railway before it had reached the peak of its possibilities as an economical means of moving goods. It is only recently that the merits of water transportation have again been recognized and the canal (although in its present form a quite different artery from that of a century ago) may readily take its place again in the American picture of transportation.

One barge, of the present type employed on the Lower Mississippi, has the capacity of 50 freight cars, and the ultimate plan for the development of the barge lines visualizes a string of barges, pulled by a tug, carrying 10,000 tons of farm products to New Orleans, for export overseas. The gross weight of the average freight train in the Mississippi Valley is well under 2,000 tons (this including the weight of the cars), from which it is apparent that a tow of three barges will contain the equivalent of several trainloads of farm products. Because of which, the railways are unloosing their heavy artillery against the plan of waterway development.

Because of the Panama Canal Act, the railroads are debarred from operating water lines excepting under special circumstances, and unless changes are made in prevailing laws there appears to be no way in which they can, themselves, embark upon a waterway policy, although this is not, in itself, a compelling argument against such a policy by the Government.

Lines of barges operated by the Government but ultimately to be sold to private operators even now ply on the Mississippi and tributary waters, handling a substantial tonnage of farm products and other commodities. Nine-foot channels are being dredged and the ultimate aim is to place barges of this draft in the Lower Mississippi service. Here is a challenge of prime importance to the railroads. Are the railroads to be deprived of freight in order that the farmer may profit by lower water rates, or must the farmer pay the present rail rates for moving his grain? It can, of course, be said that whatever enhances the prosperity of the country directly contributes to the welfare of the railroads through other forms of traffic which they thus obtain.

Yet the problem of water competition is by no means minimized so far as the railroads are concerned, for, despite the fact that the farmer's added prosperity through lower rates on his grain will enable him to purchase so-called luxury articles in Eastern markets, the loss of a considerable volume of rail tonnage to parallel water lines is a problem of importance to the railways which compete with the waterways. Particularly is this the case with rail tonnage showing a tendency to remain fixed, or even to decrease in volume, due to the competition facing the railways on every hand. Fortunately, no railroad derives its entire tonnage from territories which would utilize water transport to the exclusion of rail, and the only railroad which appears to be keenly affected — the Illinois Central, which runs north and south along the Mississippi's course, touching most of the important river towns and cities — is not feeling the effects of the barge lines as yet, if one may judge by the price of its stock and its dividend rate of seven per cent.

In the competition with the Panama Canal, the Northwestern railways early felt the effects of lower water rates, and the rapid growth of intercoastal business has been reflected in decreased rail tonnage, for in addition to the business which these vessels *create* by reason of the low rates they can quote, a substantial part of their traffic (especially westbound) has been taken from the railroads. So it may turn out to be in the Mississippi Valley, as water lines grow in prestige and offer an increasingly advantageous service.

THESE factors are of more than passing importance elsewhere, too, for river lines are likely to increase in importance everywhere. They denote, in a way, the portentous situation in which the railway industry finds itself, for never before has it faced a condition in which other agencies of transport could not only quote lower rates but could, in general, provide as satisfactory a service. Water, highway, air — wherever the rail manager turns he finds a competitor seeking his business; and in fairness to the railways it must be realized that many of these competitors enjoy subsidies in the form of public roads, rivers, landing fields, protected routes and the like.

As in the United States, so in Europe, the railways are by no means friendly to the waterways. The German railways are inclined to compete rather than to coöperate with the water carriers on the Rhine. Competitive rates are made, it is understood, which enable the railroad to meet the lower water rate between two points both located on the river, but no through rates exist to cover shipments originating on the railroad, then moving for a distance by water and completing the haul by rail. By refusing to participate in such rates, the German railways feel they are holding traffic on the rails which otherwise could, and would, move by water.

Mr. Walker D. Hines, Director-General of Railroads during the latter part of the period of Federal control in the United States, was invited to make a study of river traffic in Europe under the auspices of the League of Nations. His conclusions, contained in a report made in 1925, indicated the possibility of a greater degree of coöperation between the several State railroad administrations and the water-carriers of the Danube River States than existed at that time. These rail administrators, he said, were each "more disposed to coöperate with other railways than with the Danube navigation. Through bills of lading are issued for through rail transportation to points in other countries, but not for rail and river transportation. Through rates are established with other railways, but not with the river. Yet in many instances the State in which the traffic originates would really have its interests better promoted if traffic by its own railway and the Danube could be encouraged rather than by its own railway and the railways of other countries;" by reason, as he later points out, of securing the entire haul, and hence revenues, in the cars and boats of that one nation.

DESPITE the extensive competition of the railways, which Mr. Hines described as being carried to the point of offering extremely low special rates for the benefit of trade routes com-

petitive with the Danube, this and the other rivers or canalized routes in Europe continue to thrive and attract traffic. Light-loading of barges, cross-hauling of empty barges and uneconomic utilization of tugs were among the criticisms of prevailing methods made by Mr. Hines.

An analogous situation exists on the Ohio River between Pittsburgh and Cairo. Here, for a considerable distance, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is in direct competition with barge lines on the river. A nine-foot channel will shortly be available, and the water carriers, of course, quote cheaper rates than the railroads offer. Freight is interchanged between the two agencies of transport and the Baltimore and Ohio publishes through rates with the barge lines, although it has no desire to see the water lines prosper.

YET there is no evidence that this, and other railways paralleling the rivers, are being deprived of a sufficient volume of tonnage to impair their earning power. The stock of the Baltimore and Ohio is rising and a higher dividend has been forecast by financial observers. The evidence thus far appears to warrant the general statement that there is traffic enough for both railways and waterways and it is, in the long run, only the low-grade freight, in which the element of time is relatively unimportant, which seeks water transport. In the matter of speed the railroads can beat their nautical competitors at least five to one, in a survey of the respective schedules on the inland waterways and parallel railways.

Despite the opposition, if not actual hostility, of railroads to canals and rivers as agencies of transportation, statistics show that it is quite possible for these rivals to exist and operate side by side, and both greatly prosper. Thus: In 1881 the Great Kanawha and Ohio River route carried more than 9,500,000 tons of merchandise, and the railroads on its banks carried 6,500,000 tons. Then the river channel was deepened and otherwise improved, to facilitate the carrying of commerce, and the railroads doubtless regarded this work with apprehension and aversion. But what was the result? Eleven years later the river commerce had increased to 26,500,000 tons, or 179 per cent., surely enough to warrant the improvements; while at the same time the rail traffic had also increased to 31,000,000 tons, or nearly 377 per cent., showing that the rivalry of the river had not been seriously detrimental. Again: In Germany in the two decades 1875–1895 there was great activity in the development of canals and canalized rivers, paralleling the trunk railroad lines; and with what result? Water-borne traffic increased from 20,000,000 to 46,000,000 tons, and rail traffic from 167,000,000 to 331,000,000 tons; the one a little more than doubling, the other almost doubling.

FOLLOWING the period of intensive utilization of rivers as carriers of commerce there came a lull, during which traffic dropped off sharply. It is only in recent years that the trend has again turned and tonnage is mounting toward its former levels. For 1926, the War Department reported a tonnage of 19,754,978 tons on the Ohio and 1,360,109 on the Kanawha, a total of approximately 21,000,000 tons for the

combined Kanawha-Ohio waterway or very nearly what the system carried in the heyday of its popularity. Recent years have shown a steady upward growth.

In the East, something of the same situation has arisen through the determination of the State of New York to maintain the State Barge Canal as a free artery of commerce for barge line operators. Over this free waterway an increasing flow of commodities moves at rates substantially lower than the rates charged by parallel, competing rail lines. Objections by rail executives indicate the growing importance of the canal, and in the volume of hostile criticism directed against it by rail managers and their press agents may its value to the shippers be measured.

It is asserted that the people of the State pay for the maintenance of the waterway and that such charges, as well as interest upon the bonds issued for its construction, should properly be charged against it; that if this were done, it would be found that the average cost per ton-mile of freight moved *via* the barge canal would be higher, rather than lower, than the costs by competing rail lines. The argument is fallacious in that the interest on the bonds issued to put the canal in usable condition would have to be paid whether or not the canal moved a ton of freight a year, for the State of New York is not one to default on its obligations, and as long as this interest must be paid, it is beside the point to say that it should, theoretically, be added to the cost of freight moving through the canal.

In the Mississippi Valley, a similar allegation is made. The railroads aver that the Government is using the taxpayers' money to provide a facility, in the form of a dredged waterway and barges to operate thereon, which benefits only a part of the nation's populace, and that it places the Government directly in competition with a private industry — one which contributes its share in taxes and one which is forbidden to engage in direct competition with the barge lines which are taking its traffic from it.

There is no question that the position which the railways take has its elements of truth. But the broader question at stake to the citizen of the Middle West is that of getting the farmer's products to seaboard at the lowest possible cost. The railroads' misfortunes are of small moment to him.

The barge lines operating on the Mississippi charge eighty per cent. of the rail rates. Joint rates are made with connecting railroads to and from points not reached by water, and for the barge line portion of the haul, this twenty per cent. differential also applies. Within a few years, the deepening of the Ohio will permit barges of deep draft going as far upstream as Pittsburgh, while the Upper Mississippi to the Twin Cities, the Missouri to Kansas City and Omaha, and the Illinois River to Chicago and through the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence, will likewise be a part of the 12,000 miles of inland waterways affording lower rates to the Middle West.

Around the farmer of the great grain belt an economic barrier has been erected in recent years which will thus be removed. The problem is indeed a national one, for the prosperity of the farmer is as essential to

the nation as is that of the manufacturer of the East. Without the great buying power of the inland States, the factories of the East would find a greatly reduced output for their goods. Motor cars, radios, luxury articles, clothing, seek their markets in the Middle West to as great an extent as along the eastern seaboard. Anything which impairs the buying power of the farmer has an immediate effect upon industrial conditions in the East, so sensitive is the economic balance and so immediate is the influence of reduced sales in any great section of the United States.

IN RECENT years the farmer has had his difficulties in marketing his crop at a satisfactory price. Canadian wheat, although not always of a grade comparable with the American product, is finding its way into world markets to a growing extent, aided by the low rates prevailing on Canadian railways; Argentine and Australian grain is a factor of increasing importance in world markets, and these two countries are aided by reason of the relatively short hauls to seaboard. All of this may seem far removed from inland waterways in the United States, but it is, actually, a definitely correlated question. What happens in one part of the world today closely affects national policies elsewhere, and if foreign grains can find their way to world markets at lower transportation rates than American grains, the American farmer stands to lose. His loss has its effect upon American business in general.

Therefore, any saving in transportation charges which may result from the moving of his grain from the elevator to tidewater by river barge rather than by rail, is added to the price which he receives for his product. It is a broader question than would appear at first glance; it is not a sectional but a national question. If the railroads are adversely affected by the increased volume of freight which will move by water in the future, their problems deserve recognition as well. Of that there can be no doubt. But the plight of the railways is not in itself a reason for objecting to a development so patently desirable as that of inland waterways.

WE ARE blessed with a connecting system of rivers reaching from Minneapolis to the Gulf; from Pittsburgh on the east, and from Omaha on the west, connecting rivers permit the movement of freight either to tidewater or to other interior cities. With all its vagaries of shifting currents, shoals, sandbars and general "cussedness", as river pilots term it, the Mississippi is none the less a national asset. If, on its broad surface, the products of the Middle West may be floated to the sea at substantial savings in transportation costs, there is a national benefit which will overcome any temporary dislocation which the railroads may suffer. Their own traffic has, in the past, been subject to steady growth, and although the last few years have indicated the possibility that the railroads are not going to carry an increasing volume of tonnage annually, because of the growing importance of other means of transport, there is no reason to believe that the railroads will not ultimately find a means of replacing such tonnage as they lose to the inland waterways with another type of traffic. It is reasonable, indeed, to assume that the savings

which accrue to the farmers through lower rates on their products will immediately be expended for goods which must be brought to them by rail, and the loss to the railways of one type of traffic will be replaced by another.

One of the major arguments advanced against the waterway plan is its initial cost, plus the investment in barges, motive power, terminals and the various facilities requisite to an efficient barge line in the Mississippi Valley. Initial cost is not necessarily an obstacle to the undertaking of any project which holds out the promise of benefit to a great and growing section of the United States. Mention has been made of the Panama Canal, but its final cost of nearly $400,000,000 — which was perhaps twice the original estimate — has not in any sense militated against the benefit which it has brought to many sections of the country.

The early railways were subsidized by land grants and loans and the general welfare was promoted by the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, chimerical as that venture at first appeared to be. Highways are built by State or Federal Governments, harbors are dredged for the benefit of American and foreign ships alike, airways are being plotted and beacon lights established, all of which contribute to the general welfare of man, even though these facilities are of primary benefit to a relatively few persons.

With all possible sympathy for the railroads' problems, it is idle to block the development of arteries of transport which, with the subsidy which a beneficent Government extends to all new ventures which hold forth the prospect of ultimate benefit to the populace at large, are opposed by the railways solely because every railroad man knows that freight can move cheaper by water than by rail. Here and there one finds railway executives of broad vision — men who look beyond the selfish question of "What will this do to my road?" men who have analyzed the waterway project in the light of their experience and training — who are willing to extend to it a helping hand.

It is a broad question; one warranting thoughtful study. It is evident that inland water transport is to have its day at court. President Hoover has promised us that. History repeats itself, and it appears that the canal is again coming into its own. There is room, in this country, for any carrier which is capable of lowering the cost of moving goods.

Who Cares About Colds?

By T. Swann Harding

We spend wisely and well to raise better crops and cattle and to eradicate disease from farm and field. Why not a Federal fight against neglected human ills?

At Atlantic City last summer there appeared on the boardwalk a bewhiskered old rascal who has been seen on the sidewalks of New York in midwinter, standing in his undershirt sleeves at the end of a Ford truck, rubbing orange peel into his flabby arms and expatiating upon the virtues of lemons as food, when ground in a meat chopper and eaten as salad. Twenty-five years ago the "medicine man" was confined to rural communities, and sold colored and flavored water to the yokelry to remedy their debilities; today, in spite of the advances of scientific therapy, he can orate on a New York street or in a bare boardwalk store, and be sure, in spite of heat or cold or discomfort, that a crowd will gather, hang upon his words, take his advice and actually give him more money than he asks for! Hard eyed, well dressed business men and women who would scorn to let a plumber tinker with their automobile will listen avidly to fake health "specialists," will respect an old fraud who calls them "damned fools" to their faces, will buy his absurd "health" books, will take his advice as to diet and exercise, give the doctors up as a bad job and declare to all and sundry that the charlatan did them a thousand dollars worth of good!

It seems unbelievable that such a quack as I saw on the boardwalk could find dozens of Americans to credit the fraud he peddled. Instead he found hundreds. He found thousands. Why? And how? What did he say? Well, he held up a glass tube perhaps nine inches long and an inch and a half in diameter. In the bottom was some three inches of whitish stuff resembling a large blob of marshmallow; superimposed upon this was a red jelly. He held this up and orated more or less as follows:

That which you see there is blood. It's poisoned blood! It's got uric acid in it. That white stuff there in the bottom is uric acid. That's just the way it gets in your blood when you eat. It's in *your* blood. You damned fools are going around half-dead right now. You are full of poison. You can see uric acid in pus; you see it in ulcers; you see it in dandruff. Now when your blood gets that way what can you do? Wait a minute! Don't leave! I want you all to see this scientific demonstration. You can neutralize that acid poison in your stomach with pure fruits and vegetables. Look here; here's a lemon! You all drink lemonade. Oh,

yes! And throw away the skin and the seeds where the good is, fools that you are. Put that lemon in a meat chopper, grind it all up, pour on a glass of cold water, let it stand for a while. Then drink it. Add some sugar? I say *no sugar*. A woman says just a little bit? I say no sugar! Another woman says just a teeny-tiny bit? I say *no sugar*!! Look at me. I'm never hot in summer. Why? Because from June to October I never eat one single bit of sugar! So no sugar. Just lemon juice. Look here! Here I have a jar full of raw fruits and vegetables, all cut up and covered with water. It's stood for several days and it's a little sour. I admit that. But — let me show you something, something scientific. What is this? [Here the speaker held up a glass of water into which he poured some dark liquid, obviously an indicator which becomes colorless when made acid.] Do you see that dark cloud? That's uric acid. [No one spoke up now to argue that uric acid was white a moment ago. No one ever does.] In my hand I have uric acid! I have gallstones! I have high blood pressure! I have rheumatism! I have cancer! I have diabetes! Is your urine cloudy? It's diabetes. [It is more likely certain mineral salts, but no matter.] Change your habits right away and go to a doctor! But look here now! I pour the pure juices of the fruits and vegetables into the glass and look, look, look!! It is as clear as crystal again! All the darkness, all the poison, all the uric acid, all the disease has been neutralized right there in the stomach and the blood is healthy again. Now who wants to buy this book, *A Diet To Cure Every Disease?* Step right up. It's only one dollar — and worth a thousand easy. Who'll take the next one? You want six of them? Good boy! Who's next?

THEY came in plenty. One after the other they came. They stood not upon the order of their coming. Then followed the book on exercise for health while an undeniably pretty damsel in an attenuated bathing suit displayed her agility, or was it her sex appeal? Then came the internal bath bag and a few more words of wisdom, after which that crowd was sent on its way for another which rapidly filled the place, got its injection of bunk, spent its money and departed. And so on, all day, day after day.

What is the remedy for this sort of thing? Some have been unwise enough to suggest a counter-ballyhoo from a scientific standpoint. It would not work. It would be neither spectacular nor positive enough. Assume, purely for purposes of argument, that I am a scientist. Compared to the faker I am several experts rolled into one, for that matter; but give me his stage and what comforting gospel could I preach to his hectic hearers? I could only say something like this:

"WHEN your blood is poisoned it does not carry white blobs of marshmallow in it. It does not even carry around tremendous amounts of uric acid in solution. Uric acid happens to be a white powder; I have had to play with it in the laboratory and it is not at all over anxious to dissolve at any time. You cannot see it in pus, nor in ulcers, nor in dandruff, nor in cancer. The blood uric acid is perfectly normal in all forms of rheumatism (ahem, arthritis!) except gout, but to be perfectly frank the world knows little indeed about rheumatism anyway. Uric acid does not lie around in your stomach to be neutralized by fresh fruits and vegetables which, as likely as not, would be acid themselves upon entering the stomach. Uric acid will not change color when you add fermented and probably acid vegetable juices to it, but some dark colored indicators will lose their color altogether when made acid. The causes of cancer, of diabetes, of high blood pressure, of rheumatism, and of Bright's disease remain shrouded in primordial mystery. I do not even know enough to say what you should

eat and what you should avoid, yet my main study for seven years has been animal nutrition. I am quite positive that practically all diet systems are wrong but I realize that experts know little about what is right.

"I will answer just one question to show you how very poorly equipped I am to do so. After hearing my reply I am sure no one else will care to ask one. The lady wants to know the cause of and remedy for rheumatism, and how she should diet. In the first place 'rheumatism' is not a disease; it is a label for a vast uncharted territory on the map of pathology. Secondly, the old uric acid theory of causation is at present in a severe coma; it may revive at some future time, but just now it is dead to the world.

"THE Rheumatism Conference at Bath, England, in the summer of 1928, disclosed that medicine knows almost nothing definitely about the cause, prevention and cure of rheumatism. Lewellyn stressed the functional activity of the skin; Pemberton said improve the blood flow; Swift talked of hypersensitiveness to streptococci! As causes some blamed dampness; others immediately said that dampness could only aggravate a condition which already existed. Some blamed defective nutrition but did not go into details; some blamed the thyroid or other endocrine glands; some accused a deficiency in vitamin B. Nobody knew how to prevent rheumatism and none how to remedy it; all also agreed that it was a costly scourge. Therefore I may conclude by saying that God knows what the lady should eat and by wishing you all a very merry Arbor Day."

You say the egg throwers would have my range before I reached that point? You are probably right. Yet I should have been expressing what is rather too true scientifically. You will agree that it would not have been an oration to impress the sophisticates of Broadway and the boardwalk. For one must either tell them in clear and uncertain language what is not so, impudently explain the inexplicable or profess to work miracles.

THE faker treated cancer and diabetes with some deference. His talents lay in other directions. Perhaps he was aware that scientific medicine knows very definitely how to treat diabetes, if it does not know the cause, and it just as definitely knows that cancer can only be palliated at best. But how about high blood pressure, kidney trouble, rheumatism, eczema and related skin affections, indigestion, constipation? How about nervousness, decaying teeth, dandruff, falling hair, measles and the other diseases of childhood; the common cold, influenza and even infantile paralysis? Sixty-eight per cent of all absences from work on account of sickness may be charged to such causes as colds, grippe, influenza and indigestion, not to the menacing fatal diseases. In many cases medicine is still ignorant: it prescribes; it guesses at causes; it carries on uncoördinated research, but it is all too frequently stumped. This field, then, belongs to cultism and to quackery, at least until the so-called "minor" ailments, with their often very serious consequences, are cleared up.

That is one reason why we have so many quacks in the United States. That is why there were fifty-nine

different methods of healing in New York City in 1924, which included such seductive cults as "biodynamochromatic therapy", "electronaptherapy", "naturology", "spondylotherapy" and "zodiac therapy."

I do not mean to convey the idea that no research is being undertaken upon the diseases mentioned above. The question is rather whether such research as is undertaken is efficiently carried out. For instance the common cold is being widely studied, its very cause being unknown, and two million dollars is available as an endowment for one study alone. Yet can such difficult problems be attacked hopefully just now or would it be wise to attack something else? Who knows? Who supplies general direction? No one.

Dr. K. F. Meyer of the Hooper Foundation, San Francisco, not long ago made some extensive studies on the flora of the nose, throat and ears of children developing otitis media after colds. The results were perfectly incomprehensible. A child would have a certain streptococcus in his nose, a day or two later another would be gotten from his tonsils, still later another would be predominantly in his ears. Later still, when the child's brothers or sisters came down with the same infection, they might have an entirely different kind of germ. The curious thing, in such epidemics, is that the initial type of cold is more or less the same and that doctors will believe themselves to be dealing with a peculiar and more or less constant variety of disease. They think that some particular germ must be the cause, but the bacteriologist cannot honestly sustain them.

The enormous literature of the influenza epidemic demonstrates that nothing very definite has come out of years of hard work by most of the best bacteriologists in the world. The impression remains that the cause of the disease is unknown — perhaps a filtrable virus, or something in the nature of a bacteriophage, or some amorphous chemical capable of reproducing itself. All sorts of bacteria may be found in the respiratory passages of such patients but, so far, responsibility for the illness can be definitely fastened to none of them.

Superficially it seems very promising to have large sums of money for research along such lines. But the idea that money alone can solve these problems is false. One of the wisest things that a research worker can perceive is when to drop a problem, and he often needs some directing agency with a universally functioning viewpoint to tell him when he has entered a blind alley and has not the proper technic to go further. Whenever new methods appear the problem can be attacked again but some supervising, coördinating agency should dictate these moves and direct research against disease sectors where there is some reasonable hope of breaking through. Too many shock troops are lost attacking pathological Verduns.

Again, whereas cancer and tuberculosis have vast foundations, there is reason to believe that many minor diseases are neglected. The doctor shrugs his shoulders when you mention them, but they are intensely important because loaded with potential dangers. It is fairly definitely established that they subtly undermine the system and pave the way for fatal

sequellae sooner or later in life. One cannot help but think that if research upon them offered the opportunity for fame presented by progress in cancer research they would be more strenuously investigated. Constant, but largely uncoördinated and somewhat sporadic research work is carried on continuously but massed, fundamental attacks under competent general direction are lacking.

LAYMEN going to doctors get the impression that, while these lesser diseases flourish, it is nothing to get steamed up about. The medical world is so harried by big problems that minor ailments which cause so much cumulative misery and economic loss, must be neglected. People want to know how to protect their children against colds, measles, mastoiditis, chicken pox, tonsilitis, indigestion, whooping cough and mumps, and the doctors can't tell them. However, quacks stand ready to tell them — wrong.

About the year 1926 a protective serum was announced which was effective for measles in about 85 per cent. of the susceptible individuals, provided it was administered before the fifth day after exposure to the disease. The course of the disease may also sometimes be altered by a serum prepared from the blood of convalescents. But the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for September 15, 1928, lamented that the immunity imparted is always transient and that the prevention of measles is as yet impossible. The organism causing whooping cough seems to be known and a vaccine given early in the disease, before the whoops begin, is sometimes effective; again it cannot be prevented. The cause of tooth decay remains essentially unknown in spite of a vast literature. Something is known of the cause of dandruff, but treatment remains difficult or impossible; baldness seems to be locked in the chromosome and therefore hereditary. Kidney disease, I am told by an authority on medical research, is largely in the hands of gland experts who are doing the most hopeful work of the day, but nephritis is still a mystery. Studies of skin infections go on apace and reach far into biochemistry; the problem has been hopefully narrowed down but remains far from solved.

In short it is apparent that research upon disease in general is not concerted, intensive and well coördinated. If it were it might be found profitable to turn from cancer and tuberculosis, to some extent, to study minor diseases. Several consecutive colds will certainly produce as much cumulative discomfort and misery and perhaps as serious inroads upon the system as an attack of some major disease. The economic waste caused by these minor but irritating ailments is tremendous.

AS AN example of what could be done I cite the work of certain Governmental agencies, first the United States Bureau of Plant Industry. This Bureau has a total appropriation of only about four million dollars annually, of which perhaps one-fourth is used to combat plant diseases. This sum is used in pure research to investigate the nature of plant diseases and to make pathological collections. It is used also to maintain a plant survey, to study specific epidemics like citrus canker and to produce effective control measures. It is employed to combat the diseases of fruit and nut trees, of

forest and ornamental trees and of shrubs; to eradicate and, meantime, control white pine blister rust and to do the same for diseases of cotton, potatoes, truck crops, forage crops and drug plants. All of that concerted, intelligently directed, unified effort is purchased at one million a year and saves the country untold millions by its effectiveness. Note the scope of this work. Also note that its success depends upon the fact that we have here an intensive drive under Federal control which enlists the activities of many types of scientists who all work together to one end — the eradication and control of all types of plant disease.

But such work is not only effective against plant diseases; it is invoked to protect our domestic animals as well. The United States Bureau of Animal Industry is maintained by a total appropriation of some fourteen million dollars annually; of this about five million has been spent each year upon the control and eradication of animal diseases. These measures are undertaken because Dr. John R. Mohler, Chief of the Bureau, estimates our annual losses from various animal diseases as approximately $225-000,000. The Bureau of Animal Industry has already completely eradicated pleuro-pneumonia in animals, making the United States the first large country to accomplish this. It discovered the nature of Texas fever, how it was conveyed by the "intermediate host" — the tick — and took preventive measures. Competent judges describe this accomplishment as "the greatest piece of pioneer work in the field of medical research credited to America." The Bureau discovered that a filtrable virus caused hog cholera and produced a serum which imparts a lasting immunity. It eradicated foot-and-mouth disease from the United States; and the fact that it eradicated bovine tuberculosis from the District of Columbia indicates what it could do on larger scale if it had funds. It developed a method to diagnose dourine in horses and has confined it to limited areas in Arizona and Montana.

In 1906 the Bureau discovered surra in a herd of fifty-one apparently healthy zebu cattle from India and saved the country from a plague which, had it become established, would have cost millions. In similar manner it protected the United States from Malta fever in 1905 by a quarantine of infected goats. Its study of hookworm was outstanding and its development of carbon tetrachloride as a remedy was effective. It discovered the parasite causing nodular disease in the intestines of sheep and developed a method of controlling the losses caused by roundworms in swine. It is plain that the research upon and control of animal diseases by this Bureau is coördinated, intensive and successful. It is far more effective than our medical research upon human diseases today.

Now the Bureau of Animal Industry — efficiently split up into specialized divisions — remains flexible in organization and can be expanded here and contracted there as needed. It represents concentrated and intensive effort under competent direction. It accomplishes its results by launching a massed attack against disease on the part of many types of scientists, and has accomplished more to eradicate animal ailments than

perhaps any organization in the country which attacks human diseases. Just such an organization, preferably under Federal control, must be formed to fight human disease before we can hope to wage effective warfare against neglected ills.

WHAT have we today in the way of Federal control? We have the United States Public Health Service expending slightly more than nine million dollars annually, of which approximately four million is spent upon research, control measures and preventive medicine. This Treasury Department organization sprang up almost by accident as an excrescence upon the control work instituted to protect us from diseases brought us by incoming immigrants. It has expanded almost surreptitiously and now maintains among its varied activities the Hygienic Laboratory where amazingly important medical research of a fundamental character is carried on with small funds.

The Public Health Service supervises and controls the manufacture of about one hundred viruses, vaccines, sera and antitoxins. It prepares many popular pamphlets for free distribution and its weekly Public Health Reports are of high quality. Yet all of this valuable work must come out of only part of that four million dollars, whereas animal diseases get eight million. The Public Health Service actually accomplishes miracles on its tiny appropriation, but, as a whole, our Federal health work is shockingly inadequate.

In 1913 a Commission on Economy and Efficiency, appointed by President Taft, recommended the creation of an independent Public Health Service and this recommendation was passed on to Congress. It visualized bringing all the various divisions and bureaus together under a common direction so that it would be possible for the Government to have a definite programme adapted to the actual needs of the people. But Congress had matters of more importance to consider and though the idea was discussed also in 1924 and 1926, it remains a mere idea today.

THE Federal Government authorizes the expenditure of some eighty to one hundred millions annually for the construction of rural post roads. It is a judicious expenditure, but it is somewhat shocking to consider at the same time that the grant for rural health work is about fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars annually! Less than one-half of one per cent. of the estimated expenditures of the Government for 1926–1927 went to the promotion of public health by all agencies combined. Though as a nation we spend $6.33 *per capita* for drugs (more than half of them useless), we spent in 1923 but 59 cents *per capita* for all public health work — local, State or Federal.

An expert on these matters recently declared:

> Shortage of personnel and curtailed financial support, as observed among local, State and Federal health agencies, are to be regretted mainly because this inadequacy delays the utilization of existing knowledge, through the use of which several destructive diseases might be prevented. This weakness of official agencies, particularly the insufficiency of funds appropriated to the Public Health Service, is serious, also, because it retards the development of research. Here is a field of pressing need. Cancer still baffles the skill of scientists. Infantile paralysis remains a curse of childhood. Pneumonia is still unconquered. Modern

medicine remains impotent before influenza. A vast amount of research work is awaiting the attention of scientists in the field of industrial medicine, and relatively little has been done in a scientific way in combating mental diseases.

This from H. H. Moore, now supervising the valuable work of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, with headquarters in Washington, D. C.

In March, 1922, we find *The Journal of the American Medical Association* lamenting that "The people of this country spend $500,000,000 a year on drugs, in addition to other large sums for other means of obtaining relief from suffering and disease. Would it not 'pay' to spend a million or two a year to determine whether this great drug bill could not be reduced by the discovery of better, fewer, and cheaper drugs as well as of other means of preventing disease and of obtaining relief from pain?" It would pay, yes. But why not spend twenty million on the idea while we are at it and why not expend some of it to assuage the anxiety of mothers who fear that Tommy or Katie will be attacked by measles, and to cut the ground from under fake health artists?

TODAY members of the American Medical Association are themselves so indifferent to preventive medicine that they will repeatedly fail to utilize protective measures until urged to do so by Public Health Departments and they withhold their cooperation more often than they accord it to support public health work. The Association is officially on record in support of such work, yet members frequently lecture its various divisions in annual meetings upon the neglect of preventive medicine and the lethargy shown by organized therapy in supporting some form of nationally directed attack upon disease.

WE HAVE observed that medical research upon the human diseases is disorganized. We have seen a Government bureau scientifically organized for a concentrated drive on animal disease with scientists of all sorts leagued together in a common cause. It seems so obvious as to be almost annoyingly self-evident that precisely the same sort of an attack should be made by scientific agencies upon human diseases as is being made by the Bureau of Animal Industry upon animal diseases. Such organization and direction are the proper province of the Federal Government.

By similar organized work in various Governmental bureaus we have shown business and industry how to increase profits by standardization; we have shown orchardists and farmers and cattle men how to free their plants and animals from disease. We have spent somewhat freely on these activities and we have also spent very, very wisely indeed.

I submit that fifty million dollars annually could not be better spent than in the organization of a centralized federal bureau of public health to act as a general staff and idea clearing house in the direction of an organized attack upon the problem of human disease. The step is so logical that it seems almost impossible to imagine it has not already been taken. But the fact remains. We save industry, we save plants, we save animals; ourselves we do not yet use common sense enough to save.

Dead Hands and Frozen Funds

By Ralph Hayes

The Community Trust as a means of revising the wills of Rip van Winkles which have become so obsolete as to be pernicious to the public good

Rip van Winkle, after all, slept for only twenty years, and when he arose he did manage, in a fashion, to adjust himself to the new ways of the world. Suppose he had dozed off for a century or two; or hadn't wakened at all. And suppose he had decreed that the world should conform — and remain conformed — to *his* notions, however long he slumbered. That would have been something for Washington Irving to write to posterity about. Nor need the account to have been wholly a flight of fancy. Many times before Rip's day, and often since, it has been tried, frequently with measurable success.

Consider, for example, an enterprise begun by Moses Brown, John Norris and William Bartlett, of Newburyport, near Boston. These gentlemen have been dead a hundred years and more, but their spirits still stalk through Massachusetts townships. A chair of theology that had existed since 1721 at Harvard was occupied in 1805 by a divine suspected of looking too sympathetically upon Unitarian heresies. Whereupon all New England resounded with the outraged cries of Trinitarians, marching as to war. At Newburyport and over the neighboring hills at Andover, men sprang to the task of rearing new temples of theology to vanquish Harvard's apostasy and keep New England safe for orthodoxy.

Unfortunately for these defenders of the faith, they involved themselves in a stiff-necked dispute as to just what *was* orthodox. But heroic efforts were made to compose this schism in the face of the common peril rearing its head at Harvard, and though their differences proved nearly insurmountable, the factions were finally persuaded to subscribe to a compromise formula including a prodigious and amazing array of dogma. Then — after the fashion of humankind — they found it easy to agree that their followers should not be allowed the luxury of differing from what they had been pleased to ordain; so they constructed a verbal straightjacket calculated to prevent the slightest amendment of their dogmas through all time to come.

That was the beginning of Andover Theological Seminary, and those were the "Statutes of the Associate Foun-

dation in the Theological Institution in Andover". Every Professor and member of the Board of Visitors was obliged to recite publicly the whole of that Creed at his inauguration and, lest he forget, to repeat it publicly every five years. At annual meetings of the Board of Visitors, the entire Statutes were to be read before the business of the session could begin.

AFTER stating thriftily in Article I that the $40,000 contributed by Brown, Norris and Bartlett should be kept segregated "in a trunk or chest, prepared for prompt removal," Article II launched into the compulsory and perpetual Creed. These excerpts will indicate the nature of it:

> I believe . . . that in consequence of Adam's disobedience, all his descendants were constituted sinners; that by nature every man is personally depraved, destitute of holiness, unlike and opposed to God; . . . that being morally incapable of recovering the image of his Creator . . . every man is justly exposed to eternal damnation; . . . that God, of His mere good pleasure, from all eternity elected some to everlasting life . . . so that our salvation is wholly of grace; that no means whatever can change the heart of a sinner, and make it holy; . . . that by convincing us of our sin and misery . . . the Holy Spirit makes us partakers of the benefits of redemption; . . . that the wicked will . . . with devils be plunged into the lake, that burneth with fire and brimstone forever and ever. I moreover believe that God . . . for His own Glory hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass; . . . that nothing but the sinner's aversion to holiness prevents his salvation; . . . that all the evil which has existed, and which will forever exist in the moral system, will eventually be made to promote a most important purpose under the wise and perfect administration of that Almighty Being, Who will cause all things to work for His own glory, and thus fulfill all His pleasure. And furthermore, I do solemnly promise . . . that I will maintain and inculcate the . . . Creed by me now repeated . . . in opposition not only to Atheists and Infidels but to Jews, Papists, Mahometans, Arians, Pelagians, Antinomians, Arminians, Socinians, Sabellians, Unitarians and Universalists; and to all other heresies and errors, ancient or modern. . . .

The Statutes solemnly charged the Board of Visitors to "guard . . . in all future time against all perversion, or the smallest avoidance of our true design as herein expressed. . . . It is strictly and solemnly enjoined," continued the Statutes, "that every article of the above Creed shall forever remain entirely and identically the same, without the least alteration, or any addition or diminution," and that (unless altered by the Founders themselves within seven years) it shall "continue, as the Sun and Moon, forever."

It is somewhat startling and not wholly pleasant to discover that of the three men who supplied the funds sponsoring this clarification of the cosmos, not one had himself joined any church. For, through unnumbered years, men were to struggle to execute the uttermost letter of that cruel creed. The recurring efforts of godly men to find some relief from its strangling grip, were to make a dismal story. It was to set up a spiritual terrorism that was to become more intolerable as men learned tolerance.

AFTER a century of recurrent controversy and litigation, the Seminary found itself unable to attract funds sufficient to support it, a faculty adequate to man it, or students enough to occupy it. Twenty years ago it left Andover and settled at Cambridge; a dozen years later the President of Harvard announced that the two institutions had negotiated a plan of

affiliation. The ancient vendetta seemed finished. The holy war seemed ended.

But the hope was vain. For only the living were reconciled. Dead men's quarrels go on forever.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts ruled, after a bitterly contested suit, that the affiliation of the two schools was forbidden by the words written into the Creed of 1807 and ordered to "remain . . . identically the same, without . . . alteration, or . . . addition, or diminution . . . as the Sun and Moon, forever." "The Court," said Chief Justice Rugg's scholarly decision, "has no concern with the degree of public advantage likely to flow" from the proposed affiliation. The founders' views "were immutable. (They) looked forward to no . . . modification."

IF FURTHER requiem were needed, it is supplied by a news dispatch that appeared a little later in the press:

> The Harvard Theological School, with a record registration, began the academic year today, no longer affiliated with the Andover Seminary. . . . With the dissolution of the affiliation the Harvard school retained practically the entire student body of the combined schools. . . . The Andover building has been rented by Harvard. . . . The Andover Faculty have resigned their Andover professorships.

Here was a potentially noble object — academic emphasis upon spiritual values But to such dour extremes was it carried and in such inflexible form was it cast that it destroyed itself. What might have grown to be a healing influence among men became instead a shriveled and shrunken thing, because its authors refused to learn what the great missionary taught the Corinthians — that the letter killeth.

It would be comforting to state that the principle illustrated by the Andover episode is of rare occurrence — comforting but untrue. In one form or another it is repeated with dreary frequency. Few communities in these modern days are without their quotas of frozen funds.

A lady who lived in a New York hamlet thirty years ago built a bell-tower for the village church and put some books inside it to make a library for her fellow-townsmen. When she died, she left in trust some shares of stock, whose income would buy more books, and some other shares "to keep the . . . tower bells in good condition and aid in playing said bells."

These last were shares of the New Jersey Zinc Company's common stock. The World War burst, and Jersey Zinc became a "war baby." In 1914, its dividends rose to 50 per cent. In 1915, after paying 50 per cent. more, it added a stock dividend of 250 per cent. In 1916 it declared dividends of 76 per cent. on the whole of the multiplied capitalization. The income alone in this one year was two and a half times the par value of the original principal.

THE village was one of less than a thousand souls. The church, in consequence, was small and the bell tower smaller. With the income from the trust mounting crazily, books were bought until the tower was crammed and would hold no more. "No further purchases could be made," the New York Supreme Court later determined, "on account of lack of room in which to keep the same." Still expenditures fell behind receipts, so far behind that surplus income, ten times

the par value of the trust when made, piled up unused. The trustee sought escape from its embarrassment by resorting to judicial proceedings for authorization to use its swollen funds to provide more library facilities than the confines of the tower would permit. The court's findings confirmed the fact that the tower facilities were "utterly inadequate," that there was "complete congestion for want of room in which to locate the necessary bookcases," and that "access to the library floor is only obtained by means of a spiral stairway so narrow that persons cannot meet and pass on the stairs" which were so constructed that it was "with the greatest difficulty that many elderly persons" could reach the library at all. Willing as the court was to strain its powers to grant relief, the limits of its discretion were narrow. The words of the will were plain — the bells and books were to be "*in that tower.*" Those directions, the court held, forbade the trustee "to purchase or construct a separate building." It might revamp the tower so as to crowd more books into it, but excess volumes might not be housed under another roof!

WHEN Stephen Girard died in 1831, to cite another instance of overly-ordered trusts, the *ante mortem* benefactions of that sturdy mariner and merchant did not prevent his leaving the largest fortune that any American had accumulated in the first fifty years of the Republic. Two million dollars and the residue of his estate were left for founding and maintaining an institution for white, male, legitimate orphans. Part of that residue consisted of land along the Schuylkill, where one day it would be found that the anthracite lay thickest. In sixty-five years, more than ninety-eight million tons of coal have been dug from those lands. As long ago as 1877 — such totals had the mineral revenues reached — the administrative board voted that the coal receipts should be considered not as income but as capital and that three-quarters of it, not being needed for current operations, might be turned back into permanent accumulation. Twenty years later it became advisable to treat the remaining quarter similarly and *all* the mines' earnings reverted to capital. Before the end of 1927 the residuary fund of the institution had passed $77,000,000.

IN PRECISE detail the will of Mr. Girard itemized the procedure to be followed in the erection of the buildings of his orphanages. But great as he was as trader and patriot, he was less successful as an architect.

"The (main) building had not been completed," wrote Dr. C. A. Herrick, President of Girard College, "before the architect was well aware of the limitations of his plans." Of the interior, the designer wrote: "The reverberation of sound in these rooms . . . renders them wholly unfit for use. . . . They are, however, constructed in exact accordance with the will, and these results were anticipated in the earliest stages of the work, but as Mr. Girard left no discretionary power . . . we were compelled to take the letter of the will as our guide, let the results be what they might."

The grounds of the college, the will directed, should be surrounded by a solid wall fourteen inches thick and ten feet high. Two entrances were specified, each to be guarded by two

gates — an outer one of wood and an inner one of iron. The wall still stands — a mile and a quarter long, reinforced by spurs every fourteen feet. Within the gates of that stone barricade, the will forbids any clergyman to set foot. "I enjoin and require," said Mr. Girard in his will, "that no ecclesiastic, missionary or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever . . . be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises. . . ."

The curriculum of the school was prescribed in as great detail as the style of the buildings. There has been, for example, prolonged consideration of the mandate that practical instruction in navigation be given to the orphans. Through a term of years, writes Dr. Herrick, "a formal compliance with the directions of the will was made through teaching a limited amount of the theory of navigation in connection with mathematics. Instruments used in navigation were exhibited and some theoretical information given as to the way in which these are employed. . . ."

But this too minute and too rigid attempt to control petty details of construction and curriculum are overshadowed by a greater question. While able management has caused the Girard funds to multiply, as if by magic, to nearly eighty millions, there has been developing concurrently a growing doubt about the social effectiveness of housing orphans in institutions, as compared with placing them in a domestic environment. Present sociological thought runs heavily against the orphanages. The nature of an institution's handicaps may be illustrated by an excerpt from a statement made by the President of Girard College itself. Wrote Dr. Herrick:

> The superintendent of household reports on the embarrassment of our senior boys when they face what is to them the social ordeal of going to a class supper or taking the annual trip in the coal regions or to Washington. Almost invariably before such a supper, groups of boys will gather around a sympathetic teacher or officer and ask the most naïve questions about table manners, the use of silver and china, and the ordering of a meal from a menu. In this way, some of the boys learn a little of the amenities of social life, but it still remains that at least one-half of the boys leaving Girard College do not have this opportunity, as they do not attend the class suppers and are not taken on the trips mentioned. Some means of more normal living seems to be the present greatest need of the institution.

This vast aggregation of capital has the benefits of skillful management, and its administrators have shown ingenuity in minimizing the effect of the obsolete or inadvisable portions of their century-old charter. But the fact remains that, judged in the light of an additional hundred years of experience in building construction, pedagogy and child-care, the Girard will is both mechanically and philosophically inadequate. The rigidity of its terms tends to perpetuate that inadequacy and to impair the social usefulness of an accumulation that is likely soon to exceed a hundred million dollars.

Permanent trusts are prey to every variety of deterioration; they are threatened by pernicious anæmia, progressive paralysis, galloping futility. And the number of those that have wholly or partially succumbed is legion. Statutory law since 1600 and common law from time immemorial have ordained that funds dedicated to purposes deemed "public" or "chari-

table" in law, may have the privilege of perpetual existence. That privilege extends to no other trusts. A fund for any private purpose, say the benefit of a relative, may have a trust imposed upon it for only a limited time — in New York for a period measured by "two lives in being." Within, or at the end of, that period, it must pass to the absolute possession of someone, freed of the trust restriction. But a fund for any public purpose — say a hospital, an orphanage, a college — may be trusteed forever, and its application be limited to the particular purpose the founder specifies.

As years go on and changes multiply, these perpetuities frequently get out of joint with the times. A precise execution of their literal terms may become unnecessary, impractical or impossible.

WHEN, in such a contingency, the trustee possesses no sufficient grant of discretionary authority from the terms of the will or trust deed, there remains only the possibility of invoking the ultimate power of the State to "break" the moribund instrument. This is done by the assertion of the doctrine of *cy pres* — the judicial conclusion that, a literal administration having become impracticable, an alternative execution approximating as nearly as possible the original scheme may be substituted.

But this doctrine, unfortunately, is applicable only in highly exceptional circumstances. That the carrying out of the objects of a trust has become expensive or unnecessary or fantastic does not furnish grounds for calling upon the *cy pres* doctrine to grant relief through amending the outworn terms. An absolute or virtual impossibility of execution must be proved. Moreover, in the absence of specific enabling statutes, *cy pres* cannot become operative except where the court can discover in the founding instrument a *general* charitable intent in addition to the *specific* purpose that has become antiquated.

Three centuries' development of the law of charitable trusts has thus left us in something of a morass, resulting not at all from the functioning of the courts nor mainly from lack of legislation, but almost wholly from the failure of human imagination.

A distinguished lawyer and banker of the Middle West, the late Judge F. H. Goff, sometime member of the then prominent firm of Kline, Tolles and Goff, and later President of the Cleveland Trust Company, devoted himself to the task of devising a procedure for the administration of charitable trusts that would adapt itself to current needs and commend itself to modern thought. In 1914 he made public the formulated results of his labors — his plan for Community Trusts or Foundations. His design seemed a simple and transparent thing, but it followed years of investigation, conferences and revisions. In upwards of sixty cities the primary features of the arrangement proposed by Judge Goff have been adopted.

THE first requirement for the competent management of charitable perpetuities, he believed, was the continuing safety and the prudent management of the principal of these funds. For the skillful performance of this task, no other agency approximated the dependability of the trust company, which had developed as a form of corporate fiscal organization

with spectacular rapidity in the United States during the last half century. Here was combined stability, continuity, responsibility and technical expertness.

JUDGE Goff accordingly embodied his plan in the form of a resolution and persuaded the directorate of his own trust company formally to adopt it and agree thereby to accept trusts proffered for administration pursuant to its terms. In subsequently organized community trusts, various banks and trust companies — rather than only one, as in Cleveland — have subscribed to a basically similar "resolution and declaration of trust." In New York more than a score of institutions have so made themselves eligible to hold the resources of the New York Community Trust, and the creator of any fund selects from among these qualified trustees the particular one he prefers as the custodian of his fund. Thus the preservation and prudent management of principal was assured.

Beyond that, in the view of Judge Goff, it was advisable to develop a mechanism for so supervising the application of *income* as to carry out scrupulously the wishes of the founder of each fund while at the same time retaining sufficient flexibility in its operations to prevent any trust from becoming "frozen." The manner in which this object is attained may be illustrated by the formation of the central Distribution Committee of the New York Community Trust, which is substantially similar to the corresponding portions of community trusts elsewhere.

By the representatives of all the banks and trust companies affiliated in the Community Trust, five persons are "selected for their knowledge of the educational, charitable or benevolent needs of the inhabitants of the community." To these five, six others are added, one chosen by the senior judge of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, one by the Mayor and one each by the presidents of the Association of the Bar, the Academy of Medicine, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and the New York State Chamber of Commerce. These eleven constitute the gradually rotating Distribution Committee. None of them may be a public officeholder and not more than three may belong to the same religious denomination.

WHENEVER income from any trust fund becomes available for disbursement, the trustee of that fund so certifies to the Distribution Committee. The Committee consults the will or trust agreement which created the fund and reviews the wishes of the founder concerning the application of its income. If adherence to the originally designated objects remains practicable and desirable, the Committee gives appropriate instructions to the trustee and the disbursement is accordingly made. But if, in the course of time, changed circumstances make necessary or advisable the amendment of the original terms, the Committee is authorized and directed by the founder to put such amendments into effect so as to keep the trust usefully employed. This discretionary function of the Distribution Committee constitutes one essential of the plan. Another lies in the separation of the fiscal function, as performed by the trustee, from the sociological task, as performed by the Distribution Committee.

It is to be noted that no funds are

left to the Community Trust itself or to its Distribution Committee. Instead, they are left, in trust, with the corporate trustees of the Community Trust. Nor is income paid over to the Distribution Committee by those trustees. They simply certify to the committee when income is available for disbursement and pay out that income directly to the beneficiaries after the authorization of the Committee has been received.

FIFTEEN years of operation, establishment in over sixty cities, and consistently increasing volume of capital funds, would appear to support the conclusion that, in the community trusts, an effective solution of the problem of administering perpetual charitable funds may now be in process of evolution. In 1925, sixteen of them had reached the stage of beginning the annual distribution of income from accumulated resources; in 1926 the number had increased to eighteen; in 1927 to twenty; in 1928 to twenty-six. The total disbursements in 1925 were $441,000. The next year it rose to $494,000, and in 1927 to $562,000. Last year it was $618,000. In the five cities of Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Indianapolis and New York and during the five years from 1922 to 1927 the principal of community trust funds rose by 104 per cent. and their appropriation of income increased by 164 per cent. Funds now being administered through the community trusts exceed twenty million dollars.

Fifteen years — or fifty — may be too brief a time in which to appraise the social value represented in the community trust. Colonel Leonard P. Ayres is disposed to believe it to be "the most important single contribution of our generation to the art of wise giving." Dr. Irving Fisher of Yale regards it as potentially the most significant innovation in our society. From the evidence adduced during the first decade and a half of its existence, there is reason to believe that, in the technique of administering charitable trusts, it bids fair to achieve an improvement of major consequence and to contribute greatly to posterity.

Perils of the Mexican Invasion

By S. J. Holmes
Professor of Zoölogy, University of California

While still paying for past blunders in the importation of cheap labor, we are now admitting a new menace to national prosperity from across the Rio Grande

The United States seems fated never to be free from troubles attendant on race and immigration. First it was the negroes — then it was the Chinese and Japanese — and now it is the Mexicans. Soon it will be the Filipinos. Lately the Mexican situation has developed to an acute stage and will doubtless receive much attention during the next session of Congress.

The influx of Mexicans has been stimulated by the shortage of cheap labor resulting from the curtailment of European immigration after the World War. Since the quota system was not applied to the New World, Mexicans were free to enter in unlimited numbers. True, the admission of Mexicans is regulated by an elementary literacy test, and by a *visa* fee and head tax which together amount to eighteen dollars. But there is no doubt that the literacy test and the fees are avoided by the simple process of sneaking over the border through the *chapparal*, or paddling across the Rio Grande.

It is of course impossible to estimate accurately the number of the illegal incomers, but several officials who are familiar with border conditions consider that it is as great as the number of legal immigrants. The real volume of the influx is a subject upon which the advocates of free Mexican immigration are manifestly quite sensitive, and they endeavor to make out that it is not nearly so great as it seems. In considering any restrictive measures the number of persons apt to be affected is obviously a matter of prime importance.

According to the reports of the Commissioner General of Immigration, the influx from Mexico previous to 1900 was insignificant in amount, never rising to 1,000 per annum, and seldom exceeding 500. In 1908 the recorded number suddenly shot up from 915 to 5,682. In the following year it became 15,591, and then increased by leaps and bounds, reaching its climax in 1924 with a figure of 87,648. The numbers for 1925, 1926 and 1927 were 32,378, 42,638 and 66,766 respectively.

But do these immigrants arriving across our Southwestern borders remain? The data of the Commissioner General on outgoing Mexicans are obviously in-

complete, and those who are interested in the importation of cheap Mexican labor try to assure us that there is really nothing to worry about because most of these laborers subsequently go back to their native country. But nobody has been able to furnish convincing evidence for such a contention. If most of our Mexican laborers return to their native country it is rather surprising that they should have recently become so much more numerous on the farms and railroads and in the mines and factories of the Southwest, and that so many more of them have spread into the Northern and Eastern states. Even cities as remote from Mexico as Omaha, Pittsburgh, and Milwaukee now have their Mexican quarters. The Mexican population of Chicago has recently swelled to approximately ten thousand. The growth of the Mexican population in Los Angeles has been phenomenal. There were 817 in that city in 1900. In 1910 the number increased to 5,632, and by 1920 to 21,653. A recent estimate of the Mexican population in Los Angeles County places the number at 225,000. Anyone who has travelled through the Southwest during the last decade cannot fail to be impressed with the greatly increased number of Mexicans who are everywhere in evidence.

We fortunately possess in the reports of the U. S. Census very valuable supplementary information on the extent and permanence of the Mexican influx. In 1910 the persons in the United States giving Mexico as their place of birth numbered 221,915. In 1920 our Mexican born population was given as 486,418, thus showing a gain of 264,503. For the period between 1910 and 1920 the reports of the Commissioner General of Immigration show an excess of admissions over departures of 163,105. Instead of exaggerating the volume of Mexican immigration, the figures of the Commissioner General fall far short of revealing its true extent.

How far this influx will eventually modify the racial composition of the American people in the border states depends not only on the number entering, but also on the proportion of the sexes. Mexican immigrants, like those from most other countries, include more males than females, but less than twice as many, so that the sex composition of the incomers is not unfavorable for a rapid increase of their stock. The Mexican frequently brings or soon sends for his family, and his family is apt to be a large one.

Unfortunately there are no official records of the Mexican birth rate. At a recent State fair in Sacramento, California, when prizes were offered for the largest families, the first prize went to a Mexican family with sixteen children, the second prize to a Portuguese family with fifteen, and the third prize again to a Mexican family with fourteen. This excessive fecundity is of course exceptional, but it is indicative of the breeding habits of this class of our population.

Is it not evident, then, that the Mexican invasion is bound to have far-reaching effects upon our national life? In recent years we have for the first time begun to give heed to the subject of human values in dealing with immigration. That a matter so vital to the welfare of a people should have been allowed to pass so long un-

heeded is indeed an incredible stupidity. Before we encourage so many new neighbors to live in our midst we should pay some attention to their value as permanent additions to our social order. A Mexican may be anything from a descendant of pure Castilian stock to an Indian peon without a trace of Caucasian blood. The latter type constitutes a large proportion of our recent immigrants. Ignorant, tractable, moderately industrious, and content to endure wretched conditions of life which most white laborers would not tolerate, the Mexican peon has proved a great boon to employers in the Southwest. There has gradually come to be a dependence upon Mexican labor to such an extent that many important industries would be handicapped, at least temporarily, if the supply of this labor were suddenly shut off.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when the proposal to restrict Mexican immigration was considered by the Senate and House Committees on Immigration there was strong opposition from the representatives of many industries. Speaking in general terms, big business is opposed to restriction. Railroad companies, associations of cotton growers, beet growers, cattle and sheep raisers, and other business organizations sent representatives to plead their cause before the Senate and House Committees. The resolutions of these organizations and the testimony of their lobbyists are mainly repetitions of much the same theme. Mexican labor, it was claimed, has come to be practically indispensable, and the white labor that can be secured is relatively inferior and unreliable. For instance, speaking of the labor of shearing sheep, Representative Hudspeth of Texas said: "You cannot get a white man to shear sheep; there hasn't been a white man shearing sheep in Texas in fifteen years. They will not do that greasy, hard work". According to another statement: "The opposition [to restriction] comes from the walking delegates of labor unions and idealists and sentimentalists. I have been an employer of labor for many years, running as high as 20,000 per year for farm operations. If I had to depend upon the class of white labor I have had experience with, I would quit tomorrow. . . . These editors and sob sisters who are talking about Los Angeles being full of unemployed Americans who could get work if it were not for the Mexicans, never tried to recruit a threshing crew or fruit pickers among them or they would be singing in a different key."

Mexican labor is extolled because it is peculiarly adapted to the work of fruit, cotton and beet raising for which transient white labor is so unsatisfactory. Much of this work is seasonal, and when it is finished the Mexican loads his family into an ancient Ford and treks to some other locality. There is great need for this transient labor in Western agriculture. And it must be admitted that white labor is practically unobtainable for this work at the prices paid.

This is, I believe, an entirely fair, though brief, statement of the case for unrestricted immigration of Mexican laborers. The arguments used are precisely those employed by proponents of unrestricted immigration from Europe at the close of the Great War. At that time it was urged that this and that industry were dependent

upon relatively cheap labor from Europe and that the industries would be ruined if immigration were suddenly to be curtailed. But these dire predictions were not fulfilled, and the industrial life of the country went on without serious interruption.

As an immediate economic asset Mexican labor is doubtless of value, but even from the economic standpoint there are distinctly two sides to the question. If cheap Mexican labor profits the employers, it also tends to lower the wages of American workers and to force them to migrate. Numerous labor organizations have protested against the importation of Mexicans on the ground that they supplant white American laborers and greatly exaggerate the evil of unemployment. As Mr. McKemy, Commissioner of Labor of Texas, stated before the Committee on Immigration, "Mexican labor has supplanted native American labor to such an extent that today fully seventy-five per cent. of the common or unskilled labor in my State is performed by Mexicans. This deplorable situation can be traceable only to one cause, and that is the inability of the American to compete with the Mexican in living standards. The standard of living among these Mexicans is so low that the American cannot maintain his family in comfort and decency by working for the same wages as the Mexicans receive. . . . The simple and sordid truth is that employers of labor prefer to recruit Mexican laborers because they can be induced to work for starvation wages. That American citizens are thus deprived of employment and confronted with the desperate situation of deprivation for their families does not seem to concern the men who direct the affairs of corporations with the sole purpose of paying dividends." A merchant of Austin, Texas, writes, "Mexican cheap labor of every character has already driven out practically all negro laborers in Southwestern Texas; hundreds of business establishments are employing Mexican girls and boys at such a low wage that even a self-respecting Mexican adult cannot live suitably, and they have, of course, displaced our American cheap labor class almost entirely."

Cases of acute distress due to the wholesale discharge of American workers and the employment of Mexicans at a lower wage are by no means rare. The commander of an American Legion Post in a prominent town in Texas stated that he had "recently attempted to place some ex-service men in employment on the farms. They were pointedly told that they could go to work with and perform the same labor as the Mexicans at $1.25 per day." The large plantations pay relatively low wages, and the Mexicans show a tendency to leave agricultural pursuits and to seek better paid jobs elsewhere. Then more laborers are brought in from Mexico only to be graduated into other industries as they become more sophisticated. Thus the process of encouraging immigration goes on.

Many industries of the Southwest are getting upon a cheap labor basis and the movement is rapidly spreading. No one can support a family at a decent American standard on the wages paid in many parts for agricultural labor. Even $1.50 a day looks good to the Mexican as he comes into this country, but he is frequently

thrown out of employment on the farms and often fails to have better luck in the towns. The president of the Humanitarian Heart Mission writes on conditions in Denver as follows: "The sugar beet company employs the very poorest and most ignorant Mexicans with large families; brings them to Denver, working them in the beet fields until snow flies. These unfortunates then congregate in Denver with $15 or $20 to keep a large family and no possible means of support by labor through the winter season." A Mexican slum district is coming to be a common feature of our Southwestern cities. In the so-called "bull pens" of San Antonio, according to P. G. Nelson "you will find barefooted and ragged children, dirty men and women, living in the filth, mud, and dirt in the most deplorable and dilapidated shacks."

AMERICAN laborers are naturally averse to competing on terms which compel them to lower their standards of living. Politicians who oppose the bill sponsored in Congress by Judge Box with the purpose of limiting Mexican immigration, do not like to admit that the importation of Mexicans works any injury to American labor, but they have a hard job to make out a plausible case. Representative Hudspeth, of Texas, when asked, "Do you believe that Mexicans are displacing white Americans?" replied, "If I did to any great extent I would not be against this bill." But he significantly switched to other aspects of the problem, dwelt on his record as a friend of the laboring man, and failed to supply any evidence for his answer.

The attempt to persuade us that Mexicans do not drive Americans out of employment involves a denial of perfectly obvious facts. After American labor is driven out and replaced by Mexican workers at a lower wage, one naturally has difficulty in employing more Americans. Then it is argued that American labor is not interfered with because it will not work in these employments!

AND not only is the competition of Mexican immigrants felt by the laboring class; it affects also the owners of small farms and the tenant farmers as contrasted with the owners of large farms and plantations. The American tenant farmer has to compete with the Mexican tenant who — especially if he has a large family of children whom he can put to work at picking cotton or pulling beets — is able to accept terms which the American is practically compelled to refuse. Mexican immigration has resulted in the almost complete elimination of American renters and small farmers in certain sections of the Southwest. Professor Handman of the University of Texas reports that, "This increase in numbers of Mexican farms has had some very disastrous consequences upon the effort of the American community to keep up its school system. This is because of the gradual moving away of the white farmer with his tradition of schooling. . . . The rural schools in many Texas communities have thus been disrupted." No American family cares to have neighbors on the low educational level of most Mexican immigrants.

That these newcomers are likely to add to the political competency of the American people is a proposition which could probably find no de-

fenders. They have little understanding of our Government or institutions and are usually indifferent to political questions. When they vote at all they commonly do so at the dictation of some boss, neither knowing nor caring what it is all about. Of all the foreign stocks represented in any considerable numbers in our population the Mexicans appear to be the least assimilable. In New Mexico numerous Mexicans have lived for generations without ever learning the English language. Even in the State legislature announcements have to be made in Spanish as well as in English for the benefit of the legislators who are unfamiliar with English. There is no better example of slow assimilation than this amazing situation.

THAT the presence of numerous Mexicans in our midst is a constant menace to public health is shown by an abundance of evidence. Tuberculosis is common among them, and there has been a good deal of complaint on the score of syphilis. According to the county health officer of Los Angeles, "Our tuberculosis division found 4,000 cases to have been infected before they crossed the border." Not infrequently virulent smallpox, and in a few cases typhus, has been brought in by the Mexicans. A people living under unwholesome conditions, ignorant of sanitation, and knowing nothing of the causes of infections and epidemics, is an ever present source of danger. This was recently illustrated by the outbreak of pneumonic plague among the Mexicans in Los Angeles.

The Mexicans are proving to be also a serious burden upon our charities. This is in large part due to the seasonal and intermittent character of their employment, the recency of their arrival, their low standards of education, and the fact that they constitute a reserve of cheap labor. A representative of a large corporation in Dallas, Texas, writes, "Here in Dallas we have a colony of 10,000 or 15,000 Mexicans and we are called upon to feed them whenever the slightest depression occurs in business." According to the superintendent of the Belvedere district in Los Angeles, "The Mexican situation in the Belvedere district is really a quite alarming one. Belvedere has a population of approximately 120,000 people, about 45,000 of whom are Mexicans. Sixty per cent. of our cases are Mexicans. These people have come to this country in an absolutely destitute condition. They are without clothing except the few garments that cover them; they have no furniture and are absolutely without resources. . . ."

A REPORT of the California Commission on Immigration and Housing made to the Governor in 1926 states, "The Mexicans as a general rule become a public charge under slight provocation and have become a great burden to our communities. In Los Angeles the outdoor relief division states that 27.44 per cent. of its cases are Mexicans. The bureau of Catholic charities reports that 53 per cent. of its cases are Mexicans, who consume at least 50 per cent. of the budget. . . . The city maternity service reports 62.5 per cent. of its cases Mexicans, using 73 per cent. of its budget." And after citing similar data from other cities and counties in California the report summarizes its statements concerning the Mexicans as follows:

1. They drain our charities.
2. They or their children become a large portion of our jail population.
3. They affect the health of our communities.
4. They create a problem in labor camps.
5. They require special attention in our schools and are of low mentality.
6. They diminish the percentage of our white population.
7. They remain foreign.

As to crime, the record of the Mexicans is not reassuring. In general they furnish more than their quota of offenders. Usually the Mexican has a wholesome respect for authority. He is docile, easily managed, and has many traits which are valued by those who have learned to understand his ways and viewpoints. But he is often a criminal for the same reasons that he is frequently a public charge. Inherently he may be no more inclined to crime than the rest of us, but this does not alter the fact that under existing conditions he frequently gets into difficulties with the legal authorities.

FROM whatever standpoint we may evaluate these Mexican laborers as an element of our social life we find that, except as affording a supply of cheap labor, they are more of a burden than a benefit. It is, I believe, a sound immigration policy to exclude all peoples who do not measure up to the average level of our own American stock. Immigration can be made a means of racial improvement instead of degeneracy. We should control immigration on the basis of the qualities of the people who will inhabit this country after we are gone. The menial laborers of today produce the citizens of tomorrow. Consequently in considering the addition of any alien stocks to our nation we should look beyond the immediate economic advantages of their labor and bear in mind that their descendants are to be with us through an indefinite future time.

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand are among the very few countries which have managed their immigration with foresight and real patriotism. They have had abundant opportunities for securing cheap labor which would have poured in upon them in hordes, but they have consistently stood for the high quality of their immigrant population; and future generations of their inhabitants will be profoundly indebted to this wise policy. These are prosperous countries with a fine people enjoying a high standard of education and having the lowest death rates of any countries in the world. The people do their own work. They raise many sheep and export much wool. Presumably therefore they even do their own sheep shearing. If the Australians had imported a lot of cheap laborers, one would probably find that sheep shearing and other menial tasks were no longer done by the native population and there would be complaint that one could not get Australians to do this kind of work. The demand for cheap labor would increase as the native population was driven out of one occupation after another. And this demand would go on, as it does with us, despite a large amount of unemployment on the part of both the native and imported population.

The Australians and New Zealanders were wise in not starting on the dangerous course which we have followed in America. Here we have already acquired the malignant growth of unassimilable foreign labor. The evil has assumed proportions beyond the

knowledge of most people who have not especially studied the situation. With one race problem on our hands, which was the outcome of the demand for cheap labor, we stand ready to take on another one, and for precisely the same reason.

IMMIGRATION normally involves a certain amount of racial replacement. Where the invaders are on a low educational and social level their birth rate tends to be high and the population pressure which naturally results has a tendency to check the birth rate of the native inhabitants and to cause them to migrate. These effects are conspicuously manifested in many parts of New England and in the Black Belt of the South. They are already seen on a smaller scale in parts of the Southwest where certain districts have become almost entirely Mexicanized owing to the emigration of white landowners.

If one is justified in proposing any addition to the number of our laws I might suggest that there should be a law requiring our legislators to have some elementary knowledge of the principles of population. Most legislators, I fear, would deal with problems of population just as if Malthus and other students of the subject had never lived. To judge by some of their utterances we have law givers who do not even see that the presence of an alien people has anything to do with the natural increase of the native inhabitants. It is a curious fact that some who loudly proclaim that the Americans are the greatest people on earth are at the same time active in bringing about a condition which will inevitably check the natural increase of this stock. If we bring in large numbers of an alien people we are sacrificing our children for theirs. If the descendants of the immigrants are likely to be superior to our own breed we should be willing to make the sacrifice. But we should be clear as to just what is involved.

It is a deplorable fact that numerous, intelligent and enterprising one hundred per cent. Americans, to say nothing of other brands, are busy in helping along this insidious elimination of their own breed in favor of the progeny of Mexican peons who will continue for centuries to afflict us with an embarrassing race problem. It is difficult to conceive how they could do their country a greater disservice. Many of them are doubtless quite unaware of the devastating effect of their policy. They are interested in harvesting the best crop, in getting the cotton picked, and in speeding up the wheels of industry. Beyond this their vision does not go.

FROM the standpoint of population we have brought ourselves into a serious pass. Unquestionably Mexican immigration of the kind we have been receiving should be stopped. Since our industries have been developing on the basis of this kind of cheap labor the sudden curtailment of Mexican immigration might involve, for a time, some difficulties of adjustment. But even if it caused severe financial loss, this would be a very minor evil compared with what would be inflicted on future generations by a large and socially undesirable alien class. It should be borne in mind that the passage of the Box Bill would not lead to any sudden reduction of Mexican laborers now in the country. Many op-

ponents of this measure speak as if the industries now manned by Mexicans would be stranded if Mexican immigration were restricted. This is clearly not true. It seems likely that until we can greatly improve the efficiency of our border patrol there will continue to be a large number of illegal migrants across our Southwestern boundary. Judging from what goes on at present this should be amply sufficient to meet any real needs for labor during the period of readjustment.

Les Inconnus

By John Langdon Jones

What sleeper lies beneath the torch-lit arch
That crowns the vista'd avenues of fame?
What part of France gave blessing with a name,
What part consumed it on a fatal march?
This little tomb, those never-ending throngs
That read the cryptic message day by day—
"*Mais dis ton nom, copain: personne n' le sait*—
Save angels in their empyrean songs!"

And here's a boy from England, lost somewhere
Upon a wasted, shell-torn stretch of land,
Till some good spirit took him by the hand
And left a bed of poppies blooming there;
Then carried him asleep, on noiseless wings,
From battle-reddened slopes through Gothic doors
Of London's Abbey, there 'neath ancient floors
To dream with poets, ministers, and kings!

In Arlington, among the myriad dead
Upon the verdant, marble-crownéd hill,
Where breezes fan a temple white and still,
A nameless young American rests his head.
Some anxious mother gave him up to life:
Perchance she saw the dim cortège go by;
Mayhap today they live beyond the sky,
Above our noisy and incessant strife!

Drums, drums, beat, beat, beat;
Hear, hear, the fall of marching feet:
Drums, drums, beat . . .

Sisters, I share the bitter ignorance
Of these fair names of our all-precious dead
Who sleep beneath the blue; or where the tread
Of reverent steps is soft in far-off France;
Or down below the letter'd mystery
On a cathedral's flower-girdled stone—
These lads, in our confusion, called Unknown;
Unknown to us, but not, O God, to Thee!

When Antiques Come to Judgment

An Interview with

F. J. H. KRACKE

U. S. Appraiser, Port of New York

All that's chipped is not Chippendale; all that's worm-eaten is not as old as it looks. How Uncle Sam detects the fakes bought by our innocents abroad

RECENTLY the representatives of the National Association of Furniture Manufacturers made protest to Washington that the life of their industry and the livelihood of its artisans were in serious danger from foreign competition. They asked remedy in the form of increased duties and the repeal of the clause in the Fordney-McCumber Act permitting antiquities of more than one hundred years of age to enter the country duty free. The first suggestion is based on the assumption that a duty of thirty-three and one third per cent. is insufficient protection for the American industry. The second is supported by a claim that over sixty per cent. of antiques imported under the act are fakes.

The demand for increased duties is a matter for tariff experts. It may, however, be pointed out that since the value of American-made furniture is close to a billion dollars a year, while the annual imports total not more than five million, the danger to American industry is not yet particularly acute. The second demand has more in it than meets the casual eye. It amounts to a wholesale criticism of the competence of the United States Appraisers, estimating their ignorance and gullibility at more than sixty per cent. of their net worth, at least in so far as furniture is concerned.

THE charge is a serious one, but even if it were half-way true — which it is not — the proposed remedy would be the wrong one. The exemption clause in the tariff act is there for excellent reasons. It encourages the acquisition by America of examples of art and craftsmanship embodying genius otherwise lost to the world. It permits the gathering of collections to inspire new ventures in beauty for the enrichment of American life. It refuses to tax the enterprise and knowledge which unearth the treasures of the past. And it obviates tremendous difficulties in placing taxable values upon objects whose worth is much

affected by age, rarity and sentimental association.

The antiquities still at large in the world must necessarily be limited in number. Their importation cannot offer any real competition to domestic manufacture; it is, in fact, more likely to stimulate it. But if modern products are getting in, disguised under the wrinkles and whiskers of old age, something should be done about it. The logical thing to do is to check up on the competence of the appraisers, whose job it is to make the last judgment on every import's authenticity and worth.

Few citizens have any idea of the magnitude of this department's work. The gross imports into the United States annually are worth more than four billion dollars, and these must all come beneath the appraiser's scrutiny and judgment. New York is by far the most important port of entry, and its port officials deal every working day with an average of over six million dollars worth of imports. Most of this material comes, of course, by freight shipping. The returning tourist may feel that the entire Government of the United States is concerned with the contents of his trunks and bags, but as a matter of fact the duty collected on tourist imports during the year only amounts to about four million dollars, or about one per cent. of the total.

Most of the appraising is done at the United States Appraiser's Stores. The taxable value is there variously reckoned according to foreign costs, whether of materials or manufacture or both, or according to current sales values. The tax itself is reckoned according to the elaborate scales of the tariff acts. In the great majority of cases there is no argument.

But when doubt or difficulties arise the scene shifts to the Appraiser's Warehouse. This is a twelve-story building covering an entire block in the dock district, and to it go packages out of shipments which cannot be readily examined and valued at the water-front. Some such shipments involve the question as to what is raw material and what is not. For it must be remembered that even in this sanctuary of high protective tariffs, practically all raw materials come in free. More than half of our national imports pay no duty. But occasionally there arises a question as to just how raw a product must be to be passed as raw material, and this is a matter for the Appraiser's Warehouse. Two fully equipped laboratories with a staff of trained men are largely concerned with such decisions.

Other reasons for deferred judgment include disputed valuations, schedule classification, or the occasional case of an article which seems to come under no classification whatever. On such matters the appraiser is the custodian of the final word unless the matter is appealed. He determines the value of the product and interprets the law. His determination of value is sent to the customs officials who collect the tax. And that is usually the end of it.

But many interesting and difficult problems for the appraiser arise out of the exemption clauses of the Tariff Acts. In the case of professed antiquities he must not only estimate values, which is sometimes difficult enough, but he must also reckon their real age, which is often a delicate

responsibility. As a rule, such antiquities are presented in good faith by those who bought them abroad. They would not have paid so handsomely through the nose for them if they had not believed them genuine. The fact that the treasures so often turn out more youthful than they look adds spice of humor and tragedy to the regular routine of the appraiser's job.

A trustful tourist comes home with a cut glass chandelier, imposing in crystal splendor and correspondingly impressive in price. He has paid three or four thousand dollars for it, chiefly because he believes it to be over a century old, and as such would like to bear it blithely past the customs barriers without paying duty. The appraiser at the dock refers it, with becoming modesty, to the warehouse experts in glass and china. The experts look at it, finger it and sniff at it. They declare it is a reproduction, a good piece of work worth about five hundred dollars, and as such liable to a walloping import tax. The proud purchaser goes up in smoke and hits the ceiling.

It is not the tax that hurts him. In fact, if he has bought in good faith, our benevolent Government has provided a small and inconspicuous loophole by which he may possibly get some slight relief. It may be conceded to him that he bought one thing and got another, and that it would be adding injury to insult to tax him for the perfidy of a foreign merchant. But the painful and rankling barb in the appraiser's decision is the suggestion that he has been stung. He is thereby wounded in his æsthetic vanity, which is one of the most sensitive spots in the anatomy of man. He has been fooled and hoodwinked, and it is the Government that says so. Wherefore he reviles the Government.

Another amateur collector has come home with a bed. It is an historic bed from the fabled countryside of France, and dukes and duchesses, lords spiritual and temporal, and possibly Joan of Arc herself have slept in it. The appraiser examines it. He says it is a nice bed, a serviceable bed, an interesting bed. But he also says that every stick of wood in it was grown in America, and that therefore it cannot possibly be what it professes to be. The customer doesn't like that either.

A tourist has in his trunk some small pieces of Bristol ware, quaint and charming and apparently well dated by design, color and obscure origin. The appraiser thinks they are very nice, but informs their purchaser that such curios are now manufactured in discreet quantities in an entirely modern factory in the western part of England, and planted here and there for the snaring of the unwary. He even names the manufacturer and knows the cost of production, upon which he forthwith places a tax for the protection of American industry. The tourist goes out sadder and wiser and considerably irritated with the Government.

It is a thankless task. The purchaser of an antique wants above all things to be assured that he has the genuine article. He has paid a price that has small relation to intrinsic worth, and the sceptic opinion of the appraiser makes his values not merely fictitious but non-existent. Worse still, he is thereby proved an easy mark. For these and other reasons he will often fight valiantly to prove that he has

got his full money's worth. Often the matter is taken to court, a special court which sits in the Appraisers' Warehouse itself. The purchaser, sometimes aided and abetted by the dealer from whom he bought his treasure, brings his own experts and witnesses to establish its authenticity. The Government brings impartial and unprejudiced experts to substantiate its own opinion. Rarely is the appraiser's decision reversed.

MANY cases come up for decision which involve no intention to defraud the innocent or ignorant purchaser of a professed antique. Recently a Chippendale table came up for judgment. Its pedigree was in good condition and it came by way of a dealer of high reputation and responsibility. Yet to the appraiser it was vaguely unsatisfactory, so that he held it for examination. His final verdict was that it was true Chippendale about half way down and beyond that an ingenious piece of reproduction. The purchaser was shocked and the dealer cabled protests, offering documentary proofs of authenticity. The case went at last to court for friendly trial, and the judgment of the appraiser was sustained by the opinion of qualified experts satisfactory to both parties. The dealer made apologies and amends and the importer paid the necessary duty. Thus was concluded an *impasse* which threatened discomfiture.

A contrasting case raised a storm around a set of chairs and table bought from a noble lord of Europe to grace an American home. The appraiser labelled them at a glance as reproductions. The importer roundly refused to believe it. He had bought them from the noble lord himself, from where they stood in ancestral dignity in the noble lord's venerable mansion. The appraiser was grieved to cast doubts on the noble lord's nobility, but stuck to his story. The furniture was, he insisted, not more than fifty years old. The indignant purchaser insisted on outside opinion, and an expert agreeable to both sides was called to give testimony. He said the chairs and table were thirty-eight years old.

When the importer had gone sadly away, the expert was asked how he was able to be so specific as to the age of the exhibit. His answer was that he had himself sold the identical set of furniture to the identical noble lord, and knew exactly who made it, when and where.

There are cases like these of infinite variety and they occur constantly in the daily work of the appraiser's warehouse. So often, in fact, must adverse judgment be made on alleged antiques that the charge is studiously circulated that the appraisers do not know their business. Disgruntled importers think and say so, and foreign dealers with doubtful antiques to sell to Americans help the story all they can. Our own domestic experts of lesser degree make the same charge. How, they ask, is it possible for mere officials, men in shirt-sleeves and overalls, to know anything about art?

SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN, lately under cross-examination concerning his opinion of an alleged Da Vinci painting, answered this question in part, despite the difficulties and embarrassments of the bullying and browbeating which pass in court of law for examination of witnesses. He has shown that expert critical ability is a matter

of specialized experience, and is apart and aside from the creative function of the artist. A more comprehensive answer is found in the personnel and history of the appraiser's warehouse.

On its staff are some twenty-five men, each of whom is constantly engaged in handling and examining real and spurious examples of a special art or craft. All have had long experience; some have been with the department for more than a score of years. More good art has come under the scrutiny of each of them than the average artist ever sees. They have handled specimens whose honesty is above reproach, and every variation therefrom down to the most flagrant imitation. They are familiar with significant details, whose combined testimony establishes the real or the false. Their knowledge is in their eyes, their fingertips, their sharpened sense of color, form and line. They have tremendous resources of apparently trivial information, related by their experience to the objects they examine. They are entirely disinterested, and concerned primarily with the difference between the real and the imitation. They are necessarily sceptical. The profits in fake antiques are tempting and become more so as the supply of good stuff dwindles, and surprising skill and ingenuity go into the manufacture of supplies to meet the American demand. But the appraiser holds always the advantage, since he is as familiar with the improving technique of fakery as with the stern demands of authenticity. It is a simple and demonstrable fact that in nine cases out of ten where the appraiser's decision has been called in question in court, the best expert opinion has sustained him.

The appraiser's judgment, since it owes far more to experience than to academic theory, operates in a fashion apparently instinctive and unreasoning. He picks up a piece of Sandwich glass or something like it, and turns it over and around. Already the oracle's opinion is half determined. There is something wrong. His inspection enters the domain of details and he locates some significant discrepancy or blunder. The forgery is discovered. The innocent by-stander marvels and doubts and asks how it is done. As well one might ask the bank cashier how he knows the depositor's signature and detects the imitation.

Fortunately for the cause of righteousness, most imitations and reconstructions fall far short of perfection. Some detail is slighted or some flagrant anachronism permitted which can deceive no one but a purchaser who cries for deception. Antique glass, for example, will prove its youth by the signs of sand-cutting left carelessly upon it. Tapestries will be dyed with aniline colors, undiscovered a century ago. A curious case was that of the hand-wrought sampler, claiming exemption by right of age, and plainly woven with the date 1835. Another was a set of paintings done in oils over colored prints, the product of the modern printing press.

Curious cases are a part of the day's work in the Appraiser's Warehouse. Some time ago a magnificent crystal ball was brought in for judgment. There was, of course, no question as to the age of the material of which it was fashioned. Crystal was wrought out of the rocks while the

earth was cooling, but the question as to when it was laboriously fashioned and polished into a perfect sphere was a matter of keen interest to the customs department. The oriental gentlemen who accompanied it gave the crystal ball a long and honorable history, up to the point where it was abstracted from an emperor's palace and taken away to America. The slightly shady manner of its disappearance from the emperor's domain was supposed to account for lack of documents to support its claims.

IN THIS emergency the appraiser called on the Government's wide-flung resources in far lands, where countless agents with their eyes open represent Uncle Sam's interests. It was soon learned that an extraordinarily large lump of crystal had been unearthed on an eastern mountain within the memory of man, and it was further discovered that the oriental gentlemen with the crystal ball had come from the same neighborhood. It was thereafter no great trick to prove that the ball had been turned and perfected by three years of modern oriental labor, on which the ultimate purchaser of the ball would pay proper tax and tribute.

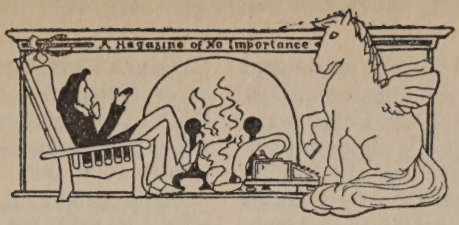
These experiences and countless others as puzzling, reflect no more than one part of the work of the appraiser. Despite all that the furniture manufacturers may say, the commonest charge against the appraiser's office is not that it is inadequately restrictive but that it is too sceptical, cynical and unfriendly to genuine antiquities. The opinion of the appraiser's office is, in fact, rightly regarded as the real last judgment on an imported antique. If it survives the examination of the Government's experts it will probably survive whatever else may befall it. Some fakes, no doubt, get by, as they get by our art juries and the curators of our most venerable and dignified museums. But on the whole the sifting is thorough, authoritative and reliable.

The tremendous volume of antiques or alleged antiques that crowds the warehouse during the open season for tourists, shows that Europe knows a good opportunity when it sees one. Europe and particularly France and Italy are full of fake antiques. They may be old and musty, worm-eaten and mouldy, battered and worn as though by centuries, but they are fakes. They may be documented far into the past and still be fakes. They may be discovered as though by fortunate chance on the highest shelf of a sidestreet shop, and yet be fakes. They are manufactured to meet a growing demand, exactly as early American furniture is today turned out in quantity lots to satisfy the interior decorators and their clients at home.

IT HAS been reported on good authority that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It is a particularly dangerous thing in the buying of objects of art and antiques. The amateur learns to look for a single sign of authenticity and is content. In the pride of his wisdom and enthusiasm over a discovery he misses another sign which to the expert spells fake. He pays three prices for the thing he covets and takes it home. When he arrives at New York the appraiser not only disillusions him but takes tribute on all that he has paid for his experience with the wiles of the world. No wonder the appraiser is unpopular.

There is safety for the antique hunter only in a few rules that are so lacking in the romantic as to have little appeal. The first is to remember that any real rarity of considerable value is almost sure to be known already to collectors and dealers. The second is to buy only on good and independent advice, or from responsible dealers whose reputation is worth more than a casual profit on a shady deal. The third is to treat every investment in antiques as a gamble, and to win or lose with equal good temper. The fourth is to buy nothing without consultation of market prices and probabilities. The fifth is not to be deceived by dramatics or romantic legends nor to count all simplicity as guileless. The sixth is to use the same good sense and shrewdness abroad as one would expect to use at home.

A seventh might be added — to concede to the appraiser's office the virtues of honesty, integrity and good sense, and the advantage of experience. But this would be to ask too much. At the uncomfortable moment when a man discovers he has been stung and in such a fashion that he can do nothing about it, he is not likely to be reasonable. He is more likely to blow off steam by damning the appraiser as ignorant, prejudiced and incompetent. Since there are so many others who have had an experience like his own, he is not likely to lack company in his opinion.



Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

MAY, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 5

THE BATS IN THE BELFRY

A Dectective Story

"I THINK I heard a shot," said Alice.

He frowned at her through the rosy mists of sex appeal that encompassed her curly head. "Do you or do you not love me?" he asked abruptly.

"I really do," she assured him. "But I think I heard a shot."

"Don't interrupt me," he said masterfully, drawing her to him in the circle of his strong right arm. There were three cigars in his left-hand vest pocket.

"And I think the house must be on fire," she murmured, wondering whether this could indeed be love — the love she had waited for so long. So long, indeed, that now she was almost ready to take a chance. So she gazed at him adoringly and hoped for the best.

"It *is* warm," he conceded, and started suddenly as there came a crash from the room above. There followed the tinkle of falling glass, a door slammed, and another shot rang through the echoing house. "Strange," he murmured, his reporter's instinct leaping frantically after one conclusion and another. "Very strange indeed."

"It's probably nothing important," said Alice. She shuddered slightly, for the evening was chill, despite the cheery crackle of fire in the partitions. "There's nobody home except father, and he always takes a nap after dinner."

"I must see your father at once," he muttered. "You will wait for me, won't you?"

"Forever," she whispered, and followed him into the hall and up the creaking stairs.

They entered the room, part bedroom and part study; a sombre, cheerless room, dark-hued with faded furniture and thronged with shadows. Young Philip Fleet — for it was indeed he — took in the situation at a glance. Old Isaac Niblock sat huddled in his easy chair. His wasted hand lay on the table before him, clutching a blue bottle of bichloride of mercury. A carving knife was plunged deep into his neck just east of the jugular vein and an ominous stain discolored his otherwise immaculate dress shirt. There was an intolerable odor of gas in the room, and the pungent fumes of smokeless powder still curled lazily in the still air. The echoes of that last shot still rang from the faded walls.

"I don't think father can be well," whispered Alice. "He doesn't look well."

"No," said Philip. "Perhaps he's had a stroke. They sometimes do, at his age." He touched Isaac Niblock lightly on the shoulder, noting the heavy window cord tightly knotted around his neck. He leaned closer, alert for any

word from those bloodless lips. He took a card from his pocket and laid it on the desk before the aged financier. 'Philip Fleet: Public Relations Counsel,' was practically engraved upon it. Still the quiet man gave no sign. Philip leaned over him, feeling here and there for his pulse, his pocketbook — anything. Suddenly he straightened, his face alight with sudden inspiration. "Alice," he said, "this is more serious than I thought. Your father is a very sick man. In fact, I fear he is dead."

"Oh dear," said Alice. "But of course, we were expecting it. He hasn't been really well for months. Poor father."

Philip Fleet had made a hurried survey of the room, and it seemed to Alice that for the moment even he was baffled. He had sent the maid, the butler and the gardener for the police, and the fire brigade had come and gone. Now he stood puzzled, his pencil poised but his notebook blank. Everything seemed in order, the confused order of a man comfortably at home. Once again he went carefully around the room. There was blood on the floor, but no more than might have been expected considering the size of the carving knife. The window at the eastern end of the room was missing, but a glance outside showed it lying with its shattered glass in the flower beds below. Black footprints led from the library table to the old-fashioned fireplace with its yawning chimney. The lock had been torn from the door and the telephone wires were cut. Isaac Niblock was rightly known as an eccentric, and even in the grim presence of death Philip smiled slightly at these evidences of his curious impetuosity. But again he frowned. Not a clue, not a sign to account for the shots, the smell of fire, the sudden death of an honored member of the State Legislature. Suddenly he stooped and picked an inconsiderable object from the carpet. Alice came swiftly to his side. "What is it, Philip?" she breathed.

"Nothing," he said, gazing at her with eyes suddenly haggard with unwilling suspicion. "Just a pin. I always pick up pins. Brings good luck, you know." He laughed hoarsely. But he did not tell her it was a safety pin.

There came a low knock, three times repeated. Drawing his revolver Philip flung wide the door. There stood on the threshold Rosa Fernandez, the second maid. She was agitated and her eyes shifted before Philip's steady gaze. There were red stains on her little apron.

"We can't get a policeman," she cried, her voice blurred by a slightly foreign accent. "John can't find one, James can't find one, nobody can't find one. Oh, my poor master, what'll we all do?"

Philip gritted his teeth. "I'll find a policeman," he said. He bounded down the stairs, out to the garage, and they heard his powerful car burst into a roar of impatient power. Swiftly he swung it down the short drive and out into the road, bringing it to a screeching stop before the fire hydrant at the street corner. In five minutes he was back with six policemen.

Alice sat in the boudoir of the famous detective, marvelling at his whiskers. He had sat with his back to the sunny window, but in the shadow his eyes gleamed like points of fire and the crisp outlines of his massive head showed an edge of gold. She was aware of quiet power beneath the suave exterior, like champagne biding its time beneath an aging cork. Instinctively she shrank away from the unbidden thought that already he knew too much.

He noticed her shrinking and stayed it with a reassuring smile. "Go ahead, my dear Miss Niblock," he said. "Tell me all."

She stared at him. "You know my name?" she breathed.

He glanced again at the card in his hand. "I, do" he said. "Not that it matters. You are clearly in trouble. It is my privilege to help — at the regular rates prescribed by the union. You may be quite frank with me."

Alice lit a cigarette with hands that trembled. She knew he noticed it, but what could she do? The man was a wizard, perhaps a devil. The thought cheered her.

"It's about my poor dear dead father," she began.

He frowned slightly. "One moment, please." He concentrated until his eyebrows met in the middle. The door opened suddenly and a lad in uniform saluted, laid a neatly typewritten sheet before Merrick Van Horn — for it was indeed he — and silently vanished. The great detective picked it up and glanced swiftly down the sheet.

"I note," he said quietly, "that the matter of your father is closed. He was convicted on October 17th of self-inflicted death by natural causes. The maid, Rosa Fernandez, is a fugitive from justice, having deserted her unborn child. The butler, Tom Paul Jones, is under

arrest for receiving stolen goods — specifically, three bottles of gin and one of rye. The broken window has been repaired and a new lock placed on the door. The house is for sale." He waited expectantly.

Alice shuddered. The man knew everything. Yet no — not everything. She answered him bravely.

"I don't feel satisfied, Doctor Van Horn. About my poor father, for instance, I don't feel satisfied. I don't feel sure he's really dead. It's not like him to be dead. And then there's my — my — my gentleman friend, Philip Fleet. I can't feel satisfied while he's in jail."

"So Fleet's in jail," said the detective, softly. "Ah-ha, I thought so. What for?" He shot the question at her from beneath his beetling brows.

"For parking by a hydrant," said Alice, on the very edge of tears. "And it's nearly eight months now. I think they must have forgotten him."

"It's been a busy season," murmured the detective. He glanced at the frail figure before him and a flush of kindliness tempered the austerity of his face. "Look here, Miss Niblock. I'll help you — all I can. But you must trust me. Sit over by the window and answer a few questions." He crossed the room swiftly and touched a radio dial. The room was suddenly filled with *The Road to Mandalay*.

"Now, Miss Niblock," he said sharply. "Spell 'cat'."

Alice did so, trying hard to be accurate.

"Now 'dog'," he went on remorselessly.

Alice did her best.

"I shall give you a series of words in rapid succession," went on the doctor in a hard, cold voice. "You will immediately reply with the word first suggested as the appropriate reply." He paused a moment. "Liver," he said, suddenly.

"Onions," answered Alice, mechanically.

"Powder," said the doctor. "Puff," answered Alice.

"Smoke," said the doctor. "Lucky Strikes," answered the poor girl. "Razor," said he. "Corns," said she.

The examination hammered at her brain like rain on a roof, but she went bravely on. "Shoot," said he. "Come seven," she answered. "Poison", said he. "Ivy," said she. "Money", said he. "Thirty cents," she said, and burst into tears.

He waited until she grew calmer. "That will be all, Miss Niblock," he said gently. She rose unsteadily and he helped her to the door. When she had gone he sat musing a while. "Poor girl," he said at last to the goldfish, who came swimming toward him expectantly. "Poor Alice. I see it all, and hard as it is, I must do my duty to society. She killed her own father, and has forgotten all about it."

The great detective, Dolan Coyle, sat musing in his study. He had mused for some time. He had mused on the cat, on the weather, the news of the day, the political situation, and the continued and reliable stupidity of Scotland Yard. He mused on the clock awhile and concluded that unless more musing material turned up pretty soon he would have to go to bed. There came a faint scratch at the window.

Without turning his head, Coyle called sharply, "Watson."

His Japanese servant entered noiselessly. "Watson," said the famous detective. "There is a young man outside who wishes to see me. He is a fugitive from justice, young but not bad-looking, unarmed, and no doubt thirsty. Let him in."

In a moment Philip Fleet — for it was indeed he — stood before the great detective. "Your name?" asked Coyle. "Philip Fleet," answered the young man. "I thought so," said Coyle. "Sit down. Have a whiskey and soda."

The detective eyed him just a moment. "I see that it is raining," he remarked, and checked with a gesture the surprised exclamation that rose to Fleet's lips. "Wait a moment. I also observe that you are a newspaper reporter or else a pickpocket, but I suspect the former. You are paid on Tuesdays, occasionally. You drive a car and can speak a little French, and are fond of fresh mushrooms. You are left-handed and don't play cribbage." He paused to light his pipe.

"Marvellous," said Fleet. "How did you know?"

"Child's play," answered the detective, with a deprecating smile. "And now, what can I do for you? But stay, I know already. You want to find the murderer."

"I do," said Fleet. "In fact I must."

"Very well," said Coyle. "Who is the murderee?"

Fleet told his story. "Very simple," said the famous detective, stifling a yawn. "Look me up next Tuesday. Ho, Watson."

The Jap appeared and led Fleet to the door.

Coyle leaned backward in his chair, deep in thought. At last he opened his eyes. "So obvious," he murmured. "How does he suppose he can deceive me. Ah, my friend Fleet, you are escaped from prison, it is true, but soon we shall have you safely back again. I must protect society, even though a man's freedom be the price of peace."

(*To be continued*)

Hard Lines in the Morning Mail

New York.

The Editor,
North American Review:

Stuff and Nonsense lacks the spark of genius that is admirably supplied along similar lines by Frank Sullivan, and it is difficult to see how any one with sufficient intelligence to appreciate the serious part of The North American Review can enjoy a feeble attempt at comedy based on the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; while the attemptedly humorous comments on Einstein illustrate the tendency of the intellectually submerged to turn to ridicule anything which they cannot understand.

R.S.

Detroit.

The Editor,
North American Review:

Your "humorous" section irritates me. I imagine many other readers like myself browse through the really funny papers, and we no more expect to see a cut-and-dried funny section in a publication like yours than cooking recipes or a lovelorn column. The young man who writes this section seems still to be in the eolithic stage of column conductors' evolution; that is to say, he is laboriously casting his humor in those molds used by all professional humorists in early periods of their work.

Does the mental set with which the reader approaches the *Review* call for procrusteanated humor? Do the specifications include chuckle-fodder, and if so, why this particular kind? Honestly, I hate to see all those pages go to waste when you might there add another of your luminous, interpretive articles.

HENRY L. BERWIN.

General Information

Question: "How may I make my home garden a profitable investment?"

Answer: First obtain as many seed catalogues as is convenient, without making a permanent enemy of your postman. About two hundred should do, though this number may be reduced by including two or three mail order catalogues including sections devoted to agricultural implements, manure spreaders and the like. Those containing colored pictures may be given to the children; the balance should be sold to any honest and high-minded junk dealer of your acquaintance. With the proceeds, buy vegetables.

Question: "Please explain the Fourth Dimension. And don't use any seventy-five cent words in doing it, either."

Answer: We just knew this would happen to us. In fact, we prepared for it, and when Professor Einstein broke loose and upset the pre-established harmony of the universe, we went right out and hired a tame scientist of our own. We put him on the pay-roll at fourteen dollars a week, regardless of expense, and fitted him out with an office in the packing room.

Unfortunately we simply can't get him interested in the Fourth Dimension. He says he is done with the Fourth Dimension and is working on the Fifth. The Fifth, he says, is a perfectly elegant dimension, with a stronger suction and many more attachments than the Fourth. It is also more durable. Furthermore, things can happen in the Fifth Dimension that are inconceivable in any of the lower grades. For example, you can break a five-dollar bill in the Fifth Dimension and get more than three dollars and forty-five cents change. You can get the wrong telephone number in the Fifth Dimension and make it do anyway. You can enter a hotel in the Fifth Dimension and be allowed to carry your own bag to your room. And other marvels too numerous to mention.

Our tame scientist, Professor Bjeerstein, is probably the last word in scientists. Dr. Einstein has just published his thesis in three pages which took him ten years to write, and claims that not more than twelve men in the world can understand them. Professor Bjeerstein has spent fourteen years on two pages, and nobody can understand them. Nobody can even read them.

The S. & N.

Antarctic Expedition

On board the good ship Gull, *frozen fast to the edges of Antarctica; in latitude 82½, less brokers' discounts; longitude Caledonia 8950. Weather continued cold and cloudy, clearing toward evening. Tides; high, low and medium.*

March 22, 1929

We have had a hard day. It looked for a while as though we would have to turn right round and come back. It's these portable houses that did it. We got them unloaded all right and picked out a place for them with a southern exposure and a nice view and a little place behind to grow geraniums, supposing we ever have any time to grow geraniums. Then we set them up.

They don't look right yet. For one thing the doors are all on upside down and inside out, the manufacturers having sent us left-handed hinges. The glass won't fit the windows or the windows won't fit the glass, and we had to put the chimney on the wrong end of the house because according to the blueprints it should go right through the bathtub and none of us liked the idea. The rafters were all two inches short and the joists two inches too long, and we have three spigots too many and not a solitary washer for the entire plumbing. The front door hangs open and won't go shut, and the back door is shut tight and won't come open, and the shingles ran out right above the commander's boudoir and left him exposed to the Antarctic elements. But what we need more than anything else is angle irons. If you could see your way to send us a dozen ten-inch angle irons, maybe we can get at least one of the houses to looking cubical. Send them Parcel Post C. O. D. if you don't like to trust us.

We have also unloaded the planes and started one of the motors, which caused a lot more trouble. She backfired quite a little, and right there and then our lead dog, Bohunk, lit out across the ice and was soon seen no more. We can't imagine what has become of him, or at least we try not to. We haven't seen hide or hair of the other expedition that is supposed to be in these parts, but ever since Bohunk disappeared we have noticed that the Antarctic breezes are distinctly flavored with the smell of soup.

March 23, 1929

Today we made our first preliminary excursions into the icy wastes. I think I have already sent word that there is ice here, but we have now established the fact beyond question. We have even photographed the ice and taken motion pictures, though there wasn't much point in the latter since the ice wasn't going anywhere in particular. Will send a few snapshots by mail. One of them shows Commander Boid's boots rather well, and I should warn you now not to be alarmed by them. The gallant commander is not suffering from bunions as you might suppose, but simply has his boots stuffed with straw. We have discovered that boots must be stuffed with straw in these parts, or else the feet get cold. The ice does it. Fortunately we had some straw, which came with the guinea pigs, and are managing nicely. One of the crew has hives on his toes, but this is more amusing than dangerous.

We sent out three expeditions of two men each, roped together for safety and with their return address stamped on their upper left hand corners. One went straight out into the frozen continent and eventually came straight back again looking slightly crestfallen. The second veered off to the right and disappeared for some time. Toward evening we heard shouts of triumph and saw them returning, staggering slightly under the burden of their emergency rations and carrying a large and heavy sack. This was the first discovery of our hazardous mission — apart from the ice which I have mentioned — and contained, as we learned when they came aboard, a collection of bearings which had been lost by transatlantic fliers at one time or another.

Late at night the third party returned, just when we had about given them up for lost and were drawing lots for their ditty boxes. They brought with them a story which might have seemed incredible if this were anything but a scientific expedition. Their course had lain to the south by west, and they had proceeded not more than three parasangs — a parasang being the native term for a considerable distance — when they saw tracks in the snow. Their first impulse was to make some tracks on their own account, but since they were on the very edge of being lost they decided to face the matter out. Following the tracks for some time, they claim to have come upon two native maidens, probably Eskimos, who were blubbering bitterly on the carcase of a whale. They comforted

them as best they could and removed a good deal of blubber, whereupon they discovered that the girls' names were Flora and Fauna respectively. I need hardly point out that the very existence of Flora and Fauna in Antarctica has been a matter of doubt, and while our boys failed to bring the girls back with them I have absolute confidence in the story of their momentous discovery. They report that the two maidens will probably turn out to be blondes, if and when they are thoroughly washed. The crew, of course, is tremendously excited about it all, and even Captain Bittern has taken to waxing his whiskers with machine oil.

We are all well and cheerful, though the straw in our boots does tickle considerably. Our only complaint is that the mail is so late. Here it is the end of the week already, and no *Saturday Evening Post* yet.

March 30

There's quite a little unpleasantness among the crew over Flora and Fauna. Some of the boys won't believe there are any such girls in these parts, and certainly nobody has seen any signs of them since last week save for a couple of hairpins which might or might not mean something. Further there is a story that Flora and Fauna were discovered at the North Pole by Dr. Walter Traprock, and how can they be at the South Pole as well, with transportation what it is down here? But maybe it's just a couple of other fellows by the same name.

Since our last radio news we have made our first aerial expedition out over the frozen wastes. I told you how we unloaded the planes and started the engines. Well, we were just on the point of taking off when we found we had no pilot. Commander Boid is a pretty good pilot himself, but only when there are at least a couple of old Army men along and maybe a mechanic or two. In the rush of getting away from Hoboken we entirely forgot to get a pilot. So there we were, with the engines going strong on six or seven cylinders, and we wondering what to do next.

So at last we drew lots and by good luck picked out Karl Svenson, who used to run a tractor out in Michigan and is pretty good with almost any kind of machinery. We helped him into one of the planes and tied him in for safety, and pulled the icicles out from under the wheels. The plane went off down the ice like a skate, and it looked for a while as though it would keep on going until it fell into whatever ocean is on the other side of all this ice, but Karl did something to the machinery and up she went. She went up sort of sideways, but she went up, and how the boys did cheer.

We all agree that it takes a Dane to show what native genius there is in almost all of us. Karl wasn't content just to fly the ship, as most of us would no doubt have been. For a long time he kept on going up, not just in a straight line but in a sort of Pike's Peak corkscrew, until he must have been miles away. Then he started doing stunts. Some of the boys think he was just showing off before Flora and Fauna, but most of us believe he was trying to find how far he could go with the ship and still have her. Once in a while we could see something fall out of the plane, but nothing as large as Karl, so we didn't worry. It got dark after a while and pretty cold, so we went back to the *Gull* and waited around, playing a little checkers and matching pennies to pass the time until Karl got back. He came in pretty late. He had left the plane somewhere inland, having run out of gasoline, and he wouldn't say much about his trip. He's a modest sort of chap. We asked him what the Antarctic continent looked like from the air, and he said it looked like ice.

We have started putting names on the scenery in honor of absent friends and so forth. There's a mountain in the South which we have called Greta Garbo, after the famous singer. The bay we are anchored in is now called Whalen Bay, and we have named the rocky headland Nolan Point, after Mike Nolan who keeps the doss house in Jersey City. We hope he will be pleased, and we promise all our other friends that they shall have a bay or a mountain just as soon as we find one. But just now we have to look for Karl's plane, which is liable to take some time. Karl forgot to make a note where he left it, but it's somewhere out on the ice. I think I told you there's ice here. If not, I'll tell you now that there is.

(*To be continued*)

Editorial Note: As we go to press we are in receipt of further Antartic news of the utmost importance. Read next month of the untold mineral wealth of the polar mountains, of the lost explorers, of washday in the frozen wastes. You'll be surprised.

Our Center of Gravity

"There never were in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity."

MONTAIGNE.

We are all regularly informed that we live today in a modern world, at a pivotal point in the history of our more or less human race. This delusion of special distinction, which has probably occurred to every people and century since the Neanderthals, urges a somewhat condescending estimate of past manners, morals and convictions, and an optimistic spaciousness in regard to future greatness. Darkness is behind us and light before us; the old gods are dead and we have new ones in the ice-box. To put it colloquially, we are sitting on top of the world.

This is probably no more nor less true today than at a score of occasions in recorded history, and would be a harmless exultation if it were not attended by an unmistakable Twentieth Century penchant for classification and division. The ancient world must be analyzed and pigeonholed; the modern world must declare its standards and its banners. Consequently we have an alignment of opposing tendencies and principles. The passing age, we are informed, was soaked to the skin in such poisons as tradition, convention, superstition, religion, nationalism, fundamentalism and so forth. The modern world, on the contrary, is to bloom verdantly in the light of freedom, science, eugenics, evolution, individualism, internationalism, and numerous other polysyllabic philosophies.

This modern opinion is assertive, for its exponents are enthusiasts, all wrapped up in their own patent medicines. The antique and traditional doctrine, on the other hand, possesses an endurance and static quality born principally of human inertia and pigheadedness. The smoke of the consequent battle obscures a third alternative, after which we personally yearn.

Thoughtful people are constantly readjusting their estimate and interpretation of the standards they live by, not because truth is anything but eternal and absolute, but because the human vessel changes, grows and stretches. The living mind increases its power, discards its approximations, and takes in more territory. It does not therefore and thereupon create a new heaven and a new earth, in the fashion that reform administrations lay out a city beautiful; instead it daily rehabilitates the old home to better living conditions. Certain things that are fundamental persistently survive the periodic spring cleaning, gaining rather than losing in vitality and worth.

The polemic literature of the modern world insists in effect that the intelligent man must accept all new doctrines at their self-determined evaluation. It speaks with an authority and practises an autocracy that differs from the old arrogance in kind but not much in degree. It insists that its hypotheses are established, its proofs accepted, and its victory complete. Yet it is a fact of daily and comforting experience that there are plenty of sensible folk who do not and will not swallow unmasticated these new fetishes of mechanistic evolution, eugenics, biochemistry, modern education, medical science, and the new codes of social behavior. They are not therefore ignorant of them; they are simply not sure of them, and refuse to be so on self-constituted human authority. For the modernist himself has created the philosophy of doubt; it is no bad thing that in some quarters he shall taste of his own medicine.

The third alternative is a point of sanity between two equally unmerciful and intolerant extremes. It has always been the intuitive choice of those who think to a purpose and live to an ideal, and refuse to be stampeded even though they keep moving. Among them even today are men who believe intelligently in a religion based on revelation, who accept a code based on conscience, and live a life that contemplates immortality. It is their privilege also to preserve a tentative and discriminating doubt of hypotheses and formulas that are too well comprehended, too well organized, and too ingeniously constructed to be entirely true.

The Burning Question

We are by way of being a conservative, reactionary and stand-pat stick-in-the-mud. We hold on toughly to old ways, not necessarily because we count them better than others but because we despise to be upset. We sit tight because we find we sit more comfortably that way. So we are always three laps and a half in back of the neighbors, and by the time experience overtakes us it is a stale story to everybody else. There is, for example, the matter of furnaces. Until lately we stuck loyally to the idea that a furnace was nothing more than an iron box with an unseemly appetite for fuel. You put coal into it and took ashes out of it and that was all there was to it. We steadfastly declined to think of a furnace as machinery.

In the meantime the neighbors were experimenting hither and yon with blowers and stokers and oilburners and gas heaters. They were filling their cellars with machinery and the circumambient air with soot and smells. They were bandying claims and counterclaims concerning economy, convenience and efficiency, and no bridge table was free of their brag and boast. And they regarded us with an intolerable air of patronizing superiority. The fact that we still shoveled coal and sifted ashes had us dated, delineated and despised of our fellowmen. We were as definitely outmoded as though we wore long and flowing whiskers.

Lately we have caught up somewhat on the flying heels of progress, if that is what you call it. We have modernized our heating apparatus. We should like nothing better than to tell you all about it in detail, but some pages of this issue are needed for other matters. But we are now thoroughly mechanized. Our furnace puts on its own coal and takes out its own ashes; it shakes itself, regulates itself and sifts itself. It does everything, in fact, but pay for itself and the coal. It saves us a great deal of time, most of which we spend in watching it do it and in talking about it.

When word went up and down the Rialto that we contemplated change and progress, we heard from a great many people. We heard from neighbors, all of whom offered us the last word in domestic thermo-dynamics and calorification. We heard about carbon monoxide and dioxide and hydroxide, and concerning British Thermal Units. We heard about radiation, insulation and the Underwriters' Laboratories. Particularly we heard from salesmen. We don't remember, to be sure, just what the salesmen told us. There were so many salesmen and they had so much to tell. But one or more entreated us thus:

"Good morning, sir. . . . Yes, this is the office and salesroom of the Knogud Burner. . . . Very glad to show it to you, absolutely without obligation if you buy one or more burners. Here it is; the only genuine Knogud Automatic Burner. Neat, isn't it? . . . Don't you just love that finish? Practically genuine enamel in pearl grey, or if you prefer it we can supply the burner in olive green, purple or French nude, or with a neat stripe. . . . Something distinctive, eh, what? That's one of the features of our burner. It gives a certain distinction to the man who owns one, and we positively guarantee that if you buy a Knogud, nobody else in your neighborhood will buy one. . . .

"No, it doesn't burn oil. We investigated oil and found that some burners — the Smelley Burner, for instance — burn a thousand gallons of oil a week — or is it a hundred? We don't burn oil; we don't even burn coal. We burn Hot Air. . . . Just plain Hot Air. It's the very latest fuel, though I hear that the House of Representatives has been using it for years. . . . Well, you can get it almost anywhere, — from newspapers, magazines or government bulletins. . . . They vary somewhat; the Republican press runs about 26–30 Baume gravity, and the others in proportion. This burner will take any of them. Hot Air is a wonderful fuel; no smoke, no soot, no ashes and practically no heat. . . .

"Mechanics? Why, mechanically this burner is a wonder. It has more mechanics than any burner made, and much more than it really needs. It has a balanced crankshaft, hydrostatic brakes, and the new style universal joint in the smokestack. . . . No, it has no trip valve. It has an oscillating shuttle, I believe, but no trip valve. We eliminated the trip valve just last season, and that little box at the bottom is the Eliminator. . . . This little switch starts

the burner, and almost anything will stop it. It has a thermostat to keep it from overheating and a lamb's wool jacket to keep it from freezing on cold nights. That little thing is the pump; it doesn't exactly need a pump, but we make no extra charge for it except a small installation fee. . . .

"Now come around and see the draft. That's it up on the pipe, where you can see it. We call it a sight draft. All our burners come with sight drafts attached, and we also supply a hand-tooled, carbon steel can-opener. And don't forget, we're not like our competitors, who are all good fellows but not quite scrupulous on business ethics sometimes. We never ship our burners F. O. B. like they do. All the other burners are shipped F. O. B. Kansas or F. O. B. St. Louis, as the case may be, but we never ship F. O. B. anywhere. All our burners are shipped C. O. D. . . .

"Make a noise? Why, I should say so. It makes the sweetest little noise you ever heard, and you are entitled to a year's tuning absolutely without charge. And as for service, you'll never need it. If the parts of the Knogud Burner fall off you never need replace them, because the burner runs just as well without them. Of course, it needs a new B. battery once in a while and an occasional dose of castor oil and quinine, but that's about all. . . .

"Yes, we sell on easy terms. We can give you preferred payments, which simply means that you sign a lease and we prefer the payments. You can pay fifteen dollars down and ten dollars a month for two years, or we will sell you a burner complete for twenty-five dollars. And for twenty dollars extra we throw in a ton of coal, suitable for the kitchen range. For cash in advance we give a premium of a beautiful pair of book-ends. . . .

"Well, anyway, don't buy any other burner. I don't want to knock our competitors, who are all good fellows but simply don't have the right product, but I know a case where a Pewtridd Burner eloped with the colored cook and took all the dining room silver as well. You can't go wrong with a Knogud. Why, I've put this very burner into seventeen different homes. Just buy one, and you'll never buy another. . . .

"Well, if you won't buy a burner, how about a piece of Florida real estate or a nice fountain pen? Or a set of the World's Best Poetry in ten volumes, with index? Or this new-style sharpener for safety razor blades?"

The S. & N. Alphabetical Education

No. 12. Bullfighting

Bullfighting has to date made little progress in the United States, not so much because of the scarcity of bull as of the high market value of the choicer beef cuts, and as a consequence of the laudable desire of all patriotic citizens not to embarrass the Republican administration by taking potshots at the Hoover bull market. We are not much acquainted with bullfighting in its naïve and native state, but it is our candid opinion that it can hardly be naturalized. Our own efforts to adapt it to American conditions were not successful.

For one thing, we got very little coöperation from the bull. We had always understood that the first essential in bullfighting was to arouse and enrage the bull. With our bull this was not necessary. He was already distinctly upset. We discovered it just about at the moment that we discovered the bull, and not wishing to intrude upon his private difficulties we started back to the stile, accidentally removing our hat in tribute to his secret sorrows. Unfortunately the bull had the same idea and reached the stile ahead of us, so we went back for our hat. But it seemed that the bull wanted the hat. He wanted to wipe his feet on it, and did so briefly and effectively while we looked around for a tree. We have always been a lover of nature, and at the moment were particularly interested in trees. But there were no trees. There was only a hedge, thickset with thorns and things, as we discovered on the way through. The bull stood by, applauding and indeed encouraging our investigations.

We doubt whether bullfighting will ever be really popular in this country. We never found it so.

No. 13. Calculus

According to our dictionary, Calculus is a hard and stony deposit occasionally found among the internal organs, and consequently very difficult to grasp. Higher education, however, is not readily frustrated or foiled, and almost any university offers a course in Calculus for what it is worth. Varying stages of calculous growths or something very like them may be observed on almost any college faculty, and can be removed only by prolonged soaking

in a strong brine or with a handy length of lead pipe.

Calculus deals principally with infinitesimals, which seem to be some sort of sub-microscopic entities similar to those which are generally held resposible for foot and mouth disease. Under the benevolent rulings of the U. S. Department of Agriculture they may be shot at sight, except on Sundays. Unfortunately the little calculi are entirely invisible and therefore make disappointing and unsatisfactory targets. It is confidently expected, however, that the tightening of our immigration laws under the new administration will eventually deliver us from this deadly scourge, which seems to have originated in central Asia.

At the approach of danger the little calculi quickly disguise themselves as exponentials, logarithms, and direct and inverse circular functions. They then elect one of their number as the integral calculus which is a sort of queen bee and quite haughty and unapproachable, except at the mating season when she is constantly attended by a veritable cloud of isoperimeters. The exact consequences of the subsequent gradual growth and infinitesimal increase of the differential calculus as such are at present unknown, but are generally considered to have some regional relation to the increased enrollments in American universities and the growing Republican majorities since the campaign of 1884.

BULLETIN BOARD
of the S. & N. Heterogenius Club

Spring Song

The robins came a month ago
To say that winter's done,
And paddled through the sloppy snow
Beneath a doubtful sun.
And cheerful maple buds appear
To usher in the spring;
But I'll believe it when I hear
The frogs begin to sing.

The lying calendar insists
That summer is in sight;
There's promise in the morning mists
Of Sixty Fahrenheit.
I've paid my final Christmas bill;
My coal is on the wing;
But 'tisn't spring to me until
The frogs begin to sing.

D. Franck.

See Contents Pages of Satevepost!

He'll Come Home (In Six Parts), by Roland Pertwee.

Doubtless a pedestrian!

Bettina.

On Being Accused of Clichés

By Sara Henderson Hay

Above a sodden earth the sky
Is very soft and grey;
So many little voices cry
Above the eaves today;
And I can hear the scratch and hiss
Of rain against the door;
But wait — I must remember this
Has all been said before.

I'll try again. November yields
Her wealth of wood and wold;
Beneath a level sun the fields
Are all aglint with gold.
These gypsy trees in bronze and red
Have set the hills aglow —
Still, I suppose, that all was said
A hundred years ago.

The Maiden April comes again,
Bedecked with fragile flowers,
All veiled about with opal rain,
And little fragrant showers;
The tender grass is whispering,
There's magic in her face —
But yet, no doubt, to mention Spring
Is very commonplace!

Now, bearing this in mind, I strike
A stranger chord, and so
I'll say the moon is very like
A hunk of biscuit dough.
Upon the freckled beach the sea
Squirms up like curdled soup;
The wailing winds but sound to me
As if they had the croup.

Moral

A clichéd and a prosy tongue
Hath never power to please,
And so, perforce, I frisk among
Unholy similes.
For though their meaning be obscure.
This evens up the score,
At least, I may be rather sure
They've not been said before!

North American Review

June

The Farce of Enforcement
By Courtlandt Nicoll

What of Britain's "Flapper Vote?"
By C. H. Bretherton

The Autogiro and a New Air Age
By Donald F. Rose

Mr. Hoover Lays a Ghost . . . . . Ray T. Tucker
Cuba Again Asks Justice . . . . Ambassador Orestes Ferrara
The Oak Island Treasure . . . . . Charles B. Driscoll
Ladies of the Lobby . . . . . Eudora Ramsay Richardson
Jonathan Edwards and the Gunman . . . . . Struthers Burt
The Plight of Women with Brains . . . . . Walter B. Pitkin
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Free Speech for Talkies? . . . . . Edwin W. Hullinger
The Myth of Modern Youth . . . . . Harold de Wolf Fuller

Other articles by Herschel Brickell, Stanley Jones, William W. Hall *and* Alan H. Temple

Rec'd MAY 20 1929 B. P. L.

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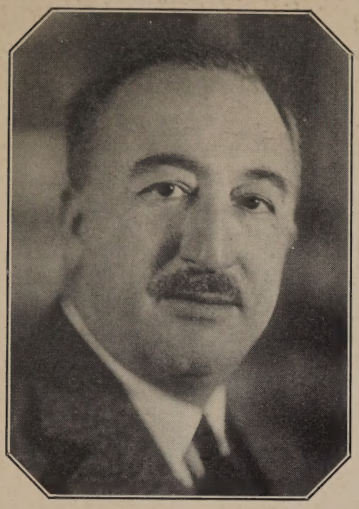
GOODYEAR is now producing three times as many pneumatic tires annually as it produced annually seven years ago—and Goodyear was even then the largest tire manufacturer in the world

GOODYEAR

Among Those Present

Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.



His Excellency Orestes Ferrara, Cuban Ambassador and brilliant historian, who writes on an important phase of the tariff tangle

Edwin Levick, N. Y.

Courtlandt Nicoll, well-known lawyer and former New York State Senator, long active on the Prohibition firing line

Professor Walter B. Pitkin, (below) whose much-discussed forebodings as to the future of American intellectuals are in this issue specifically applied to "superior" women

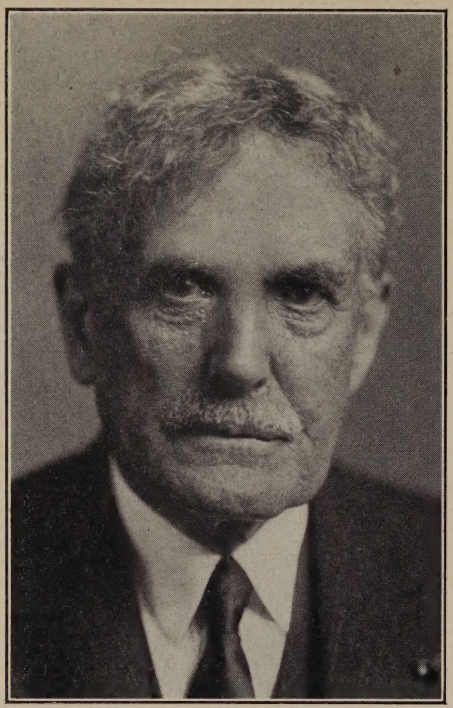
Lieutenant Barrett Studley, U. S. N., (below) author of "Practical Flight Training," who urges in this issue rational consideration of the rôle of airplanes in naval warfare

Eudora Ramsay Richardson, a Virginia feminist who surveys skeptically the achievements of women voters to date

Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Thoughts at Twilight

Wide World Studios



Myron T. Herrick

One of the last personal letters written by Myron T. Herrick, late Ambassador to France, revealed touchingly a great mind's unfailing courage before those doubts that assail the great and lowly alike when twilight years set in. Ambassador Herrick's letter was written February 4, 1929, from the American Embassy in Paris to his boyhood and lifelong friend, Andrew Squire, eminent lawyer of Cleveland. It referred to the death of Judge Sanders, Mr. Squire's partner. The following passage is printed here with Mr. Squire's permission, as a tribute to the memory of one who was an internationally beloved figure

WHAT a vista of other years Judge Sanders's passing opens up for you and me! It was immediately after my first meeting with you that I met the Judge, a rosy-cheeked boy who came to seek his fortunes in Cleveland; and from that time on began our lifelong friendship. Dickens or Thackeray could have made a dramatic tale of the lives of any one of us three, interwoven as they were with the growth of a new city and a new country.

How interesting it would be if we three could sit down at a table with a map and mark out the course that civilization has taken from then on up to the present day! We have lived all that time and we have seen the wisdom as well as the folly of mankind and we have followed the devious course of that "upward trend" through the years in its so-called progress. That it is progress I do not question. However, it does seem to me today, as my mind runs casually back over it, that it will still require an indefinite time before human understanding will be able to grasp the ultimate end and purpose of it all. Be that as it may, I suppose there is little left for you and me to do other than to keep our noses on the map and follow the course, and conjecture all we may. And after all our conjectures, I assume that we will arrive at about the same conclusion: that with all its ills, ups and downs, grief and joy, we are glad to have had the opportunity to make the journey and we are loath to lay down our ever-increasing burdens. . . .

MYRON T. HERRICK

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 227 JUNE, 1929 NUMBER 6

The Farce of Enforcement

BY COURTLANDT NICOLL

THE author, a prominent New York lawyer and former State Senator, played a leading part in organizing the much-discussed Committee of Legal Volunteers, which offers free legal aid to defendants coming under Senator Wesley L. Jones's drastic Prohibition enforcement law. This action has been paralleled in other cities, has been widely assailed by dry leaders, and has added new fuel to the ever increasing flames of Prohibition controversy. Mr. Nicoll here explains his motives, suggesting that the Jones Law is one of the most effective steps yet taken for the eventual nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment.

SOON *the persecution itself, as is generally the case, caused the crime to spread, and it appeared in new forms. . . . For many of each sex and of every age and rank are and will continue to be suspected. The mischief has spread, not only through the cities, but also through the villages and open country.*

Familiar as they seem, the words quoted above were not taken from any contemporary report on Prohibition conditions. They were written eighteen and a quarter centuries ago. They are extracts from a letter sent by Pliny, Governor of Bithynia, to the Emperor Trajan, asking his advice on the "enforcement" problem, in the year A.D. 104. The crime to which they refer is Christianity!

Though written so long ago, this correspondence is interesting in the light of present events. Pliny wants to know how far he should go in enforcing the law. He explains that, although he has inquired into the matter with some care, and has tried to obtain "the real truth by putting to the torture two maidens, who are called deaconesses", he could not discover that the Christians did anything wrong, and that at worst they were but subject to a "perverse and excessive superstition". He states that he was, therefore, most reluctant to punish them, unless clearly convinced of their guilt in each case.

The Emperor's reply contains a

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valuable lesson in humanity to many who call themselves Christians. After complimenting Pliny on his attitude, and warning him to pay no attention to anonymous accusations, he says, "They (the Christians) must not be sought after".

Today, with our land filled with Government spies, with its *agents provocateurs*, informers and stool pigeons trying to "seek after" and secure the harsh punishment of those who, like the Christians of antiquity, have violated the law but in doing so have done nothing wrong or dangerous to others, how calm and Christian seems the advice of the pagan emperor!

We Americans like to see our moral precepts in the criminal law. We hang Roosevelt's words, "Hit the line hard, but play the game fair", in our boys' rooms and then amend the Penal Law of New York to provide that any player on a professional team who "throws" a game, shall be guilty of a felony. "So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity": consequently, illicit love is made a misdemeanor in Pennsylvania, and also in New York if either party is married. "Be ye temperate in all things": and we have the "Jones Law" which provides that the penalty imposed for each offense shall be a fine not to exceed $10,000, or imprisonment not to exceed five years, or both.

Excellent as is the purpose of these statutes, they completely miss their aim because they represent attempts to accomplish by criminal law results which cannot be attained by that means. Though occasionally used for blackmailing purposes, most of such laws are innocuous. No serious attempt to enforce them is made. They lie quietly in the Penal Codes of the several States, to be looked at like mottoes on the wall, stating our moral ambitions, but not to be taken too seriously.

When we try to take them seriously and enforce them, as in the case of the National Prohibition Act, the effort brings more evils in its train than the statute was designed to cure. Sportsmanship, clean living and temperance cannot be ensured by penal statute. The Federal Government was not created to be a moral policeman, and the criminal law is solely to protect society by punishing acts which are universally condemned as immoral, or are necessarily dangerous to the well-being of another, or of his property. When the Federal Government steps out of bounds and tries in an alien sphere to enforce moral reforms by penal legislation, it makes a double error, and, consequently, a double failure.

In Christian countries at least, the moderate use of intoxicants is not universally condemned as immoral, nor is it so dangerous to the rights of others as to be generally regarded in the civilized world as warranting penal legislation wholly prohibiting traffic in liquor.

The Eighteenth Amendment and the National Prohibition statute are examples of an effort to stop, by penal law, acts which many people wish to commit and which in themselves are not immoral or inherently dangerous to others.

History is strewn with the wrecks of such legislation *and shows no*

examples of its success, except for a limited period, in a restricted area, under military control. I have already referred to Christianity, which was a "bootleg" religion until the ban against it was lifted by Constantine in 311 A.D. Other instances are the laws against heresy, those against witchcraft, and the numerous "blue laws" which still encumber the statute books of many of the States.

American history furnishes two interesting examples of the failure of these efforts, each of which bears a close Constitutional and legal analogy to the present prohibition situation.

THE first of these was the effort to enforce the provisions of the Federal Constitution regarding the return of fugitive slaves (Article 4, Section 2, Paragraph 3). Here we had a Constitutional provision expressly declared by the Supreme Court to be "a fundamental article without the adoption of which the Union could not have been formed". *Prigg* v *Pennsylvania* (16 Pet. [U. S.] 539; p. 612). After unavailing efforts to secure the enforcement of this Constitutional provision the question was finally thought settled by the adoption of the great Enforcement Act of 1850, providing in detail the machinery and method of its enforcement by the Federal Courts in strict conformity with the Constitution of the United States. The act is known in history as "The Fugitive Slave Law".

Everything that is said today of the necessity of obeying the law because *it is the law*, was said in the decade prior to the Civil War in regard to the necessity of supporting the Fugitive Slave Law. Movements for "law enforcement" were started by leaders in religion, business and the professions.

AT THE great "Enforcement Meeting" held in 1850 at New York, Daniel Webster declared that the law, though not perfect, was the law of the land and must be enforced. "No man", he cried, "has a right to set up, or to affect to set up, his own conscience as above the law". After the rescue of a Negro from a United States marshal in Boston, President Fillmore, on February 18, 1851, issued a proclamation "calling on all well-disposed citizens to rally to the support of the laws of this country" and addressed a special message to Congress on the subject, in which he said that, so far as depended on him "the law shall be faithfully executed . . . and to this end I am prepared to exercise, whenever it may become necessary, the power Constitutionally vested in me, to the fullest extent". In the case of *Ableman* v *Booth*, (21 How. [U. S.] 506) the Supreme Court took a hand in the matter, declaring that "it is among the first and highest duties of a citizen . . . to yield a ready obedience to the law" (page 525). Both political platforms in 1852 contained "law enforcement" planks, the Democratic plank declaring:

> The Statute, being designed to carry out an express provision of the Constitution, cannot, with fidelity thereto, be repealed or so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency. . . .

This declaration was received with such uproarious enthusiasm by the Convention, that it had to be read twice.

But "enforcement" had no better success in those years than it has today. People in the Northern States thought the acts prohibited by the Fugitive Slave Law neither wrong nor injurious, and openly violated it. As today, members of Congress privately violated the law to which they gave their support in public. I quote from *The Anti-Slavery Crusade* by May (Yale University Press 1920, page 135): "The Ohio Senator, who, in his lofty preserve at the Capitol of his country, could discourse eloquently of his readiness to keep faith with the South in the matter of the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, became, when at home with his family, a flagrant violator of the law."

In the South, of course, where the law was but the expression of public opinion, it worked smoothly and well, but the inability of the Federal Government to enforce it roused the ire of the slave States. "Worthless", "impotent", "a nuisance" were some of the epithets hurled at Washington by the law-abiding South.

FOLLOWING the Civil War came the second great effort to enforce Constitutional provisions by Federal laws penalizing acts which many considered neither wrong nor injurious. By the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments the Negroes were guaranteed civil and political rights equal, in all respects, to those of the white inhabitants. The efforts of the Government to secure these rights culminated in the statute known as "The Enforcement Act of 1870". Senator Schurz explained the purpose of this Act as follows: "In other words, neither a State nor an individual shall deprive any citizen, on account of race or color, of the free exercise of his right to participate in the functions of self-government; and the National Government assumes the duty to prevent the commission of the crime and to correct the consequences, when committed."

IN THE years when the Federal authorities tried to enforce this law, with the aid, by the way, of the Army, the country passed through another era of "law enforcement" meetings, clogged court calendars, prosecutions ending nowhere, and a general spirit of lawlessness in those parts of the country where the law was not supported by public opinion.

Since 1878, when President Hayes withdrew the Army from the Southern States, no serious effort has been made by the Federal Government to enforce these provisions of its own Constitution. The brave words of the Republican platform of 1876, pledging the party to secure "to every citizen complete liberty and exact equality in the exercise of all civil, political and public rights" had, by the year 1928, dwindled to a plank pledging it to discourage Negro lynchings!

And, curiously enough, the most ardent champion of "law enforcement" in our decade explicitly approved the nullification of these Constitutional amendments. William Jennings Bryan declared in New York, in 1908, "The white man of the South has disfranchised the Negro in self-protection; and there is not a Republican in the North who

would not have done the same thing under the same circumstances".

"*No man has the right to set up, or affect to set up, his own conscience as above the law*".

Looking back through history, would the people who hold this point of view today, have been for "Law Enforcement" when Christianity was a crime? Would they have been for the enforcement of the laws against heresy and witchcraft? Would they have denied to America the right to independence? Would they have sent the slave back to his master, or shackled the South with Negro domination, supported by military power? I think not.

As Seward replied to Webster, "There is a higher law than the Constitution".

WHAT is going to happen? More laws? Larger appropriations? Heavier penalties? They amount to nothing. "It is useless", as Calvin Coolidge said, "to attempt to dragoon the body when the need is to appeal to the soul," and the soul cannot be terrorized into obedience, or persuaded to it, by the plea that it must uphold the law. As Pliny pointed out, "persecution . . . causes a crime to spread." People who are conscious of no moral wrong resent being held in restraint, and intelligence revolts at the command to consider acts wrong or harmful when the common experience of mankind proves that they are neither.

The fact is that the Federal Government, in Prohibition matters, is like a huge battleship in shallow waters, manned by a disloyal crew and engaged in a guerrilla warfare against an outwardly friendly, but secretly rebellious people. Her fighting ability is not increased by heavier armor, larger cannon, additions to her personnel, or by hoisting more flags, though they lessen her manœuvring ability. Once in a while one of her great guns goes off, hits the mark, and a man or woman goes to jail. But mighty as she is, she is powerless because not used for the purpose for which she was constructed.

The first thing to do is to get the ship into deep water again; that is, to take the National Government out of the shoals of trying to secure an ambitious moral reform by the enforcement of a criminal law enacted by a Government of limited power. When the temperate people are convinced that their objective cannot be obtained by Federal penal legislation, no matter how many laws they pass or how severe they make them, we will have accomplished the first step toward a reform of the present conditions.

FORTUNATELY, the "Jones Law," placing heavier penalties on certain acts made criminal by the National Prohibition Statute, has created a situation whereby the country may be impressed with the futility of the whole effort. Raising the penalties has taken the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicants out of the misdemeanor class and placed them in the class with such felonies as arson and manslaughter in the lower degrees. Under the Federal Constitution, as well as under those of most of the States, persons accused of such serious offenses must go through the formality of a grand jury indictment, followed by a trial

before a petit jury of twelve men, and a unanimous verdict is necessary to a conviction. (U. S. Constitution, Act III and Amendments V and VI.)

The Sixth Amendment also provides that any person accused of a crime, shall have other important rights among which is the right to "have the Assistance of Counsel for his defense".

Taking advantage of these provisions, promptly after the Jones Law was approved, I organized — with several other lawyers in New York — a committee or group of legal volunteers. Our purpose was to see that those who, under the Jones Law, faced loss of citizenship, in addition to heavy fines and imprisonment, should have that legal assistance which they might not otherwise be able to obtain, but which is expressly guaranteed by the Constitution. When a man who, in violating the law, has done no wrong, inflicted no injury on another, cannot pay a lawyer to defend himself, we supply one for him without charge, from our list of volunteers.

We are not proceeding in opposition to the Constitution, but in direct conformity with it. Our appeal is only to the courts and juries established by the Constitution, but we propose to see that the legal and Constitutional rights of those committed to our care are adequately protected, and in so doing, strike a telling blow at the hypocrisy and corruption that masquerade under the name of Prohibition.

The grand juries before which these accused individuals come for indictment and the petit juries before which they must come for trial, are composed of ordinary citizens. Some of them buy intoxicants, others drink them whenever they have a chance, and still others, who neither buy nor drink liquor, have among their acquaintances many reputable men and women who do so without being conscious of moral guilt.

I have great confidence in these juries. They are the bulwarks of liberty. It was due to the failure of the grand juries to indict and of petit juries to convict, that the laws against heresy and witchcraft became obsolete long before their eventual repeal. The inability of the Federal prosecutors to secure indictments and convictions under "The Enforcement Act of 1870" resulted in making the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments impotent to accomplish the results for which they were intended. When in England the theft of anything of the value of one shilling or over was punishable by death, it was the petit juries which secured the repeal of these cruel provisions by repeatedly finding that the property stolen was not worth that much, irrespective of how great its actual value might be. It is recorded that in one case when exactly one shilling in currency was stolen, the jury found the value to be eleven pence ha'penny — just under the limit, thus cheating the gallows of their victim.

A fundamental part of the judicial system, the jury is a law unto itself, and gives expression to the opinion of the average man on what is right and what is wrong. It cannot be disciplined for failure to follow the guidance of the prosecuting attorney, or the suggestions of the court. Few

juries, I am confident, will deprive a man of his citizenship and place him in jeopardy of a large fine and a long term in prison, when, judged by the common standards of mankind, he has done nothing wrong or dangerous to another. They are fully aware that "there is a higher law than the Constitution" — the law of humanity and common sense. They realize that the only reason the defendant stands before them charged with crime is that on one or two occasions he failed to distinguish between an individual like themselves and a spy in the employ of the Government.

For, unlike action under most of the criminal laws, there are practically no prosecutions in Prohibition cases except on manufactured evidence. By this I do not mean that the evidence is untrue; but practically always it is the agents of the Government who cause the crime to be committed of which they subsequently accuse the defendant. Moreover, if asked their name and business, they never tell the truth. They do not say, "We are spies employed and financed by the Government to buy liquor from you in order to obtain evidence to convict you of a felony"; they pass themselves off as one of the millions of ordinary thirsty Americans who merely want a drink. I quote from the cross examination of a Government spy in a Prohibition case in the United States Court for the Southern District of New York.

Q. So you lied to her (the defendant), didn't you?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Most of the stories you told were untrue, weren't they?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Trying to make a criminal out of her, weren't you? Yes or no?

A. Yes, sir.

Lying and seduction to crime are the preliminaries to a prosecution under the Prohibition laws.

"But otherwise," says the prosecutor, "we could make no arrests." True enough, no doubt; but falsehood and inducing another to commit felony make an incongruous foundation for what was intended as a great moral reform; and what is more, the juries readily grasp that point.

The grand jury of Kings County, New York, drawn from "the City of Churches", petitioned for the repeal of the New York State Enforcement Act when it was in effect, on account of its corrupting influence. So far no similar action on behalf of the Federal grand juries has been drawn to my attention, but there are rumors that enforcement officials are not having a happy time with their cases before the juries in many parts of the country.

With the failure of the grand juries to indict, or a series of acquittals by the petit juries, the Eighteenth Amendment and its "Enforcement Acts" will join the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and the "Enforcement Act of 1870" in our museum of legal history. They may be used intermittently for blackmail, but the wholesale hypocrisy and corruption that are the necessary by-products of a great effort to secure moral reform by criminal law will disappear, and America will eventually be free to follow the lead of other temperate nations in the treatment of problems created by the ever existing traffic in intoxicants.

The Ladies of the Lobby

By Eudora Ramsay Richardson

Where, after nearly a decade of suffrage, have women voters arrived? A one-time suffrage leader says they are still only parasites and pink-tea politicians

The three Ruths recently elected to Congress, like most other women in politics, are still gleaners in the fields of Boaz. After nearly nine years of enfranchisement women are yet bound to the will of men and to the petty traditions of their sex. Except those who have kinsmen powerful in the promised land or those who have made themselves near and dear to the mighty ones, there are few women coming in for a share of the milk and honey. The woman prominent in American politics is sleeping at the feet of Boaz beneath the skirt which the near kinsman has spread over his handmaiden. Fortunately those advocates of equal suffrage who predicted that votes for women and the millennium would arrive simultaneously lack the discernment to be seriously disappointed by their prophecy's failure of fulfilment. The saner element among the old-line suffragists, while deprecating the rôle many women are playing in politics, are relying optimistically upon the corrective power of time and are saying with the inimitable Mrs. Poyser of *Adam Bede*, "Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish. God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

With a few exceptions, conspicuous because of their extreme rareness, women who have achieved elective or appointive offices are wearing the mantles of deceased men or have risen by means of petticoat politics. Ma Ferguson and Nellie Tayloe Ross would never have occupied governors' chairs without the fortuitous impeachment and death of their respective husbands. Mrs. Kahn of California and Mrs. Rogers of Massachusetts stepped into Congress over the bodies of husbands who died while representing their districts in Congress; and Mrs. Langley of Kentucky profited politically by her husband's absence from public life while Congressman Langley served in the Atlanta prison a sentence imposed for violation of the Volstead Act. Though widely separated temperamentally, geographically, and politically, two of the Ruths newly settled in Washington have made use of the spotlights turned once upon Mark Hanna and

William Jennings Bryan. Indeed, Ruth McCormick, Congressman-at-large from Illinois, is the political reflection of two men — her husband, Senator Medill McCormick, and her more famous father, Mark Hanna.

IDA CLYDE CLARKE, writing two years ago, proved herself an incorrigible optimist by naming three women as possible candidates for the presidency of the United States in November, 1928. Though we may all be in doddering senescence before the parties even consider a woman as presidential material, Mrs. Clarke showed that her finger was on the pulse of the people by the possibilities she chose: Ruth McCormick, Alice Longworth, and Anne Morgan. These women exist in the minds of the American electorate because of their relationship to Mark Hanna, Theodore Roosevelt, and J. Pierpont Morgan. We have not achieved an attitude toward women as individuals that would prompt us to suggest for high office a woman who had pulled herself up by her own bootstraps as did Wilson, Coolidge, Hoover, or Alfred E. Smith.

The legislatures of the several States are peppered with women who are either succeeding their dead husbands or in whose veins flows the blood of kinsmen illustrious in the halls of the lawmakers. Notable among this year's crop of widows who are wearing not only weeds but the political spurs of their former husbands are Mrs. Claire Carter of Maine, recently selected to complete Assemblyman Carter's unexpired term and Mrs. Howard Harper, the first Negro woman to serve in a State legislature, appointed by the Governor of West Virginia to succeed her husband who died in political harness.

In their reluctant bestowal of those honors which the enfranchisement of women has necessitated, the political parties have been diligent in their search for women who bear the names of prominent men. The Democratic vice-chairman in the late lamented campaign was Mrs. Ross, wife of a Democratic governor in a Republican state. Mrs. Hert, vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee, also entered politics in her husband's footsteps. When Alvin T. Hert died in 1921 his wife took his place in business and in politics. He had long served his party both in his State and as national committeeman. Mrs. Hert's career since her husband's death is the sequence of twenty-eight years as Alvin T. Hert's wife. Obviously Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was selected for chairman of the women's advisory committee of the Democratic Party because of her name. She is twice a Roosevelt. Not only did she marry a Roosevelt but in addition she is the niece of the indefatigable president. Powers of leadership were inconsequential in comparison with other assets Mrs. Roosevelt had to offer. A detailed survey of the names of other women active in politics would reveal that many, though not as eminently capable as the foregoing, have nevertheless come into their opportunities through relationship.

IN PARTY organizations women are still auxiliary and advisory to men. Their aid is accepted in carrying out man-made programmes; their advice is seldom heeded in important

matters, though small honors be conferred upon them. Never have they been represented on a committee charged with drawing up a party platform. In selecting women for office, men have scrupulously avoided those with definite convictions of their own. Miss Alice Robertson, one time Congressman from Oklahoma, is an excellent example of masculine choice for a position of high responsibility. As a man propitiator, winning votes *via* the stomachs of the men who were fed at her cafeteria, Miss Alice had been an opponent of suffrage for her sex. Because she championed their cause, flattered them and served them excellent food, men sent her to Washington, confident that she would mirror their whims. The lady politician boasts of her ability to work with men.

How could there be discord when the powers have chosen subjects grateful for the honor conferred upon them and accordingly willing to take orders? Nellie Tayloe Ross expressed the attitude of the women on the national committees when she said that the effort of all women's committees is "coöperation to the utmost with the men" and added emphatically that the women would make no effort to assert themselves as women. She might have added with truthfulness that women had learned the futility of trying to assert themselves at all. Indeed women have permitted themselves to become the cat's paw of the men. Parties have found it expedient to instigate the utterances of women and then to repudiate those utterances when they have proved to be political boomerangs — and the sort of woman who has accepted honors from the parties is too stupid or too anxious to keep her job to enter a protest. During the recent political campaign a letter containing matter of a scurrilous nature was sent out by a local chairwoman. The presidential candidate of the party for which the henchwoman worked later branded the letter as unofficial. Therefore the underling tacitly accepted the responsibility. Later it transpired through good authority that the letter had come out of the party headquarters and that the chairwoman had sent copies forth without pondering the contents. Another woman who was made a political cat's paw in the recent campaign was Mabel Walker Willebrandt, whose speech was first approved by a member of the National Republican Committee and later declared by leaders of her party to be an ill-advised personal utterance. Until women are no longer in the position of receiving their honors entirely at the hands of men they can not hope to be more than apprentices in the political workshop.

For the status of the lady politician, however, men are not entirely to blame. Women who have sought public office have employed methods exasperatingly womanish and calculated to breed in men distrust of the woman who dabbles in public affairs. Perhaps in an effort to preserve their femininity women have used methods as anciently womanish as those of the Moabitish maiden who gleaned in the fields of Boaz. Clinging to the traditions of their sex, they have converted campaigns for their own election or for the promotion of their party's interests into subli-

mated pink teas. Climbers and publicity hounds are using politics as a means of ascending the social ladder and of getting their names and their pictures in print. Women of this sort have proved exceedingly useful to the men; as long as such lady politicians are invited to sit on platforms at political meetings and as long as their pictures appear in the rotogravure sections of Sunday papers, they can be counted on not to give trouble. In one city a woman's political club, headed by a newcomer, utterly unknown, unable to preside at meetings, and without experience in leadership but with gigantic social aspirations, has functioned through two presidential campaigns to the complete satisfaction of the men. By means of a series of teas, publicity has been given to the activity of women voters and the men have been left to conduct their campaigns according to their own ancient methods. It is no easy task for women who think straight to put out of office a woman who does not represent their interests. Still standing in awe of the masculine verdict that women cannot work together, we prefer a *laissez-faire* attitude to political militancy. So pink tea politics is permitted to prevail. The average woman voter would rather be fashionable than right.

THE decorum of the society woman who is now entering politics to save her country from the vulgar among her sex is highly irritating to the old war horses of suffrage and amusing to the men who have learned that class distinctions are dangerous in politics. The women now stepping in at the instigation of men are prone to select their chairmen from the social register. Wholly unfamiliar with any class but their own, they do not know that Mary Smith can influence the labor vote — or that there is a labor vote for that matter — that Mrs. Jones can swing the fraternal organizations, that Mrs. Brown is powerful in the federated clubs, that the president of the elementary teachers' association is good for five hundred votes. They select, however, for important posts wives of bankers and prominent attorneys — women whose doings are featured in the society columns. And these society women, in search of something new to dabble in, find politics an interesting outlet for their energies.

IN A fashionable little town in South Carolina the woman who called the Democratic women to the aid of their party naïvely summed up the attitude of the society woman. It was her feeling, she said, that the movement for Al Smith must be led by women of the highest social and financial standing and that, while she wanted the vote of every woman in the country, it was necessary to look elsewhere than to the "old time suffragist and average club woman for leadership". The lady in the chair then proceeded to apologize for Mrs. Smith, declaring that it was not always possible — witness Abigail's washing, for instance — to have real ladies in the White House. "Mrs. Harding," she continued "was a most unrefined woman, and the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson came up from trade, as you know." Then, to explain her sudden political activity, she acknowledged that although she had never wanted the

vote, she now realized the ballot had brought with it responsibilities which aristocratic and sheltered women of her class must not shirk. One might add that the ballot also has brought to the dabbler something else to dabble in.

In the South, at least, the politicians are seeking to win the women by flattery — and the eternal feminine is still responding to the eternal masculine. The Governor of Virginia, who as a former legislator is on record as opposed not only to equal suffrage but to all higher education for women except that provided by the State normal schools, addressed a mass meeting of women voters in October, 1928, and said with fine oratorical fervor that he would be content to disfranchise the men in the coming election and leave the women to decide the fate of Democracy. The applauding audience possessed only a few skeptical women with memory and sense of humor.

But what are the old line suffragists doing while the society woman holds sway in politics? They have not been idle. The convening of Congress and the legislatures in the several States finds them still at their lobbying posts, buttonholing representatives in behalf of measures they are sponsoring. There are gaps in the ranks, of course, made by those who have deserted to accept minor political jobs to which salaries are attached. These mercenary souls are branded as traitors because they can no longer be called upon to fight for bills which their bosses have not endorsed. The others, however, having developed a technique for reforming, are plying their trade with unabated zeal. In Washington the Woman's Joint Congressional Committee, dominated by the League of Women Voters, contains the last vestige of the old suffrage lobby. It follows Federal legislation and claims to "function by conveying to members of Congress the sentiment of the women voters back home." Its methods are so similar to those of the Anti-Saloon League that one fears the older organization may have served as a pattern for the newer. One commentator has aptly said that the Woman's Joint Congressional Committee indexes everything about a man from business, banking, and political affiliations to his taste in food, drink, and women.

In the States the Women's Legislative Councils are the counterparts of the Congressional Committee in Washington. On this council — supposedly a clearing house — are representatives of all the women's organizations that have legislative programmes, but the League of Women Voters supplies the lobby from the ranks of the suffrage war horses. The ladies of the lobby ensemble possess, therefore, more experience than youth. In Virginia they have been opprobriously nicknamed "the starving Armenians" by the hard-hearted men whom they besiege biennially. Indeed the ladies have the lean and hungry look of yon Cassius, the earnestness of Frances Willard, the sixth sense that once was Joan of Arc's, the courage of Carrie Nation, and the patience of Susan B. Anthony. Rising above cosmetics, they possess noses and eyes that shine zealously as their flat-heeled shoes

stamp through the corridors of the legislature.

Meetings of the Council are illustrative of the narrow horizon of organized women. The League of Women Voters seems to be the only group with interests at all general, and that body is eternally hampered by its eagerness to be reforming something. The Women's Christian Temperance Union simply bristles with righteous wrath if Prohibition is sidetracked for the admission of some other question. The patriotic organizations — the Daughters of the American Revolution, high-hatting the shorter pedigreed United Daughters of the Confederacy — see legislation in terms of commemoration and are happy only when historical markers and monuments are under discussion. The American Association of University Women, stiff with a sense of its intellectual aristocracy, finds it hard to concentrate upon any subject that does not bear directly upon education.

Such matters as reorganization of State machinery, the Governor's budget, taxation, and the like are too general to be of absorbing interest to the ladies. But sex hygiene is a subject that will always catch the wandering ear. It is delightfully mixed, of course, with morals and the sexual outrages of the younger generation — and if there is anything that the ladies do adore it is sex and morals! So when grave matters are confronting the state, the Legislative Council will spend an entire afternoon discussing a proposed $5000 appropriation for the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools. The so-called Paternity Bill is sure to arouse enthusiasm. Pass a law, say the ladies, that will compel wayward men to support their illegitimate children, and the old injustice will be corrected. So with one accord the ladies stew and lobby seemingly without the slightest realization of how impossible it is to prove the paternity of a fatherless baby, and that nature and not law is the chief offender.

Among the ladies of the lobby there exists, however, a rift that originated long since, when Alice Paul and Lucy Burns left the National American Woman Suffrage Association to organize the Congressional Union. The older group is continued now by the League of Women Voters, the younger by the National Woman's Party — and today hatred is as rife as it was when Mrs. Catt's cohorts fought for suffrage in the States and Miss Paul's militants picketed the White House. Today, the National Woman's Party lobbies only for equality between the sexes; the League of Women Voters works for any measure that savors of welfare or reform. The Party just wants its rights; the League wants its rights and special dispensations as well. The Party believes that women should be granted equality and then be made to fend for themselves; the League wants equality but it wants various privileges also. If a clause that declares men and women equal should invalidate eight-hour laws for women, laws prohibiting night work for women, laws requiring seats for women employees in stores and factories, and other protective legislation, then the ladies might be permanently out of lobbying jobs —

and what would the poor things do to amuse themselves during sessions of the legislature? The National Woman's Party is composed of feminists who, albeit fiercely and without charm, are carrying their cause to its logical conclusion. The League of Women Voters is composed of feminists whose development has been arrested. Ten years ago both groups were asking for the vote on the ground that a democracy should provide equality for all and special privilege for none. Now whenever the Woman's Party is granted a legislative hearing, the League is arrayed against it, appealing to the men in the name of chivalry not to pass a blanket amendment or a blanket law that would deprive woman of the special privileges she enjoys. The spectacle of these two groups of over-zealous women is highly diverting to the interested onlooker with constitution strong enough to withstand the barrage of poison gas emitted by orators on both sides.

WHEN the Party is not in action, welfare — that word which has become the euphemism for much undesirable legislation — sums up the interests for which the women lobbyists are working. It is probably the sublimated or the perverted maternal instinct that makes woman naturally the proponent of all measures that seek to protect society. Some women are exercising this instinct within the home and making of their children spineless creatures who carry through life the mother fixation. Others are besieging legislatures to pass laws intended to take from the individual all power of choice but which breed chiefly a widespread contempt for all law. Laws protecting the woman in industry, blue laws, and censorship of all kinds are the especial pets of the ladies of the lobby. Bills that keep the Sabbath dull and holy, that prohibit every human desire from the craving for light wines and beer to betting at the race track and satisfying one's taste in movies, always receive the support of the women who hang around the legislative halls and who are unequivocally committed to reform of all sorts. Corralling the preachers as their accomplices, the same women may be found at any hearing that has to do with legislating morals into the people.

WITH a few notable exceptions that prove nothing, those women who have gleaned without the protection of such a kinsman as the ancient Boaz have been carried into office because of their advocacy of some reform programme. As sincere as William Jennings Bryan himself, these women have believed that when elected they can bring about the social millennium. Bertha Knight Landes, one time mayor of Seattle, expressed the inane optimism of the woman reformer when she said in writing about her city, "Every day in every way we are getting better and better". Her conviction was evidently not shared by her constituents, who recorded their opinions by denying her the second term she sought. Most women in politics have hypnotized themselves into believing that they are God-anointed for the high and holy task of regulating human conduct. So the woman seeking election at the hands of women

has developed a definite technique in reforming. Since most general organizations of women prohibit the discussion of politics, candidates harrowing the ground in advance of campaigns appear before groups of club women, fraternal women, church women, and indeed wherever two or three women are gathered together, and win supporters by lecturing on some reform near at hand and near also to the maternal heart of women. Professional propagandists, both men and women politicians, play upon the ignorance of women and the innocence of certain church members. It is they and their blindfolded followers who are cluttering the statute books with worthless legislation which is making law in America a laughing stock.

In criticizing thus the tactics of our lady politicians I hope I shall not be accused of holding a brief for the gentlemen of the trade. The sins of women are certainly no more heinous and no more amusing than the sins of men. Women are stumbling into minor sinning through inexperience; men have developed a technique for sinning on a larger scale. As long as women sleep at his feet and follow his reapers, Boaz must be held responsible for the nature of the gleanings and for the behavior of the gleaners.

Withering Roses

By Isobel Hume

Since you are going now where Beauty went
Cup all your sweetness in a curving leaf
And breathe on memory with your fading scent
Of honeyed spring, that reawakens grief.

Cuba Again Asks Justice

By Orestes Ferrara
Cuban Ambassador to the United States

Arguing that our sugar tariff burdens unfairly the Republic we created, wrecks our investments there and destroys a profitable market for our exports

From Havana to Key West is a distance of only ninety miles. As, with the passage of the years, Cuba's commercial intercourse with the United States has grown, and her attractions as both a summer and winter resort have drawn increasing numbers of American travellers to her shores, this short stretch of blue water has become populous with vessels ferrying people and goods back and forth from island to mainland. Indeed, this part of the once lonely Spanish Main has during Cuba's life as a Republic been converted into one of the world's busiest marine highroads. Today even the skies above waters once sailed by Columbus echo to the drone of airliners carrying cargoes of mail and passengers between Cuba and Miami, Palm Beach, and Key West.

But geographic propinquity is not the only tie uniting Cuba and the United States. Being a physical fact only, it perhaps lacks the strength of other bonds — historical, moral, and spiritual.

Yet, despite all these ties, events over which Cuba has no control, and against the consummation of which she strives with all her might, may drive her in the future to seek new trade alliances in Europe, in the Orient, or in the coming great civilizations of Latin America. Even if that comes to pass — and again I repeat that it can only come to pass against Cuba's strongest protest — Cuba will always cherish among her treasured memories the historic facts that in 1898 the United States stood shoulder to shoulder with her in her fight for freedom; that afterward the United States tutored her for her rôle as a sovereign nation; and that, in the years since Cuba has been self-governing and absolutely independent, American citizens have shown their trust in the integrity of her Government and in the industry of her people by investing in Cuba capital to the enormous total of fifteen hundred millions of dollars.

Cuba's economic condition during the past three years has been disastrous, due to the fact that sugar, the one great crop of the island, has been selling

at less than cost. Furthermore, Americans doing business in Cuba, their firms selling there, and capital thus invested, have suffered equally with Cuban business men and their capital.

Of the billion and a half dollars invested by Americans in Cuba, more than a third is represented by sugar properties and much more than half by sugar and allied industries. Approximately seventy-five per cent of Cuba's sugar output is made in American-owned or American-controlled mills. Enormous losses have been suffered by these properties because of recent depression. Take the case of the largest company operating in Cuba, the Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation. At one time its preferred stock (nominal value $50,000,000) was at par value of one hundred and the common stock stood at $80 a share. On March 28, 1929, their Stock Exchange values were: preferred, $11.12; common, $3.75.

I HAVE before me a confidential document showing the balances of all the sugar companies in Cuba for the past three years. It reveals that the losses suffered during this period by the American-owned mills amount to the stupendous figure of fifty millions yearly. With such losses in the sugar industry, it is obvious that other American interests in Cuba, not directly engaged in sugar production, have also had hard sledding.

Of the six millions of tons of sugar which the United States consumes annually, approximately one half is supplied by Cuba, slightly more than one million tons are produced in the United States, and the rest comes from the so-called insular possessions, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

The continental United States is not adapted to the cultivation of cane, except in certain small sections. There is a cane industry in Louisiana, but there the production has been on the decrease, dropping from an average annual output of 292,478 tons during the years 1909–1913, to 47,166 tons in 1926–1927 and 77,000 tons in 1927–1928. In Florida, after many disastrous failures in the past, fresh attempts to develop the cane industry are being encouraged.

THE cultivation of sugar-beets, although giving better results than the growing of cane, has not made noteworthy progress. When the Fordney-McCumber tariff act was passed, it was expected to lay the foundation for the rapid expansion of the domestic industry. Far from doing that, it has merely demonstrated the futility of high protection for an industry which is in conflict with natural laws.

The Fordney-McCumber Act places a tariff of 2.20 cents a pound on sugar, and as Cuban sugar receives a reduction of twenty per cent, the true rate may be considered as 1.76 cents a pound. At the present time sugar placed aboard ship in Cuba sells for less than 1.80 cents a pound; hence the tariff is practically a 100 per cent *ad valorem* tax.

Despite this extremely high protection, sugar production within the United States has dropped from 1,200,859 tons in 1921–1922 (the year the Fordney-McCumber Act was passed) to an estimated 1,094,000 tons this year.

It seems a logical inference that

if one hundred per cent *ad valorem* is not enough protection to develop a domestic production that could supply the entire demand of the United States, then two hundred per cent could not do it either. For, leaving out of consideration the competition the domestic industry will always have from the insular possessions of the United States, which under the stimulus of excessively high prices will be able to produce incalculably great quantities of sugar, there are other threats to the prosperity of the beet-sugar industry in the United States. Beet-sugar cultivation entails arduous field labor on the part of women and children and is in consequence vulnerable to attack by humanitarian legislation. Also the beet-plant is preyed upon by a soil parasite against which entomologic science has as yet not found a remedy.

Even should the imposition of a still higher tariff than the present one drive Cuban sugar from the American market, these natural handicaps would not be lifted. The only effect such a change would have would be to cause the mills and fields of Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines to increase their output, under the stimulus of fabulous profits. They, and particularly the Philippines, would supply the United States with the sugar which today comes from Cuba. Nor could this latter development be prevented by limiting the importations of Philippine sugar to 500,000 tons, as has been proposed by some, since the Philippines, making a profit of two hundred per cent on the 500,000 tons of duty-free sugar, could, under a new and higher tariff, create a gigantic industry strong enough to force its products over any tariff barrier no matter how high.

Such considerations as these cause Cuba to believe that her true competitors in the American market are not the continental producers, whom she regards with sympathy in this hour of shared economic distress, but those countries which are at present appended to the United States in one way or another, the widely scattered insular possessions, less identified economically with the United States than Cuba because, for one reason, of their less favorable geographic situation; countries of small consumptive capacity and of standards of living not superior, certainly, to those of Cuba.

From this competition, difficult to justify on a rational basis, arise many strange phenomena. Cuban sugars imported into the United States in 1927 paid $128,484,000 in duties. If the importations from the other islands, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, had paid the same rates, the additional amounts accruing to the United States Treasury that year for the 1,689,000 tons brought from these countries would have been $59,452,800. In other words, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, because of their political relationship to the United States, receive from the people of this country a subsidy on this score alone amounting to almost sixty millions of dollars annually.

Another abnormality resulting from this competition is the unnecessary long ocean haul it entails, which serves no useful purpose and adds to

the cost of the producer. While Cuba, under compulsion, decreases her shipments of sugar to the neighboring market of the United States and increases her sales to Asia, the Philippines, whose natural market is Asia, ship sugar to the Atlantic ports of the United States.

Still another effect of this unnatural competition is the loss it has caused American industry and agriculture. Whenever in the past Cuba has been prosperous, she has been a good customer for American goods. In 1920, a year of unusual prosperity, Cuba's purchases in the United States amounted to $404,386,000. Since that year they have decreased, with the waning of Cuba's after-war prosperity, but they still amount to about $128,000,000 annually. In this respect, the records of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines are not to be compared with that of Cuba. Their combined average annual importations from the United States during the past ten years have been less than those of Cuba alone.

CUBA is told to diversify her production. Very good. But what, under the circumstances, would be the result of such an effort? To diversify production now, and as a remedy for the ills from which we suffer, means the destruction of a large part of the highly efficient Cuban sugar industry; it means the making of all kinds of experiments, with unavoidable losses; it means that in a country of but four million inhabitants we must establish weak high-cost industries, capable at best of rendering only modest returns, and vulnerable to the first wind of adversity; it means, in a word, the reduction of trade between Cuba and the United States to negligible proportions.

To attempt to diversify production, artificially and rapidly, in the midst of a crisis, would be suicidal.

ONE of the proposals of those persons in Cuba who, for their own reasons, would like to see the Cuban sugar industry destroyed, is the levying of an export tax on sugar coming to the United States, in order thereby to create a fund of several hundreds of millions with which to carry through diversification. For such a thing to happen would be a misfortune to both Cuba and the United States. With a precedent like that before it, what incentive would be left for the investment of this country's mounting surplus of capital in any of the "new" countries of the world?

When in Cuba we speak of the present tariff of the United States and of the proposal to increase it still more, we remember, for reasons which circumstances make pertinent, Elihu Root's phrase:

> Cuba can not be treated as an aggressive commercial rival, but with a generosity which toward her will be justice.

At the time of the constitution of the Cuban Republic, two treaties were prepared, one political, called the "Permanent Treaty"; the other commercial, called the "Reciprocity Treaty." In the minds of Cuban and American statesmen, both treaties had strict correlation. Here is what Secretary Root said at the time:

> Cuba has acquiesced in our right to say that she shall not put herself in the hands of any other power, whatever her necessity, and in our right to insist upon the maintenance

of free and orderly government throughout her limits, however impoverished and desperate may be her people. Correlative to these rights is a duty of the highest obligation to treat her not as an enemy, not at arm's length as an aggressive commercial rival, but with a generosity which towards her will be but justice; to shape our laws so that they shall contribute to her welfare as well as our own. Aside from the moral obligations to which we committed ourselves when we drove Spain out of Cuba, and aside from the ordinary consideration of commercial advantages involved in a reciprocity treaty, there are the weightiest reasons of American public policy pointing in the same direction: for the peace of Cuba is necessary to the peace of the United States; the independence of Cuba is necessary to the safety of the United States. The same considerations which led to the war with Spain now require that a commercial arrangement be made under which Cuba can live . . .

Before this, President McKinley said:

It is important that our relations with these people shall be of the most friendly character and our commercial relations close and reciprocal.

And President Roosevelt, in his Message to Congress, November 10, 1903, stated:

We expect Cuba to treat us on an exceptional footing politically, and we should put her in the same exceptional position economically.

UNTIL 1911, the two treaties were in perfect harmony. Since then the "Permanent Treaty" has given no cause for discussion, but the "Reciprocity Treaty" has not done all the high contracting parties expected it to do. This has been due to circumstances and not to action by either of the interested countries. The twenty per cent differential granted Cuba by the United States, in exchange for a reciprocal differential amounting to twenty, thirty, and forty per cent, in different schedules, granted the United States by Cuba, has not favored Cuba. This fact is not open to discussion, nor is it necessary here to examine into its causes.

Cuban products, and especially sugar, have paid heavy imposts on entering the United States. For natural reasons, and despite the good will of both contracting parties, a badly balanced arrangement has come into being.

DUTIES paid on merchandise entering the United States amount to slightly less than $600,000,000 annually. Of this sum, goods sold by Cuba's four millions of inhabitants pay about one fourth, or $150,000,000. The United Kingdom pays (the figures are for 1927) approximately $66,115,000; France, $51,170,000; Germany, $51,810,000; Canada, $26,394,000; and Japan, $16,122,000.

All Latin America pays less than Cuba alone. The average duty on all Cuban exports to the United States is 55 per cent *ad valorem;* that on all imports into the United States is only 16 per cent *ad valorem.*

Cuba is struggling under a load that is too great for her to bear. She has but one hope: it is that once again the Government of the United States, whose kindly disposition toward her has been tested and proved so often in the past, will continue the just and farsighted policy of McKinley, Roosevelt, and Root, so that Cuba may be in fact what her clientele and her geographic situation ninety miles from the American coast intended her to be in nature, the main source of sugar supply for the people of the United States.

Mr. Hoover Lays a Ghost

By Ray T. Tucker

How the shade of "The White House Spokesman" has fallen before a Chief Executive who has established more straightforward contacts with press and public than have existed in twenty years

Great are the uses of the press to a President who understands how to manipulate this engine of democracy or destruction, and never were they greater than in this age of impersonal journalism, combinations of influential organs of publicity and expansion of the wire associations. By his contacts with the gentlemen of the press, the President may, if he chooses, organize public opinion for or against anybody or anything. It is, perhaps, fortunate that none since Thomas Jefferson has displayed much aptitude or desire for making the most of his power in this respect.

Nevertheless, the White House press relations have until now been conducted under a one-sided arrangement, in which all the rules have been made by and for the President rather than for the public and its newspapers. Moreover, the lack of system in these rules has been illogical and inimical to public interest. Mere superficial consideration of the problem reveals what an awesome arrangement it was — until reorganized by Herbert Hoover.

Formerly, a President of the United States needed only to lift his voice to summon to the Executive Office a hundred or two hundred trained journalists, who, under the ancient rules of the game, were summarily transformed into his unpaid personal press agents. The President is, of course, the "best copy" in this centre of politics and government; newspaper columns yearn to publish what the White House says, suggests, proposes, does or does not choose to do.

Despite an apparent decline of public interest in politics in this jazz era, the President ever remains a dim and unquestioned ideal to millions, especially to youth and to womanhood; even to the cynical and worldly-wise he is the individual of greatest influence and importance in the land. The Prince of Wales may set the smart styles for the well-dressed males of the British Empire; but the President of the United States may shape and dominate public opinion in a New World which accepts with all seriousness its

mission of redressing the balance and the budgets of the Old.

I have spoken of "rules," but in actuality there was, until President Hoover took charge, only one rule in this great game of picturing a President and postulating his thoughts for the American people. He was never to be quoted unless, on rare occasions, he gave specific permission.

ALTHOUGH an intelligent public, including the chancelleries of Europe, came to know that we saw him twice weekly — at noon Tuesday and 4 o'clock Friday afternoon — we were required to conceal the source of our White House pronouncements with whatever fancy or ingenuity our adult or adolescent minds dictated. Behind such conventional phrases as "It is believed," or "The President is understood to feel," or "It was made known in White House circles," or "It is reported in quarters close to the President," or "The President has told callers" — we being the "callers" — we shanghaied and hid the President and veiled his words of wisdom.

Ingenuity reached a burlesque climax when somebody — nobody knows who — invented the phrase of "The White House spokesman." But that *nom de president* soon became the butt of vaudeville, editorial and senatorial jibes, and President Coolidge thereupon committed journalistic suicide. So deep-rooted was the theory of mystery and silence surrounding our presidential informant, however, that we were not permitted to describe the obsequies to our readers, since that would have given posthumous notice that he once had lived and lectured us. The only mourners at the funeral were a slightly sour and cynical press gang.

Before the days of the White House spokesman, a slight change in the old hit-or-miss system had been effected by President Harding, as a result of a blunder of domestic and international moment. Although he "had been a newspaperman himself once," Mr. Harding did not apply himself to reorganizing the game until he got hurt. His error led to the stipulation that all questions, which had previously been asked verbally, should be submitted in writing. The purpose, obviously, was to afford a busy Chief Executive an opportunity to scrub up on his facts. But the correspondents, who are not wholly blameless for the haphazardness of the old method, put off submission of queries until a few minutes before the conference hour, and this machinery for evoking worth-while information did not work. Stage-struck and inarticulate correspondents liked the idea and clung to it because they discovered that they could submit questions on which no answer would be forthcoming, and then write columns on the negative view at the White House. But Mr. Coolidge outwitted opposition prophets of nothingness with an order that no mention must be made of unanswered questions.

IN RETROSPECT, it seems almost unbelievable that any President should have assented to the conditions which so long existed. Even the physical arrangements for the press conference were designed to make for inaccurate reporting. Standing in a small, stuffy, crowded chamber that was poorly lighted, it was the task —

or habit — of correspondents to jot down skimpy notes on crumply stationery, the backs of envelopes or borrowed bits of copy paper. No stenographic record was available for "spot news men" whose duties required that they flash a market-shaking bulletin rather than a well-digested analysis. Indeed, there was always an atmosphere of reticence toward those philosophic and leisurely spirits whose doubt as to the President's meaning led them to ask for a peek at the transcript. Until Coolidge's régime there was no transcript. Despite numerous and repeated requests from leading correspondents, who sought protection for the President and themselves, Harding would not keep an official stenographic record of his interviews. Coolidge, on noting one day that David Lawrence had sent an amanuensis to take shorthand notes of the presidential remarks, sternly forbade the practice. For Mr. Coolidge it can be said that he showed consideration by talking slowly; he measured his monotone by watching the hand of J. Russell Young, representative of the *Washington Star*, as it sped across the latter's well-kept notebook.

THERE was, of course, one inevitable result from this chaotic system. Each Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, or each Friday afternoon and Saturday morning, contradictory articles would appear anent the President's views on questions of state, or his thoughts on pink lemonade, fishing with a worm and bell trousers for college boys. The Democratic New York *World* and the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, without perhaps any reason beyond their conflicting political philosophies, frequently gave the Page 1-Column 1 lie to each other regarding a presidential pronouncement of the day before. There might be no delicate question of party politics involved, and yet there would be a clash in the reporting of the President's statements, even though the correspondents for these newspapers — Charles Michelson and Mark Sullivan, respectively — are men of experience and intelligence.

IT MAY be argued that the correspondents should not have departed the conference chamber until they had got the President's meaning plain. But it is difficult to cross-examine a Chief Executive as if he were a prisoner at the bar. Moreover, it was but human nature for Presidents to resent such attempts as were infrequently made — and they did. Wilson destroyed the inquisitive individual with a devastating piece of rhetoric, Harding side-stepped with a humorous anecdote and Coolidge ignored him with an ironic disregard that was impenetrable. The correspondents themselves discouraged the practice of attenuated cross-examination by the heartiness with which they laughed down the sheepish questioner, until it required a heart and tongue of brass to ask a President to explain his explanation. Fully as important as some of the radical changes which I shall mention later, is Mr. Hoover's apparent willingness to permit questioning of this sort. The atmosphere does not become chilly when a correspondent becomes interrogative; the President accepts a query as evidence of natu-

ral interest and curiosity. In any event, questioning has become quite popular since March 4, 1929, and it is one of several reasons why there is now more accurate reporting around the White House.

In view of the trying circumstances of the pre-Hoover era, it is not surprising that veteran correspondents, including Richard V. Oulahan of *The New York Times*, dean of the corps, have frequently suggested a courteous boycott of the idea of presidential conferences. Nor has this thought proceeded from petty resentment at the one-sidedness and frequent unfairness of the arrangement between press and President so much as from a conviction that the conferences had become valueless. Nobody realizes more vividly than Washington correspondents the need for permitting a President or Cabinet officer — or even a Congressman returning home from Panama — to modify or repudiate a statement that does not look well in print. It is quite conceivable that a rash or unfounded statement attributed even indirectly to the President of the United States might provoke an international storm — or party disaster.

THERE come to mind two striking examples of presidential "breaks" in which the consequences might have been more serious than they were. The first, referred to previously, concerns Warren G. Harding, who, though he had his faults, showed himself a generous spirit when he assumed the blame for his classic blunder during the 1922 arms conference. When he discovered that he had been mistaken in telling the press that the Four-Power Pacific Pact did *not* include the mainland of Japan in its scope, he admitted openly that it had been his weakness and not ours; he did not, as was his prerogative, attribute it to misunderstanding on the part of his hearers. The startled Nippon statesmen were soon mollified, but Harding's mistake furnished ammunition to senatorial critics in their contention that the treaty was a dangerous document "because not even the President of the United States could understand it."

MR. COOLIDGE, on the other hand, took refuge behind the presidential right of repudiation when, in December of 1924, he rebuked Ambassador Jusserand of France for the latter's appeal to a Washington current events class for leniency toward France in the little matter of $4,000,000,000 of war debts. The President's words and manner reflected his deep resentment, and the correspondent who failed, in the Tuesday afternoon edition, to interpret the presidential statement as a "rebuke" was asleep. Most of them were awake, however, and the afternoon headlines all but broke the heart of the beloved friend of America, Jules Jusserand, especially as he was then on the eve of retirement from his long service in Washington and from the deanship of the diplomatic corps. Jusserand presented a pathetic plea to Secretary of State Hughes and the latter scurried across Executive Avenue to the White House. We do not know what he told Mr. Coolidge, but late that afternoon there came from the White House an official statement denying that the President had referred to the Ambassador at the

press conference. Such was the consternation among several eminent correspondents that they violated conference rules to relate the circumstances leading to the repudiation of the afternoon stories. It may have been only coincidence, but French bitterness toward the United States flared up most acutely soon after this episode and Jusserand's return to Paris.

THUS this incident illustrates one of the chief evils of the old system. It is also significant for its indication of a growing spirit of restlessness and dissatisfaction among the correspondents, and, no matter how impersonal a medium they may strive to be, their feelings cannot be disregarded in any comprehensive consideration of the general problem. With most presidents there have been neither journalistic hospitality nor headlines for us at the White House. We have been looked upon as enemies and nuisances, with few exceptions. The White House battle cry in this duel has been, more often than not, "Give them nothing — or as little as possible." No recent President has conceived of these contacts as one means of interpretation of himself and his policies to the people who had placed him in office. Those who did not trade with public opinion through us, toyed with it, and we, on our part, were but traders or peddlers of presidential balloons.

This, then, is the none too bright background against which we must project and examine the changes effected by President Hoover. He took office, of course, with far more experience in dealing with newspapermen than his recent predecessors. In fact, since 1914 the press of the world had been an active associate in his international and domestic labors. As head of the Belgian relief in the fall of 1914, he had severed the Gordian knot of diplomacy by recourse to the headlines, and it may be that this first success helped to place him where he sits now. Through a newspaper appeal to the people of America he had forced the statesmen of Great Britain, France and Germany to abandon their opposition to creation of the Hoover Food State, and to give him his first brilliant rôle on the world stage. Subsequently, as food dictator and Secretary of Commerce, he had displayed an envious ability for centering public attention on his projects by means of the newspapers. A "good" press helped him to win the presidential nomination.

IT IS, to my mind, a mistake to characterize Mr. Hoover as a "master of propaganda" in so far as that implies that he was a conscious seeker of publicity for himself. He early recognized that he could obtain public aid and sympathy once he could place his proposals before a world audience, and since his projects have usually touched peoples or governments, the press was naturally his court of appeal. It was for his activities rather than himself that he sought publicity. Moreover, he has an instinctive imagination that guides him straight to the heart of the problem of capturing and captivating public opinion. Once, when he was concerned over the kind of publicity a certain project was receiving, he sent for a newspaper friend. The President — he was then Secretary of Commerce — explained

that he wanted to shift the scenery and change the atmosphere in which the first newspaper articles had placed his proposal. But he did not suggest — as most public men would have — that his friend write the kind of story desired and distribute copies among his friends for their use. That would have been the method of a limited mentality. Mr. Hoover wanted to know what he could do to reorient the publicity and redramatize his project so that it would be publicized in an entirely new light. Though Mr. Hoover was ignorant of the technique of the operation, the vision was his.

But we had seen this publicist lapse into an unwonted silence during the campaign and afterward. Between his election and inauguration there had been only three conferences with the press. There had been disquieting rumors of a close vigil on stories sent from the battleships that bore him on the good will tour of South America. We also sensed that Mr. Hoover preferred the publicity of actuality rather than augury, and we dreaded lest he should not sympathize with our weakness for a premature plunge into print. We feared that our reportorial round, none too amusing or adventurous in these days of Federal information bureaus, would be restricted to waiting on the White House threshold for cut and dried handouts setting forth the deeds and declarations of the man inside. In short, the correspondents looked forward to their first contacts with the President with some misgiving.

Mr. Hoover approached the problem in characteristic manner. Upon his suggestion, there were conferences between a press committee and himself, at which the numerous and difficult phases of our relations were discussed. It was his first idea that the number of newspapermen attending the conference should be restricted to one for each newspaper and press association, presumably because he felt that closer contact could be established thereby. Practical difficulties prevented agreement on this idea, although it would have been highly desirable and a return to the system under which President Taft and the correspondents sat around the Cabinet table for a confidential exchange of views and viewpoints. It was then agreed that a definite set of regulations should be framed regarding qualifications of presidential conferees and conditions of publication of presidential remarks. Although these decisions were the outcome of negotiation, it is generally conceded that these as well as other changes had been determined in advance by Mr. Hoover.

The President is a genius at winning coöperation from various groups, but in the end it is usually his ideas that are accepted as a basis for mutual action. In every respect, however, the conclusions reached at these preliminary meetings and announced at the first formal conference were satisfactory to the vast majority of the press corps. If the new arrangement works well, as it has so far, the credit belongs to the President.

In any event, the thought which the President gave to the problem showed he recognized the existence of evils and felt that more should be made of his contacts with the press.

The arrangement he set up has given dignity and responsibility to the system. It was obvious that, during the eight years he sat in his Cabinet office a few blocks from the White House, he had been observing, studying and analyzing the workings of the minds of the correspondents. He told us what some of the basic troubles had been, and the remedy for them.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of his approach was this evidence that he recognized the need for reorganization. It was a far cry from the manner in which Mr. Coolidge took hold of the newspaper nettle. On the morning that he was to hold his first conference, Mr. Coolidge quizzed two of the regular White House correspondents on the operation of the system, showed some concern over the hazards to which the President might conceivably be subjected and then, resignedly, shouldered the same burden which Harding, Wilson and Taft had laid down. From 1909, when formal conferences were inaugurated by Taft, to be continued intermittently and unsuccessfully by the others, there had been no constructive change or improvement.

MR. HOOVER'S most radical alteration has been the partial abolition of the old, discredited system of amorphous and anonymous reporting of presidential utterances. We are now permitted, on frequent occasions, to enclose his statements in quotation marks and attribute them directly to him. The President of the United States is no longer afraid to stand up in meeting and tell the American people what he thinks and why. The advantages — to the President, the press and the public — are many and obvious. When he permitted us to announce that he intended to drive Southern office-changers from the Republican temple, he escaped misinterpretation that might have raised a barrier to the holy crusade below the Mason and Dixon line. Had we, as in the old days, written an "It is understood" pronunciamento, southern politicians would have attributed it to our restless imaginations or the dearth of real news in Washington, and moved to checkmate any real reformation. But the unqualified announcement by the President served to place them on probation before their own henchmen and people, and drenched any incipient backfire.

LIKEWISE, when he declared in bold and unequivocal language his intention of closing down on wasteful oil drilling, he served notice to the West that an era of conservation had supplanted the age of scandals. Had we carried that information in the old-fashioned manner, with halting and conflicting reports of the White House attitude, the attempt to carry out the new programme would have faced greater obstacles than it does now. Presidential utterances of this character possess the seal of authority and go straight to their mark. No more do we leave the conference chamber when the President speaks in this tone and find ourselves sitting ill at ease at the typewriter as we grab for the President's lost chord. We carry his meaning plain across our wires on these occasions — and if ever it should be personal and political propaganda, it will bear that label.

There are conference days, however, when the ghost of "The White House Spokesman" seems to flit across our journalistic vision. In addition to quotable statements attributed directly to him, two other categories of announcements are available for the President. The second includes information which we may credit to the White House, again as our fancy or ingenuity dictate. We may, if we feel imaginatively inclined, give credit to the White House shrubbery or policemen. The third classification, which resembles the second and also the ancient method in so far as the mechanics of reporting is concerned, comprises material setting forth the Administration's plans, attitude, reaction or activity. This kind of information, however, must be used as our own conclusion or deduction or discovery, even though we proclaim ideas and policies which we could have obtained only from the President himself.

More discerning members of the corps are frank in their admiration of Mr. Hoover's astuteness in reclassifying presidential statements. Whereas other Presidents had only one arrow in their quiver, it appears that Mr. Hoover has three. He may, if he pleases, speak out frankly and boldly, but he may, if necessary or expedient, lapse into the rôle of "official spokesman." So there are some who contend that Mr. Hoover has won a reputation for frankness without discontinuing the old game of find-the-President. It is true that information falling into the second and third categories resembles the Delphic outgivings of other days.

Yet there is a difference — a vast difference. It may be measured by the contrast between the mental alertness and grasp of governmental affairs possessed by Mr. Hoover and the vague and uncertain discussion of public questions that characterized pre-Hoover conferences.

Both the style and substance of presidential utterances of an earlier day were so ambiguous, whether deliberately or unconsciously, that it was impossible to present a faithful report to the reading public. We have often shifted from one foot to another for thirty minutes during presidential conferences of the long ago, only to quit the White House with no clear conception of the presidential attitude. Our colleagues have frequently suffered the same sensation, proving it was no unique or imaginary ailment. But there is never any doubt of Mr. Hoover's ideas, attitude or meaning. His mind functions in machinelike manner. He speaks crisply and clearly. He responds to questions designed to clarify or elaborate his statements. More important still, perhaps, he deals in realities. He presents factual reports of what he has done or proposes to do. There is nothing of the academic rhetoric of Wilson, the pleasant banter of Harding or the uninformative discursiveness of Coolidge.

It is, to our mind, difficult to propagandize with facts. The public will eventually suspect; it can, if it cares, examine even the facts presented, and test them. A President cannot, except at his peril, alter or rearrange facts for long. Mr. Hoover, as an engineer, works with facts — he always

has. To him the only real news, as I noted above, is of facts; it concerns actuality rather than augury. Thus the margin for mistakes or misinterpretation has been reduced to our own various and conflicting attitudes toward realities. The importance of this transformation cannot be overemphasized. It was not, in the old days, the style of presentation so much as the substance presented at which we cavilled. We never saw anything "sinister" in the submission of facts to us by the President.

Moreover, Mr. Hoover takes pains to have correct information at hand. He insists that questions be submitted twenty-four hours in advance of the conference hour, if possible. He has repeatedly reminded us that this forethought will benefit us as well as himself. We have noted that frequently he will retain a query for a week and give us a thoughtful and considered answer. It is our impression that he looks upon our queries as challenges and likes to meet them, if he can.

More significant than all these changes is the philosophy that underlies them. President Hoover does not conceive it to be his duty to hide his Administration's light under a bushel. He does not appear to regard us as hostile or pestiferous, as did Wilson and even our fellow-craftsman, President Harding. He does not use us to send up "trial balloons," as did Roosevelt, for he detests anything resembling premature publication.

Mr. Hoover's attitude toward the press seems quite straightforward. It is, to him, a mouthpiece for use when he is ready to say or do anything of interest to the public. There will, our observation leads us to believe, be no blunders, no ambiguities, no straws tossed in the wind of public opinion, no striving for self-aggrandizement, in his relations with the 352 correspondents now stationed here as representatives of the press of the world. There will be take-them-or-leave-them statements of things done or planned, all of which may or may not redound to his credit, but that will be for the public to decide. We can ask no more than that, nor can the American people. We feel assured that President and press, at least more frequently than in the past, will know what they are talking and writing about.

This is not to say the millennium has arrived, but we prefer to conduct our eternal crusade for news under a White House banner bearing the Inscription: "Give them facts" instead of the torn and tattered ensign: "Give them nothing."

The Hand That Rules the Cradle Rocks the World

By C. H. Bretherton

An English political expert sees woman's rôle as negligible in the British General Elections, but her future mastery of government as inevitable

Our rude but not unintelligent forefathers were fond of reminding their women folk that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. It helped to keep the cradles full (and in those days people thought more of a full cradle than a full dinner pail) and it helped to keep the minds of the rockers off the things like politics and business that our rude forefathers thought ought to be left to them.

The remark was not only useful but true. In an indirect sort of way the cradle rockers *do* boss the earth though of course vicariously. Women do most things pretty well but it is only when they bend their energies to pushing their offspring into a nice place in the sun that we realize what they are really capable of. Even then we do not generally realize it. Son has become the distinguished personage, the industrial magnate, the political dictator, the ward boss or what you will. Mother, by this time a dear old lady in white hair, has retired into obscurity and a country cottage. But whose ruthless and formidable sagacity, whose ferocious tenacity of purpose boosted son up the more difficult rungs of the ladder of success? There is no concealment about it as far as son is concerned. You hardly ever encounter a great man who does not attribute his success to his mother. You get a close-up of her in the biographies, while the male parent moves, a shadowy and unimportant complex, in the background.

What our rude forefathers failed to grasp was that the hand that had been trained to rock cradles full of potential Napoleons and Pierpont Morgans long ago became quite capable, should the need arise, of ruling the world without the interposition of any cradle at all. They also failed to observe — or if they observed it they thought nothing could be done about it — that the hand that rocked the cradle was rocking a great many more potential cradle rockers into the world than

the world, speaking matrimonially, could go on absorbing.

Man, being a highly complex organism, is to that extent less capable of modification to suit environment. When the hive bees found themselves producing females greatly in excess of requirements they, with the assistance of Nature, evolved the sexless worker. Physically the human race is still a long way from evolving what one may call the permanent spinster. Spiritually the unsexed female worker — the woman who no longer regards wifehood and motherhood as the prime purpose of her existence — is becoming reasonably common. Industrially the female worker, the woman who, whether she likes it or not, is destined to play a man's part in the world, to support herself and be the mistress of her own material destinies, has become so numerous that her significance is largely lost upon us.

EXCEPT once in a while. Man, taken as a whole, is a much stupider creature than one would expect, seeing what he has gone through to become a man. One would suppose that the Georgians or the Pilgrim Fathers or some other of our ancestors would have worked the thing all out. "Women," we should have expected them to say, "have their uses but are far too formidable to be permitted to exist in greater numbers than is necessary for the maintenance of the race. What the female sex needs is ruthless rationalization."

The Chinese, one of the few really civilized races, did argue the thing out in some such fashion and instituted the useful if somewhat crude custom of feeding superfluous female infants to the crocodiles. Then the missionaries came and, ignoring the protests alike of the Chinese and the crocodiles, brought up the potential Anna May Wongs in orphanages. And they still wonder why the Chinese regard Christianity with suspicion!

IF our rude forefathers had adopted some similar custom or, if you please, had evolved some more humane and less wasteful method of achieving the same result, we in Britain should not today be bothering our heads about the vote of five million odd, newly enfranchised and mostly immature females in the General Election. We should not be wondering whether they know enough to vote or why it should be necessary for them to vote at all.

I am not an anti-feminist — my own sex will go on ruling the world during my time, which is all I am interested in — but I am convinced that once the male permitted the admittedly deadlier and better able to survive female to multiply in excess of requirements, he sounded the death-knell of male supremacy. She would in any case have worn him down in the end; but as it is, she is getting and will continue to get the help of civilization in every phase of the struggle.

If we look carefully at the world to-day we see that most of the things that men alone can do — that countless centuries of training have given them a taste for doing — are either coming to be done by machinery or are not being done at all. First of these one must reckon war. It is

possible that in the future there will be no war. What is more certain is that the future war will not be waged by men but by populations. Future wars will be won, not by the handful of men who hurl bombs and gas at the enemy population — a thing that women are quite capable of doing — but by the thousands of women brewing the gas and turning out the bombs in the belligerents' factories. The sea is still a man's trade, but the sailor does not have to be the tough citizen he once was. There is probably no work on a modern oil burning liner that women could not, with a bit of training, do quite as well as men.

THE world of the future seems destined, unless something very unexpected happens, to work out something like this: its population will be kept stationary at a point roughly fixed by the available supply of food. Parenthood will be restricted among women and may very well be restricted even more drastically among men. As to the non-parent population — the neuter workers of the industrial human hive — it will tend to become more and more female for a number of reasons: because, under the conditions imposed on the human race by modern civilization, more and more girls tend to be born in proportion to boys; because the need of the world to make production keep pace with consumption will favor women who produce more than men in comparison to what they consume; and finally because our civilization, which seems to be levelling women up to man's estate, is in fact levelling man down to woman's. We make a great fuss when a woman here and there takes the risks that men take and endures the hardships that men are accustomed to endure. We fail to observe that with every decade tens of thousands more men cease to take risks or to devote themselves to lives of hardship. Instead, they now take up the soft duties that women are accustomed to; but they do not at the same time undertake the risks or endure the strains and stresses — not all of them physical — that have made woman the formidable creature she is.

All this may seem a trifle remote from the present General Election of British Members of Parliament. It is remote but it is not irrelevant or unconnected. Something over five million young women are about to exercise the suffrage for the first time. No doubt those of them who vote will vote much as their fathers and brothers and husbands do and the net result will be no different from what it would have been if they did not vote at all.

I DO not think that all the sixty women candidates will secure seats on this occasion, but it is reasonably likely that they will come back twenty-five strong. Twenty-five is a heap of women if they are all pulling the same way. They will not often pull the same way, but they will do it oftener than they did in the last Parliament. There are certain subjects like child welfare and education and street offenses that they are inclined to band together and take a high hand over — to tell the male politicians that these are subjects they can quite well keep their male noses out of. The scope of these sub-

jects will widen and the attitude of the women Members will stiffen in subsequent Parliaments as their numbers increase and as they get the habit of pulling together.

And one day they may decide that as they represent the majority of the voters they have a right to govern the country. The day when that happens is somewhat remote but it would be a deal more remote if the man-conducted politics of the country were not getting more chaotic.

THE British political system was developed as a two-party system and the principle of ministerial responsibility, quite apart from anything else, renders it inadaptable to the system of blocs and cartels that are still popular on the Continent.

But already the two historical parties have been joined by a third — the Labor or Socialist Party; while a fourth, the Communist Party, though it now boasts but a sole oriflamme in the shape of the antic Parsee, Saklatvala, may easily turn up at some Parliament in the near future ten or a dozen strong.

In one respect this impending General Election is a critical one. It was freely prophesied, when the Liberals put the Labor Party in power in 1924, that they were signing the warrant for their own extinction. The electorate, it was said, would not stand for more than two parties and would accordingly wipe out the Liberals and accept the Labor or Socialist Party (it is sometimes called one and sometimes the other) as the official "push on" party. And it looked as if the prophecy might be fulfilled, because in the 1924 election the Liberals were reduced to a mere shadow of their former selves. They have since made terrific efforts to recover some ground and have been helped by the personality of Lloyd George who does not hit it off with many orthodox Liberals but who, on the other hand, is still popular with a great many people who think Liberals and Conservatives should make common cause against the Socialists under the former leader of the Coalition Government. Lord Rothermere is the urgent vociferator of this idea and his newspapers have been demanding in no uncertain tones that Mr. Baldwin shall invite Mr. Lloyd George to Downing Street to discuss it. The Liberals have categorically repudiated any idea of joint action with the Conservatives (as might be expected, since the Labor Party is nearly as rabidly Free Trade as the Liberals themselves) so it is not very clear what Lord Rothermere thinks would be gained if Mr. Baldwin took his advice.

AND many of them will not vote at all. Politics is still largely a man's business, conducted with an immense expenditure of talk and deliberation and — to do our composite legislators justice — a sincere if not always intelligent effort on the part of the individual legislator to do the best for his constituents. Women take no particular interest in such an assembly. Moreover, British politics is still based on the fundamental division of the human race into Radicals and Conservatives — the pushers-on and the holders-back. It is true that the Labor Party is a class party — a different affair altogether — but the Labor Party has

been compelled to identify itself with the Socialists — the extreme pushers-on — with the result that the trade unions, which still insist on mixing into politics, have lost about a quarter of their members in a few years.

Women are neither Liberals or Conservatives. Labels do not interest them. They recognize a political issue, if it is of practical concern to them, and will vote on it with enthusiasm; but ask them to vote for a party simply because it represents a certain attitude of mind or temperament, and they are bored.

Because British politics are not built to accommodate the female mind I am convinced that the new huge female vote of the pending election will be found — while this article is still current — to have made little difference to the issue one way or another. Far more important, to my mind, is the fact that some sixty women candidates are in the field. Hitherto the greatest number of women M. P.'s sitting at one time has been about ten, scattered among the three parties. Several of them have been at all times the *alter egos* of male politicians. Even so, if they had chosen to go off and sit by themselves in a bloc as the nucleus of the future Women's Party they would have caused a considerable stir. Incidentally they would have been evicted from their constituencies just as quickly as the party machineries could have been got into motion.

Lord Rothermere and Mr. Lloyd George are old friends and, as Mr. Lloyd George has never personally repudiated the idea of joint Liberal-Conservative action, it was thought that Lord Rothermere had some sort of an assurance from Mr. Lloyd George that the Conservative advances, if they materialized, would be welcomed. Lord Rothermere however has made his own stand incomprehensible by stating in a letter to *The Morning Post*, the official Conservative organ, that he has no such understanding.

All this is something of a digression, but the point is that the Liberals show at the moment unmistakable signs of again returning to Parliament holding the whip hand over whichever of the other two Parties it supports (as long as it thinks fit) in power. In a word, the old two-party system is gone and the block system has come in its place with its interminable bargains, alliances, changes of government, realignments of parties and interests.

Under such conditions the formation of a Woman's Party and its ultimate assumption of power is inevitable, unless indeed Britain in the meanwhile follows the prevailing fashion and replaces her increasingly peevish and futile politicians by some robust but genial dictator. I think Britain would be none the worse for being governed by women in place of the she-men that now so largely control our liberties. But it will be after my time, thank God.

The Windmill That Flies

By Donald F. Rose

Neither airplane nor helicopter, the Autogiro, now being perfected by American engineers, is the greatest thing in aviation since the Wrights flew at Kitty Hawk

A quarter of a century ago the first airplane left the earth under its own power, staggered down the wind for a few yards, and settled safely to earth again. It happened at Kitty Hawk in the Carolinas, and a few newspaper men watched from afar and rushed away to tell the world that mankind had found its wings. On the whole, nobody really believed their story, and one distinguished newspaper turned it down flat as reportorial romancing. But the thing was so, and there and then began the amazing story of the conquest of the air, a story whose subsequent chapters have triumphed in turn over all prophecies and probabilities and given the watching world a thousand thrills.

Exactly twenty-five years later, in December, 1928, at Bryn Athyn, near Philadelphia, the pulsing roar of an airplane motor overhead startled my air-minded ear into sudden attention and sent me hurrying out of the house. It was not that the airplane is any longer a novelty in this section of the skies, since we are surrounded by scattered air fields and within half a mile of a busy aircraft factory. We are familiar with the mail plane that goes over late at night, and see every evening the swinging beams of four beacons that light the New York to Atlanta route. Army and navy ships come here occasionally, pursuit planes and three-engine bombers out on practice flights, and a steady traffic of the Pitcairn fleet in and out of its home port. For the ordinary hum of an airplane engine not even the children will look up from play for more than a moment.

The thing that brought me to the door in time for a new and hundred per cent sensation was that this engine roar was too near to be aeronautically comfortable. Airplanes have no proper business so close to my maple trees or down so low in the broken valley of the Pennypack Creek. They belong up above the wide open spaces, and far enough above so that they risk neither their own safety nor our chimney tops. Therefore I half expected to see some craft in trouble, laboring along look-

ing for a place to sit down, or else some presumptuous pilot skimming the roofs and "hedge-hopping" in violation of all good sense and right flying behavior. Instead I caught a glimpse of a strange machine which might have materialized out of the pages of Jules Verne's romances.

SOME aeronautical instinct, acquired by familiar acquaintance with airplanes and the men who make and fly them, whispered to me then and there that the spectators at Kitty Hawk now had nothing on me. I too would be able to assure my grandchildren that I was among those present at the birthday of a new aerial age in America. For this queer craft stayed around until it had demonstrated its defiance of all the aeronautical laws and prophets. It flew slow and fast, it flapped along a bare hundred feet from the ground, it stood almost still in the air. It circled around the school near by until classes and teachers came tumbling out to see, and then hung itself in the air above the flag pole while the pilot waved a greeting. At last it spun away across the fields to the factory hangars, dropped almost vertically to the ground and rolled a few feet to a standstill.

The pilot who dismounted from the machine was Harold F. Pitcairn, president of the several Pitcairn aeronautical enterprises, and the machine was the Autogiro, whose initial public demonstrations have lately startled both the public and the aviation industry. It is the invention of Juan de la Cierva, a Spaniard who has worked on it for many years in England, and the Pitcairn-Cierva Autogiro Company of America has purchased all rights to its manufacture in this country and is rapidly perfecting and refining its design for immediate commercial production. Already it has aroused keen enthusiasm from the most conservative pilots, and is recognized by the industry as safely past the experimental stage. Returning in April from a trip to England for a conference with the inventor, the American owner made the statement that "it is no freak, but an efficient product of a sound, conservative aerodynamic engineer."

IT MAY be conceded that it looks like a freak. It looks in flight like nothing yet seen in heaven or earth. It doesn't look like an airplane, nor does it behave like one. To the irreverent imagination it suggests a cross between an intoxicated duck and a flying windmill. It turns corners in the familiar fashion of Charlie Chaplin, and it wanders around the sky in a way to give an air-minded layman heart failure. It flies slowly or fast at choice, and to see a flying machine go slow outrages our sense of the fitness of things and produces a definite sinking feeling at the southern end of the abdomen. Occasionally it hangs around in the air on one foot, as though undecided what to do next. It comes flapping down within fifteen feet of the earth, changes its mind and flaps up again; it buzzes around at what seems a suicidal proximity to the ground; it hops trees and houses like a giant grasshopper. It streaks across the sky faster than an express train, and at last idles down to the ground, lands in the space of a tennis court, and rolls no more than ten feet to a

standstill. It is a preposterous performance, and the first glance at the machine impels the observation that it can't be done and there "ain't no such animal."

YET this is no fable of fiction, nor a wild dream that is due for the usual disappointments. It is a present-day fact, and a business fact of real importance. I have seen the machine, flown in it, and observed the scientific skill and caution that are being devoted to its perfection. Within a month or so it will be under manufacture in an American factory, and shortly thereafter — unless all signs fail — it will be a commonplace of the American skies. It is true that it stands today only on the threshold of its full development. It is true that its early history has had its share of grief and more than its share of public misconception. Ten years or more have gone into the perfection of the essential principle of autogyration, and details of refinement, construction and the elimination of troublesome trifles have been neglected. It is this fact that has kept the queer craft out of the limelight, so that it has been popularly classed as an impractical freak rather than as a serious challenge to accepted aeronautical practice. It caused a sensation when it flew the English Channel late in 1928, and another when it crashed into wreckage two days later. But even then, while the newspapers were dismissing it as another "helicopter" that wouldn't work, the negotiations were under way which brought it to this country.

There has been a curious apathy about this revolutionary craft and a general skepticism as to what it may be good for. These are not unparalleled; they are exactly the equivalent of the general indifference of twenty-five years ago to what the Wright brothers were doing. Moreover, the public attention has been so often baited with tall stories and wild claims that skepticism may be comprehended and forgiven. Yet a most general and unprofessional understanding of what the Autogiro means to the future of flying, and the fundamental respects in which it differs from the conventional airplane, will readily revise the air-minded layman's estimate of the new craft. Also it will revise the whole programme of preparation for the aerial age which so much occupies public attention — the provision of airports, the laying out of air ways, the developments of uses and regulations for air traffic. Since it is no longer a far distant dream but a present business fact, some explanation of its principles and performance will help the comprehension of the rapid-fire news which will surely attend its development in this country.

THERE is no question that something new under the sun occurred when the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk. The first true airplane, though flimsy as a crate and clumsy as a kitten taking its first walk, was tremendously ahead of all kites, gliders and balloons. For it kicked itself into the air by its own power and held itself there a while on the wind of its own making. Its flight was controlled flight, even though its pilot had probably no comfortable assurance that the thing would do what he wanted it to do, either in

whole or in part. But at least it flew straight and came down safe, and when once that had happened all subsequent aeronautical development became possible and indeed probable.

A QUARTER of a century later, the airplane is still the recognizable descendant of this primeval ancestor. Ten thousand things have been done to it, and yet essentially there is no constitutional change. The airplane is still a flying surface, forced ahead in the ocean of air and thereby creating the suction to sustain it. There are those other surfaces which steer and control it. Every law of physics and dynamics that operated to lift Mr. Wright into the air is still doing the same kindly service for the air-mail pilot on his transcontinental run. Motors have been miraculously improved, wing curves have come out of the fog of experiment into the realm of sure science, instruments have been devised to render every deed and need of the flying ship articulate to its watchful driver, the plane has been cleaned up and streamlined to become a thing of grace and beauty. But despite all such refinements, the most supercilious pursuit ship or the latest limousine of the air must still recognize its own great-grandfather.

Now that the paroxysm of public optimism over air traffic has somewhat subsided, there is an increasing disposition to discuss the essential limitations of the airplane. Enthusiasm has concentrated on the marvellous things the airplane can do; caution and conservatism now insist that there are also some things it cannot do. These seem to be inherent in it, and are of enormous importance in defining the actual usefulness of the flying machine and deciding what can and should be done to fit it into the civilized scene. They set definite limits to aeronautical development, unless something sensationally new occurs whereby aeronautical progress gets an entirely new start.

Something of that sort has happened and is happening in the development of the Autogiro, which seems likely to turn the aeronautical world upside down and give the air-minded public a new lease of imaginative enthusiasm. It is new, in the sense that it releases the future from those very inhibitions and limitations that have made the airplane what it is today. In another sense, it is by no means new, since it has taken ten years to amount to anything and has appropriated to itself everything worth while that the airplane has developed for its own use. Its success, which just now seems probable and indeed inevitable, will mean that the public's aeronautical enthusiasm must stop, look and listen, and then revise all its plans and estimates for the future. Its chief triumph is that it has met and mastered some of the most fundamental weaknesses of the conventional airplane, in a fashion that is daring, dramatic and essentially romantic.

WHAT are these weaknesses? There are at least three of them. The first and most obvious is that an airplane needs too much space in which to get away from the earth, and all outdoors in which to sit down again safely. A first-class airport must have runways a quarter of a mile in length, and these must be laid out to all points of the compass.

An airway, such as those maintained for Governmental airmail routes, must have emergency landing fields at judicious intervals, and the oftener the better. A city airport must put out of commission a large area of valuable land and keep it free of neighboring obstructions. Despite all pipe-dreams to the contrary, an airplane cannot land on a department store roof, and will never be able to do so until whole city sections are covered in, which is a possibility that presents its own difficulties. The airplane as we know it today must climb on its own speed into the sky and glide down on a cushion of air to the earth, and for this it needs plenty of room.

THE second weakness of the airplane is that it must land fast — much too fast for invariable safety. Unless it maintains its landing speed — a speed which is prescribed by a law of gravity which has so far defied repeal — it will come down indeed but is also liable to be a good deal the worse for it. When flying speed drops below thirty-five miles an hour, gravity comes into possession of the ship and she "pancakes" out. Now thirty-five miles an hour is slow — deathly slow in terms of the air — but it is a tolerably fast pace for anything on wheels, and when once the airplane touches the earth it becomes something somewhat less manageable than an awkward truck careening giddily across the landscape it has landed on. If that landscape is a smooth-surfaced airport, everything is perfectly all right, but if it is rough country or soft fields or indeed anything unexpected, the consequences may well be unpleasant.

The third and equally inherent weakness of the airplane is that its useful behavior depends to so great a degree upon the man in the front seat. To a very great extent, every strut and surface of the plane is an extension of his own wits and muscles, delicately responsive to his control, but quite irresponsible without it. Unlike the carriers of land or sea, the plane will not rest idly in its own element when out of control. It is true that an increasing margin of stability is being built into the airplane, but so long as landing involves expert selection of site, direction and safe speed, and a delicate levelling of the ship as it meets the ground, an airplane out of control will continue to be a pretty bad risk.

There have been numerous other weaknesses that have been met and mastered. They have been principally defects in design, construction, materials and instruments, and one by one they have been eliminated until the modern airplane is amazingly safe and reliable. But these other three loom large in the road of further progress. They are inherent difficulties. They are a part of the nature and disposition of the flying plane. The airplane demands too much space for leaving and returning to the ground, it has an undesirably high landing speed, and it cannot take care of itself if the pilot's skill or watchfulness fail.

SOME of these defects can probably not be entirely eliminated. It has been pointed out that a flying machine that is heavier than air is a ship that sails always on a lee shore. The irresistible gale of gravity is always urging it to the ground, and

threatening thereby to smash it more or less conclusively. But foresighted students and optimistic romancers have long considered the possibilities of a new type of flying craft which would escape a large share of these three hazards. It is because the Autogiro promises success along these lines that we may risk the presumption that aviation is now entering a new era.

THIS new age promises a sky scene unlike anything yet imagined. It promises that the air levels will be fairly thronged with strange craft, unlike the fish and bird shapes of the present planes, and behaving in a fashion which they would not dare to emulate. They will flap their way along, comparatively indifferent to weather and ignoring the elaborate airways which we so feverishly build today to give aid and comfort to air traffic. They will come and go through our city air, alight on building tops, and be parked casually in half-acre lots everywhere. They will be cheap and therefore numerous; they will be safe and easy to fly; they will serve as great a variety of uses as does the automobile on the highway below. Among and above them will still be seen the sleek planes, built and used for long distances and fast flight, but the commonplace of the air will be a flying machine which would today seem a freak and absurdity.

This is not unbridled fancy but a probable fact within a few years. It is forecast, indeed, in romances of the past century, which were able to picture what a flying machine should do, even though they offered few practical suggestions as to how it should do it. Most of such fairy tales were woven around the idea of a helicopter, a machine which could pull itself vertically into the sky and alight again gracefully and gently in the same way. The notion remains today the favorite pipe-dream of those who know as little as possible about aeronautics, except to approve of the general idea. Everyone has wondered at some time why an airship should not be built which would rise like a child's tin toy and descend like a spinning maple seed.

The answer is that if it were within the bounds of possibility it would have been done long ago. A lengthy story of invention and experiment has tested a dozen variations of the helicopter theme. The difficulties have seemed insurmountable.

WITHOUT going far into details and complications, a few examples will serve to show why an industry and science which incorporate the best skill of the century have failed to provide the man in the street with the hovering airplane of his innocent dreams. There are at least three major difficulties. One is that the air is a relatively thin and fluid medium, and except at high speeds a flying machine can get little or no hold on it. But any automotive power plant must take hold on something, must kick against something, must thrust against some solid resistant in order to create practical power. The blow of a fist, for example, amounts to something because it has a relatively solid and inert mass in back of it; actually the muscular effort is expended both ways, but the boxer's body is braced to resist it so that its kinetic energy is expended on his opponent. If you could hang an

airplane engine freely in the air and set its motor and propeller spinning, the engine itself would eventually begin to revolve in the opposite direction until its counter speed practically balanced the propeller revolution. Now it is certain that a machine could be built with a vertical propeller which would rise from the ground, but it is also certain that the machine would tend at once to turn around and eventually to spin merrily.

THIS "torque" is characteristic of all automotive plants, including the automobile and airplane. In the automobile it can easily be compensated, and the airplane deals with it by adjustments of the tail surfaces. But such adjustments are effective only because the airplane is travelling at high speed. At fifty miles an hour or more the air becomes relatively solid — as resistant, for example, as water is at three miles an hour or more. The plane can "lean" on it and thereby hold a true course. But for the simple reason that no one wants a helicopter that must rise at a speed of fifty miles an hour or more, this solution is no solution for the vertically-flying craft.

There are many complications to this problem of torque. Various devices have been tested for meeting it, including dual and triple propellers of opposing directions of revolution, vanes and slots to catch the windstream from the propeller, and even small propellers fastened to the blades of the vertical propeller itself. Either they have failed to correct it or they have too much complicated it or increased out of proportion the bulk of the flying machinery.

A second problem is that of resolving vertical into forward flight, since a flying machine in the air is of no importance unless it is going somewhere. The too obvious suggestion of a pair of propellers does not help. In the first place it multiplies machinery; in the second it leaves unanswered the question as to what to do with the vertical propeller when you no longer need it. Further, no helicopter can pull into the air a plane with large wing surfaces, yet a plane must have wing surfaces for forward flight. A third alternative, that the propeller be in some fashion adjustable, presents complications too involved to contemplate. Particularly it overlooks the point that for a vertical rise the speed of the propeller and the pitch of its blades must be adjusted for relatively slow and steady flight and then somehow changed to give a useful forward speed, all the conditions of flight and sustentation having likewise changed in the meantime.

A THIRD difficulty is that the helicopter is liable to be unmanageable, unstable and at the mercy of all the winds that blow. In so far as it reproduces the advantage of a balloon or dirigible it shares their weaknesses. If it can rise slowly, hover and descend vertically and gently, it loses its independence in the air, like a boat that idles in the sea at the mercy of every wave, swell and drift. A plane can outride a storm because it has more power and speed than the storm. It can manœuvre in the air with accuracy and assurance, because it moves quickly. The airplane, indeed, is at its most dangerous crisis when it loses flying speed, and the helicopter is a dangerous and

speculative quantity because it never has a true flying speed.

There are plenty of other difficulties, including the very practical one that nobody has yet devised a helicopter that can carry much more than itself. But the principal difficulty is simply that it won't work. Models of helicopters have been built and tested and promised well; uniformly they have failed when converted to full-sized flying machines. The patent offices of the nations are full of the sad bones of helicopter experiments.

THE Autogiro is not a helicopter, though most people have so far insisted on so calling it. Its fundamental principle is involved in its "autogyration", which means that its flight is sustained not alone by the forward movement of the whole craft, but by the combined effect of forward motion with the revolution of its "wings". The basic aerodynamic law is that the plane can only be supported by surfaces in rapid motion. In the conventional airplane this means a forward speed of not less than forty miles an hour at best and in many craft the necessary speed approximates one hundred miles an hour. In the Autogiro, the wings themselves revolve, and the supporting action is a combination of their own motion with the forward motion of the whole machine. Fundamentally, this is the keynote of the new craft and all its possibilities.

It is not easy to explain the principle of autogyration, which is not surprising in view of the fact that it has taken ten years to make it work. The machine itself can be described. It has a conventional fuselage, an ordinary aviation motor and propeller in the usual place, and tail surfaces and rudder like those of an ordinary plane. It has, however, no wings like those we are accustomed to, except for brief fins which serve principally to carry the banking controls. From the centre of the craft rises a steel mast, at the top of which is a "rotor", a four-bladed windmill-like arrangement, which at first sight suggests the helicopter propeller. It is not, however, a propeller, since it propels nothing but swings freely on ball bearings. When in the air, this rotor revolves at a rate of about 140 revolutions per minute. It looks slower than that, since the vanes are large and we are familiar with the ten-fold revolution speed of the ordinary propeller, and this suggests vaguely the simile of the flapping wings.

THE most startling fact of the Autogiro's flight is that it flies on this freely revolving rotor, which serves it exactly in the capacity of an airplane's wing. Strange to say, this idea is by no means new; it was long ago discovered that a revolving surface would sustain flight effectively. But such flight had proved quite unsatisfactory, unstable and uncomfortable, involving all sorts of rolling motions and "bumps", due principally to the fact that one side of the "wing" is moving along with the line of flight while the corresponding blade on the other side is going backwards. It is the correction of this difficulty that has made the Autogiro practicable.

The correction was effected by leaving the rotor blades free to ad-

just themselves to the air in which they spin. They are free to rise and fall within reasonable limits and to adjust somewhat to the changing strains of their forward and backward swing. The final effect is that they swing freely in all conditions. The pressure of air induced by forward flight tends to lift the blade on one side and depress it on the other, while the centrifugal force of their revolution compensates for both. The rotor becomes an exact mechanical equivalent of the maple seed which spins down slowly and easily to the earth, except that the forward flight of the ship produced by the engine and propeller out front, converts this slowly spinning set of vanes into a flying surface, and holds the whole craft in the air.

SO THAT we have now a craft that flies like an airplane but settles to earth like a parachute. It climbs like an airplane, though more steeply than the average commercial craft. It maintains in flight a speed comparable to that of ordinary light aircraft and quite adequate for commercial purposes. It is notably stable and easy riding, since the floating vanes of the rotor take up most of the shocks of bumpy air. But in addition to these familiar and desirable qualities of air travel, it lands slowly, in an astonishingly small space, and with a minimum of help from the pilot. Actually it *lands itself*, right side up and with care. If an airplane goes clear out of control and drops 150 feet, it is liable to be a spoiled airplane. But an Autogiro has been literally dropped for 1,500 feet, and suffered nothing but a broken undercarriage.

There are other significant advantages to the new ship. It is easy to fly, so that experienced instructors have declared that a few hours would be sufficient to give a student practical mastery of it. The elimination of most of the landing problem, chief bugbear of the student flyer and one that has denied many their wings, puts practical flying within easy reach of everybody. It is economical to build, since the practical elimination of bending loads from the wings and the substitution of a single centrifugal strain does away with a lot of careful and costly handiwork. It enormously reduces the overhead charges of owning an airplane, since such a craft can take off from any decent field and land in a fair-sized lawn. It needs a minimum of hangar space, and might readily incorporate the practical advantages of the folding wings used on certain types of aircraft. It can be adapted to all-metal construction and to standardized production.

IT MUST be realized at the same time that the Autogiro stands today only at the beginning of its full development. Now for the first time, in this country and in several nations of Europe, the varied skills of aeronautical and automotive engineers are concentrated on "cleaning it up". Its defects are none of them beyond the reach of present knowledge and experience; its basic principle has been established as sound; and there are tremendous possibilities of perfection before it. It may not ultimately look much like the present "flying windmill". It may dispense with the conventional fuselage, it may contrive all sorts of variations on the

four-bladed rotor; it may add means and devices to climb as well as it sits down. But the fact that it already sits down so safely and sensibly is an immediate and epochal fact.

We need not go plunging far ahead to anticipate what may come of this new development. Such a ship does more to conquer the menace of fog and low visibility than all the mechanical devices yet contrived, since it can fly safely near the ground, fly slowly, and pick its landing place, on any lawn, vacant field or back lot. It removes much of the psychological hazard that holds back passenger traffic in the air, since it would be extremely reassuring to the timorous layman to know that his flying taxicab has a sporting chance of getting safely to earth no matter what happens to the motor or the pilot. It would give the cities a fair chance to use the air, since they need not tear their hearts out to provide central landing fields of magnificent proportions, and can provide instead numerous small landing areas and ample garage accommodations out where land is less valuable. And such a ship would turn out at last to be the true "flivver" of the air, the family flying machine, the sporting man's pet plaything and the business man's necessity.

It seems certain that unless there arise some difficulties at present totally unexpected, the American skies will soon be thronged with a new sort of bird. It will become, indeed, the most familiar bird of the heavens, a carrier pigeon of commerce, steady in flight as a gray goose and ubiquitous as the sparrow. There will be other birds to keep it company, war birds and swift messengers, hawks and eagles and darting swallows. These will go on and further with their amazing aerobatics, their rolls and spins and loops and twists, their indifference to upside down and right side up, their terrific speed and astonishing mobility. These things are proper to the airplane, and have won its triumphs. A less spectacular but more useful triumph waits for the machine that knows how to sit down.

One of the most conservative of American pilots has promised and prophesied that within a few years — five at most — an American business man will step into his Autogiro far out in the suburbs as nonchalantly as today he enters his waiting car. He will fly down to the city, alight on the roof of his own office building, and turn over his ship to an attendant to fly down to the city garage or hangar. At evening the air will be filled with flying machines at levels regulated by traffic rules, taking their owners back again to their homes. With airplanes as they are today the picture is impossible. With a flying machine that can take its time, pick its perch, and be reasonable in its demands, it is not only possible but probable. Such a probability is latent in the lazily spinning vanes of the rotor above the flying machine which is just now making its first ambitious flights in America.

The Oak Island Treasure

By Charles B. Driscoll

A specialist in pirate lore reports as actual fact this weirdly incredible tale of an ancient cache impregnably buried beneath a North Atlantic beach

I know where treasure is buried in a dozen places on this globe, and where it lies wasting its yellow sheen in the dark homes of the octopus and sea anemone. Gathering material for pirate tales, I have caught the glint of the treasure spell among the islands of the tropics, along the Spanish Main, and wherever sea rovers have sailed. But the most extraordinary buried treasure I know anything about is far from the tracks of all buccaneers. It is deep in the soil of Oak Island, in Mahone Bay, on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia.

There is but one human inhabitant on Oak Island: John McInnies, a lone, weather-beaten old man with grizzled hair and mustache, and a look in his mild blue eyes that I have come to recognize as characteristic of the veteran treasure-seeker everywhere. Long ago, that look tells you, John McInnies learned to disregard the taunts and the laughter of skeptical men. He knows the treasure is there, and he does not resent the disbelief of others.

I found him neither enthusiastic nor uncommunicative. He would answer questions that were put clearly and simply, but he would not volunteer information. It was all the same to him whether I believed in the treasure or doubted.

"How long have you lived on this island?" I asked.

"All my life. Handy on to sixty-three years."

"Where did your father come from?"

"Oh, he was born here too. James McInnies was his name. Born in the same house."

"How about your father's father?"

"Daniel McInnies, he was, and born right here."

"Well, well: a long line of McInnieses have been on Oak Island. And what of Daniel's father, your great-grandfather?"

"He was another Daniel McInnies and everybody knows about him. He was one of the original discoverers of the treasure. After he got interested in the work here, he settled down and built a house right on this spot. We've all lived here ever since to be close to the treasure though we lost all claim to it years since."

Four generations of a long-lived family, chained to this lonely spot by the strange spell of that buried gold!

It was in the fall of 1795 that three young woodsmen, looking for adventure and game, beached their canoe on the Oak Island sands in a lonely little inlet shaded by towering evergreen oaks that stood a little back from the beach. Two or three live oaks still stand there, but in those days there was a goodly grove of them. Book-botanists will be tempted to quit my story right here, for they say the live oak does not grow so far north, and is seldom found north of Virginia. All I can say to that is, go to Oak Island and see, as I did. It is not difficult to get there.

Anthony Vaughan and Jack Smith were the companions of young Daniel McInnies on that fateful trip. The three lived somewhere on the mainland, not far away. They had no sooner landed than they made their first discovery. Some one had been on Oak Island before, and long ago, at that. Four hundred feet from the water's edge there stood a live oak tree of giant stature, with a limb sawed off! The limb was fifteen or eighteen feet from the ground, horizontal, and its stump extended now about four feet out from the tree-trunk. The limb was dead, and the bark on it was deeply scored, especially on the upper surface. The woodsmen examined it carefully, for to them it was the sign of a mystery that must be looked into. It had been supposed that none of the three hundred or more islands in Mahone Bay had been explored up to that time.

The story told by most of those who have been close to Oak Island lore says that there was an old ship's block dangling from the scored limb when the woodsmen made their discovery. This is a most important item, if true, and I spent many weeks trying to verify this part of the tale, without success. You will see later on why it is an extremely important point.

From the moment they sighted the sawed-off limb, the woodsmen were on the track of a mystery. Well, their great-grandchildren have grown old on the track of the same mystery, and the great-great-grandchildren of two of them already have children who are old enough to be optimistic about the early solution of it. For the descendants of Smith and Vaughan still live in the neighboring mainland town of Chester, and in other parts of the province of Nova Scotia, and repeat the tales their aged grandparents heard long ago from grandparents of theirs who have long been dust.

Directly under the sawed-off limb, at the foot of the giant evergreen oak, the woodsmen observed that the sod was noticeably sunken. The depression was roughly circular, and measured thirteen feet in diameter. This observation led instantly to the inevitable conclusion. Some one had buried something at the foot of this tree, lowering it into the hole by means of tackle attached to the limb. In 1795 real deep-water pirates had not disappeared from the seas, and every young man in the western world had heard tales of treasure the pirates had buried. These three woodsmen at once thought of pirates and treasure. They paddled home in feverish excitement that night. They

would return and get the treasure tomorrow. What a long tomorrow!

The young men returned early the next day, and, beginning to dig, they found that they were surely working in an old shaft. They noticed that the earth was much less hard within the circle than outside it. Also, the scoring of some pick-like implement was observed on the sides of the shaft they were emptying.

On that first crisp October day the young men reached, at a depth of ten feet, a solid platform, made of rough oak planks, three inches thick, put together without nails or bolts.

Next day the platform was removed, with much labor, but no treasure chest was found beneath it. The young men proceeded with their digging for many days. When they reached a depth of twenty feet they struck a wooden platform, almost exactly like the first one, and again nothing but earth was found beneath!

Winter came on early and interrupted the work just as the diggers had struck a third platform of heavy planks, at thirty feet below the surface.

REALIZING that they must get help, the boys spent the winter going about through the neighboring villages and countryside with their story, but they could elicit no active interest. They found a more difficult barrier than any platforms of oak, and that was superstition. The impression was abroad that there was something queer about Oak Island. An old woman living on the mainland at Chester, four miles away, told tales she had heard from her mother, who had been reared on that same shore. In the time of the old dame's grandmother it had been generally understood that the island was accursed. Strange lights had been seen there at night, and fires had gleamed, and boatmen who had gone out from the mainland to investigate had never returned.

One after another, men who became sufficiently interested in the treasure trove to promise help heard the weird stories, and on second thought declined to be identified with the venture.

DURING seven years the boys grew older, and the treasure trove remained unexplored. Smith married a girl of Chester and the pair built a house on the island beside the treasure pit. There they began rearing a family. McInnies also married a girl who was willing to live on the island and wait for the great gold strike. Vaughan married and settled down in the mainland area known as the Western Shore, and there George Vaughan, a descendant, lives today, and believes in the treasure.

When Smith's first baby was about to be born, his wife went to Truro, to stay in the home of Doctor John Lynds. This young doctor was immensely interested in her story of the treasure of Oak Island. He became acquainted with Jack Smith, and when the young mother was able to travel, he went back to the island with her to look at the treasure pit. Impressed by what he saw, Dr. Lynds waived payment of his bill. "That'll pay for one share of stock in a company we must form to get this treasure out," he said. And so it came about that the first Oak Island Treasure Company was formed.

By this time Smith had made many observations about the island that added to the mystery of the treasure. He had cleared a small space for his farming, and in doing so had found patches of red clover, which was as foreign to Nova Scotia as were the live oaks. He also noted that while some of these oaks were quite old, there was all about them a growth of underbrush and trees that was much younger, as though the area had once been cleared of all but a few oak trees. But in the light of later events, his most important discovery was that the ground near the beach at a neighboring inlet apparently had been levelled off by the labor of man.

The little inlet near the oak grove already had become known as Smith's Cove. Digging there one day at low tide, Smith came upon a great rock, solidly imbedded in the beach structure, into which was fastened an ancient hand-forged iron ring-bolt. It was plain that here had once been a place for mooring ships!

Meanwhile, Dr. Lynds went about interesting his many friends in the treasure venture. Among the prominent men who joined him were Colonel Robert Archibald, Captain David Archibald, and Sheriff Harris. These are still good names in that part of Nova Scotia.

THIS first Oak Island Treasure Company drove a shaft down to a depth of ninety-five feet. Every ten feet some sort of marker or obstruction was found. Most of these were platforms of oak or spruce planks, but one was a layer of putty, which sounds foolish enough when first you hear of it, but not quite so silly when you learn that a waterproof putty was formerly carried in large quantities by every well-stored ship, and its use among seafaring folk goes back to very ancient times.

Another of the ten-foot markers was a deep layer of charcoal, spread over a layer of a tropical fibre, resembling the fibre that grows on the outside of a cocoanut.

AT ABOUT this point I think I can detect a few guffaws and a derisive sneer or two from the gallery. And some one says, "Bunk! Charcoal and putty and fiber! Who'd put stuff like that in a hole that treasure was buried in, and who'd bury treasure a hundred feet deep anyhow?"

Believe me, skeptical objectors, if I were making this story up I could do much better than this. I'd make it sound much more probable. And I wouldn't put any putty and charcoal and fibre into it at all. But I didn't put them there. Who did? In due time I shall offer you my guess, and then you may have yours, which will be just as good, I suspect.

Some of the putty was used by Smith in glazing his house, which up to this time had not been a very magnificent house, and had had no glass windows. The fibre is more important. It becomes quite a factor later in this record. I have seen a handful of it, which has been preserved. It may not be cocoanut fibre; it may be sisal, or something quite similar. It is curly and coarse and unquestionably of tropical origin.

At ninety feet, the diggers unearthed a thin flat stone, about three feet long and sixteen inches wide. On one face it bore peculiar characters which nobody could decipher. The

searchers felt, however, that the treasure hunt was getting hot.

The stone was shown to everyone who visited the Island in those days. Smith built this stone into his fireplace, with the strange characters outermost, so that visitors might see and admire it. Many years after his death, the stone was removed from the fireplace and taken to Halifax, where the local savants were unable to translate the inscription. It was then taken to the home of J. B. McCulley in Truro, where it was exhibited to hundreds of friends of the McCulleys, who became interested in a later treasure company. Somehow the stone fell into the hands of a bookbinder, who used it as a base upon which to beat leather for many years. A generation later, with the inscription nearly worn away, the stone found its way to a book store in Halifax, and what happened to it after that I was unable to learn. But there are plenty of people living who have seen the stone. Nobody, however, ever seriously pretended to translate the inscription.

On the Saturday evening after the mysterious stone had been taken out of the shaft, soundings were made with an iron rod, driven straight down into the bottom of the pit. At a depth of approximately one hundred feet below the surface, the inevitable planking was struck again. So, with all the anxiety of a marginal buyer in a falling market, the treasure seekers went to their homes for a much needed rest over Sunday.

On the following Monday morning they came to the pit and found sixty feet of water in it! Day and night, for a week, bailing crews worked. They lowered the level of the water considerably, but when they went home for the week-end the pit filled up again. It was decided to abandon the effort to get the treasure out that way. Another shaft was sunk, a few yards away from the treasure excavation which, ever since the shafts began to multiply, has been known as the money pit.

The second hole went down to a depth of 110 feet, and then a horizontal shaft was driven toward the money pit. Hindsight doesn't require much cleverness, but it seems to me that the result of this operation might have been foreseen. When the horizontal tunnel was almost under the money pit, the water burst through. Then the company gave up.

The three young men who had sworn to keep on digging until they found the treasure saw the years come and go. All three reared families, but did not greatly prosper. Jack Smith grew old in his house beside the grove of ancient oaks, but his hopes bloomed every spring with the red clover. Daniel McInnies regretted that his children had nowhere to go to school. But never mind. Before they should grow too big for instruction the treasure would be brought up, and then they could go to Europe to school and make up for lost time. And so it went, tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, until old Daniel McInnies, white-haired and feeble, died and was buried in the hard and mysterious soil of Oak Island. He left with his son Daniel explicit instructions for continuing the work to recover the treasure.

Vaughan was still living, but old

and shaky, when, in 1849, another treasure-hunting company was formed. He went over to the Island, where the children of Smith and McInnies were living with their half-grown children, and, with his cane, poked about amid the wreckage until he found the exact location of the money pit. The pit had filled up and almost disappeared.

Dr. Lynds, too, was living, and joined the new company with all his old optimism. He was sure the treasure would be brought to light before he should be too old to appreciate it.

THE shaft was started, with much cheering, and that summer of 1849 saw it grow downward, with firmly cribbed and braced sides, to a depth of eighty-six feet. Then the water came in. Bailing with large casks was undertaken, but proved a failure.

At this time, J. B. McCulley, a neighbor of Dr. Lynds, was manager of the Treasure Company. It was he who took the inscribed stone home to show to his friends. This McCulley knew a coal prospector who was out of work, and brought him to Oak Island with his "pod auger," a kind of primitive boring apparatus operated by a belt running from a horse-power gin. The water level remained about thirty-five feet below the surface, and just above the water a platform was built, and the drill mounted on it.

Now began the most interesting experiment in the history of the treasure hunt. The drill was in charge of a foreman named Pitbaldo, who had strict instructions to drive it down slowly, withdraw it slowly, and to keep the bit untouched until one of the officers of the company should be called. Old Dr. Lynds had introduced some semblance of scientific method. He insisted that the bit be cleaned carefully after each withdrawal, and that every grain taken from it should be carefully dried before the fire in the Smith house, sifted, and examined under a glass.

Several members of the Treasure Company took turns occupying a place on the platform with Pitbaldo when the drill was sent down for the first time. The excitement around the pit was tremendous as the reports of progress were shouted up from below. By listening and feeling the bit and observing its actions, it was possible to tell what kind of surfaces it was striking with its point. The platform was struck at the hundred-foot level and bored through. It was five inches thick. It was easy to make exact measurements from above, by noting carefully the progress of the drill.

The auger dropped twelve inches after penetrating the platform, as though it had reached an empty space. Then it slowly bit its way through four inches of solid oak.

NOW came the peak of excitement. The bit was revolving in a mass of pieces of loose metal!

Chips of the oak had clung to the bit when it was brought up while boring through the wood, but several times the drill was hoisted while it was going through the loose bits of metal, and there was nothing. If the drill had finally struck a chest of gold coins, such a result was to be expected, for of course it would but jostle the coins about, and not cut into them.

Now the bit was being slowly

raised again, with great care not to shake off any precious fragment that might cling to it. John Lynds stood by and cleaned the bit, wrapping the dirt up in a cloth. Over at the Smith house every particle was closely examined.

This time no magnifying glass was required to see the evidence. Three tiny gold links, part of an ancient chain, were caught on the bit, imbedded in the mud!

THE sensation among the workers was profound. All the officers of the company rushed off to the house to see the latest find examined. Meantime, there was just time for Pitbaldo to drop the auger once again before quitting for the day. Only one other worker was close by when he drew it up. He saw Pitbaldo quickly detach something from the side of the bit with his fingers, examine it a moment, and then slip it into his pocket.

"Better give that to Mr. McCulley, hadn't you, Pitbaldo?" said the laborer.

"Oh, I guess not," replied the foreman. "The directors have a meeting tomorrow. I'll show it to them then. It's a thing the directors ought to see all at once."

That night Pitbaldo disappeared, and the suspicion at once arose that he had pocketed a valuable piece of evidence. This suspicion increased later, when Pitbaldo turned up in Cape Breton Island in the company of a miner who presently made efforts to question the validity of the Treasure Company's title to the treasure trove, and tried to acquire title for himself.

One more interesting find was made among the scrapings taken from the auger that day and the next. It was merely a ball of soft material, about the size of a pea, but when it was dried out before the fire it proved to be a tiny piece of parchment. This scrap of parchment I myself examined under a glass a short time ago. It is a small fragment, torn from a sheet on which something was written in what appears to be India ink.

After going through twenty-two inches of the loose metal, the auger penetrated eight inches of oak, then another layer of loose metal, twenty-two inches deep, then four inches of oak. Here, according to the obvious interpretation made by the observers, were two oaken chests of treasure, one above the other, and each one made of four-inch timbers. Afterwards the bit ground through what appeared to be a six-inch platform of spruce, and then slid easily through seven feet of clay without striking anything hard.

THE drill was moved a few feet, and again dropped. It struck the platform as before, went through it, dropped eighteen inches, and then began behaving oddly. There was a jerky motion, and the bit was found to be cutting irregularly into wood on one side, and striking nothing on the other side. The watchers said it was striking the curved exterior of a wooden cask. Repeated examinations of the bit disclosed small splinters, such as might have been chipped off cask staves, and also some strands of the coarse vegetable fiber heretofore mentioned.

This ended the operations for that summer of 1849. John Gammel, of Upper Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, who

had seen Pitbaldo put the article taken from the bit into his pocket, had become a stockholder in the treasure company, and he was mightily curious about Pitbaldo. He spent part of the winter hunting for him, and found him all too late. Pitbaldo had gone to work in a gold mine and had been killed. No mortal will ever know what John Pitbaldo put into his pocket.

IT WAS decided that there was nothing to gain by boring the treasure chests full of holes, so the man with the drill departed that fall, and came no more. During the summer of 1850 the same company continued operations. It sunk a shaft ten feet from the money pit, to a depth of 109 feet. It had learned nothing from a previous attempt of this kind. A horizontal shaft was driven toward the money pit, and the water and mud burst through, quickly filling the new shaft to about the same level as the water constantly maintained in the main pit.

Then a serious study of the water problem was made, with amazing results. Here we have one of the most incredible parts of this treasure story, and a part that I certainly would omit if I were inventing the tale for the amusement of my readers.

Much thinking and some observation convinced the treasure hunters that the ocean water was entering the money pit through an artificial channel. There were dozens of reasons for thinking so. None of the shafts showed any signs of water until they were driven right up against the money pit. The money pit itself showed no water at all until it had gone down ninety-five feet and the platform at one hundred feet had been struck by the sounding-bar. Once the water entered, it came in a flood that could not be conquered.

Careful exploration of the beach and the intervening ground disclosed the stunning fact that those who anciently hid the treasure had with infinite pains and remarkable engineering skill constructed a tunnel from tidewater to the treasure trove, cunningly devised so that any meddlers should be forever thwarted by the ocean itself!

The tunnel does not lead from the nearest shore point, but from a gently sloping and well-protected beach some thirty rods away. The beach at this point has been, at some far-off date, entirely reconstructed by the labor of man, apparently for the sole purpose of causing it to furnish a steady flow of salt water into the treasure pit.

THE treasure-hiding engineers knew better than to make a tunnel through which the tide would rush in full force, for such a work would lead to nothing but ultimate destruction. So the beach, between low-tide and high-tide marks, was carefully dug out and rebuilt in such fashion that it would act as a gigantic sponge, holding the water from the incoming tide and steadily pouring it, by gravity pressure alone, through a long and gently-sloping tunnel, into the carefully guarded treasure pit. The flow at no time would be violent, but as long as the ocean and the beach should last, it would be there.

This is how the flood from the beach was provided for: For a distance of 145 feet along the beach, and from

low water to high water, the natural structure of the beach was excavated. The builders then filled in a foundation of large beach rocks, loosely placed, so that there was space between and among them for the water to run. Placed among these rocks in a fan-like pattern, five drain-lines were constructed, spreading out toward the ocean side and converging toward the land side. These drains were made of the flatter rocks, with sides and tops so laid that the water could trickle into them easily, much as American farmers made their drains prior to the general use of drain tile.

Over the heavy beach-rock structure was laid a thatch of eel grass, which may have been two feet thick when laid down. Over this was spread a compact mass of the tropical vegetable fibre heretofore mentioned. There was a great deal of this, carefully packed down. Over this the sand and gravel of the natural beach was carefully replaced, leaving a sloping surface that would not arouse suspicion.

THE effect of all this was exactly what was wanted by the engineers who put away the treasure. The water from the tide infiltrated slowly through the beach sand, and filled the giant sponge of fibrous hair to repletion. Here, then, was a permanent reservoir, always having its supply of water renewed, and never in any danger of running dry. The fibrous plant and the eel grass resist the action of water, particularly when kept from the air, so that no decay had taken place when the beach was uncovered by the searchers, and I recently held some of the fibre in my hands and can testify that it is still as fresh and serviceable as when it came from the tropics.

The converging drains, which collected the water, led into a tunnel similarly constructed of flat rocks, and leading directly from the beach to the treasure pit.

THE obvious question arising here is: How did the hiders of the treasure expect to get it out? Would not the ocean work against them as it has worked against their opponents in this extraordinary game of treasure-hunting?

There are two possible answers. One is that it is within the bounds of imagination to assume that those who hid the treasure expected to leave it there forever.

The other, and to me more probable solution, is that the treasure hiders kept a complete map and plan of the works, with exact location of a secret water-gate which the searchers have never discovered; and that this gate, once closed, would hold back the sea water. It even seems probable to me that such skilful engineers may have closed the gate before they put their treasure, all dry and safe, into its lasting home, and that the searchers sprung the gate when they struck the last platform with the sounding-rod. The rock with the strange inscription may have been the warning to the initiates that the water-trap was just ahead. Those in the secret may have had exact instructions as to how to disconnect the trap or raise the last platform without springing the floodgate. But outsiders would certainly blunder upon the platform, disturb it without locking fast the secret gate, and thus call in Old Ocean, the ulti-

mate guardian of the precious treasure.

This, I admit, is speculation. It is my own theory, and I have not heard anything like it from anyone connected with the treasure search. But to me it seems reasonable and explanatory.

The tunnel leading from the beach to the treasure pit has never been traced from source to exit. Only fragments and sections of it have been found, here and there.

When the existence of such a tunnel was first suspected, engineers who were consulted said that if there were such a bore, doubtless there was somewhere, between the beach and the treasure pit, a vertical shaft which had furnished air to the builders of the tunnel. Desultory search for such a shaft proved fruitless. But by accident it seems to have been found. One of the later Smiths was plowing in his little field, between the pit and the reservoir beach, when his oxen suddenly began to flounder and sink into the ground. The plowman jumped aside, but both oxen went down and wedged themselves into a pit, fifteen feet deep and of irregular diameter. This probably was the mouth of the shaft leading down to the tunnel. But by the time this incident occurred the captains and the planners had departed, during a lull in operations, and nothing ever was done about following the lead thus accidentally uncovered.

Let me pass over many subsequent efforts to get at the treasure. Cofferdams were built on the beach to hold back the tide, and they collapsed. New shafts were sunk and flooded. At a depth of 118 feet a tunnel was driven under the money pit, and the whole thing fell in. A new company formed in 1863 was frustrated by the dangers of further digging in the soft mud. Later, Halifax business men started a company which dissipated its funds in futile efforts to tap and block the intake tunnel. For thirty years thereafter, the grass and brush healed over the scars made by all these treasure hunters.

Then, in 1893, there came into the drama of the treasure a new character — Frederick L. Blair, a young insurance salesman. At the age of seventeen he first invested his savings in the projected company. If only he could have seen a motion picture of young Vaughan, at sixteen, swearing to dig until he got the treasure, and then another picture, showing Old Man Vaughan, poking with his cane among the débris of his youthful hope!

For the 1893 company spent its funds in the same old hopeless struggle. Two interesting discoveries were made, confirming previous finds and theories. The money pit was cleared of wrecked cribbing and débris to a depth of thirty-five feet. Here was found the platform upon which the 1849 company had erected its drilling machinery. Operations were shifted to one of the neighboring shafts, and through a communicating tunnel the workers managed to clear the money pit to a depth of 111 feet. At this level the opening of the intake tunnel was found and exposed to examination. It was an opening about two and a half feet wide, partly filled with round stones from the beach. The sea water poured steadily

between these stones. The operators admitted that they would never be able to pump out the ocean as fast as it was flowing in through the tunnel, so they bored five holes, more or less at random, near the reservoir beach, in the hope of finding the intake. One of these holes evidently hit the tunnel. When dynamite was exploded in it at a depth of 180 feet, ocean water rose in it to tide level, and the water in the distant money pit boiled from the force of the explosion.

Having proved this point, the treasure hunters characteristically abandoned further efforts to stop up the conduit from tide water. Meantime, further operations were going on at the money pit. Through a two-inch pipe a bit was sent down, the drilling being done with improved machinery. At 126 feet the drill struck oak wood, and then iron. The pipe could not be driven beyond this obstruction, but the drill went on. At the interesting depth of 153 feet the point struck stone. Samples brought up looked decidedly like man-made cement to the drillers, so specimens were sent to an analytical laboratory in London for analysis. The laboratory forwarded its analysis, with the carefully guarded statement that it was the same as that commonly reported on cement, and that it was the well-considered opinion of the chemists that this was not a natural stone, but one that had been mixed and made by man.

HERE was another amazing discovery. It seemed to indicate that the careful treasure-hiders had cemented the floor of the cell into which they had lowered their gold, and that the entire structure of the subterranean treasure house must have been approximately forty feet from floor to ceiling! The cement floor was found to be seven inches thick, and lay upon solid oak flooring five inches thick.

Well, it would seem that somebody had buried something, all right! The drill finally ran through the last of the artificial construction at 154 feet below the surface.

Further drilling confirmed the earlier observations of this company. Cement walls, floor and roof, reinforced by iron and heavy oak timbers were struck again and again, and bored through. Also, loose metal pieces in great quantities, closely packed.

EXCITEMENT once more reached fever pitch among the treasure-seekers. Everybody was confident that the greatest treasure in all history would be brought up for distribution among the faithful stockholders. In the following two years the company sank six shafts near the money pit, ranging in depth from ninety-five feet to 160 feet. The theory was that it would be possible to sink deep holes enough to take off the water from the pit in which the treasure lay, and get the goods out while the deep holes were filling up.

This effort to drain the treasure pit was partly successful. When the deepest shaft reached 160 feet, the water began to rush in, and the water in the money pit began to fall. It fell fourteen feet in an hour, and then began to rise again, slowly. As soon as the 160-foot pit filled up to a level with the water in the money pit, both levels rose slowly together, until the money pit was

again flooded to the old level. These events occurred in 1897. Further expensive borings were made and interesting facts concerning the possible existence of a second intake tunnel were established, but finally the treasure company ceased work. When accounts were settled up, the control of the treasure site was vested in Blair.

AGAIN the silent grass and the encroaching rust took charge of the sadly-pitted area beside the sentinel oaks. Years were passing, and Frederick Blair was rearing a family while he laid plans for getting at the treasure.

In 1905 he obtained from the Crown and the Canadian Parliament a grant of treasure trove rights touching any treasure that might be exhumed at Oak Island. A portion goes to the Crown, but the terms are liberal as they affect Blair. He also obtained a lease on the treasure farm for a period of forty years; and in 1922 he launched his major offensive. He had heavy machinery for drilling, digging and carting away. A New York contractor was sent to Oak Island with a big gang, and the work began to hum.

The summer residents of the charming old town of Chester, on the mainland, awoke to the fact that something was going on at Oak Island, and boatmen did a thriving business, taking tourists close enough to the Island to view the work. Night and day the gas engines chugged and the donkey engines puffed. Much dirt was moved. But detail here is useless, and the heartache is still too new to be probed. Suffice it to say that the ocean and the ancient buriers of treasure were again victorious.

But Frederick L. Blair has not lost faith that the mysterious cache will yet be opened. I found him in his home on Beacon Street, in Boston. He talked about the treasure, and I asked many questions. He showed me all the evidence, all the correspondence and old records, the bit of parchment under glass, and samples of the tropical fibre taken from the mysterious beach which I had just left.

"I'm getting all these things in order," he said. "I am not young any more, and I will be passing on one of these days. I have spent most of my money, and I am thinking of going back to Nova Scotia to raise chickens. But the evidence and the lease, which has a good while yet to run, will go down to my heirs."

TO CONJECTURE as to what Mr. Blair's successors may find at Oak Island is futile, of course. But one cannot resist looking back over the story to speculate on the past: How *did* the treasure really reach Oak Island? Who could have buried it there, and why should anyone bury it so deeply and so securely, and then leave it there, forever guarded by the ocean?

Of course, it is inevitable that the boatmen who consent to take you out to Oak Island from the Chester landing should refer to it as Captain Kidd's. But Captain Kidd, whose name has become a synonym for pirate all over the world, was never a pirate, and never buried any treasure anywhere. Furthermore, he was never within many miles of Oak Island. He was an honest sea captain

who had the bad fortune to get in the way of several crooked politicians, one of whom chanced to be Governor of the Colony of New York, and another of whom happened to be King of England. Several others were members of the House of Lords of the British Empire, and all together they did poor Kidd to death to save their own skins — and reputations.

I DOUBT that any of the several thousand pirates of whom we have record had anything to do with this treasure. The most lucrative pirating was done in the Caribbean and in the Atlantic Ocean, south of the Virginia Capes. Why should any pirate or any piratical organization that we know anything about waste time sailing so far north as Oak Island to deposit treasure?

Furthermore, why should pirates expend the time and energy that must have been lavished upon this unique undertaking at Oak Island? Pirates who buried treasure usually intended to come back and get it soon. Whoever buried the treasure at Oak Island apparently had no thought of returning to claim his gold during his own lifetime. The protective and secretive work was planned to last for generations, at least.

It is fairly important that one have some notion of the approximate date of the laying down of the treasure, if one is to make any plausible speculation upon the probable identity of those who put away the gold so carefully.

How I wish I knew whether there was a ship's block, or pulley, hanging on that oak limb when Vaughan and Smith and McInnies first sighted the treasure place in 1795! That would tell something. It is my belief that the treasure is of much more ancient origin than any of the treasure-seekers have ever supposed. We know only that it was there in 1795, and apparently had been there for a great many years.

Put forward as a possible clue to the age of the treasure works are the circumstances that persons working or idling in the vicinity of the treasure pit have picked up a stone whistle, such as was used by boatswains in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and a coin of uncertain origin and nationality, bearing the date 1301. These might indicate something concerning the persons who hid the treasure, and again they might have been dropped by much later visitors to the island.

HAVING, it seems to me, eliminated the pirates, as we know them, from the equation, I put forward as a tentative and fairly plausible theory the supposition that the treasure may have been hidden thus by a Norse colony, somewhere between, let us say, the birth of Christ and the year 1400. These would be extreme dates, and my best guess, based upon extensive study of the Norse and Icelandic sagas and other records of Scandinavian exploration and settlement, would place the date close to 1200 A.D., or between that date and 1300.

If there was a ship's block, or any kind of wheel pulley, hanging on the limb when the three young men arrived upon the scene, my theory is not so very strong. It is barely possible that the Norsemen may have known about the block and tackle system of hoisting as early as 1200

or 1300, but it is only a bare possibility, and I discard it, partly because it doesn't fit in very well with my theory, and partly because the evidence that it ever hung on the oak limb is extremely thin.

THE story of the Icelandic and Norse settlements along the coast of North America is a long one, and I can't go into it here. But I feel reasonably certain, along with many men who are much more reliable authorities than I, that there was a very early settlement somewhere on the western coast of Nova Scotia. It seems probable and even likely, that there may have been one on Mahone Bay.

Such a colony may have flourished, isolated from the entire northern and eastern world, for four or five hundred years. It might have become a wealthy and somewhat cultured state in that time. For some reason, the Scandinavian colonies disappeared, leaving hardly any traces of their existence. I think the causes of their disappearance were usually two; influenza epidemic and attacks by the natives.

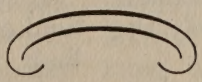
I picture an old and flourishing Norse colony, grown older than the United States now is, but not very populous, due to recurrent epidemics and the circumstance that there was only a shipload or two of white settlers in the beginning. The colony is wiped out at last by sickness. The last survivors retreat to Oak Island, and, while holding off the natives, plan to take to the sea in their only ship when their number has been sufficiently reduced to make such a move necessary and possible. They busy themselves during the last days — perhaps years — in the construction of a safe and everlasting repository for the state treasure and the things they all have loved and cherished, since they cannot take much besides food and clothing with them on their ship.

THE Norse were always engineers. They liked to build ditches and shafts and tunnels and underground works. To this day the Scandinavians are among the world's best engineers.

What happened? Well, the work was completed, and the last survivors finally sailed away — and, let us say, their ship perished in a storm.

A far-fetched theory?

I admit it. See if you can do better and fetch the theory less far. And don't neglect to account for the isolated grove of live oaks, so far from the native habitat of that tree, the growth of red clover, and the presence of the tropical fibrous material!



Can Intellectual Women Live Happily?

By Walter B. Pitkin

Analyzing the possible future for nearly a million superior women who can't find contentment in maternity and are denied other outlets

"I wish I were a little gold digger. I'd get a lot more out of life." These words were spoken with bitterness by a thirty-eight-year-old woman who has been earning around eight thousand a year in Chicago as an advertising specialist.

"If I were only a man, I'd be a hundred times happier."

This from a woman of forty-five who looks back on a hard struggle and half-defeat as a physician in a Missouri town.

"My scrubwoman is happier than I am."

This complaint from a New York lawyer, a keen woman nearing fifty, who, although she has succeeded financially, is sour with many disillusionments.

Are these freak cases? So far as I can judge from the hundreds of intellectual women whose careers I have followed from college onward, no. All too typical, I'd say. A census of the unhappy would show relatively more of their kind than of any other. And the question arises, why is this so? The answer may surprise you as it surprised me when I first came upon it.

We mean, by the intellectual woman, one who could graduate from one of our best colleges. Thousands have not, of course; but we include them, inasmuch as their troubles are often greater than those of the college graduates.

How many fine minds are there in female bodies? We know pretty accurately now. For the kind of mind that does well in college studies has been exhaustively tested. There are at least three hundred thousand women who, if they had the chance, could sail through Wellesley or Vassar with honors. And about six hundred thousand more who could struggle through with hard study and long hours. Total, some nine hundred thousand, in this sizable country of ours.

This represents all age groups between twenty-two and sixty-five

years. We select these simply because the period of active work lies somewhere between these limits in most activities which require superior minds. Under twenty-two years there is little chance for using superior intelligence on a job, and after sixty-five it doesn't matter much. Happiness isn't a problem of childhood or old age.

How can these nine hundred thousand women find happiness? How can they find contentment, if happiness is beyond them? This is one of the most important questions today. If the best of us miss the best of life, while the inferior get it, surely something is rotten in the state of modern civilization!

To be happy, what must you do? Find in the real world some pleasant outlet for your strongest urges. Use your dominant traits — whatever they happen to be — in the business of living. Not in a dream world! And not in any other form of pretense!

HAPPINESS is self-realization. If you have the deftest hand and eye in Christendom, you may find happiness in becoming a great billiard player. If you have the thickest muscles outside of the gorilla gang, you become happy by wrestling. If you can sing like heaven's lark, you find your destiny in singing. And if you have an excellent mind that likes to think out things and investigate causes and study odd trends in man and nature, why then you find your happiness in using it. And not on something silly or useless! You truly use it only when you employ it to some purpose.

There are only three ways a woman can spend her life. She may do nothing and call it leisure, while other people call it loafing. Or she may work, either for profit or for pleasure or — in some rare and wonderful instances — for both. Or finally she may bear children and devote her years to them.

WHAT if she loafs? This sounds like a merry life. But it is hell. And how many rich women know this, to their sorrow! Pity the poor she-bum who has money enough to do nothing! She lives in a vacuum and either becomes a vacuum herself or else ends up a neurotic, whimpering her days away, hanging around her favorite doctor, sleeping badly, worrying, and wishing she were dead — which she might better be. No career here! And no happiness!

Any woman with even half a mind soon rebels against this hideous existence. Probably half of the widespread unrest among the better classes of American wives is an effort to escape the horrors of Useless Leisure. Were they morons, they might be happy doing nothing above their ears. But being equipped with better than average minds, the emptiness of their days drives them to distraction.

Thousands of these poor creatures invent fake interests for themselves. They go through the motions of intellectual activities, such as rushing to lectures, writing essays to read at club meetings, or organizing reforms and uplift movements. They excite themselves thus. They kill time. But do they become happy? Not once in a thousand times. Their motors are racing as they idle. They get all hot and bothered, but don't

advance one inch on the road toward self-realization.

Suppose our intellectual woman turns to work? Can she find happiness there? Now we come to a startling situation, which hasn't been realized.

The intellectual woman's chances of finding work that will exercise pleasantly her superior mind are growing smaller every year. And not because of the sex antagonism of men but simply because such jobs are growing scarcer for everybody.

ALMOST every business and profession is becoming so beautifully organized and managed that, out of every hundred employees, fewer and fewer of the best minds are needed to supervise the others and to carry on special tasks. Great executives have learned that a business is best run when no man in it is put to work at a task which somebody less clever or less dexterous than he could do equally well. Why so? Because a man who is too big for his job or too swift of mind or hand for it becomes dissatisfied or else his mind wanders from the work and he botches things.

A generation ago nobody imagined that a man could be too good or too big for his job. Our fathers supposed that, the better any man was, the better workman he would be in any capacity.

"Go to college, my boy," an old Scotch manufacturer told me forty years ago. "Maybe you won't be a millionaire for having studied so much, but you will be a much better bricklayer, a much better locomotive engineer, a much better worker at whatever you find to do."

Personnel managers and vocational psychologists know this is nonsense. Each job determines its worker. The worker never determines the job. This discovery is becoming a menace to the superior woman, no less than to the superior man.

I have been surveying all the important vocations, to find openings for our best college graduates. The findings cannot be fully told here, but this much can be said: *In all the professions, in all the arts and crafts, in all lines of business and industry, in teaching and in scientific research combined there can be found not more than fifty or sixty thousand jobs which intellectual women might ever hope to fill and which at the same time would measure up to their intellectual abilities.*

IN BANKING there are between 2,500 and 7,500 jobs that demand superior mentality; of these women could never get more than 400 or 500, because of the nature of the work. In engineering there may be openings for 300 or 400 women with big minds, but I doubt it. In law it is conceivable that, some day in this century, there may be 2,000 opportunities; but I shall not live to see it. In journalism I cannot find more than 2,000 openings, and I find these only on the wild assumption that women will buy and operate half of the small newspapers in the country. In the arts there are no openings for superior minds, male or female; for art requires other abilities and is likely to become cramped in style by too big brains. All the arts build on feelings, on perceptions, and on creative fancy. But a superior mind need not have these traits in high degree. Clever women often try their hand at some art, only to discover

that intelligence is one thing and artistry quite another.

In school teaching very few intellectual women can be contented, for eternal repetition of the three R's does not use a superior mind. In a few high school and college courses we can find fair opportunities for possibly 10,000 to 12,000 such women. Probably the opportunities here will dwindle somewhat, as the public insists more and more firmly on having about an equal number of men and women teachers in high schools and colleges. Our schools have too many women now in charge. The unbalance will surely be corrected, and to the disadvantage of the intellectual woman.

Some day the openings in scientific research may reach 10,000; but I wouldn't care to wager more than a very cheap hat on it. Why not? Chiefly because most research calls for exceptional skill in mathematics, and few women possess this — any more than they possess high creative ability in most of the arts. Then too, few women enjoy the peculiar monotony and narrowness of a laboratory career. Far more men prefer its narrowness and isolation from society. Even if openings were available, then, I doubt whether many women would seize them.

How about Government service? Alas, how dismal it is for superior people of any sort! Survey the whole field, from the United States Senate down to the common council of the smallest city, and you will not be able to find 10,000 openings suited to high intellect. Indeed, I think there are not 5,000. A pretty careful check of all Federal posts failed to reveal more than 4,710, which we must suppose might be filled equally by men and women.

Medicine is a hopeless field for women. Not because it does not require high intelligence but rather because high intelligence is only one of a score of exceptional traits required of the modern physician and surgeon. Not one superior mind, male or female, in 250 can qualify here. Medical standards are swiftly rising in most States. Within a decade or two it will be impossible for more than 5,000 or 6,000 superior women to find happiness in the career of an M. D., even if they possess all the traits required.

How about business? Well, few superior minds are needed there. Far fewer than has been supposed. Many careful studies show that striking success in almost every commercial position is attained as easily by people of average or slightly better than average intelligence as by superior minds. So the latter find themselves in hopeless competition against hordes who will be happier in this field because it more fully absorbs their abilities. It has long been known that the best college graduates shun business. Now we know why. Few business jobs call for the peculiar abilities of an intellectual. They demand many other traits, some of which are quite as worthy and rare as a good mind. Personality, for instance. Ambition. Social sense. Tact. Precious qualities in mankind, these! But not a part of intelligence, in the academic sense.

I have never yet met a woman of the highest mental type who has admitted she was either happy or

fairly contented in a business job. If some reader has, I'd like to be introduced — just for the novelty of it.

If we omit from the list school teaching, we find that between 1910 and 1920 there was an increase of only 26,834 women in the fifteen chief professional fields. See the United States Census for this fact. Does this indicate a great advance of feminism? Does it prove that women are surging into the highest fields of men's work? On the contrary! It proves that intellectual women are not even holding their own. For in the same ten years, the number of such women between twenty-two and sixty-five years of age increased by about 130,000! *For every newcomer who found work in a superior professional field there were four who did not. And this too on the assumption that all those who swelled the ranks of professional women were newcomers too young to have been counted in the 1910 census.* (Of course this is a false assumption.)

Why do not more find their happiness in such work? Because the work is not there for them to do! In the United States today you cannot find 250,000 jobs which can pleasantly exercise the wits of the 1,800,000 superior men and women between twenty-two and sixty-five years whose minds equal or excel that of a typical college graduate. Do you doubt this? Then run your eye down the list of occupations in the United States Census. If you can find many more, you will surprise every statistician who has worked on the question.

Suppose now that women some day get half of all the 250,000 suitable jobs, leaving the rest to mere men. They will fill 125,000. There will then remain 775,000 unemployed women, all as clever as a Bryn Mawr A. B., all in the prime of life, all aflame with the healthy human's craving to attain happiness.

To what can they turn?

They can't loaf, they can't work. So they must turn to motherhood — or else give up the whole game. If to motherhood, what chance of happiness?

As we consider this question, keep in mind that we are talking about that higher happiness which comes only from some activity which engages the mind pleasantly up to the limit of its normal abilities. In people of lower intelligence, mental work counts for less; they have an easier time finding themselves and becoming agreeably absorbed in things. Not so with these intellectual women!

Now, does motherhood offer continuous employment for a first-class mind? Can it fill enough of a woman's life so that she will not become restless and bored? And finally, if women were to take motherhood as seriously as some of them take poultry raising, batik daubing, and brassieres, what are the long-range consequences likely to be? Some of these are easy questions. But the last is distressingly hard.

Raising children requires, for its proper fulfilment, more intelligence than any other task which the human race is ever called upon to do. In fact, this is its chief trouble: millions of mothers fall down on the job because they lack the brains it calls for. And the chief reason the

human race has been so slow in rising from savagery is the stupidity of most mothers. Less heat and more light is wanted in this profession.

But highly intelligent women have long been avoiding it because they appreciate, far more clearly than their dumber sisters do, the enormous difficulties of managing children so that they develop the best that is in them. To succeed as a mother, a woman must have not only a superior brain but also a superior body. She must endure irregular hours and loss of sleep, must combine patience with firmness, must be able to play and work strenuously, serve now as nurse-girl, now as mentor, now as policewoman, now as private detective, now as athletic director, now as cook, now as housemaid, now as doctor, now as psychologist — and all of this on every day from the birth of her firstling to the tearful hour when she has married off the youngest.

To direct and train a personality is a high adventure in all the applied sciences. Nobody knows quite how to do it. Experiments without end are needed. Observations must be added to observations. And, perhaps after a century or two, parenthood will become scientific. Eventually it will be the greatest, as well as the hardest, of the sciences. To master physics is mere child's play beside raising one child. And Mr. Einstein's relativity is a dabbler's hobby when you set it over against raising a family.

If any woman of sound body seeks a career in which she will be sure to employ her high mentality more intensively than ever at college, let her raise four or five children. I don't mean *bearing* children; I mean *raising* them. Any able-bodied animal of the right sex can bear young; that is nothing to brag about. But to guide and mold her young so that they attain the best that is in them — there's the intellectual stunt that makes Byrd's jaunt to the South Pole look like a Sunday School picnic.

You hear intellectual women say: "I ought to devote my highest abilities to politics or to social reform. In that way I can help the world progress toward a higher and finer civilization."

A mere man must snicker rudely at such talk. Politics and social reform are ineffective while the world has so many low-grade people in it. We cannot feed all of them rat poison and refuse to be convinced that they ought to retire from the human race. So the next best thing we can do is to breed more high-grade people to offset the inferior.

Education does not make high-grade people. Only chromosomes, aided by training, can do that. Superior parents come first, a superior home upbringing comes second.

Do our superior women really want to improve the world? Let the 125,000 who may find happiness in a downtown job go that way. Then let the other 775,000 breed and bring up an average of four children each. Let these women use their brains in selecting men of their own quality or better. Let them raise their children with the idea of doing likewise. Within three generations we should have a superior race of perhaps 15,000,000

and surely 10,000,000. It could rule the world!

But —

How many of our superior women have the physique to raise four children? Few, I fear, if what the doctors tell me is correct. Nature is playing strange pranks with the bodies that carry around best minds. Healthy enough for ordinary living, these women of intellect seem to be overwhelmed mentally if not physically by the labor of raising children. And this nervous incapacity probably reflects some obscure bodily incapacity.

IT WOULD be easier, of course, if the intellectual woman had plenty of money for servants and governesses. But this rarely happens. Look at the significant replies to the inquiry which Dr. Ethel Puffer Howes conducted for Smith College some two years ago. Ten thousand women graduates were asked, among other things, whether they managed to keep up their intellectual interests while raising children and managing their homes. Hundreds of the women testified that home making exhausted them physically, while other hundreds said that children wore them out with their incessant demands, questions, and little tragedies. They found the sheer horsepower and drudgery of the job thwarting their mental life.

Rare indeed is the woman of high intelligence who can stand the gaff of prolonged motherhood and home making, on small income.

Of the 775,000 who seek happiness outside of business and the professions, probably not more than 100,000 or so are built ideally for raising four or five children.

What can the 675,000 turn to for a happy life? No jobs, no motherhood (save perhaps in a limited fashion, raising one babe and filling in a few years over him). Loafing is deadly. How then occupy their lively minds? How avoid boredom and despair?

I DON'T want to be a calamity howler. That is a dull vocation at best, after the first few yelps. But for the life of me I cannot find an escape for these mentally maladjusted. It is useless to advise them to throw themselves into any sort of activity. That might save them from lunacy, but it wouldn't make them happy. And it is beside the point to say that they ought to earn a living and seek happiness there. Happiness has nothing to do with earning a living. If it did, every man who makes eight dollars a day affixing Nut No. 664X to Bolt No. 9823Y in an automobile factory would be happier than Goethe, who declared, when eighty, that he had never known two weeks of happiness in all his life.

Some doctors poke fun at these restless women, these neurotics, these pursuers of psychoanalysts and swamis. The rest of us like to scold the creatures. We tell them in our wisdom that they imagine their troubles, that they ought to get busy and find a real interest in life. We call them shallow, silly, drifting. . . .

But the trouble is far deeper.

Do you see something at which they can use their keen minds all life long?

Let's Have a Hobby

By Stanley Jones

As addicts of scrambled omniscience, and for lack of one small garden all our own, we Americans come to the end of life as if we had never lived

My friend Peyton is not distinguished for culture, talent, or breadth of mind. He frequently abandons his spoon in his coffee cup. He inclines to monologue, in a loud and dramatic fashion. But I have noticed this: when Peyton becomes one of a group — regardless of age, sex, or previous condition of servitude — he invariably becomes its core. And always through talking about one and the same subject. Peyton, be it known, is the greatest salt water man, year in, year out, that ever trod the deck of the 5.15 to White Plains. The sea is his passion, high, wide, and holy.

"I was reading last night," he will announce, apropos of nothing, "about a young fellow who used to be the strongest man of his time at Oxford. He could bend a shilling between his fingers, and he wasn't Scotch, either. No haberdasher in the world had a collar large enough for him. Well, sir, he shipped before the mast, went off around the Horn in a windjammer. He went aloft in a hurricane, that bird, and he clewed the mains'l — hanging over eternity for two hours — while the whole damn' crew alternately prayed and swore!"

His audience perks up a bit. The world loves enthusiasm, and most of us are quick to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious. Peyton's is the real thing. That is why he commands interest even from female neighbors who have simply dropped in to talk bulbs and babies with his wife. Before they know it, their high heels are clicking precariously on holystoned decks. They may shudder, now and then, but they like it. They like to see one person who has made one thing, aside from his business, into an absorbing province all his own.

It occurs to me to wonder idly why we have not more Peytons among us: more men who realize that we cannot make ourselves masters in all fields and that such efforts, exacting heavy toll of Time, must fail to pan out the golden smattering of happiness sought. I believe that the roots of our scattered strivings run deeper than the topsoil of feverish industrial competition so characteristic of the day — a competition so

demanding as to lend suspicion to hours otherwise invested, and so largely material in its standards of success as to distort other values infinitely worth while.

PERHAPS our national inheritance is largely accountable. Sociologists tell us that we are twenty per cent parents, eighty per cent ancestors. Certainly our ancestors, in order to subsist at all, were forced to do a great many things which are unnecessary in our mechanized lives. They were pioneers and restless pushers-on, indefatigable in the effort to carve out homes from a sullen, if beautiful world. Of spare time they had little. It is inconceivable that they could have built up any tradition of leisure such as had graceful and valuable place in Europe long before Columbus spread his sails. They have bequeathed us, instead, a tradition for work which has inevitably shaped our hours for relaxation. So ingrained is this passion for getting things done in a hurry that we have become unable to escape it after hours. We rush furiously into trivial excitements, or launch into self-conscious flights of self-improvement. Of serene and unhurried absorption in some natural enthusiasm — for its own sake alone — we have all too little. In fact, we tend to look upon such spiritual pauses in our lives with either scorn or distrust.

I know a man who has worked his way to the presidency of one of our largest banking houses. He is a wizard of organization, and it has paid him commensurately. Yet I have noticed that he never seems able to clear his vast mahogany desk of papers. There are always a few left, even after closing time. I asked him about it once.

"Oh, those," he said, and touched the nearest batch with an embarrassed smile. "Those are just for appearance's sake."

"What do you mean by that?" I inquired, puzzled.

"I mean — here, have a cigar, won't you? — I mean I sort of hate to have callers come in and catch me twiddling my thumbs or looking out of the window. Silly, isn't it?"

I thought it was. Here was one who had spent his life in building a great business. Presumably for the joy of the work, the material comforts and ease which should justly derive therefrom. And one of the foremost, to my mind, should have been the right to twiddle his thumbs, or look out the window to his heart's content whenever he felt like it. Yet he was secretly timid of being regarded as "getting soft", or letting down on the job, by persons whose opinion could affect him in no wise whatsoever. The notion is amusing, yet not without pathos — a notion which would be frankly incomprehensible to a European of the same relative circumstances.

WITH us, it has become a fetish to be forever busy, so that even our time off has had to seek a sort of apology as another line of business. It is for this reason that the flood of culture-capsules has been received with open mouths. We have developed a mania for trying to digest the knowledge of the world in two-volume gulps. We nourish a secret unholy passion — if we can credit those shrewd signs of the times, the

advertising pages — to astound our acquaintances by addressing some Greek waiter in fluent, six-lesson French. We pant to amaze social gatherings by shouting the names of philosophers and garbled snatches of their thought as proof of a triumphant erudition. And in the tag-ends of our spare time, we rush to the attic and practise the saxophone, or public speaking, or personal magnetism, in order to achieve social acclaim.

Now these pursuits, honestly undertaken, are quite all right. It is something, God knows, to discover that one has a mind capable of mastering the most precise yet beautiful tongue known to man. To some, it is creditable and natural, this yearning to turn over the most profound reflections of other civilizations. It is even somehow worthy to conquer the sobbing saxophone. These are all legitimate avocations demanding time, concentration, and at least a certain amount of cranial capacity. But we — and I speak not of the exceptional man, but of Americans as a race — do not pursue them furiously for their own sweet sake. And therein lies the shame.

My friend Peyton, shrewd cynic in regard to the aspirations of his fellow men, sees it thus: "How many of us want to be wise because wisdom is the most gracious fruit of life? One out of a hundred! The rest of us just want a shiny, plausible lacquer of facts and figures, acquired as efficiently and painlessly as possible."

This, if true, is a revealing indictment of our cultural standards. We are lacking in the sympathy and persistence to master any small part of the whole with the selfless joy which any beautiful thing merits by the very fact of its existence.

In no field, perhaps, does our restless combing of the universe in search of the bluebird appear more fruitless than in the disuse of conversation. Save in rare instances, we will go to almost any lengths in order to avoid it. Witness the radio, the queues before inane movies, the steady schedule of bridge, the eagerness of inherently intelligent people to drink and become determinedly gay and abysmally boring to those who do not. One must conclude that our idea of diversion is largely visual and auditory. Anything, it seems, to insulate the light and easy play of thoroughly capable minds from themes common to humanity.

Our urban restlessness, our acquired impatience with any passive state for more than a few moments, is responsible. Good talk is not born with the desire for it. Good talk is largely a matter of mood, of atmosphere. Among its chief requirements is a sense of unhurried ease. But we tend to shrink from any surcease of physical activity — unless it be for trivial games or frantic self-improvement — as a rather terrifying interval fraught with the perils of dullness.

Even in the men's clubs — those dignified strongholds of peace and quiet — a rather deadly standardization of topics prevails. With a few notable exceptions (avowedly devoted to the arts and broadened by an international infusion of members) the talk seldom soars beyond the

boundaries of stocks, sports, bridge, women, and politics. This may sound unduly pessimistic, but it checks with thoughtful observers in a representative group. Interesting reminiscence there is, in plenty, yet too frequently without pertinence of any sort. Even in the field of politics, which is to say, the whole broad earth, our passion for personalities, rather than principles, is exemplified to a disheartening degree. Truly do we live by the minute — nourished by headlines, thrilled by the hero of the last edition, more susceptible to the spell of pointless rhetoric and blatant half-truths than any other civilized nation that ever existed.

Good conversation, to continue, is the fruit of sound thought and sprightly imagination. I am persuaded that our mistrust, our downright fear, of the detached solitude which induces the former is to blame for its replacement by unexamined prejudices and catch-words of the hour. Sound opinion is not generated over night. It is not dependent on the values of the day, the week, or the year. We do not really achieve it unless we consider the subject in its relation to similar events or conditions of the past. And unless we have taken the time and the patience to acquire some knowledge of what has been thought and done, our opinions are of no great consequence to thoughtful persons. This, again, reverts to the national reluctance to so invest any appreciable share of our spare time.

Everyone, I am sure, is familiar with the other aspect of contemporary talk. If a topic is not immediately slapjacked into oblivion for fear of its assuming the bugaboo of solemnity, it is all too apt to become bogged in the marsh of self-consciousness. This is equally reprehensible — and more wearing — than the prevalent practice of dismissing a subject with a few flip smacks on the seat of its trousers as it circles a group on its way to the door. If we lay aside our slapstick, it is generally in favor of the machined, deliberate business of talking music, or books, or theatre because we feel we owe it to ourselves, our guests, or our hosts. The fact that such obligatory pronouncements smother spontaneity, which is the breath of conversational life, does not seem to deter us.

Dimly aware of this unhappy condition, but apparently powerless to better it, we struggle grimly on, while the golden strand lying somewhere between the poles of stuffed-shirt gravity and arrant nonsense remains unpeopled save for a few rare souls. We are "passing up" one of the most civilized forms of human relationship: the unhurried interplay of mind and mood.

As a race, we lack a sense of age, and the realization that lasting things of the mind and spirit cannot be achieved overnight. This is, paradoxically enough, at once our source of power and weakness. The intense energy and capacity for organization which have made us leaders, have made our development one sided. We know how to squeeze the ultimate drop from the business day. But for the countless hours which open their arms from five-thirty on — that is quite another matter. Unused to such gracious prospect,

both by tradition and habit, we carry over the serious drive of the business day into the world of our pleasure, and wonder — occasionally — why the yearly balance sheet fails to show the steady, substantial increase which renders the books of our business so satisfying.

THE consequences are reflected frequently through the mirror of the daily paper. By some unlucky chance, a prominent figure in one field is suddenly thrust into headline importance in another. Out of the one line with which he is thoroughly familiar, he presently reveals himself as a supreme and voluble ignoramus in almost every other. We hoot at him, partly because it serves to allay any secret doubts which we may have harbored as to our own appalling ignorance, and also because we delight in busting the idol of ten minutes ago on the nose. Our interest, as I have said, is primarily in the figure of the moment. But even as we deride our floundering idol, we fail to realize that we, as individuals, are striving to spread-eagle the same impossible field. Only good luck, and the fact that our separate genius is insufficient to render us first-page copy, saves us from cutting an even more graceless figure than the current unfortunate in the pillory.

As a body politic, we are too gregarious, too crowd-conscious, for our own spiritual development. Quick to applaud worthy achievement in others, we are disinclined to emulate where the effort involves thoughtful seclusion and the doing of a thing for its own sake. The national eye is forever turning outward, instead of inward.

"What," we incline to whisper to our inner, confidential selves, "what's this thing going to get us? More salary? New commendation? Increased prestige?"

This state of mind, largely subconscious, is the fruit of our cultural standards and our passion for haste. It is unflattering, and possibly not so prevalent as I am led to believe. But that it is largely existent, and among our educated, intelligent people, no honest observer would attempt to deny. The penchant for scrambled omniscience, for being "up to the minute" in every avenue of life, both serious and trivial, is making us a race of skimmers. And the harder we skim, the less cream do we get.

I CHERISH the conviction, nevertheless, that we are on the road to seeing more Peytons. Perhaps because I have fallen into the habit of looking for them, perhaps because they achieve subtle individuality, however inconspicuous. Men and women are discovering unsuspected gold mines in the intelligent pursuit of one worth while hobby. These are men and women to whom Time is truly the most precious metal, not to be endlessly frittered away, or forged into machines which shall exact tribute, but blown instead into lovely images of thought and honest enthusiasm.

Several friends come to mind who have the secret. Waring has brought to light a native enjoyment in designing small houses. It has no possible connection with his successful insurance business. His talent is de-

veloping, but he will never be good enough to make it his work. Yet Waring is fascinated by the recurrent mysteries of joists, and keystones, and the harmonious assembling of details.

BURRAGE has the secret and is still in his twenties. Many and many a night, when the bank has closed its bronze door, you will find Burrage hurrying home to his absorbing pursuit of ancient drinking songs. I suspect, though he would deny it, that he is compiling them for posterity. He is by way of achieving a modest name as an authority.

Clarke, too, has the secret. He still, on occasion, acts the genial ringmaster for a rowdy group of an evening. But his inquiring mind is drawn more and more from Certified Public Accounting to examine the underlying causes which split these States from the mother country.

Nordell, the broker, is deriving infinite fun from the painful carving of museum designs on chests which he hopes will be every whit as Florentine as their prototypes. Tate, the advertising spellbinder, sniffs with houndlike eagerness in out-of-the-way shops for Albany flasks and authentic Stiegel glass.

Some of these men, as you may surmise, are rather apt to seize your polite inquiries as an opportunity for talking your ear off. Enthusiasm has its exactions as well as its spontaneous freshness in a world become too casual. But give them credit for having an honest eagerness for something worth while in its own right. They have rediscovered the vanishing art of investing overtime with a sense of the significant.

Each one of us, I am persuaded, has some fascinating possibility unrealized. If we would but take time out, of an evening, or a whole stretch of evenings, we might search our characters and bring it to light. It will probably not result in any creative outpouring which will bring jealous shivers to the ghost of Will Shakespeare. It will almost certainly fail to rock Michael Angelo, Joshua Reynolds, or Papa Bach from their pedestals. But this it may achieve, almost beyond doubt: it may appease that vague inner craving to do something immutably our own, to make something that will say to us, "I am yours — without you, I should not even exist."

WE HAVE a tendency, before our friends, to patronize the Peytons. To scoff indulgently at their strayings from the paths of our standardized diversions. Yet I suspect that — in our hearts — we are a trifle envious. For now and again, the suspicion intrudes that they have found something which we crave, however blindly, yet shrink from. The haunting suspicion, in our rare pauses from the breathlessness of life, that they have cultivated one small and lovely garden in their lives. One small garden — forever blooming, securely walled off from the jealous crowding interests which would reduce its serene peacefulness to the same spiritual barrenness of the vast surrounding spaces.

Jonathan Edwards and the Gunman

By Struthers Burt

Are we becoming the most immoral nation in the world? Seeing signs that we are, Mr. Burt brings his novelist's mind to bear on the causes

The statement I make is a broad one, difficult of proof, but I have the impression, and a good many other Americans have too, that today in the United States we are producing a type of crime and criminal, in numbers and with an appalling regularity never before witnessed in the history of the world. This opinion, I daresay, is an exaggerated one, but none the less at moments I am oppressed with an uneasy sense that all respectable citizens are sitting on the thin crust of a volcano of curiously cold-blooded criminal brutality, matched by an equally cold-blooded brutality on the part of the police. Crime has always been with us and will be with us for a long time to come, but there is about the sort of crime I have in mind a high degree of intelligence and a low degree of sensibility that set it apart, making it essentially demoniac, bewitched, because it turns white into black and black into white; upsetting rules, the general validity of which we know to be sound. That is the real sign of the devil, the ultimate description of the Black Mass — to make the normal abnormal and confuse the point of view of those seeking some solution for the embroglio of life.

For instance, most experienced men and women will subscribe to the doctrine that, on the whole, a good fool is more dangerous than an intelligent rogue, a doctrine based on the assumption that where there is intelligence there is also some final point where an appeal can be made to it. A similar doctrine is that real goodness is almost invariably the result of intelligence. And so on until we reach environment and what seems the fairly reasonable conclusion that if you give men decent upbringing and some degree of education, for the most part they will be better men.

But it is hardly possible at present to open a daily newspaper without finding such theories contradicted. From mass hold-ups to crimes of passion we find an adroitness and

rationality of planning and execution coupled with an inhuman lack of responsibility and a subsequent absence of the sense of guilt, that bear no relationship to the human mind as we know it. The old-fashioned expert crook, who never carried a weapon lest he hurt somebody and so be punished for it, seems an angel of gentleness and good sense beside these wives, husbands, lovers, mistresses, hold-up men, bootleggers, gunmen and racketeers who "bump someone off," to use the current phrase, or "take someone for a ride," to use a still newer phrase, and then wipe their well manicured hands on a silk handkerchief.

It is possible to imagine a man killing his wife, or a wife her husband, although in either case to the normal person, however wrought upon, such enterprises at best must be unpleasant, and entered upon with at least some regret. But within the last ten years this country has witnessed numerous apparently amiable young women who have gaily "beaned" their unfortunate life companions and then hurried off to bridge or some other social gathering where, as in one notorious case, they have been "the life of the party." The old reliance of the male on the supposed greater tenderness of the female and her horror of violence, save in exceptional cases, is beginning to look as if it had been misplaced. Even more dreadful than the gunmen who commit the actual crime are those carefully appointed damsels who lure the victim into a waiting automobile and distract his mind until the fatal shot is fired. What are their thoughts, if any?

A murderess, after having killed her sleeping husband with a sash-weight, issued bulletins from her cell protesting against the harshness of the law, principally on the ground that she was young and "loved life." It did not seem to occur to her that her husband had not been much older and, in his own quaint way, had probably loved life, too. There is a quality about such psychology that adds a third and final gruesomeness to a crime and its expiation; that adds a Pelion of modern abnormality to an Ossa of ancient savagery.

Prepossessing and well-educated youths who suddenly decide to dissect a little boy or girl are becoming so common that they turn up with the regularity of national holidays. A raucous bootlegger kills his wife and is wept over by a jury which releases him. He announces that in some way or other his crime is a symbol of his revolt against Prohibition and, whenever the mood takes him, sends out communiques as to his attitude toward all important questions, including the choice of a President.

Accompanying the rise of the criminal classes, is an increase in the ruthlessness and criminality of those forces supposed to put crime down. Some of us can remember the time when you were supposed to go to the police for protection and advice. Today, the average citizen, assaulted by gunmen, is inclined to avoid the police on the theory that it is better "to let well enough alone."

I have touched on only the high spots, and have not mentioned the dreary daily pabulum of what might be called low-blood-pressure crime.

And in taking up crime first I have touched upon only the dramatic and obvious side of the problem. The problem is the state of mind of the average present day American. I am not gloomy and I am by no means a pessimist. I believe that the average present day American is a more intelligent man, more broad-minded, than his forefathers. Nor am I so foolish as to imagine that most American vices are confined to America alone. Virtues and vices are international. But back of these international virtues and vices there is usually a national point of view which is individual. It seems to me that the good American is losing his capacity for righteous indignation, and that the bad American has lost his reactions until they have almost ceased to exist. As if there were, that is, a certain moral amnesia peculiar to America.

AMERICA seems to be the only country where young women have in many cases completely lost the scruples that restrained their parents. As an elaboration of what I mean I refer you to that classic satire *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, the inner meaning of which was apparently wasted on the majority of American readers.

Now I am not much for righteous indignation, unless it be used with discretion. That of a Cotton Mather, for instance, does not appeal to me. Righteous indignation is like a sizeable temper — the man or woman constantly giving way to either is a nuisance and a danger, but the man or woman incapable of either is a moral and temperamental eunuch. A temper, a capacity for righteous indignation, are merely symptoms of perspective and a point of view, and however cosmopolitan and tolerant you may be, if these cannot be offended, then you do not possess them. They are like a sense of humor. Never to laugh at anything shows you have no humor; to laugh at everything, shows the same. To be shocked at nothing is not worldly, it is merely the innocence of the idiot.

And here we come to the crux of the question.

UNLESS you have some sense of reality, to wit, some sense of proportion, some sense of the incongruous, you cannot be a really good or moral man; certainly you cannot be a sensible or constructive one. If you are a church-goer you are likely to become a fanatic; if you are a banker you are likely to become a venal and cynical one; if you are a crook you will exhibit that strange lack of normal reaction of which I have been complaining. And so I am not a bit sure that America hasn't an excellent chance of becoming before long in addition to her other supremacies, the most immoral nation in existence.

All this cannot be accounted for by changing circumstances. The war, the automobile, increased wealth, the breakdown of conventional religion — all the more common causes assigned, have had their share, but they are contributing causes, not the primary one. You cannot change a nation intrinsically by exterior events, except over a long period of time; any more than you can intrinsically change an individual. In fact, you cannot change an individual at all — his life isn't long enough.

You can change, possibly, his son or grandson by working upon the man in question, but you cannot alter *au fond* the man himself. All the Darwins in the world cannot destroy the religion of a man, unless that man is ripe for the destruction of his religion. As a proof of this, science has merely strengthened the real religion of the really religious man; merely increased his sense of wonder. War cannot change completely a man unless he is the sort of man war changes. Drink does not make the drunkard; the drunkard makes drunkenness, and what makes the drunkard is a maladjustment in the lives of his ancestors. So if you want to find out what the real trouble is with a man or a nation, you have to go back into their inheritances, their traditions and their ancestral circumstances. I wish it were possible to do that here, otherwise than briefly. Glance, for a moment, at the history of the United States. Nor is this one of the ordinary, at present very popular, attacks upon the Puritan influence in American life. As a frontier people, for our material expansion, the Puritan influence was invaluable. I merely want to point out that nowadays it is fatal to us. The armor of a Roundhead soldier served its purpose well; it would hamper a modern business man.

TO BEGIN with, then, we are Anglo-Saxons, in theory and inheritance at least, and therefore, inclined to be conventionally and evangelically religious. Again, I am not speaking of real religion. To end with, this country for the most part was founded as a theocracy. But that is not all. Not only was this country founded for the most part as a theocracy, but for a long while there was no check upon this theocracy. Even today there is no effective check.

NOT only for a long while were the clergymen the leading citizens of the Colonies, the intellectual and spiritual dictators, but they were the only citizens occupied with the things of the mind and spirit. There was neither an upper class nor an intellectual class to put them back where they belonged. Furthermore, in this respect the date of the founding of this country was unfortunate. The Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and to a lesser extent the first part of the Eighteenth Century saw, in Europe, dogma and theology in the saddle. The early settlers in America arrived just at the height of this tyranny and because of distance and separation, because of the lack, which I have mentioned, of an upper class or an intellectual class, never experienced the ameliorating conditions which, toward the middle of the Eighteenth Century, began to clip the wings of the English parson, the French curé and the German prediger. We were a graft of the old stock, cut just at a time when a certain kind of sap was strongest in us. There were, to be sure, plenty of wise men in the virgin colonies, many of them men of intellect, some of them even men of fine blood and wide experience. But for the most part they were busy with pioneering or politics. They left religion and the things of the mind and spirit to the preachers and the women, and that is where, on the whole, the questions have been left ever since. That is one reason why America is so puzzling to the foreign

eye; in its work it is so masculine, in its mind it is so feminine.

I have no particular objection to clergymen — if they are kept in their place. Below the mental salt, as it were. But I know, and every other experienced man and woman knows, that useful as he may be in many other respects, the clergyman, unless he is a great cleric, is, by his very profession, unfitted to dictate morally, politically or spiritually to the man or woman having better sources of information. He can inspire, encourage, comfort, or even exhort his flock, but he should not dictate. He is a servant of the Word and of his parish, not a keeper of either — he doesn't know enough. Or at least, he should never be permitted to be a keeper until he has proved himself as fit for his duties, as, let us say, a first class banker is fit, or a first class lawyer. A young man taking a law degree is humble, but the moment some callow theologian leaves a divinity school he supposes himself, and is supposed at once to be endowed with omniscience.

I HAVE no especial complaint to make of the early Puritans. They enjoyed their religion, many of them found it rosy and exciting as Jonathan Edwards did, and the majority, no doubt, practiced it fairly well off and on. My complaint is of the psychological inheritance they have left us and of the lack of wisdom on our part in not realizing what that inheritance is. I believe too much in real religion, am too conscious of man's need for it, not to regret waste of power in this direction, not to realize the fatal results of damming off wrongly, or turning away unsatisfied, humanity's great need in this respect. Also, being an amateur of psychology, I know that the religious instinct, not much less powerful than the sex instinct, will, if perverted, take itself out in terrible ways.

And of all these terrible ways the most terrible is the one I have already mentioned — the loss of emotional reaction. Let us see how this came about.

THE basis of the Puritan psychology is a belief in rigid dogma coupled with the suppression, or if they cannot be suppressed, the denial of alien facts. Incidentally, this also produces the sort of moral Couéism with which we are all familiar. If you say something is so a sufficient number of times, or if you deny something a sufficient number of times, that something either becomes an actuality or else vanishes. It is easy to understand, therefore, the Puritan worship of and reliance upon law. Law is your belief, right or wrong, just or absurd, publicly codified and sanctioned. Hence it must be true and also it must be effectual. Every time it is reprinted or publicly restated it becomes more true and more effective. This, of course, is magic, but the Puritan ideology and magic have always had much in common.

All of this, however, is not especially dangerous emotionally as long as your belief in a particular body of dogma is vivid enough to supply seventy per cent, say, of your emotional needs. You can — as far as you yourself are concerned — allow the other thirty per cent to atrophy, or, if this thirty per cent resists atrophication, you can at least deny it very simply. Martin Luther got

rid of the devil by throwing an ink bottle at him. Bishop Kimball of the Mormon Church, on a mission in London, was assailed by the devil in the sitting room of his hotel suite. Although painfully lifted by the hair of his head up to the ceiling, the Bishop yet caused the devil to withdraw by a scornful denial of his powers. Unfortunately in complicated periods such as the present, you cannot suppress the devil quite so easily. It is becoming increasingly evident that in order to suppress him at all you have first to understand him a great deal.

But suppose for one reason or another this vivid belief in dogma, sufficient to supply seventy per cent of your emotional needs, disappears, leaving you with, on one hand, an emotional vacuum, and, on the other, a completely atrophied, wrecked or unused set of reactions where all other relationships are concerned? There will be neither vividness in virtue nor sin. Even the gunman will get no "kick" out of murder save by the white, staring highroad of cocaine.

THE four props of Puritan power have been dogma, innocence, where innocence could be imposed, evasion, where innocence was not possible, and hypocrisy for those unable to accept either dogma, innocence or evasion. Historically America, in a moral sense, has, until recently, been divided between deliberately innocent women, evasive parsons, and hypocritical men, the last too busy about their material affairs, or too fearful of punishment, to lift even a finger in protest. Only on the vanishing frontiers has the American, man and woman, too preoccupied with life to bother about other things, ever approached moral maturity. Within the last decade, however, America, like every other land, has found itself unable to resist the wave of realism sweeping the world; the grim search for truth, at all costs, through all means. It — the wave — has found the American singularly unprepared.

EVASION, deliberate or unconscious, and its twin brother hypocrisy, are, I am afraid, the only unforgivable sins, not so much for what they do to other people as for what they do to oneself. They both arise for the most part from a mistaken idea of innocence, and as to innocence, Socrates said the final word when he announced that ignorance was a crime, and Shakespeare added to the final word when he said, "There is no darkness but ignorance," and Sir William Watson, when he said, "Ignorance only is maker of hell." For a five-year-old child to believe that babies are found in cabbages may be charming, but for the young married woman to believe the same theory is horrible, destroying all chances for greatness in physical love. Moreover, it leaves the young married woman with the delusion that titillation, mental or physical, is harmless so long as it never reaches a logical conclusion. For the immature to imagine that there are fairies under toadstools is all right, but for the mature to take out their evasion of reality by playing that there are fairies under toadstools is a sign of an unhealthy state of mind. America has more than her share of mature leaders of

thought playing that there are fairies under toadstools.

The American, trained emotionally in only one direction that is to say, the religio-moral one, and in all other directions trained solely in suppression, evasion or hypocrisy, is less able than most to stand the fierce impact of modern life. He has nothing to fall back on. He can no longer believe in his ancient theological God and he has never believed in human emotions. Since the old God is gone, there is no God at all. He is — at least temporarily — incapable of conceiving of a far lovelier neologic God, a God of beauty, exactness and tolerance; of patient work, of a patient and subtle appreciation of this good, warm, and amazing life. Since babies are not found in cabbages, they are found anywhere — principally in sewers. Since fairies aren't found under toadstools, in the words of the little girl offered spinach, "To hell with it!" No wonder our undergraduates imagine that at the age of twenty they know more about life than Plato ever knew and furthermore believe they know something of which Plato never dreamed, that is that existence holds little for the inquiring mind. No wonder, descending the social and mental scale, that gentlemen think silk shirts more important than human life and ladies are too bored to argue except with pistols.

I am aware, of course, that our leading gunmen and their lady friends are usually Americans of only one generation, but they have come to a country hospitably prepared for them and they eagerly participate in the perverted remnants of Jonathan Edwards's philosophy. Crime never springs up automatically from the soil. There is no such thing as "volunteer" crime. Crime is invariably the distorted reflection of the lives and beliefs of the respectable classes.

Fortunately, however, humanity has never yet allowed itself to be completely killed off, and fortunately, in every period there are numerous persons who, due to God, glands or grandfathers, cannot, even if they will, escape normal reactions or emotions. And, still more fortunately, it is these people who in the end invariably shape their eras and possess the earth.

Laissez-Faire Harvard

By Poppy Cannon

Explaining why, when presented by William S. Harkness with $11,000,000 for "Collegettes," the undergraduates gave voice not to thanks but hysterical diatribes

Said Papa Harvard to young John Harvard, "See, here's Uncle Harkness! He's got an eleven million dollar gold piece for you and he's going to build some dandy collegettes so all the boys that don't know each other can get acquainted — and be a cross-section of the college, just like one great, big, happy family."

John squinted, set his small jaw and grunted.

"Where are your manners," prompted Papa Harvard, "*What do you say?*"

John stuck out his tongue at the benevolent gentleman. He flung himself on the floor, kicked and squealed. "You go away," he bawled at Uncle Harkness, "and lemme alone. Us — guys — don' — wan' — no — collegettes."

Thanks to an enterprising press, the rest of the country was permitted to listen in on this family quarrel at Harvard. Newspapers carried front-page stories reporting minutely the students' ungracious reaction to the acceptance by the Harvard authorities of Edward S. Harkness's gift of more than eleven million dollars — one of the two or three largest single donations ever presented to a college. When a multimillionaire makes any such huge donation, that — even if it is thankfully received — is news; but when the beneficiary says — well, any of the things that the vocal members of the Harvard student body have been uttering — that is headlines.

Now, although the sensational elements of the drama have had their due in the headlines, the actual significance of the Harvard students' flare-up hasn't been widely discussed. This college-within-a-college plan, to which the Harkness gift has committed Harvard, has been hailed time and time again as an ideal panacea for the ills afflicting our large universities. Distinguished educators, viewing with alarm the development of unwieldly educational institutions with student bodies as large as the populations of good-sized towns, have promulgated the theory that the restraining influence of public opinion decreases in direct proportion to the size of the com-

munity; and they have offered the inner college plan as an antidote for everything from drunkenness to floppy trouser legs.

Why, then, should some of the most influential undergraduates at Cambridge go into hysterics when a lavish endowment offers Harvard the chance to be the first American university where this educational ideal can be carried out on a grand scale?

TO UNDERSTAND that, one must understand Harvard. Indeed, the real interest and irony of the story lie in the fact that Harvard — individualistic Harvard with a personal *laissez-faire* policy unique among American colleges — should of all places have been chosen as a field for this experiment. It is the last institution in the country where such a project would meet with sympathy. Since, then, all the college traditions are opposed to this bright idea of Mr. Harkness it is really not surprising that instead of thanking him gracefully in the suave, broad accents which have made Harvard famous, the outspoken students girded themselves for war and thundered their protests against their presumptuous Student Council, against the Wilsonian tactics of President Lowell, against intrusive Capitalism and against every phase of this housing scheme known none too affectionately as the new House Plan.

On the face of it, the House Plan gift looks not only wonderfully generous but perfectly innocent. It is intended to provide, for a certain number of sophomores, juniors and seniors at Harvard, six individual colleges patterned after those at Oxford and Cambridge in England. Each of these smaller colleges would accommodate two hundred and fifty men. In addition to studies and bedrooms, there would be large common rooms for social activities and meetings and a communal dining-room where students, their tutors and the Head of the House could have their meals together in peace and amity. You see, it is hopefully assumed by the sponsors of the plan that two hundred and fifty Harvard students, thrown into close contact with each other for three years, will get acquainted! And a great many people — most of them *not* undergraduates at Harvard — are much concerned about the inchoate social system which now prevails among the college's three thousand unorganized undergraduates.

BUT these same optimists have failed to consider certain important psychological factors. Ever since it was founded, two hundred and ninety-three years ago, the watchword of Harvard has been individualism. Restraints on the part of college authorities and regimentation by groups and cliques within the student body have been consistently opposed. In this era when organization has become a fetish in all fields, and especially in education, the Harvard system is without parallel. It is based on the proposition that all men are not created equal — that they have different tastes, interests and incomes, that these differences ought to be respected, and that students as well as members of the faculty should be permitted to choose their own associates and

activities just as they would in any other community. Yale, they say, has its all-round fellow, presumably standardized into a Yale type; Princeton has its man-about-town, Dartmouth its he-man, Mt. Holyoke its careful lady, Vassar its low-heeled stride — but Harvard boasts that it has no molds, wants no standardized graduates and breeds nothing but atypicals.

NO ONE attempts to tell a Harvard man when or where he should eat, when he should come in at night, who are the right people for him to cultivate or what he should do with his spare time. There is no insistence, as there is at most other American colleges, that the undergraduate should "go out for some activity and do something for the dear old school." So long as he maintains a satisfactory record, nothing is required of him except that he be agreeable and please himself. If he prefers not to be agreeable, he can still please himself.

For years this un-American heresy, this denial of the great American college creed, has proved satisfactory to all concerned at Harvard. It has fostered Harvard supremacy in education, Harvard pedantry, Harvard radicalism, Harvard snobbishness and Harvard apathy and indifference. Now the students feel that all these sacred attributes, and especially their much-vaunted languor and indifference, are being threatened by the Harkness House Plan.

In this supreme crisis, the sedate *Daily Crimson* and the flippant *Lampoon* laid aside their ancient animosities and stood together, banded against the invasion of Harvard by Big Money and against the destruction of personal liberty by college paternalism. One issue of the *Lampoon* was devoted almost entirely to caustic comment upon "Doctor Harkness's $13,000,000 shot of cocaine that will whoop things up for a while but, Oh God, what a morning after there will be!" (Incidentally the $13,000,000 figure which *The Lampoon* employs is exaggerated by a million or so. The exact figure is $11,392,000.)

A much quoted editorial declared, "An army is hard to control unless it is divided and subdivided from regiments down to squads. A nation is difficult to oppress without Fascistic district organization. And just so a force of employees require supervision, espionage and the gang master to snap them up on their piece work . . . A Henry Ford of Education has conferred these blessings upon Harvard . . . The failure of the House Plan is more than a possibility. And before it can even be experimented with, it requires the scrambling up and readjustment of present Harvard. Once the plan has been started in effect, the past of the College, that still clings as a redeeming aura around the Yard, is buried, and the old order instead of changing slowly, is dynamited."

THE decision to accept the Harkness gift was, according to *The Lampoon*, made behind closed doors. "Twenty-three men talked it over, all of them important and powerful except twenty-one . . . Somebody suggested that the students should be taken into account. He was given the gate and a five foot shelf of Harvard classics . . . After John Har-

vard has had two hundred and ninety-three years of varying success, six weeks of applesauce bid fair to leave him nothing but a pair of pants and a coat of copper nitrate."

The Crimson, opposing less melodramatically the loss of social flexibility which the plan would bring about, considers that present conditions are preferable to a forced melting pot scheme and regrets "the philanthropy which, blind to the notorious inadequacy of tutorial staffs, professorial salaries, and even lecture room facilities, would contribute millions toward the realization of an unneeded and to some extent undesired, residential experiment."

Again, there is irritation because Mr. Harkness first proffered the gift to Yale, and it was not accepted. "Why," asks the rebellious undergraduate at Harvard, "did Yale refuse the Harkness money? Are they bright down there or something?"

THE irate students, moreover, perceive certain obvious difficulties about the practical application of the House Plan. President Lowell has intimated that those privileged to reside in the Inner Colleges would constitute a cross-section of the Harvard student body. But how is this cross-section to be obtained? Will it be a case of choosing one of each kind of student — rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief? Or will the authorities simply count out according to another formula: "My mother said that you were to be — *it*," and It goes to the House. In that case would It be allowed to take his roommate with him, and if his roommate, why not four or six of his closest friends? Were this permission granted him, the collegette would find itself divided and subdivided into tiny groups quite as sufficient unto themselves as they are now. And the students would probably still refuse to speak to anybody outside their own group.

THE emphasis upon "the friendships formed at Yale" is, at Harvard, completely reversed. No undergraduate will admit that he is conscious of the existence of more than a hundred men in the University and under no circumstance will he confess that he knows the man across the hall. The taboo against crossing an imaginary line that divides the hall seems to be absolutely and universally observed, but judicious questioning reveals that men who live next door to each other in the freshman dormitories usually are acquainted and may become fast friends.

In general, however, such social grouping as Harvard has are notoriously simple, consisting of two castes, the Brahmins and the pariahs. The Brahmins are usually graduates of exclusive New England preparatory schools such as Exeter, Andover, Choate, Groton, St. Marks, and Milton Academy, just outside of Boston where students are registered by telegram as soon as they are born. They are sons of families whose names appear in the Social Register. The self-styled pariahs — otherwise known, among themselves, as the mob and the vulgar throng — are everybody else.

It is the Brahmins almost entirely who constitute the membership of the clubs at Harvard. As sopho-

mores, they may be invited to join the Institute of 1770 or the Dickey Club, which are steps along the way to the Waiting Clubs; and eventually some of them make the Senior Final Clubs of which there are seven: Porcellian, Delphic, Spee, A.D., Fly, Fox and Owl. Each club has about twenty-five members, chosen for social and personal reasons like the members of any exclusive, non-collegiate club.

A RECENT magazine article suggests that Harvard indifference toward the clubs is assumed; and that few undergraduates "are not thoroughly conversant with the attributes, location and membership lists of every Harvard final club." Possibly this observer is correct, and my own acquaintance may be hopelessly limited to the pariah group. Nevertheless, while reporting this whole situation on the spot in Cambridge, I made numerous inquiries that always brought similar non-committal responses. For instance, a junior, a graduate of Groton (one of the Brahmin strongholds, by the way) when asked whether it was considered a great honor to be chosen for one of the final clubs, said, "Well, I — er — really can't say; you see — I hardly — er — know that much about them." Seeing the blank expression on the faces of those who answered as he did, I could not possibly doubt the sincerity of their apathy.

Now, while the recognition of financial and social barriers at Harvard would seem most undemocratic to the outsider, in actual practice it makes for serenity and free, individual development. The boy with a small allowance is not tempted to overspend in order to do what "everybody at college is doing." He is not forced, on pain of appearing unpatriotic and lacking in school spirit, to subscribe to every fund and activity sponsored by enthusiastic racketeers. Here he is as free as he would be after graduation to choose intimate associates among men whose tastes and incomes approximate his own.

Perhaps this explains the fact — which otherwise would appear odd — that it is the pariahs who are most bitterly opposed to an indiscriminate herding of Brahmins and outcasts in an Inner College. One young man with a socialistic necktie and a paper pamphlet entitled *Our Economic System* protruding conspicuously from his coat pocket, insisted that he for one was unwilling to be the subject of a slumming expedition for the Milton Country Day School. "Let them get broad-minded at somebody else's expense," he muttered.

PREVIOUS experiments all tend to prove that Harvard men can and will circumvent any attempt to force them into sociability. At present, all freshmen are required to take part in some kind of organized athletics. An inexplicably large number choose squash, "because," as I was gravely informed, "it takes just two to play it." In this connection it is instructive to note that Harvard always wins the national squash championship — and ranks very high in checkers.

Last fall when Harvard and Yale matched their prowess on the gridiron to discover which didn't have

the worst team in the country, Harvard defeated her traditional rival for the first time since 1921. The Harvard contingent, marching through Grand Central to make whoopee in New York City after the victory, yelled "Reinhard! *Reinhard!*" Now, Reinhard is not a famous quarterback or even the coach or manager of the team. He has been dead for so many college generations that he has become a legend. The legend has various versions, but all agree that Reinhard was a lonely soul, and that unlike other Harvard men, he did not crave loneliness. Some say that he paid fellow-students to stand under his window and bellow his name. Others intimate that he used to creep down in the dead of the night, call to himself, rush back upstairs to his window and answer in the bored tones acceptable to his Alma Mater, "Come on up."

And thus it is that even today, when under the stress of great emotion, the whole college still takes up the cry of "Reinhard!" — in concerted derision of a Harvard man who wanted to be popular.

To revert to the vigorous protests against the Harkness House Plan, one might imagine that living conditions at Harvard must be already Utopian to warrant the outburst. This is scarcely the case, however. The freshmen, who live and eat in dormitories, do lead fairly well-regulated existences. Sophomores and juniors may be found nobody knows exactly where; some appear to reside in the buildings formerly devoted to rich men's riotous living and known as the Gold Coast, others in bleak, walk-up flats dignified by the name of Something-or-Other Chambers. Seniors reside in the Yard in ivy-covered halls where the shades of James Russell Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow and legions of Revolutionary heroes peer at them from below the picturesque old banisters.

As for food — nothing but the iron-clad resiliency of undergraduate digestions coupled with nocturnal collations from Boston matrons, have prevented Harvard from attaining notoriety as the most dyspeptic community in the world. The streets adjoining the Yard fairly bristle with cafeterias, automats and drug stores where most of the students — with the exception of freshmen and clubmen — regale themselves at odd hours of the day and night.

At these cafeterias the bus boys, many of them students, are trained to scrape the remnants of your meal off your plate before your very eyes, moisten the scraps thoroughly with the dregs from your coffee cup and pile the mixture thus obtained into individual garbage heaps on either side of the tray. This quaint custom — you may take my word for it — is a trifle unsettling, but fastidious Harvard does not seem to mind. The cafeteria habit is so strong even among the Brahmins that after midnight, when they appear in impeccable tuxedos with a Boston bud draped fluffily upon the arm, it is to the cafetarias that they repair.

Radcliffe is the women's college officially associated with Harvard, but one almost never hears of a Radcliffe girl being treated to lunch or a supper at the automat. "What

about Radcliffe?" I asked one student who had been guiding me through the mysteries of Harvard's *mores*.

"Radcliffe?" he responded in a far-away voice. Then with slow, slow comprehension, "Oh, you mean Radcliffe. I suppose they're really not worth the trouble. They have to be in, you know, at twelve o'clock."

Obviously what the Harvard man requires is ease and simplicity in his social arrangements. He shows a positive genius in pursuit of this ideal. During his four years at college he has only two large parties to pay for — the Freshman Jubilee and the Junior Prom. The first semester of his freshman year he asks everybody to the Jubilee, and trusts to his woman-hating friends to take care of the overflow. After that, he begins to distribute bids to the Junior Prom. One sophomore confessed that he had already invited eleven girls while sober and had no idea what the real total would be. "But girls," observed the wily young man, "are fickle, especially the smooth numbers that you'd ask to a prom. They get so many bids that they forget about them."

At a débutante dance in Boston recently a printed notice was pasted on the wall to this effect:

> The host has provided for his guests a bus to leave the hotel for Harvard Square, Cambridge, at 2.15 a.m., 3 a.m. and at the end of the dance. *Stags are requested to stand in the centre of the ballroom.*

Presumably this last precaution was taken in order to prevent the garnered stags from sneaking off the reservation; it kept them in plain sight all the time and thus delicately impelled them to earn their transportation by consistent cutting. Apparently if Harvard men cannot be bribed by millions for collegettes, neither can they be reduced to grateful submission by Back Bay's anchovy canapés. Their bored aloofness from the social clutches of Boston's élite is suggested by a stanza which recently appeared in *The Crimson:*

> On the road to old Back Bay
> Where the Boston matrons pray,
> Pray for husbands for their daughters
> Out of Harvard 'crost the way.

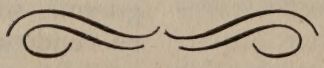
The salient fact is that Harvard undergraduates will not be shepherded into any conventional pastures, whether social or academic. They do not regard nonconformity as socially undesirable or absurd; the levelling process, which is a conspicuous feature of college life at other places, does not exist. One man at Harvard maintains a sport airplane and dashes about in it for week-ends. Another spends every evening in the newly-popular swallow-tail coat. The man who sits next to him in class wears a gray coat and shiny blue trousers — even after seven — and spends what money he has on first editions of Aubrey Beardsley and Ezra Pound. Another who devotes himself passionately to archæology is tolerated without the least suggestion of sly ridicule. At almost any other college his absorption would be considered queer, and sufficient grounds for ostracism. Harvard is an undergraduate school with a graduate attitude. The general temper is unashamedly intellectual and far more mature than that at the usual American college.

Probably no other institution could have evolved the wide-spread

Harvard custom of "vagabonding to classes." One student explained the phrase by saying that it meant, "Cutting your own classes to go to somebody else's." His summary, while not absolutely accurate, conveys the idea. It is not necessary, however, to cut one's own class in order to attend interesting lectures; one may go in spare time.

Due to Harvard's emancipation from "college activities," free time is not such a wry joke there as it sounds to other undergraduates. Every issue of *The Crimson* contains under the heading of "The Student Vagabond," a suggested list of lectures to be given that day; one on Schubert, for example, another on *Electric Currents and Ohm's Law* and one on *The Romance of the Mind.* These are not "culture courses," attempting to summarize the wisdom of ages into one epigrammatic hour. They are part of the regular work in some department. A student may attend any lecture at the college whenever he chooses to do so. And although this may sound very strange to the Jeremiahs of American education, the fact remains that "vagabonds" do choose to ramble about in the oddest corners of knowledge, and what they miss in continuity, they gain in a sense of adventure and discovery.

From all these observations, one may conclude that Harvard men are the most radical as well as the most conservative, the most snobbish and the most democratic, the most academic and the most versatile of collegians. These paradoxes are possible because the lack of social restraints and artificial groups has fostered a community of individuals. Respect for privacy is fundamental at Harvard. And hence one may well question whether the celebrated Harkness House Plan is going to transform the student body into little masses of good mixers. Probably the students, in collegettes or out of them, will go on basking in impersonality and glorying in the paucity of their friends and acquaintances, despite the best organized threat to their sacred indifference. Which being the case, one can only regret that the much vaunted college-within-a-college ideal is to receive its most ambitious tryout under the most inauspicious circumstances.



Bombing Planes or Battleships?

By Lieut. Barrett Studley, U. S. N.

A naval flyer presents a national aircraft policy strongly opposed to the aviation enthusiasts' views, as reflected in our last issue by Frank A. Tichenor

Some years ago the attention of the Nation was focused on the question of aircraft in relation to national defense. There were thunderous broadsides, vicious recriminations, boards of investigation, a general court-martial and hundreds of pages of testimony. So far as the layman was concerned, the net result was the disappearance of all solid facts behind the smoke of battle.

Now, although the larger conflict has died away, a few ardent skirmishers are still firing sporadic volleys. And the average citizen would like to determine which way the battle is actually going. If any little two-by-four nation can buy a second-hand air force and blow us off the map, he certainly has the right to know about it. If he is spending a sizable bit of loose change annually for a Navy which will seek the bottom of the ocean as soon as a couple of bombers heave in sight, he is extremely careless with his money. If, on the other hand, planes are not such horrific instruments of destruction, he might as well cancel his order for a storm cellar and enjoy the world once more.

It is possible to present certain undisputed and indisputable facts concerning this subject from which any intelligent person can draw reasonably accurate conclusions. We will assume that the United States of America will not engage in a war of aggression. The discussion will therefore be limited to the employment of our armed forces in defense of our territory and of our commerce on the high seas. The offensive capacity of potential enemy aircraft and the defensive capacity of our own will be considered.

The objective of offensive war is to occupy an area. That of defensive war is to maintain occupation of an area. Land areas have always been occupied by armies and sea areas by navies. The essence of war is the shifting of regional control as a result of the operations of the combatant forces. Therefore aircraft in war must be considered in relation to control over areas.

Aircraft can control only by destroying or by threatening to destroy. On the ground or water they are powerless. They cannot occupy or

administer a territory. Under certain circumstances they can control an area, but under no circumstances can they complete unaided the objective of occupation.

AIRCRAFT can attack in three ways: (1) with machine guns and light bombs, used against unprotected personnel; (2) with heavy bombs and torpedoes, used against structures such as fortifications or warships; (3) with poison gas, used against massed personnel.

The effectiveness against land or sea forces of fast fighters armed with machine guns and small bombs is obviously limited. These weapons are useful at close range only. In this position the plane is exposed to enemy fire, and its high comparative mobility is at least offset by its inability to remain in one place. The fire of an aerial gun can be distributed over a large area, but it cannot be sustained on any one position. Moreover, the ammunition supply carried by small fighting planes is limited, and gun jams are more difficult to clear than on the ground.

Larger planes armed with batteries of machine guns have been constructed experimentally. Effective fire can however be maintained only at lower altitudes. Here such a plane would be within easy range of fire from the ground, and its size and decreased manœuvrability would render it an excellent target. Also ground personnel could ordinarily take to cover on its approach. Some losses could undoubtedly be inflicted on the enemy, but they would be limited. It appears therefore that aircraft cannot control an area by means of machine guns and light bombs alone.

It is obvious that a large number of aircraft dropping heavy bombs regularly on a small area can control that area. Even if the planes remain above the effective range of anti-aircraft batteries, some bombs will hit vital spots. A city could be easily destroyed, as no accuracy of aim is required to hit it. Massed troops, artillery, supply trains, ammunition dumps and such things could be damaged and scattered. A fleet could likewise be destroyed, since even from ten thousand feet altitude one or two per cent of hits could be expected. And if five hundred or a thousand planes were able to repeat their attacks regularly and frequently, all ships would be sunk.

On the other hand, a relatively small number of aircraft cannot control a comparatively large area, and can control a limited area only if they can evade its defenses regularly and place bombs accurately. And if aircraft can be prevented from reaching an area at all, they can exercise no control whatever over it.

THE matter of our national defense against aircraft then boils down to a few simple questions:

(1) What areas in the United States are vulnerable?

(2) Could foreign bombing aircraft reach these areas?

(3) How many planes could reach them?

(4) Could they hit vital spots?

(5) How could they be prevented from reaching these areas?

Generally speaking, the only vulnerable areas are cities. A load of bombs planted in a cornfield promptly loses its military value. But as our cities are distributed widely through-

out the country, any airplane which crossed our borderline could if unopposed probably find an appropriate spot to deposit its cargo. Adequate national defense therefore requires that enemy aircraft be denied our coasts and borderlines. Could any large enemy air force enter this country? That appears to sum up the matter.

An airplane must come from somewhere. It does not materialize out of the sky. So the first thing to determine is what possible starting places are available for an enemy air attack. These are included in four areas: (1) foreign territory in North America; (2) South America; (3) the Eastern Hemisphere; (4) the surface of an ocean.

THE first can seemingly be disposed of at once. Canada certainly has no desire to attack us. No other nation could develop an air force strong enough to do so. Any concentration of aircraft anywhere would imply a foreign alliance against us, which we would not permit. And in the unheard of event of such an attempt, our land forces could at once occupy the entire country and obliterate the war before it started.

South America would not of course be so handily situated for our Army. But neither would we be so conveniently located for possible attackers. No nation there appears to have either the power or the desire to invade us. The Monroe doctrine bars foreign alliances and we would tolerate no attempts to evade it. Crossing off South America does not therefore seem far-fetched.

So we turn to the Eastern Hemisphere. And whichever way we look, we see an expanse of water. We should be deeply grateful for that pair of oceans. It is necessary only to compare their width with the statistics of present day aircraft performance.

EXAMINE the specifications of a large single-engined bombing plane designed in 1928 and considered a triumph of engineering performance. Carrying a thousand pounds of bombs, it will fly for eleven hours at 80 miles an hour, covering some 900 miles. This plane could be built in quantities by many nations. But we can do better than that. Here is a huge twin-engined plane, one of the largest built. It will take off with a fifteen hundred pound load of ordnance and, cruising for 16 hours at 85 miles an hour, cover 1400 miles. It will cost around a hundred thousand dollars. However, it is expensive to maintain and its life, like that of all planes, is at best only five or six years. Probably even more efficient planes are being built at this moment. Perhaps the radius with a fifteen hundred pound load will soon be two thousand miles. But even then it would still take two jumps to cross an ocean. And no mid-ocean filling stations have yet been perfected.

It is true that planes have flown three thousand miles or more and that transoceanic flights have been successfully completed. But the loads of these planes consisted of just one thing — gasoline. To be sure, they did carry a little food as well. But an expedition which ends by assaulting the enemy with a volley of ripe tomatoes is hardly going to win a war. Military effectiveness requires bombs. And bombs mean weight.

It is to be noted here that the size of planes is limited by considerations of structural strength. To build a plane twice the size of our biggest bomber, material weighing over twice as much would be required. Consequently its maximum load would be less than doubled. It appears therefore that, with present materials and principles of design, the economical limit of size has been nearly reached. Radical increases in load-carrying capacity and cruising radius will have to wait on new discoveries.

ANOTHER limitation is that imposed on speed. Glib references to bombers traveling at 150 to 300 miles an hour involve a certain carelessness of statement difficult to excuse. A few large planes can approach the lower of these speeds. But their gas consumption is greatly increased and the cruising radius appreciably cut down. From a military point of view such speeds are uneconomical. A racing automobile can make 120 miles an hour. But a five-ton truck cannot. A racing plane, carrying only a pilot and a little gasoline, can make 150 to 300. But anyone who conjures up bombers capable of such speeds is taking extreme liberties with his physics.

A favorite variation of intercontinental bombing operations is the expedition *via* Greenland or Alaska. Air enthusiasts plan such campaigns with relish. The equipment essential for their success consists of a comfortable arm chair and a four-foot globe. The latter is not afflicted with weather. But the accounts of recent flights in the far North have taught us something about Arctic storms. The fate of any such expedition can be deduced at the first guess.

Turning further into the records of practical experience, we find our doubts with regard to transoceanic flights further fortified. Engine failure, storms and fog have exacted a heavy toll from those who have risked them. We are forced to admit that long distance flying over water is still a spectacular gamble. Aviation engines which will run reliably long enough for the trip are not yet designed. If one hundred engines are started, twenty hours later a sizable proportion of them will inevitably be stopped. Therefore if one hundred planes start on a long flight over water, only a certain number of them will reach their destination. The gentleman who scans our skies for transoceanic air raiders probably looks under his bed at night for burglars.

THERE remains as a potential starting point for our invaders the surface of an ocean. This does not mean, however, that aircraft can actually take off from the water under their own power. The Pacific is seldom smooth enough to permit this, and the Atlantic never. They would have to be launched either from flying decks or from catapults. And as soon as surface vessels are required, naval power is introduced as a vital factor.

It has been determined that aircraft in sufficient numbers can destroy surface craft. Assume that we have a strong defensive air force, able to operate from a chain of bases located at frequent intervals up and down our coasts. Any enemy aircraft carrier entering the coastal zone

would come within their range and could carry on no sustained operations. But suppose, under cover of low clouds, a fast carrier steams to within two hundred miles of our shore. Our scouting planes could easily overlook it. Then during the succeeding evening suppose it comes in another hundred miles. At ten o'clock a squadron of bombers could take off. Following a compass course, they head for our coast. Even in the darkness they can hardly miss finding one of our large cities. So, about three in the morning, our slumbers could be most unpleasantly terminated. At night our army fighting planes would be helpless, unable to find the bombers, and before dawn the enemy would have vanished on his way back to his carrier.

Such an arrangement does not appear entirely satisfactory. It would be much better if we could keep enemy carriers so far away that raids would be impossible. This could be accomplished if they were denied the high seas beyond our coastal zone. But control of these is a function of naval power. Therefore we arrive inevitably at the conclusion that our Navy is still our first line of defense.

We now come to the question of the part to be played by aircraft in purely naval operations, conducted beyond the maximum radius of action of land-based forces. Can bombing planes launched from carriers sink battleships?

In stating that aircraft could control the coastal zone, we assumed an air force limited in size only by the building capacity of the country. In considering air warfare at sea, however, the situation is radically different. The size of a fleet air force is limited by the capacity of its plane-carrying vessels. The largest type of carrier in existence could hardly operate more than forty heavy bombers while carrying the requisite number of accompanying fighters. The majority of carriers now in commission or building could operate only fifteen or twenty at most. Consequently the number of bombers available for operations on the high seas must always be restricted to rigid limits.

An aircraft carrier is, moreover, a vulnerable ship. It presents a large target, unprotected by armor, to both gunfire and aerial bombs. In waters where hostile cruisers or destroyers might be encountered, it must be guarded by escorting cruisers. Its own planes would find such small, fast vessels, well-equipped with anti-aircraft batteries, extremely difficult targets, particularly at night. Consequently they could not be depended on to protect their own carrier from a vital thrust. In case the latter encountered enemy cruisers superior to its own protecting force, it might easily be sunk by gunfire, or forced to retire. And fast light bombing planes, catapulted from the cruisers, might put it out of commission temporarily. While the ship itself would hardly be injured, damage to the flying deck sufficient to prevent flight operations might be inflicted. The closer a carrier came to a hostile fleet, the more frequently attacks by such light forces could be expected. Consequently a carrier on the high seas in time of war could operate effectively only in company

with strong units of its own fleet. Any force of carriers attempting to operate independently would be sunk or driven off by hostile cruisers and destroyers before they could come within range of the enemy main force.

A CARRIER might, in order to get its planes into the air unopposed, launch them at a distance of several hundred miles from the hostile fleet. If the location of the latter were known accurately and if the weather were clear, it would probably be found. But if its position were uncertain, or if the visibility were low, this would not be as easy a task.

Still, with a fleet air force based on a number of carriers, we may assume that a reasonable proportion of its heavy bombers and torpedo planes would get into the air and locate the opposing main body. The first thing that they would then encounter would be protective fighters. A squadron or two of these would ordinarily be retained in the vicinity for the sole purpose of meeting such attacks. The bombers would of course be protected by their own machine guns and probably escorting fighters. The results would normally be losses on both sides. The next obstacle would be anti-aircraft fire. To bomb accurately, a plane must approach on a straight course at a constant altitude and speed. At lower altitudes this makes it a good target. If dropping torpedoes, planes must approach approximately head on just above the surface of the water. Here they are also vulnerable to gunfire. The attempt might be made to conceal their approach by laying down a smoke screen. Mechanically this is perfectly feasible, as a single plane can lay an excellent screen several miles long. But to accomplish this close to a hostile fleet would be worth a hatful of medals.

Moreover, bombing even at low altitudes is far from a simple matter. Some proponents of aircraft apparently consider the process analogous to that of driving up in a truck and depositing a ton of coal in your cellar. In actual fact, hitting a bulls-eye at five hundred yards is simple compared to hitting a battleship from four or five thousand feet altitude. In the first place there is the wind drift, which is seldom the same as on the surface and is not easy to judge. Allowance must likewise be made for the course and speed of the target ship. A bomber who charges up like a troop of cavalry cannot expect to hit anything but the ocean. Steadiness is not easy in air rocked by shrapnel and high explosive. Finally, there is the personal error of the bomb sight operator. A certain proportion of bombs may be expected to hit their objectives, but nothing like a hundred per cent effectiveness can be expected.

TRUE, under conditions of poor visibility, it might be possible to press home a surprise attack at an altitude low enough for accurate bombing. If this could be accomplished before the anti-aircraft batteries could get into action, it might be effective. The same conditions would however make it difficult to find the objective. So far as night attacks are concerned, it is impossible even on a moonlight night to see a completely darkened ship at any

distance. A fleet would normally change course at nightfall, and would be hard to find. Even if it were found and if attacks were made by the aid of parachute flares, success would be problematical.

ANOTHER potential factor is the large diving bomber. Carrying a heavy bomb, this plane would dive at two hundred miles an hour to release its load just over the target. If constructed, it would probably constitute more of a menace to the capital ship than any other type of aircraft. As yet, however, no such planes have been built. And it will be well to remember that, in all military history, new weapons have invariably been followed by new means of defense. A diving plane presents a steady target, as it cannot zigzag at high speeds and would sacrifice accuracy by any attempt to do so. A huge machine gun, firing one pound explosive bullets, would involve no new mechanical principles and would be a formidable weapon for the bomber to face.

In any major attack on a hostile fleet by aircraft, it is certain that some hits would be registered. But one hit, even by a large bomb, would hardly put a battleship out of action. All of its vital spots are heavily protected by armor. Certainly some of its guns would survive the shock. And below the waterline a modern dreadnought is a veritable honeycomb of watertight compartments. It is estimated that three or four torpedo hits would be required to put it out of action and six or eight to sink it. The ex-German *Ostfriesland*, sunk by aircraft in 1921, was not a modern ship. Certainly there is no reason to think that an airplane could demolish an up-to-date battleship at one blow.

So far as practical experience is concerned, there is none. Modern aircraft have never attacked a modern, adequately protected fleet under service conditions. The *Ostfriesland* lay motionless in the water, undefended. But an analogy can be drawn which may perhaps be enlightening. We have repeatedly been informed that the submarine has made the battleship obsolete. Suppose we see what history says about this contention.

DURING the World War the largest submarine fleet ever built was opposed to the largest surface fleet ever built. The latter lost, as a result of submarine operations, exactly one modern capital ship, the *Audacious*. Several pre-dreadnought battleships were sunk. But during the Battle of Jutland, when the entire Grand Fleet was at sea, no capital ship was injured by a submarine. It is of course a fact that the Fleet had to be rigorously guarded against undersea attack. But it is equally a fact that it was successfully guarded, that it did deny the high seas to the opposing fleet, and that without it the War would have been lost at once. It appears that we are very tolerant when we limit ourselves to the words "far-fetched" in describing the claims of submarine protagonists. By analogy, we should be equally slow in allowing ourselves to be carried off our feet by the contentions of the air-minded.

From the foregoing analysis of actual present day conditions we may draw the following conclusions:

(1) Aircraft carriers alone cannot operate when opposed by hostile light forces. They can be employed only when protected by escorting light forces.

(2) Opposing fleet air forces of equal strength would probably nullify each other by putting each other's carriers out of commission.

(3) An air force which secured control of the air would give its fleet an advantage, both by its own ability to attack and by gaining freedom of operation for its scouting and observation planes.

(4) A numerically weak controlling air force, attacking a hostile fleet at ranges low enough to be effective, would probably sustain losses from anti-aircraft fire large enough to prevent the gaining of a decisive advantage.

(5) A numerically strong controlling air force could make decisive attacks on a hostile fleet.

(6) Consequently aircraft constitute a force which, like a battleship, cruiser or destroyer force, *is an essential component of a properly balanced fleet.*

SOME enthusiasts for aviation have developed the habit of abolishing the Navy every two or three weeks. On paper, it is obliterated by tons of falling bombs or driven to innocuous shelter by the threat of them. Suppose, for the sake of argument, we lay up our ships in their yards for a while.

Now, likewise for the sake of discussion, suppose some of our friends decided to help themselves to Hawaii. A surprise attack, made simultaneously with a declaration of war, could accomplish this. Of course, we decide to do something about it. Hastily we mobilize our air squadrons. We rush them to the Pacific Coast. There we discover that none of our planes will fly to Hawaii with anything heavier than a bouquet of flowers. A floral tribute not appearing exactly appropriate to the occasion, we reconsider our decision.

We cannot send our carriers, for our opponents, not being afflicted with scruples about a Navy, have cruiser and destroyer squadrons patrolling the high seas. So we go to our aircraft designers. Urged on by our pleas, they turn out a plane which will carry a ton of explosives across twenty-five hundred miles of ocean. A thousand of these are built.

NOW the round trip to Honolulu and back is four thousand miles. So obviously this is a one-way excursion. As such, it violates all military principles. No one ever heard of expending an Army or Navy in one raid. And one could hardly blame the crews of these planes if their enthusiasm was not aroused to fever pitch. But still, with our fondness for doing big things in a big way, we start them off.

Of nine planes which have actually left our coasts for Hawaii, four have arrived. But we will be optimistic and say that sixty per cent of our planes reach the vicinity of the islands. A hundred miles out, they meet hostile fighters. Our planes of course carry machine guns, but they have no protective fighters, for pursuit planes carry only small loads of gas. The enemy can attack at will. Our guns will account for a good many of his planes. But naturally we also suffer losses.

Perhaps half of our force sight the islands. The swarms of attacking fighters increase in number now. Our gunners are hard pressed to meet them. Then the anti-aircraft batteries come into action. The air is splintered by shrapnel and rocked by high explosives. Our weary pilots struggle grimly to retain control. Here and there they see a comrade collapse under the impact of a shell. But they carry on, those that are left of them, to the goal.

JUST what is the goal? The city of Honolulu? There are some fine buildings there that we can blow sky high, but the enemy is not in them. Hostile planes? They are all in the air attacking us. Army headquarters? Supply depots? All camouflaged and invisible. Anti-aircraft batteries? Try dropping an orange on a dime from the top of a skyscraper. Enemy troops? Scattered over the whole island, with gas masks on, waiting under cover in thousands of little groups, watching us. And even we cannot blow a whole island to pieces.

So our planes let go their bombs. There are tremendous detonations, huge eruptions of smoke and dust, thunder, fire and possibly a little blood. Our pilots—the few still in the air—take one last longing look eastward and then glide gently down to earth. There they discover that they have scared the civilian population to death and killed several of the enemy.

Back in America we thoughtfully resurrect our Navy. It will be a long, hard job now. We can make no direct frontal attack in the face of the enemy's planes. Our carriers, operating under protection of our Fleet, will have to send bombers in on night raids. Under cover of darkness, the latter can strike, night after night, at his hangars. There will be no grand coup, no magnificent stroke to turn the tide of battle. There will be merely a steady wearing down of hostile forces. But the Navy will see that no reinforcements come. And some day the Fleet can close in.

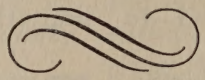
In these days of mechanical achievement we can call nothing impossible. Unquestionably transoceanic flying will some day be feasible from the military point of view. Leviathans of the air capable of circling the globe in one flight may traverse the skies of the future. When that occurs, our problem of national defense will be radically changed. But we are not now living in the future. If our country should be attacked today, we must defend it with present day means. The employment of aircraft for this purpose requires appreciation both of their capabilities and of their limitations.

THE logical conclusion to our discussion appears, then, to be that aircraft are one of several essential elements in our national defense. They are required in three different capacities and could act best if organized into three separate forces: the Fleet Air Force, the Coast Defense Air Force, and the Army Air Force. The first would operate from carriers on the high seas as an integral part of the Fleet; the second would operate from shore bases to control the seas adjacent to our coasts; the third would operate over land as an integral part of our Army.

A potential invader must then first meet our Navy, whose aircraft would harry him, would report his movements to our Fleet, and if he were weak would destroy him. Should he be strong and should any mischance force our Navy to retire, he could still reach us only by passing our coast defense air force. It is unlikely that our Army, with its air force, would be called into action.

We have today a fair-sized Fleet air force. The tonnage of its carriers is however only two-thirds of the treaty allowance, and in number and plane-carrying capacity of these vessels it is inferior to other air forces. We also lack a sufficient number of cruisers to protect our carriers. Our coast defense air force as a separate entity is non-existent. Both the Army and Navy possess planes suitable for such work. So far as practical results are concerned, the question of administrative control of this force does not appear vital. But that certain squadrons should be organized and trained for this specific purpose is desirable. More complete chains of bases on both coasts would likewise be advisable.

The deficiencies in our defenses are being partly remedied by the building programs already authorized. At present we are far from impotent in the air. Completion of current construction will make us stronger. If we can fill our remaining needs, we shall be on a footing of equality with the strongest of our neighbors. It is imperative that we do not slacken in our efforts to maintain an up-to-date, effective air force. But if we do maintain such a force, it is reasonable to anticipate peaceful skies for some years to come.



Free Speech for Talkies?

By Edwin W. Hullinger

How the lately quiescent problem of State film censorship has been revived in acute form since the silver screen found its synchronized tongue

The talking movies — or, to render due homage to the signboards, "The one-hundred-per-cent.-all-talking-singing-dancing pictures" — have accomplished something more than the revolutionizing of America's great film industry. Besides opening a new era in dramatic technique, besides drawing a host of playwrights and dialogue experts to Hollywood, besides challenging the ancient prestige of the legitimate stage, besides adding between forty and fifty per cent. to the attendance of hundreds of picture theatres the talkies have revived a serious issue of public policy. For, when the films began to speak, one could hear behind the inanity of the very first lines an inevitable challenge to the institution of censorship.

Some of us may question whether the silver screen is as yet gifted with a silver tongue; we may even wish that this *enfant terrible* of the entertainment world would again respect the ideal of all good children — to be seen and not heard.

Yet we cannot dodge one question. If the movies *must* talk, shall they be denied the right to do so without State interference? Whether or not they have anything important to say, shall the privilege of saying it in their own inimitable way be refused them? Thus, and with many complications, the movies are presenting us again with the age-old dilemma of freedom of speech.

The motion picture industry takes the position that whatever gags are put in an actor's mouth by dialogue writers, no gag should be placed upon it by public authority. It is maintained that there is little inherent difference between silencing a talkie talker and censoring a public speaker or newspaper editor.

As a matter of fact, even ignoring the principle at stake, there are substantial technical reasons that make censorship of the talkies difficult. Words cannot be deleted from an intricately synchronized picture with a snip of a pair of shears as was possible with the silent film. An assiduous State official can give rein to a few personal prejudices and practically ruin a film that cost several hundred thousand dollars to produce. No wonder that the movie

industry — America's fourth largest industrial bloc — is girding itself for a struggle against the censorship which it alone, among our agencies of expression, has been called upon to endure.

Two preliminary legal skirmishes in Pennsylvania have already occurred this spring between the picture world and the State censorship camp. In each case the argument was carried to the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, and each resulted in a victory for the censor. The Court decided that the censorship statute was so worded as to give jurisdiction over spoken as well as screen language. The contestants were the Fox Film Company and Vitaphone, Inc., the latter being the talking department of Warner Brothers. A third case has been pending in New York, the Pathé Exchange having obtained a temporary injunction to permit the showing of the sound version of *Sal of Singapore*, for which the New York censor had refused to issue a license. Pathé had declined to submit the spoken text for censorship at all, on the ground that the silent picture had already been passed and approved. In another instance, the censors preferred not to step into a trap which had been set for them, and waived their right to review a movie-tone which reproduced a speech by President Hoover.

In moving picture headquarters in New York, no secret is made of the fact that the industry is only waiting for a favorable opening to launch a general offensive against the institution of censorship wherever it exists and to carry its case before the American people. This for the reason I have already mentioned, that the mechanical nature of a talking picture and the difficulty of manipulating it after manufacture have given the censorship problem an immediate economic aspect so alarming that the industry cannot afford to ignore it. The cost of correcting a talking film to suit the wishes of a censor ranges from a hundred times the expense of making a similar change in a silent film to a figure that would make the venture utterly out of the question. In other words, the movie industry has suddenly found itself the producer of a commodity the character of which precludes the innumerable deletions and changes which the censors have been in the habit of demanding.

In the days of the silent film — which the heads of most of the large companies now admit are virtually past — censorship was an expensive and annoying but generally a comparatively simple procedure. The cost of rewriting a deleted title — which could be done by the local distributing agent — amounted to about five dollars. To this was to be added the loss of the discarded film footage removed by the reviewer and the expense of censorship machinery, which, of course, was borne by the industry. The usual fee for reviewing a film was from two to three dollars a thousand feet, with an additional charge for all copies affected. The censors' bureau yielded each State a comfortable profit, the annual cost of the process to the picture industry being estimated at about $3,500,000 a year — which figure exceeds the total annual profits of some of the national movie companies. Yet this

burden did not prevent the industry from staggering along toward riches.

In a talking film, however, the deletion of a single speech — or even a word — involves the cutting of the entire scene, with consequent weakening of the play. Or else the film must be sent back to the studio so that the actors may make the scene over again — if, indeed, the original "talkers" are available at the moment! The remaining alternative is to abandon the idea of showing the film at all in the territory in question, if the probable income from the film from that State would not justify the expense of remodeling the picture.

What such a prospect means to the picture industry is plain when one realizes that fully a third of the seating capacity of American picture theatres lies in areas controlled by State or municipal censors. Six States: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, and Florida have State-wide censorship laws. Massachusetts maintains a censorship over all films shown on Sundays. A number of the larger cities, including Chicago and Memphis, possess strict municipal censorships. All told, the censorship belt includes most of the large cities in the country; and the various censors have had from six to fourteen years in which to reveal their usefulness. What has been the result?

CONFRONTED with that question, I have played the dutiful reporter, have made a circuit of moving picture citadels in New York City and have discussed the problem with many well placed observers. Let me quote three opinions, typical of the industry's attitude.

Lewis Innerarity, secretary of Pathé Exchange, Inc. — the oldest moving picture concern now in existence in America — has long been a spearhead of the movies' fight against State supervision. His acquaintance with censors covers a period of more than eleven years. His views are not immoderate. He admits the desirability of some check on certain directors' appetites for sensationalism. His objections to official censorship rest on the charge that the existing system has failed to achieve the objects its originators intended, and that in practice, it has wrought more damage than good.

"THE sound picture is too new to have any history," he said. "But the various censorship bureaus that will pass on the talkies are manned by the same persons who have been reviewing the silent films. We have no reason to expect a change of heart, and can only gauge the future by what these individuals have done in the past.

"In its daily operation, the State censorship machinery has been foolish and erratic. There has been a similarity of spirit underlying the system, it is true, but no consistency in its practical application. A censor in Kansas will pass as innocuous things which the New York reviewer regards as indecent, immoral, or inciting to crime. A casual examination of reports prepared by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, Inc., shows the widest divergence of opinion among the different boards. Much of their censorship is simply an outgrowth of individual idiosyncrasies. The effect of such a procedure on the marketing of expensive sound

pictures, where each deletion is a serious thing, is obvious. It could easily develop into a situation that would be quite impossible from the production point of view.

"Our experience with censors has been almost as rich in smiles for the disinterested onlooker as it has in irritation for us. Censorship has been a joke, but it has not been a joke that we in the industry could enjoy. In some districts, pictures must pass a test of prudery that would have surprised the Puritans. In Pennsylvania, all mention of childbirth is banned. From one of our pictures, the censor cut — quite as a matter of routine — a scene showing a prospective mother holding up a pair of baby's socks to indicate that a child was expected. Imagine subjecting any of our best magazines to such requirements: deleting a portion of a story, for instance, for suggestive matter of this kind!

"TAKE another instance — a case in which a New York censor's sense of humor failed to keep pace with his desire to justify his salary. In a comedy reel called *Good Riddance*, the owner of a jolly but pestiferous puppy hired an aviator to take the dog seven miles skyward and lose the animal in the air. The flyer was shown dropping the offending canine from a height of 35,000 feet, while the owner, in unjustifiable glee drove away in his auto down below. The next scene pictured the dog landing in the back seat of his master's car and climbing over the upholstering to lick his owner's face. Naturally the whole thing was a farce, most of the action taking place in a studio. The dog actually fell two or three feet. This scene was deleted on the ground of cruelty to animals, the contention being that it was cruel to drop a dog seven miles through the air!

"This case was serious enough to be carried to the Appellate Court, where we obtained a reversal of the censor's ruling. But why should motion pictures be subjected to such absurd vagaries, when comic strip artists, the vaudeville stage and circus clowns, for example, perpetrate equally grotesque farces without a ripple of official interference?

"AGAIN, in a Harold Lloyd comedy the comedian was seen going through a fraternal initiation. During the ceremony, the initiate was rapped on the cranium with a huge rubber hammer several times the size of his head. The scene shows the hammer bouncing off, as if from substantial ivory. The censor barred the scene on the grounds that it was inhuman to hit anyone on the head with a hammer.

"Once we trapped a State censor into deleting her own words. Mrs. Evelyn F. Snow, head of the Ohio bureau, had gained some notoriety as a result of a remark made in explaining her reasons for killing a news scene of a group of Atlantic City bathing girls. She was quoted as having said that since seventy-five per cent. of the people were incapable of thinking, it was necessary for someone to decide for them what was good for them to see. The remark was quoted widely by the press associations, so we sent an operator to make a routine news picture of Mrs. Snow at work in her office. We ran this in our regular news reel under a caption which repeated Mrs. Snow's

words, plus a footnote added by our editor asking the audience what they thought about it. When we submitted the reel to Mrs. Snow, she deleted both herself and the caption.

"So capricious are many of the deletions that I am convinced they must often spring from the reviewer's desire to make a showing. Somehow he must justify his appointment — an appointment which, of course, was a political plum. Despite the increasingly severe intramural supervision which the picture companies have been maintaining for themselves of late years to safeguard against loss through deletions, the proportion of eliminations continues constant.

"I do not think the American people know how censorship actually works," Mr. Innerarity concluded. "But I do know that the very idea of it is repugnant to principles which most Americans cherish. And the only time the issue has come up for popular vote — in the Massachusetts State referendum two years ago — censorship was voted down five to one. It is significant that in this election the only districts that voted for censorship were the backward communities and tiny villages, most of which had no cinemas. In the towns and cities, the majority was overwhelmingly against censorship. I believe that if the issue were put to the American people as a whole, the vote would be equally conclusive."

FOR another interesting slant on movie censorship I am indebted to Harry Warner, president of Vitaphone, Inc., known as one of the three "fathers" of the talkie in America. "Censorship," Mr. Warner said, "creates a tyranny of one generation over another generation the members of which possess an entirely different set of standards. The existing censorship machinery is manned almost entirely by elderly persons whose ideas of life belong to another age, or by young persons who are under the influence of these venerables. I say this not in praise or condemnation of the individuals themselves, but simply as a statement of fact.

"TO POINT out that the world has changed a great deal in its ideas of what is and what is not proper would seem utterly needless — were it not for the censors' apparent obtuseness to the change. The official guardians of the movie goers' morals evidently still live in the age when no woman would allow herself to be seen smoking in public, and when it was immodest to wear skirts above the ankles. My grandmother would have thought herself eternally damned if she did the things my wife and children do today without a second thought; and young people are openly discussing subjects that could never be mentioned in mixed society a score of years back. The everyday chatter of our modern youth would make our grandparents' hair stand on end. Everybody except the censors knows this — knows that America is throwing off the prudery of the past. And yet to 'protect' these 'impressionable' young people, who have grown up in an age of wholesome frankness, the censors cling tenaciously to outworn pruderies which mean nothing to anybody but themselves. Here lies the cause of a large part of the trouble we have

with the existing censorship. An examination of the personal background of the incumbent film reviewers would tell its own story. A generation that has lived its life is trying to regulate the amusements of a world with which it is no longer in spiritual harmony. Naturally, the result is friction.

"WHEN I was five years old, my parents left Poland to escape the suffocation of a rigid censorship which forbade free speech. My family had large property holdings; my father came to America for spiritual rather than economic reasons. And today I find myself obliged to struggle against an attempt to create in America another censorship slightly different in character but equally as rigid, in its way, as the one my parents thought they were leaving behind forever!"

While Mr. Warner thus supplemented the arguments against motion picture censorship which Mr. Innerarity advanced, I obtained from still another important figure in the industry a strong statement of its needlessness. Carl E. Milliken, formerly Governor of Maine and now secretary of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, Inc. — our national movie "chamber of commerce" — insisted that "political censorship" is unnecessary because an adequate means of protecting the public from glimpses of indecent and sordid films is already at hand in the power which local police have to forestall the showing of salacious plays. This instrument, Governor Milliken urged, can be more effective than the censorship machinery, and does not involve the disadvantages connected with established State cinema control.

"The existing statutes of this country," he said, "place responsibility upon any producer or exhibitor who infringes the laws forbidding lewd theatricals. This is the same power that protects the public from libelous statements in newspapers or obscenity in books, plays, magazines or postal cards. Probably the best illustration of how police regulation operates is to be found in the action of the New York City police recently against certain plays which they regarded as objectionable. In each case the theatres were closed promptly and the producers and actors brought to trial. The existing social machinery was used to perform one of its normal functions. The great advantage of this method is that it takes matters out of the control of a small clique and places it in the courts where it belongs."

GOVERNOR MILLIKEN charged that censorship reduces an art or medium of expression to the capacity of political appointees who cannot be expected to exercise any judgment other than that which their own individual experiences and mentalities provide. "It is not to be presumed," he added, "that any three, five or fifty persons in this country whose services are obtainable at the salaries paid to censors have the ability to determine what the other 120,000,000 citizens are to see or hear."

He pointed out that each week an average of about fifty-four miles of film are released in the United States. Members of the censorship boards themselves neither can nor do see even ten per cent. of this total.

They must delegate much of the work to subordinates.

As a further safeguard against the presentation of objectionable films Governor Milliken cited the intramural "supervision" which the moving picture industry has been maintaining since the establishment in 1922 of the so-called movie "chamber of commerce." As a result of the consultations between this body and individual producers, the production of about two hundred popular books and plays has been prevented after the production contracts had actually been signed. One of the most spectacular instances was the vetoing of Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, after $90,000 had been paid for the film rights. It was ruled that Dreiser's powerful tale was too sordid for the movie theatres of the country!

In an effort to minimize losses through censorship, the moving picture industry several years ago drew up a lengthy list of "don'ts," to which studio directors were urged to adhere. Among other things, these commandments ban lewdness, undue emphasis on crime, offense to religious sentiment and a number of other phases of life which had been found to excite the censors.

In 1926, Will Hays created a regular advisory bureau, under the direction of Colonel Jason Joy, the function of which was to exercise a voluntary centralized supervision over the quality of plays and books accepted for production, advise regarding possible deletions of film plays previous to the general release of the films, and to do all it could in a friendly way to preserve the industry from missteps.

With this machinery in existence, and with the kindly help of local police courts, the American movie industry thinks it can look after its morals without the aid of a censor. And if the "intramural censorship," earnest but slightly bewildered, occasionally bans a work of art and permits vulgarities to get through, an impartial observer may yet hazard the opinion that the State censors have shown much cruder judgment. Besides, the question still remains, why should the movies and talkies be subjected to a supervision that magazines, playwrights and comic strip artists escape?

Wisconsin Gets Her Men

By Ruel McDaniel

Unique methods of crime detection and court procedure that have given the Badger State the lowest crime record in the United States

Late on a recent Thursday night a nattily attired young bandit named John McClintic, who posed by day as a dapper university student, was surprised by the Madison police at his former rooming house and captured after a brisk fistic encounter.

Early Friday morning McClintic was arraigned before Judge Samuel B. Schein, charged with robbing the South Side State Bank of Madison. Friday afternoon Sheriff Fred Finn escorted him to the main gate of the Wisconsin State penitentiary at Waupun, where he entered upon the colorless routine of serving a sentence of not less than fifteen nor more than twenty-five years at hard labor.

Justice moves swiftly in the State of Wisconsin. That is one of two major reasons why that State has the lowest *per capita* major crime rate in the United States; it is one of the two reasons why Milwaukee, a city of about 600,000 people, has no more murders and other serious crimes than the average American city of 100,000 population. Milwaukee has had less than thirty murders in five years.

Madison dealt speedily with John McClintic; but that was only ordinary speed. Listen to this one, from Milwaukee. One morning a few months ago at seven o'clock an Italian laborer became infuriated at his wife at the breakfast table. He whipped out a knife and stabbed her to death. At nine o'clock the same morning he appeared before Municipal Judge George A. Shaughnessy, charged with murder. Before noon he stood before Judge George E. Page in district court and was sentenced to life imprisonment. At two o'clock—same day—he boarded the train for Waupun!

Not only does the State of Wisconsin deal quickly with its criminals, but it catches them with the same consistent speed and regularity. The combination accounts for Milwaukee's having the lowest burglary insurance rate of any large city in the country, and for the State's having the lowest automobile theft insurance rate in the United States. Last year Milwaukee recovered ninety-five per cent. of all the automobiles stolen within the city limits, besides scores of others stolen in other cities and states and driven to Milwaukee. Out of over one thousand people reported to the Mil-

waukee police department as missing last year, only thirty-eight were unaccounted for, and this number included those whose families left the city during the year and made it impossible to check accurately on the return of missing persons belonging thereto.

THE reason why Milwaukee has made a national record for efficiency and speed in capturing its law violators is primarily because the police department is on a common sense business basis. The city hall, so far as office management and routine are concerned, reminds you of an efficient business organization. Milwaukee has several innovations in its police department that would make the old-time chief of police wonder where this modern age is taking us.

The present system of capturing and "getting the goods on" violators and suspects had its real beginning back in 1921. The Identification Bureau is the nerve-center of the department and all activities revolve around it. It is a sort of central agency, with every branch of the police force focusing upon it.

Here are concentrated a mass of records and information that make it uncomfortable, to say the least, for any law violator or suspect who has committed any crime anywhere and had thus far gone unpunished.

A few weeks ago a plain clothes man brought in an old man charged with petty larceny. He was escorted immediately to the Identification Bureau. He was questioned minutely, not so much concerning the petty offense he had just committed, but to ascertain if he had done anything more violent in the past. His face was unfamiliar. No officer had ever seen the man before. He had lived in Milwaukee for forty years. No, never before had he been arrested. He gladly gave his name. Seemingly the old fellow had a clear slate. His answers to the multitude of questions had been perfect. Then quite suddenly a clerk whispered over the shoulder of the head of the Bureau, and handed him a slip of paper. The head of the Identification Bureau smiled.

"You say you've never before been under arrest?" he spoke to the prisoner. "I suppose that is true; but you should have been arrested! Why did you steal that dress from old lady Schmidt, a little over thirty years ago?"

The decrepit old man stared at his questioner. His demeanor convicted him beyond reasonable doubt. He finally admitted his guilt.

"Now you go and find that old lady, or her ancestors and pay for that dress. Come back here and report to me that you've done it, and that old charge will be dropped. As to this new one — well, we'll see about it later."

THE theft of a twelve-dollar dress was of course a trivial matter. Furthermore to keep a record of that violation for thirty-two years seems over-efficient; but it isn't. The case shows to what extremes the Milwaukee police department goes to check its criminals. If it had happened that this old man had committed a murder instead of petty larceny thirty-two years ago, the record would have been there just the same.

The clerk who appeared on the scene and handed the Bureau head that note had disappeared when the old man had first come in — disap-

peared practically unnoticed. For the few minutes he was absent he was a very busy individual. He checked through a file recording missing persons, he checked what the Identification Bureau calls its "show up" records; he checked the file of people wanted in every part of the world. It was in the "warrant file" that he found the information pertaining to this aged prisoner.

Now and then a man or a woman commits one crime or another, a warrant is issued for his or her arrest, and the accused is not found. Obviously if the offense is not a serious one and the department has reasonable cause to believe that the accused is no longer in the city or the State, the warrant is filed and more or less forgotten — for the time being. Unless the violator is familiar with Milwaukee's methods, he figures that after a year or so his little digression will have been forgotten and he may return in safety. So he may — unless he happens to run afoul of the law again, as this old man did. Regardless of what a person is charged with when he is brought to the Identification Bureau, he is checked against this "warrant file." If ever he committed any crime or misdemeanor for which he has not been arrested, that will show up, provided a warrant had been issued against him. Often men and women are found to be more serious violators than the current charges indicate.

Milwaukee has a country-wide reputation for returning fugitives from justice. That is because the Identification Bureau maintains a complete file of descriptions of all persons wanted in North America. Every description is filed and cross-indexed. Whether the subject is a roving boy whose parents are anxious for his safety or a vicious fratricide, the complete description of him goes on file and remains indefinitely. Every person brought to the Bureau must pass the acid test of this file. His name is checked against the names in the file; his description is checked, and the town or towns which he gives as his former home are checked against a cross-file of cities and towns. Criminals have boasted of being arrested and acquitted of petty violations while murder charges hung over their heads. They don't get away with that kind of business in Milwaukee.

One safe-blower from Chicago, now serving five years in Waupun, remarked after his guilt was established, that if a man's great-grandfather had been so much as a horse-thief, the Milwaukee Identification Bureau would drag that out on the great grandson if ever he was arrested. And that fellow did not entirely exaggerate.

One reason why Milwaukee recovers ninety-five per cent. of all its stolen automobiles is because it maintains exhaustive records of such stolen property in the Identification Bureau as well as in the traffic department. Not long ago an Indiana bank robber was apprehended in Milwaukee primarily through the stolen automobile file in the Identification Bureau.

A car bearing an Illinois license failed to stop when approaching an arterial highway sign. A traffic officer on duty at the corner halted the car merely to explain the local ordinance regarding arterial highways to the

driver; but the driver seemingly resented the explanation. The officer's intended friendly warning developed into an arrest for abusive language and failure to stop at the arterial highway. The offender was carried to the traffic department. While this was being done, the arresting officer, as in all such cases, examined the automobile carefully, writing down the license number, motor number and builder's serial number as well as a brief description of the vehicle. Here, while the traffic violation was being disposed of, the Identification Bureau scanned its file of stolen cars. In ten minutes the clerk had discovered that a motor vehicle of the same make and bearing the same motor and serial numbers had been stolen about a month before in Indiana.

THIS evidence warranted bringing the traffic violator to the Identification Bureau. Here, confronted with the unexpected evidence regarding the car, the prisoner faltered in his demeanor. He showed a bill of sale that looked entirely too much like a forgery. In the meantime, a clerk was systematically checking through the Bureau's file of missing and wanted men, with special attention to Indiana. In less than a half-hour, this minor traffic law violator, confronted with his own photograph and description, admitted he was wanted in Indiana for bank robbery. He is now doing time in that State.

Not only does every traffic officer have before him at all times a list of the automobiles reported stolen locally, but he is instructed to scrutinize every car bearing a license plate from another state, and to investigate the least suspicious conduct on the part of the occupants. Some of the city's most notable captures have been effected through the automobile records of the Identification Bureau.

The professional fence is little more than a myth in Milwaukee because the Identification Bureau makes it so disagreeable that he cannot exist. Every pawn broker is required by city ordinance to supply the Bureau with a complete list of the merchandise he buys each day. Failure to do so not only subjects the offender to fine but means the forfeiture of his license to operate. This list then is checked against the daily list of reported stolen property, also in the Identification Bureau. Not only does this make pawn shop operators doubly careful in accepting goods, but when they are unfortunate enough to buy stolen property, they are amply willing to coöperate with the department in the apprehension of the thief, sensing a chance therein to recover their money.

THE stolen property file is a veritable gold mine for criminal apprehension. Some months ago a woman was brought to the Identification Bureau on suspicion of grand larceny. The evidence was so thin that she would have been released without a doubt, but for the fact that she was wearing an expensive wrist watch set with diamonds. An examination of this proved it to be one of several such watches stolen six weeks previously from a local jewelry store. With this sudden evidence the Bureau was doubly justified in holding the suspect; and a check of the "morgue" turned up the woman under a couple of aliases and with brown hair, even

though she was a blond at the moment. She eventually confessed and gave the names of her confederates.

A MAJOR reason for the successful operation of the Identification Bureau is the enthusiastic coöperation of all police departments. As in most cities, Milwaukee's police department issues a daily bulletin of police news. Primarily this gives the names, descriptions of and charges against the persons wanted. Every man on the police force, from captain of detectives, to traffic officer at a school crossing, is asked to memorize the names and high lights of these daily bulletins; and a man found who does not know what his bulletin contains is likely to find himself looking for a new job. Obviously this is to fit every man to detect wanted criminals. As a matter of fact every police officer, regardless of his job, is a detective as well.

Milwaukee had the flasher system of contacting with officers on duty. The moment a serious offense has been committed and reported to headquarters, signals all over the city flash in the boxes at street corners. These boxes are in the vicinity of officers' beats, and they flash until the officers answer them. Ordinarily within two minutes after a crime has been reported to headquarters, details of it, with whatever description of the offenders there is available, are in the hands of every man on duty.

The smoothness with which this signal system worked about four years ago dampened the ambition of a group of neighboring safe crackers to the extent that they have consistently blacklisted Milwaukee since. During that summer it was apparent that they had honored the beer city with their attention. They came in groups.

At first there were three. They dropped off the train at 11 o'clock one morning. At 12.30 they pushed guns into the ribs of two men conducting a wholesale jewelry store, bound and gagged them, and made away with several thousand dollars' worth of gems. Evidently, however, the job of binding was not a success, for at 12.50 one of the victims released himself and telephoned the police department. At exactly one o'clock two detectives took the trio off a North Shore train before it pulled out of the Milwaukee station. At five o'clock they were on their way to Waupun to begin serving sentences of twenty-five years each.

THAT, however, did not dampen the ardor of the other outsiders. A few days later five visitors landed in Milwaukee. They waited until evening to seek employment. As there were no safes conveniently near and as apparently ready cash was at a premium, they held up two women and took several dollars. No sooner had the department made due record of this offense and had its men on the lookout for the visitors than in came a second report. This time they had held up a man, and because he had but ninety cents, they punched a revolver barrel down his throat, knocked out several teeth and behaved ungentlemanly in general. Less than half an hour later the five were "getting the works" in the Identification Bureau. After they have served their five to ten years in Waupun, a nearby State has an invitation for them

to answer several burglary and hold-up charges.

Some ten days later a group of seven came, not to be frightened by the bungling methods of their pals. They, too, are stopping at the State's hotel in Waupun.

One professional gunman told a writer recently: "We keep out of Milwaukee. We don't work there. The police, district attorney, the courts — the whole damned bunch — are too fast for us."

In Milwaukee when a murder or any other serious felony is committed, every activity of the police department focuses upon the job of capturing the offender. Every detective on the force, whether on duty or off, is pressed into service. All leave is automatically cancelled until the fugitive is apprehended. There is little sleep on the part of any member of the detective force until the criminal is behind the bars.

Both the judicial and police forces agree that one of the biggest aids in curbing crime in Milwaukee is that city's vagrancy ordinance. In the haunts of gamblers and idlers in general in Milwaukee, two is a lot of company and three is an enormous crowd. So considers the police department, and such crowds are promptly disbanded. They simply don't have "gangs" in Milwaukee. Any man who is seen to be idling around any particular place is considered under suspicion by the officer on the beat. The officer asks the man, politely enough, where he works and what his name is. If the replies are plausible and satisfactory, fine. If the idler shows an inclination to dispute the officer's right to delve into his private affairs, as visiting gangsters are wont to do, the obstinate individual soon finds himself facing a barrage of questions and a dozen information files in the Identification Bureau. If his record is clear, he has nothing to fear. If he happens to be wanted in either Milwaukee or any other city, there most likely will be a vacant chair at his hang-out that night.

Capture alone does not frighten professional criminals, however. It is what happens to them *after* the arrest that is impressive to their friends on the sidelines. Wisconsin's judicial methods are as efficient and as effective in curbing crime as the Milwaukee police routine. In an endeavor to put its house in order, Wisconsin did something several years ago that even now is considered quite radical in conservative judicial circles. It eliminated the grand jury system of indictment, except in investigation cases. That accounts for the speed with which offenders are dispatched to the penitentiary.

In Wisconsin any citizen who witnessed a crime can be a complainant. His signing a complaint automatically dispenses with the grand jury, and the accused comes up immediately for preliminary hearing. If he pleads guilty, sentence is passed by the trial court, usually on the same day, and the dockets are cleared for the next case. If he pleads not guilty, he is arraigned before the trial court, a definite date is set for trial and when that date comes, trial is held, unless the defendant has an air-tight claim for a delay. At most, the case cannot be delayed longer than thirty days from date of in-

dictment. Wisconsin does not have capital punishment.

Grand juries function in Wisconsin only as investigating bodies, and return indictments only as a result of the findings of these bodies. A prisoner may have a trial by petit jury if he demands. Otherwise the usual criminal case is decided by the presiding judge.

Wisconsin criminal court judges specialize in criminal cases. That is their business. Civil cases never interfere with the handling of crime. Other judges handle civil questions.

On October 14, 1912, a fanatic attacked and wounded President Roosevelt in Milwaukee. The plea of the defendant was guilty, but his attorneys claimed insanity. Within forty minutes after the insanity hearing opened, the defendant had been adjuged insane and sentenced to life detention in the asylum for the State's criminally insane. The case cost the State of Wisconsin $700.

In Wisconsin there are no ridiculous claims of insanity, because murderers know that such claims don't go with the court. In the average court the defendant and the State alike can drag in "expert" alienists to no end to testify as to the sanity or insanity of the prisoner; and the court and jury are supposed to be governed according to such testimony. When a defendant in Wisconsin pleads insanity, the court immediately appoints a board of five recognized alienists. These five experts examine the defendant, having no obligation either to the State or to the defendant, and their findings are final — and unanimous. Although the Wisconsin insanity law has been in force about fifteen years, never has an alienist board returned a minority report. They don't plead insanity in the Badger State unless they are insane!

But the State is not severe on its unfortunates. In fact it was Wisconsin that originated another so-called radical judicial step — the Adult Probation Law. The commonwealth has been probating certain of its adult convicts since 1909.

Judge A. C. Backus, prominent Milwaukee jurist and newspaper publisher, father of the Adult Probation Law, explains the purpose of the law in this way:

"The duty of the State not only is to punish its offenders," he declares, "but to reclaim them. It is no credit to commit a thug to the darkened walls of a State institution; but it is glorious to make of that thug, eventually, a useful citizen. Our Adult Probation Law presumes to reclaim a certain amount of wreckage from the human garbage heap and remold it into useful citizenship.

"We have reason to believe that our system has succeeded. We have kept an accurate record of our probation cases since the adoption of the law in 1909. Of all the men and women we have released on probation, ninety per cent. have made good. Nine out of every ten — nine hundred out of a thousand — have gone back and made of themselves useful citizens. Not only have they remade themselves, but they have remade their families, their environments."

Wisconsin does not suffer from the same probation debauching that is overrunning some of our States, however. There are certain strict qualifications a prisoner must meet before the

probation board will consider his case: He must be a first offender; his crime must have been less serious than murder; his sentence must be shorter than ten years in the penitentiary.

THE prisoner is then released to the court which sentenced him. Although the law does not specify it, the court assumes full charge of the man's welfare. It gets him a job. It sees after his family. If the family environment is of the sort that breeds a repetition of crime, this environment is rectified. Sometimes the family is moved out of the community. In cases where needed, the children are clothed, fed and sent to school.

The firm which hires the probated man pays the wage to the court. The prisoner does not handle his money. The court uses his earnings to its best ability, making his family happier; making him happier; building him a savings account. Every Saturday the man reports to the court. Failure to report calls for immediate investigation. If the prisoner has broken his oath, the time he has had to escape is so short that he usually is apprehended and sent back to prison.

"The only people besides the criminals who squealed when we adopted our system of dealing with law violators were the middle-class lawyers," declares Judge Backus. "They made quite a howl when our system first went into practice, because it eliminated about four-fifths of the time cases remaining on the calendar. It did away with needless new trials, because mere technical errors are no longer grounds for retrial here, and it so shortened the detail and time consumed in trying the average case that the criminal practice in this State dwindled terribly — terribly from the criminal lawyer's standpoint. However, they soon adjusted themselves to civil practice and the average lawyer today agrees that our system is difficult to beat. Of course we still have good criminal lawyers in this State; but most of these are hired by the State, either to represent the State or the defendant. When a defendant comes into court and pleads that he cannot hire a lawyer, the court hires for him the best counsel available."

SPEEDY trials, plus a common sense practice in granting bonds, have eliminated the professional bondsmen from the corridors of court rooms in Wisconsin. Because an offender knows that he is to go to trial within a few days after his incarceration, he is not so insistent upon release by bond; and because the State demands that the full amount of the established bond be placed in the custody of proper authorities, in the form of actual cash or tangible property worth the amount called for in the bond, professional bondsmen simply don't find the pickings worth while. The bond privilege is not abused in the Commonwealth of Wisconsin.

Why Albania?

By William W. Hall, Jr.

The newest of Kings and the oldest of European peoples appear to give the lie to Bismarck's sneer and to prove that the spirit of Scanderbeg still survives

"There is no Albanian nationality!" declared Bismarck with characteristic bluntness, fifty years ago; and the trend of events in Albania, as reported by the American press, seems, at first glance, to confirm the Iron Chancellor's cynical dictum. The republic, we read, has been discarded in favor of the monarchy, a change which is supported by Mussolini and interpreted as another play in his game with Yugoslavia for manœuvring himself into a position of control in the region of the Adriatic. Ahmed Zogu, erstwhile President, in whose mind the romance of the Napoleonic legend has long been fermenting, lays his fez and military cap away in moth balls, and replaces them with the crown of royal authority. Yugoslavia, in the mean time, sounds a discordant note amid the plaudits which attend this most recent act in the Albanian drama, protesting against Zogu's pretensions in assuming the title of "King of the *Albanians*," of whom nearly half a million still reside within the borders of the Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom. We are left with the impression of Albania, not as a country inhabited by mortals like ourselves, but as the stage of a colorful musical comedy or as a pawn in a lively chess contest.

As Americans, however, we may well feel a peculiar interest in the less colorful but more vital aspect of Albania as a nation. For Albania owes her status as a member of the family of nations to American influence. In the secret treaty of 1915 in which Italy laid down the conditions under which she would join the Allies, provision was made for an Italian protectorate over Albania. At the Conference of Paris in 1919, however, it was proposed to use Albania for the satisfaction of Greek and Yugoslav, as well as Italian, ambitions. Only one barrier stood in the path of these imperialistic designs, and that was President Wilson, who did not share the cynicism of Bismarck and insisted that the aspirations of the Albanian people for a separate national existence should be respected.

It should be remembered that Albania was liberated from Turkish rule as recently as 1912, and that during the World War her territory was used as camping ground by the

occupying forces of several foreign States. The Albanian people, consequently, have had little opportunity, lacking as they do an adequate press and a well-established system of public education, for articulating the national aspirations which were suppressed under the Turkish régime. One cannot travel in Albania and move among Albanians without realizing fully that the aspirations of these people are none the less strong or deeply felt because they seldom obtain a hearing before the world whose ears already din with the shouts of bigger and better trained lungs.

No outsider can adequately appraise a people's claim to nationhood. There are some facts about Albania and the Albanian people, however, which are of a fundamental nature and which merit the attention and respect of all internationally-minded Americans.

HISTORIANS are generally agreed that the Albanians are the oldest racial stock in the Balkans, a remnant of the pre-Hellenic inhabitants of the peninsula, pushed back, like the Welsh, into the protecting hills along the seacoast, by successive invasions of Greeks, Teutons and Slavs. They claim as members of their race some of the ablest men of history, among whom were Alexander the Great of Macedon; Pyrrhus of Epirus; St. Jerome; the Emperors Constantine and Justinian; Scanderbeg, of whom a modern historian has written: "The chief of as goodly a race of warriors as ever fought over hills and passes, he practically held at bay the whole strength of the Ottoman Empire;" the Kiuprili family, whose genius restored the Turkish Empire to a position of strength in the Seventeenth Century; Ali Pasha, of Janina, a tireless fighter and defier of the Sultan; Mohammed Ali, conqueror of Egypt and founder of the present ruling dynasty; and Francesco Crispi, twice Prime Minister of Italy.

With the impact of the Slavic invasions in the early Middle Ages the indigenous inhabitants receded into the narrower limits which in a general way constitute present-day Albania. Thereafter they came under the ægis of many powers, Byzantine, Bulgarian, Norman, Serbian, Venetian and Turkish. But the distinctive feature of these conquests was that they were always purely nominal and temporary. No invading force has succeeded in effecting a cultural or intellectual conquest. Amid the ebb and flow of foreign armies the Albanians have preserved their national customs and identity as a people. Even during the half-millennium of Turkish domination, certain of the less accessible regions never bowed the knee to the Turk, and for twenty-five years Turkish rule was interrupted by a united and independent native kingdom under the leadership of the intrepid warrior Scanderbeg.

THE Albanians have not only common racial traditions; they have a language of their own. That the roots of this tongue extend far back into antiquity can be appreciated by the fact that there is evidence that the names of Greek deities and several Greek words are derived from the Albanian. This language has survived against immense obstacles. For five hundred years until recent times it existed only in the colloquial form, with no written literature. The Turk-

ish Government barred the Albanian language from the schools, and the Greek Orthodox Patriarch prohibited its use in churches and schools under penalty of excommunication.

Albanian patriots have not been slow in realizing that their language is the most promising potential factor in cementing their national life. The story of their efforts in the last few years to establish national schools, compile text books in the native tongue, set up an indigenous press, and create a written literature, is a story of self-sacrifice and patriotic enterprise.

On a bluff a few miles out of Tirana, Albania's capital, stands the Kyrias Institute, recognized as the genius of the Albanian educational movement. It is a school for girls, but its mission is not only to furnish education for women in a land where such training is almost unknown, but also to equip women teachers for the effective dissemination of education in the village schools. The school was opened by virtue of an imperial irade of the Sultan in 1891, and has existed, sometimes under the protection of the American flag, through the vicissitudes of persecution, war, and world-wide upheaval. It is a distinctly Albanian enterprise, but its leaders, Mr. Christo Dako, Mrs. Dako and her sister Miss Kyrias, are American educated; the school has supporters in this country and several Americans on the teaching staff; and the spirit and methods of the institution are thoroughly American.

Although lacking in funds and surrounded by disheartening conditions, the Kyrias Institute is forging ahead in its work. When I was in Tirana a year ago, a new brick building was being constructed to house the school. It is a monument to the faith which Albanians hold in the future of their race. The new building, though unpretentious and not of great size, is the largest in all Albania. Surely there is much to be said for a country whose largest edifice is a schoolhouse!

One of the foundations of a successful State is adequate economic resources. Here, again, Albania meets the qualifications. There are known to be large mineral deposits, and the mountain streams and rivers afford great possibilities for water power. These assets are none the less real because they are undeveloped at the present time; in fact, they are all the more abundant and promising because hitherto neglected.

Albania is primarily an agricultural country, and there is every reason to believe that she will continue so for some time to come. When one travels there and notices the large uncultivated areas in the lowlands and observes the primitive farm implements employed by the peasants and the poor quality of the breed of cattle, he is led to exclaim: What might these broad plains and valleys yield under the application of scientific methods of farming and irrigation and modern farm machinery!

One bright Sunday morning I visited the American legation in Tirana and had a half-hour's chat with Mr. Charles C. Hart, the American Minister. He was enthusiastic with regard to the immense potential productivity of the country. He instanced the great tracts of uncut forests, the water power, the untapped minerals. But he was most sanguine concerning

the untold possibilities of the soil. He cited Southern California as an example, recalling the day when it was waste desert, while systematic development has made it today one of the most fruitful areas of the world. Albania, he contended, bears a striking similarity to Southern California. The ground will respond in much the same way. Albania, in fact, has the advantage over Southern California in that the season for some products is longer. Tomatoes, for instance, can be raised over a longer period of the year in Albania than in California. If Albania is given a chance to train a generation of technically efficient workers, the country can be made to bloom, if not like Eden, at least like Southern California.

SOMEONE has said that the decisive consideration is not what a people are, but what they *think* they are. One thing that a visitor cannot fail to discern among the people is a strong and sensitive national consciousness. There may not be a great deal of self-effacing patriotism among the peasantry, but there is no mistaking their pride of race and their devotion to their country's independence. Although Albania is sometimes referred to as a purely artificial creation, it should be remembered that the constituting of Albania as a separate State after the Balkan Wars and again after the World War was preceded by a great wave of popular demand. Indeed, it was a petition presented by Albanians in 1878 which provoked Bismarck's petulant denial of the existence of an Albanian nationality.

In most countries of the Balkans religion is indissolubly bound up with nationality. Religious traditions usually form the basis of national sentiment. In Albania, on the other hand, although Moslems and Christians are divided according to the proportion of two to one, ties of nationality are so strong as completely to transcend religious differences. Albanians of the Orthodox persuasion are no more Greek in sentiment than American Catholics are Italian, while Albanian Moslems would resent the slightest implication that they were Turks.

BEFORE visiting the country I was somewhat skeptical as to the pretensions of religious tolerance there; but I found no justification for such skepticism. There are no religious massacres, no riots, no division of the people along religious lines. Moslems often observe the feast days of Christian saints, while Christians sometimes wear the fez without attaching any significance to it. There are some Albanians who have two sets of names, one Christian, the other Mohammedan. The Albanian family which I visited in Tirana had two sons, one named George, the Christian name of the Albanian hero, George Castriota Scanderbeg, and the other Alexander, which is the Anglicized form of the Moslem name Iskander, or Scanderbeg. The Moslems commonly wear the fez in accordance with religious precept. There is no uniformity of shape or color among the fezzes, with the significant exception that nowhere does one see the red fez which distinguished the Turks until three years ago.

In the course of hiking trips I had two guides, each on separate occasions. One was a Christian, the other a Moslem. The Moslem knew less Turkish than the Christian. Both wore

white fezzes. On one occasion I noticed a gang of workmen, most of whom wore fezzes, and concluded that they were Moslems. I was told, to my surprise, that the group was almost equally divided between Moslems and Christians, that the fez furnished no index to religious affiliations, and that the only distinction between the two groups was that the Christians took a holiday on Sunday while the Mohammedans commonly worked seven days a week. On the assurance that the fez held no significance I took to wearing one myself. This proved to be a great source of merriment among the villagers, who would point to the fez gleefully and exclaim: "Albanaise-American!"

THAT the national consciousness of the Albanian people is able to rise above all considerations of religious adherence is a striking proof that the ties of nationality are strong and genuine. An Albanian poet gave expression to the sentiment of primary allegiance among his countrymen when he wrote:

> Come all ye Albanians, Moslem and Christian;
> Let not churches and mosques divide us.
> The true religion of the Albanian is the worship of his nation!

A connoisseur of Balkan affairs might stick his tongue in his cheek and remark with an air of sophistication: "Perhaps it is true that the Albanians have racial traditions, a common language, economic resources and a national consciousness. But who can look at Albania today, the football of the Balkans, and think of her as anything more than a nation in name only?" The answer is: Give the Albanians a sporting chance and they will give the lie to Bismarck's sneering witticism and will vindicate the faith of an American President. The substitution of the monarchy for the republic, bizarre as it may seem to us, is not in itself a retrogression. History reveals the extraordinary heights of attainment to which the Albanians can rise under the spell of a magnetic personality. That Zogu has proved his capacity to unite and lead the factions in the country cannot be disputed. With him on the throne, moreover, there is small likelihood that Albania will be betrayed into foreign hands. In a recent interview he declared that he would never submit to the domination either of Italy or of any Balkan power, a statement which, in the light of previous commitments, it required no small degree of courage to make.

DESPITE the melodramatic tinge of recent events, Albania today is more firmly anchored to her national moorings than at any time since the war. Nevertheless, the problem which has tangled every thread of the Eastern Question in days gone by still remains: Who among the interested outside parties will play the game and play it fairly?

The Myth of Modern Youth

By Harold de Wolf Fuller

Summing up, with illuminating reminiscing for earlier college years, the long-argued debate upon the younger generation's faults and promise

The younger generation is facing the facts. That has been dinned into us. The second quarter of the Twentieth Century will go down as that in which young people began to think for themselves. To them there is nothing in the temples of our civilization too sacred to touch. Religion, marriage, government, society, are all coming under their first-hand observation. They are pioneers. They mean to shape their lives not as their elders, but as knowledge dictates. Is it any wonder that the younger generation has set the whole world by the ears?

The younger generation has become a symbol of the Great Unknown. Leadership will shortly be in its hands. Whither are the rest of us to be led? Is the younger generation hell bent, or is it ushering in a higher civilization? Such questions arise to pique and plague us. But at least we all feel free to pass the buck. Somehow the younger generation, serving as pioneers, will answer these difficult questions.

Young people in all ages, to be sure, have brought fresh points of view to the very questions which are trembling today under the direct gaze of modern youth.

Religion? A thoughtful young man thirty years ago who failed to pass through the Agnostic stage was abnormal. Let it not be forgotten that before the turn of the century the theory of Evolution was nothing new. Clergymen, even then, felt the necessity of fighting it and youth found it the best possible aid to a natural heterodoxy. Clarence Darrow today is not as able an antagonist as was Robert Ingersoll thirty years ago. It is true that, as regards the Protestant denominations, the church had a greater hold upon young people in the eighteen-nineties than it has today. But that was owing to different conditions all round and not because youth then was less rebellious than youth now.

The religious experience which I had as a boy would sound strange to a boy today, even though I was no less skeptical and no less determined to see straight than he is. Out of sincere regard for a Sunday School teacher I joined the Christian Endeavor and participated in militant hymn singing at one of its national conventions. But I knew all the time why I had taken this step. Sentimental

youth would do the same thing today if Sunday School teachers were as winsome now as they were then. In those days, even in the large cities, church was an integral part of social life. Social standing was partially determined within church walls. Then the boy who was skeptical showed real daring. He bucked not only the church, but in some measure society, too. His fellow today has any number of open confederates and can argue advanced positions without breaking his mother's heart. And as for his grandmother!

MARRIAGE? Here at least modern youth is said to be revolutionary. There is a great deal of talk about companionate marriage, which naturally affects the young more than the old. A few cases of it have been reported in the papers, but the most conspicuous case was engineered by the parents of the contracting parties, and for the present at least the marriage has all the sanctions of the usual union. Men and women, when they can, are marrying young. Divorces are frequent, but no more frequent in the younger generation than in the older. In spite of all the loose theories and the much talk, the younger generation has had little to do with any change which practice can show. When I was a boy there was the usual theorizing about marriage as an artificial convention. I remember that about 1900 a girl, sitting beside me at a dinner in Boston, came out with this startling statement: "If conditions of society do not permit men to marry in their early twenties, there will soon be a repetition of degenerate Rome." "Degenerate Rome" was a highly stimulating phrase in those *fin de siècle* days. Sex and economics, you see, had already become acquainted.

Government? When I was in college most of those who sat up all night and settled the problems of the universe were temporary Socialists. The Trusts were the institutions which we loved most to lambaste. Why was the Government so stupid as to allow these monopolies? With Government ownership, or at least Government control, the public would be protected against high prices, and the strikes which were so deadly in the eighteen-nineties. Oh, the volume of rebellion which smote the heavens in the night hours! The recent oil scandals would have seemed to offer youth an equal opportunity to blow off. Yet no gale of indignation was reported.

I was brought up on the doctrine that America was an asylum for the down-trodden of Europe. A few years ago I asked a class of students whether this doctrine was still a source of inspiration. Most of them did not know what it meant. And those who did received it coldly.

WHAT issues is youth contending for now? Socialism appears to have lost its once commanding interest. American Imperialism gets youth only mildly excited. Internationalism of the pink variety had the support of an intercollegiate organization, but that petered out. There is the more recent issue of worldwide Peace. M. Claudel, French Ambassador to this country, has stated that America is a League of Nations by itself, and that if America decrees that there shall be no more wars, there *will* be no more wars, at least on a large scale. Whether or not his statement is perfectly sound, it is plausible enough to enlist the advocacy

of ardent youth. Yet I have not noticed that youth has formed organizations to promote it, despite the fact that the goodwill flying of youth's outstanding representative, Colonel Lindbergh, has furnished the best possible incentive.

Society? This is the crux of the whole matter. Mr. Booth Tarkington, author of *Seventeen*, said recently that he no longer understands young people. He doesn't see them enough, he said. He pictured the time when a boy did most of his visiting on the front porch, or, if he went buggy-riding with a girl, they were still within hailing distance. Now an automobile whizzes them off, heaven knows where. The point is well taken, even though it may have another meaning than that given it by Mr. Tarkington.

THE desire of young people to be miles ahead of where they are at any given moment is characteristic. A group may be comfortably met together at the home of one of them. The suggestion is made that they go to a movie or a place for dancing or to a country club, and off they pack in a flock of cars. The occasional picnic of the eighteen-nineties gives place to something doing every day, and not just some thing, but a lot of things. It is not merely the favored few that respond to this quickened *tempo*. Working girls and their friends are quite as restless. Representatives of both classes may often be seen at the same dance places and road houses, planning while they drink and dance for larks at other dance places and road houses.

Now, with all these dashes through the day and through the night, distance meaning nothing; with swimming and golf and tennis together; with jazz orchestras and victrolas and radio constantly marking the rhythm of their lives; with the cheeking and petting, boys and girls go on, on, to new adventures, but go together. Women's colleges, where young men are now entertained every week-end, and the great coeducational universities of the States have added vastly to the body of common experience. Both sexes know the fine points of baseball and football and basketball. The details of machinery are no longer solely man's province. Emotional development is less distinctively masculine and feminine than it once was. An admirable comradeship has sprung up. Men hang over girls and girls hang over men in the spirit of pals. Problems, general and personal, are freely discussed. One who is not frank is usually regarded not as reticent, but as "cagey" or designing. Modern dress is quite in keeping with this tone of frankness. There is an understanding between the sexes which did not exist thirty years ago. This has, in large measure, kept young men from seeking the society of girls outside their acquaintance and not of their kind.

HERE, at last, modern youth differs greatly from the youth of the 'nineties. For that difference there are good and sufficient reasons, some of which have been touched upon. On the surface the difference appears to consist mainly in the present absence of any formality between the sexes. When I was young, no boy thought of mauling a girl, of grabbing her by the hair and shaking her. There were no bobbed heads to invite quick disarray and quick recovery. Swimming always held forth the threat of a ducking, but it was more

threat than execution. Today, when girls swim so well, they are ready to take their chances with the men. The bicycle more than the automobile necessitated decorous locomotion. Teas had a dressed-up look. (Are there still teas for young people?) I remember at one such affair how the men tried to cover up the very mild gaiety of one of their fellows who arrived with "liquor on his breath". The disappearance of that very phrase, except in the traffic court, is symptomatic. Flasks at parties were of course unknown. Party calls were *de rigeur*. They might be made Sunday afternoons, when one joined other callers, all sitting as formally as at an old-time salon. Or, if they were made in the evening, one usually wore evening dress. It was hard for a man's standing with a mother if he was careless about his party calls.

THE range of conversation, as I think of it now, did not seem narrow. Talk of sex usually was *tabu;* but then "birth control" was not even a term in those days. One was ragged and "jollied." Excessive smartness consisted in ability to converse in epigrams, and ordinary smartness consisted in being just normally fresh. Dinner talk, I think, was rather better than now, being less irresponsible. One had dinner companions and practised one's wit on them. A given topic would serve for more than a minute. There were no cocktails, and wine was seen sparingly. Our songs? "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true," though far from classical, did associate itself loosely with the lyrics of all ages. "Hot Mamma" of today has no relation to what we sang.

Such, in broad outline, are the pictures which historians of the future will use for their generalizations. What will they make of them? Is modern youth more flaming than the flaming youth of any other age? Let us see. If modern youth is more independent than its predecessors, we should expect to find an enormous gap between youth and its elders. As a matter of fact, parents today probably are closer to an understanding of their children than were parents of any other period in modern times. Parents *looked* liked elders in the 'nineties; they no longer do. The reticences as regard sex are no more, and with them have disappeared a lot of fundamental misunderstandings. What the children do the parents do, in some degree. I know a woman of sixty who in the summer plays golf nearly every morning with her daughters. For the afternoon their ways may part, but by evening she is almost as ready as they for new adventures. Parents may be somewhat breathless over the pace they themselves are going, but they are keeping up pretty well with their children.

IT IS not inherent qualities, but conditions which they themselves have had no part in introducing, that make members of the present younger generation appear so spectacular. For example, when I was young, there was little or no talk about the economic interpretation of life. About fifteen years ago that view came with a rush. Since then it has radically affected the historical method by calling for a reexamination of the origin of wars and other significant events. At present it enters into nearly everyone's day-by-day calculations. When you stop to think about it, what more is com-

panionate marriage than an economic interpretation of matrimony? Life viewed mainly from the standpoint of economics has resulted in numerous distortions, even at the hands of experienced historians. Small wonder, then, that youth's economic theorizing is often extravagant. That these young people are little, if any, bolder than their parents in espousing the new theories must mean that they are not as completely emancipated as they sometimes think they are.

THEN there is science. Think what science in the past twenty-five years has done to unsettle views! It has destroyed time and space as we knew them in the 'nineties — those anchors that kept us to more or less settled conditions. The automobile, the airplane, the radio, television, and all the rest have made all localities neighbors. Today young people of all classes may spend their vacations touring from coast to coast; whereas formerly the well-to-do in, let us say, Cleveland were envied because they could make one or two trips a year to New York. Girls in the smallest towns can afford to be daring in their dress because their townspeople know by the movies that they are merely conforming to authorized styles.

Young people today, despite all their ballyhoo, appear to be just the normal generation, responding normally to their environment. On the whole, they have behaved remarkably well, considering their provocations for erratic action. We need not worry overmuch about the young or waste our sympathies on them. It is middle age that needs help and comfort all along the line. Youth is flexible, middle age is not supposed to be. Fancy a mother not only understanding the modern daughter, but entering into her activities! Picture the imagination required of a father to abet the extravagances of the modern son!

But to return to the statement with which I started: Modern youth is facing the facts. So it is, in a perfectly normal way. And most interesting facts they are. To find a generation comparable we should probably have to go back to the youth of Shakespeare's time. Over both these younger generations broke a great light. The sweep and glory of ancient culture came suddenly to the former; quite as suddenly the new, amazing possibilities of science struck the latter. Both generations were born amid conditions favorable to large achievement.

IN THAT sense our present younger generation is more interesting and more vital than any of its predecessors for three centuries. Will it grasp the nature of its special task? Will it remember that all the new wonders of science will fall short unless they enrich and deepen human satisfactions? Will youth remember what age appears often to forget — that machinery is made for man, not man for machinery?

By my comparison, young Shakespeare and young Lindbergh are in juxtaposition. It is a happy augury. Shakespeare searched the world with his imagination; Lindbergh sees it from the skies. There are range and perspective from both positions. The comprehensive, discerning view — which is only another way of saying culture — is all that is now needed to convert science, the colossus, to a benign spirit, man's powerful ally in all human affairs.

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

JUNE, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 6

ANOTHER SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA

Despite the modesty and reticence of Mr. Christopher Morley, we have discovered at last his Bohemian backwater in Hoboken, where jaded subway-jumpers from the big city go by nights to eat pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut, drink beer, and throw peanuts at the villain in a Nineteenth-Century melodrama with jazz trimmings. But we have gone further than that. We have discovered a seacoast of Bohemia all our own.

As far as we can remember at this distance, it lies in Camden, N. J., or at least somewhere in those adjacent parts. It is therefore a shade less authentic than Mr. Morley's primrose path, though just as dirty. The Philadelphians and Camdenians have thrown a bridge across their river, and it is therefore possible to get to Camden — provided you really want to get to Camden — without a deep-sea voyage in a ferryboat, which makes it almost too easy. Yet for all that, Camden serves the purpose very well. It is the sort of place you go to only by accident or with the most serious intentions; never casually, indifferently or under the ordinary impulses of travel. One crosses the Hudson to Hoboken, or the Delaware to Camden, as one crosses the river of death. It is either an uncontemplated and undesired accident or one commits suicide.

Somewhere in this *terra incognita* we shall shortly set up our own little shrine to the arts. To do so, of course, we must first form a club. We propose the Two-Hours-for-Tea Club, at which the choice spirits of literary Philadelphia may sit and guzzle Orange Pekoe until it runs out of their ears. Whenever a new luminary bursts athwart the startled sky, he will be taken over the river and drowned in tea. Then he will be sent back to the Curtis Publishing Company and thrown to the goldfish that swim eternally within the portals of *The Saturday Evening Post*. We have already two members for the club. One is the secretary of the Camden Chamber of Commerce and the other is a bus driver on the line to Vineland. There will be others.

When the club is thoroughly organized and has had all the tea it cares for, we shall found a theatre. Maybe two theatres. One will be called The Lyric and the other The Rialto. Above all we insist on originality, verve and a touch of genius in the naming of our theatres. Next we shall enter into a

quiet business arrangement, as between gentlemen who understand each other, with a couple of restaurants and a peanut magnate. Then we shall be ready to uplift the theatre, restore the vanishing glories of free America, and retire gracefully on our profits.

But a difficult question has arisen. It has been somewhat pointedly asked what we shall show in our theatres. The answer, of course, is that we shall show something that nobody else has thought of showing, at least to the present generation. We shall show motion pictures.

Looking back somewhat wistfully to our long-lost youth, we recall the days of the motion pictures. Skilled as we indubitably are in making vocabulary jump through a hoop, we almost despair of making intelligible those forgotten days to a generation born and bred to the talkies. Yet we shall try.

Believe it or not, but once upon a time there were shown regularly in all our great cities, motion pictures which were really pictures and which actually moved. Your forefathers and ours sat spellbound before them, probably holding hands at critical moments with our foremothers, and watched the quick scenes come and go, now spread across mighty panoramas of nature's own theatre, now sharp focused on some tremendous triviality of look or gesture or tiny detail. Vast mobs raced across the screen, armies marched and fought, great cities, oceans, rivers and mountains took part in what was so quaintly called the "silent drama". And again a baby smiled or a kitten played, or else a clenched hand was eloquent of human passion. Also there were jesters in pantomime, who asked a question with an eyebrow and tossed off an epigram with a turn of the head and punned gloriously with their feet; who were animate with the spirits of Aristophanes or Cervantes or Twain. There were lovers who made love gracefully and without aid of pneumatic aspirates; there were heroes who proved it with sword-arm or fist; there were heroines who walked in beauty as heroines should. Above all there were actors who acted, and none of them had adenoids or talked through their stomachs.

You don't believe it? Well, come across the Delaware some day to the Two-Hours-for-Tea Club theatres, and we'll show you.

In these theatres we shall revive the motion picture of the past generation. We shall zealously preserve the artistic integrity of our project by permitting no invisible orchestras to blare or bleat or burble from a focal point fifteen feet in back of the scenery. We may even go so far as to have a cracked piano and partially cracked pianist to play "Hearts and Flowers" on the slightest provocation. The theatre will be dark, and save for the inoffensive tinkle of the piano, as silent as the tomb. Sometimes we may even permit the film to break.

But the film itself will be the most astounding phenomenon of all. It will contain, for example, no long drawn sequences in which two actors make ten-foot faces at each other. It will emit no thundering whispers nor will it gasp for breath. Its women will not lisp and its men will not growl, and neither will behave as though they were permanently and incurably out of control of their tonsils. Since the actors will say nothing, the happy audience will be delivered from the necessity of watching their mouths as though waiting for their false teeth to drop out. Since they are under no compulsion to utter stupidity, you may sit there and imagine as you please that they are talking with wit and intelligence.

Further we guarantee that when the film shows a crowd, it will be a real crowd and not a dozen supers walking on tiptoe for fear of upsetting a microphone. Nobody will seem to be walking on eggs, and you will be free of the conviction that the play has been wrapped in cotton wool in order than an idiotic hero can talk his and your head off. And best of all, you will be delivered from the necessity of remarking periodically to your neighbor, "Ain't it wonderful how they do it?" You may even be able to enjoy the show or go to sleep or be nice to your sweetie or whatever else you go to the show for anyhow.

Just to complete this practically Utopian picture, there will be at least one major novelty about our restaurants. None of them will sell liquor.

A correspondent suggests very kindly that our patron saint must be Aristotle, who wrote that "men love those who have a happy turn in passing and taking a joke."

The Bats in the Belfry

A Detective Story

(Continued from last month)

Chapter 5

The heavy rugs of the floor muffled all sound and the door swung to noiselessly, but Dr. Fu Wang Chow merely glanced in the mirror and knew he was not alone. The visitor stood uncertain, holding his cloak closely around him. The Oriental's musical voice broke the silence. "You may remove your cloak," he said. "And pray be seated."

Mr. Isaac Niblock — for it was indeed he — flung down his cloak. "Curses," he muttered. "You know me. Am I then to have no privacy? How did you know it was me?"

"Your grammar is inexcusable," said the great detective. "But I know you are distraught. I knew it was you, the moment I saw you. And it is, isn't it?"

"It is," said Niblock. "It's me."

And so it was.

Chapter 6

"Rosa — for I may call you Rosa, may I not? — Rosa, why did you do it?"

The grim old secret service man looked down at the trembling girl. His hand went out to pat her bowed head, but he changed his mind with an effort and lighted a new cigar. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

"I had to do it," she moaned. "I never thought you'd find out. You don't ever let up on a poor girl, do you? You been after me all this while, until I don't know where to turn. And my mother thinking all this time that I'm safe with Aunt Katie in Hoboken." She burst into a fresh flood of weeping.

"Now, Rosa," he said, a note of emotion coming into his voice. "It'll be all right. Just tell me what you did, and I'll see you safely through. Honest, I will. What did you do?"

She looked up at him, starry-eyed through her tears. "Don't you know?" she breathed. He shook his head.

She stood up suddenly. "Then neither don't I," she said. "And now, Tim Grogan, let me out of here, before I call a cop." And she was gone.

Chapter 7

The great detective, Asa Fletcher, peered through his heavy horn-rimmed glasses at the trembling woman. He did not, indeed, look like a detective; he looked like a startled steam-fitter, but it pleased his mild vanity to look that way. His shirt sleeves were stained to the elbows with chemicals; his vest and trousers were deeply corroded by acids; his hip pockets were full of guinea pigs.

"In what way," he asked," are you concerned with this mystery?"

The woman quailed slightly before the gleam that lay beyond the smoky spectacles. "I will confess all," she muttered. "I am the missing Mrs. Isaac Niblock. I want my husband back."

The detective spoke sharply. "You surely know that Mr. Niblock is no longer with us," he said. "You know that he was the victim of a dastardly and exceedingly conclusive murder. Or don't you think so?"

She shook her head. "He was always such a liar," she murmured.

For a moment the great detective was at a loss. But he rallied rapidly, affecting nonchalance by turning to his laboratory table and releasing a great cloud of hydrogen sulphide from a bubbling retort. At last he spoke, quietly and with the professional impersonality of the trained scientist. "I shall have to make a blood test," he remarked. "Have you any blood with you?"

She slowly unwrapped a small package. "I was going to have it for supper," she said. "Please don't use more than you must."

He examined it carefully. "Liver?" he asked.

"Calves' liver," she said.

In silence he reached for his microscope, adjusted its mirrors and focus, and gazed long and earnestly into it. Then he took a small test tube, filled it half full of a colorless liquid from the spigot, dropped into it a little blood and held it to the light. He shook his head dubiously. He reached for a stethoscope and applied it expertly to the raw meat before him. Occasionally he added an onion and at last two mushrooms. Then he rose, wiped his hands on his vest, and smiled briskly and triumphantly.

"Yes," he said, "it's calves' liver."

Chapter 8

The long arm of Scotland Yard had reached out at last and Philip Fleet was in its grasp. He had thought himself safe. With extraordinary cunning he had covered his flight, changing cars twice on the Seventh

Avenue Subway and running in and out of seven different entrances at Times Square until he was positively dizzy. He had bought a ferry ticket to Hoboken and gone instead to Jersey City, where he locked himself into the washroom of a west-bound express, emerging at last when the dawn was breaking over Pittsburgh. At Pittsburgh he had secured employment as a puddler in a cheese mill, joined the Salvation Army, and slept that night at the Y. M. C. A. disguised as an Episcopalian. In the morning he walked out by a different door and struck out across the open prairie, stopping only to rest and wash his shirt in the muddy Mississippi, and lying down late at night in the very shadow of the Rockies. He was wrenched out of dreamless sleep at dawn by a hand on his shoulder. "You are under arrest," said a firm but kindly voice. "And I must warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

So he said nothing.

At Scotland Yard they took his Bertillon measurements, the initials on his underwear, and all his small change. Except for the formality of the third degree and a little beating with a blackjack, they treated him with uniform kindness and consideration, and he asked and received permission to call up his mother in Philadelphia. It took some time to complete the transatlantic connections, so that he remembered at last that his mother had died in infancy and he was indeed alone in the world. So he sat down and buried his face in his hands.

At this moment in far-off Chicago, Isaac Niblock — for it was indeed he — swung his way through the swinging door of the Mutual Coöperative Insurance Society and walked confidently to the first window on the left. "I've come for the insurance," he said.

"Certainly," said the clerk, and handed him fifty thousand dollars. Suddenly a piercing scream rang through the building. Everybody ducked behind the furniture save Isaac Niblock, who stood as though paralyzed. "Father," cried Alice — for it was indeed she — and fell fainting to the floor.

(*Not to be continued*)

(*Editorial Note:* We should like to complete this story, but we have unfortunately run out of detectives. So many of our best detectives are tied up in long-term contracts with one publisher or another that it is extraordinarily difficult to secure their attention to a comparatively simple mystery like the case of Isaac Niblock. We must leave it to the readers, with the assurance that they will not be disturbed by any officious officials in the course of their investigations and speculations. Who killed Isaac Niblock and why? Who was Rosa Fernandez and why? What did Philip Fleet do with the safety pin and why? What did the Governor of North Carolina say to the Governor of South Carolina? These are the questions in the case and the evidence is before you. We ourselves haven't the faintest idea.)

The S. & N. Antarctic Expedition

On board the good ship Gull, *'way down South; latitude 7.20 p.m. (daylight saving time); longitude $2.98 (plus a few cents for postage). Weather warmer; tides temporarily suspended for alterations and repairs.*

April 20, 1929.

Writing as I am in the very shadow of the South Pole, I sometimes find it difficult to keep my mind on the purely scientific aspects of our expedition, even though these are the chief justification for the considerable expense and enormous difficulties involved in our penetration into these frozen wastes. In the first place there is the difficulty of the ink. Unless constantly watched and occasionally heated with a blow torch or diluted with alcohol, it freezes solidly in the inkwell, and I am frequently interrupted in preparing my despatches by finding myself anchored fast in the very middle of a sentence or even a word. I am myself now thoroughly accustomed to the rigors of the climate, having lost a few toes and the extreme southernmost tip of my nose in the process of becoming so, but the ink is less adaptable to its environment. Had we thought to bring a pencil, the difficulty might have been avoided, but you can't think of everything.

I also find it difficult to resist the constant distractions of the Antarctic scene. Our day is fully occupied, what with feeding the walruses at dawn and the polar bears at noon, and reassembling the airplane whenever Commander Boid completes one of his daring

flights over the Antarctic continent. We are all very busy, even in the evenings, when some of the boys entertain Flora and Fauna by playing "Ask Me Another" or "Authors," while the rest of us work at our memoirs. And then there is wash day. We have, I admit, no regular day for wash day. We lost our only calendar in a combination typhoon, monsoon and simoon in the South Atlantic, and since there are no Sunday papers here we have no way of discriminating Monday from — for example — Thursday. But whenever Captain Bittern changes his socks it is, by common agreement, wash day.

It is a striking and delightful scene. First we light a large fire on the ice, using packing cases and unimportant parts of the ship for fuel. When the ice melts sufficiently to allow the fire to fall through, we take turns at dipping our garments in the water, rubbing them occasionally with holystone in lieu of soap. We had brought a supply of soap, but unfortunately Flora and Fauna discovered it while attending a whoopee party on the ship and consumed it all before they could be stopped. When our garments are sufficiently washed for all practical purposes, we resume them, and there is a great deal of good-humored rivalry to see which of us can get his shirt on before it freezes. The officers, of course, always dress for dinner, and by stretching their shirts over a stanchion for a few moments in the cool breezes, they are assured at all times of an adequate supply of stiff-starched linen.

Nevertheless, we are proceeding with our scientific investigations according to schedule. Our most important discovery to date relates to the rich mineral resources of the great land before us. Commander Boid has flown twice over the mountain range to the south — which he has named the Comstock Ridge in graceful tribute to Mrs. Margaret Sanger — and his trained eye has discovered the tremendous commercial possibilities of the terrain. He points out that if — as he suspects — there is a bed of coal beneath these mountains of sufficient extent, there is enough of it to reduce the price of No. 1 Buckwheat by thirty-five cents a ton in Philadelphia, provided it can be mined and shipped with a minimum of expense. He further suggests that there may be oil here, and we have seen nothing to indicate the contrary. Mountains very much like these mountains have been known to contain gold, lead, copper and asbestos, and this is also an excellent place in which to look for platinum. If found in large quantities at or near the surface, these minerals could be shipped to America for the encouragement of American industry, provided there were some ships available and going in the right direction.

So we have decided to claim the territory in sight and for a safe distance beyond the horizon in the name of the United States. Nobody has made any serious objection, though a chance stranger who dropped in unexpectedly last Tuesday got a little excited. However, he spoke no English and was wearing a singularly inappropriate costume for a resident of Antarctica, and we all agreed not to take him seriously.

(*Editorial Note:* We admit that we are beginning to be a little worried over this expedition.)

April 23, 1929.

We are all much disturbed today over the disappearance of the ocean. It has turned very warm, and most of the adjacent ice has melted and run away, leaving our ship stranded on what appears to be a grassy hillside. Also we have lost two of the crew. They set out two days ago to take barometric readings and collect fossils, and about noon their radio communications abruptly ceased. It is possible, of course, that their radio set has gone dead or they may have tired of carrying it. Their last communication stated that they had just met a girl named Mary, and not to sit up for them. But we are much worried.

Commander Boid has just completed his longest flight to date, and reports the discovery of a very high mountain, the highest he has ever discovered. He states that it bears a striking resemblance to Mount Everest. He has claimed it in the name of the United States.

A Turkish peddler just dropped in and sold the cook half a dozen rugs.

(*Editorial Note:* We are increasingly worried over the expedition. We have radioed instructions to Commander Boid to claim no more territory until we have digested what we have already. We are also in communication with the British Government.)

April 26, 1929.

The two missing men have been found. Commander Boid sighted them from the air, while they were engaged in picking wild flowers in the company of the girl Mary. With them was also an animal of the nature of a goat, which we later discovered to be Mary's little llama. The Commander has claimed the llama, together with three more mountains and two hundred thousand square miles of assorted scenery, in the name of the United States. One of the crew has had a fight with an Irishman, who was discovered canvassing for sewing machines at a monastery which turned up unexpectedly just round the corner of what was once the Bay of Whales. He is now resting easily.

We have seen no sign of the rival Antarctic expedition, and have about concluded that it never reached its destination.

(*Editorial Note:* Our worst suspicions are at last confirmed. Our S. and N. Antarctic Expedition never reached the South Polar continent. In some inexplicable fashion Commander Boid and his men are stranded in Afghanistan in the mountain fastnesses of the Hindu Kush. We don't know why it is, but whenever we send out Commander Boid to discover something, he discovers something else. Our present and probably unworthy impulse is to leave him where he is. In any case we wash our hands of him, and will not be held responsible for any debts, international disagreements or territorial disputes contracted by him. Furthermore, we shall publish no more of his despatches. If he wants to talk, he can come back to America and hire a hall. Probably he will anyway.)

SPRING SONG

We love the little woolly lambs
With fleece so snowy white,
Who from their little diaphragms
Bleat morning, noon and night.
But every lamb that I have seen
Has not been very neat or clean;
In fact, he is a smelly beast,
Or so it seems to me, at least.

Our Centre of Gravity

"'That was excellently observed,' say I when I read a passage in another where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken."

SWIFT.

A pied piper who goes squeaking through the streets and offers to rid the world of rats by the magic of his secret tune, is a pleasing curiosity. But when he goes off at last with all the neighborhood children at his heels, the humor suddenly vanishes from the situation.

♁ ♁ ♁

It is demonstrable that Dr. John B. Watson, archpriest and chief prophet of Behaviorism, is not precisely a pied piper. Nor is the tune he plays strictly speaking his own, except that he plays it louder and more persistently than others and with a sharper eye to the audience. It is a tune that promises to rid the world of rats and rubbish, of all silly squeaking in cellars and scurry and confusion in attics. But few took it seriously or needed to, until it was discovered that whole hosts of hopeful youngsters were suddenly gone traipsing after it.

♁ ♁ ♁

There are many who make familiar mention of Behaviorism for one who knows what it is all about. Yet it is quite simple — so simple, in fact, that it cannot possibly be true. According to Behaviorism, everybody and everything behaves exactly as might and should be expected. The man who swears as he falls downstairs and the other who dies gloriously for the faith that is in him, are obeying exactly similar laws of reaction to their environment, and neither is fundamentally different from the egg that hops and splutters in the frying pan or the bullfrog that goes mooning and mourning after its mate.

♁ ♁ ♁

You observe how simple this is. No matter how you behave, you couldn't really help it; you couldn't do differently. If you did, it would simply be because you couldn't help that either. You are ham-strung and hog-tied by your bio-chemical reactions, your

glandular orchestration, your folkways and nerve habits, and anything else that goes on inside you, conditioned and qualified by what goes on outside you. If you don't believe it, ask Dr. Watson. If anything turns up in your experience that fails to fit the Behavioristic formula, he will tell you to stretch the formula until it does.

In the dark days of superstition and the rights of man which are now so much despised, the familiar weapon of argument was the syllogism. The Behaviorists of today have one of their own, which is quite airtight so long as you don't stick pins in it. It runs somewhat like this:

(1) Everything that happens, any piece of behavior is the direct and inevitable result of precedent causes, as, for example, that a man will not sit still for long on a hot stove.

(2) When the precedent cause is not apparent, it's somewhere around anyhow, as, for example, a brick through the window implies that somebody threw it, even though there are no small boys in sight.

(3) Therefore any apparent discrepancies in Behaviorism or any phenomena which it does not explain, simply call for more and merrier Behaviorism, bigger and better Behaviorism, higher, wider and handsomer Behaviorism, until at last everything becomes as clear as mud.

When a true-blue, whole-hog Behaviorist gets himself wrapped up neatly in this three-cornered armor, there's nothing more to be done with him. He's having a good time, even though he doesn't look like it. He got that way by chasing his tail like an agitated puppy, and while he was doing it he was an exciting and interesting diversion. But when he catches his tail, thereby completing the circle of his logic, it is reasonably apparent to the bystanding eye that he hasn't got anywhere. And in the meantime the rest of the world still wonders why we behave like human beings, in spite of the war-cry of the Behaviorist that there ain't no such animal.

There is an old argument, which has endured since the dawn of man and still goes strong, between good logic and good sense. There are some things which man knows to be true and others which he can prove to be true, and they are not always the same things. The Behaviorist proves to his personal satisfaction that man is not a reasonable creature, that he is incapable of discrimination between good and evil, truth and falsity, right and wrong, and particularly because such things are delusions anyhow. The plain man doesn't believe it. Strangely and ironically, the Behaviorist doesn't believe it either. With energy, sincerity and apparent reason quite inappropriate to a machine, he labors to demonstrate that man is a machine. If he wins his argument, he proves *ipso facto* that he can't possibly know what he is talking about and that it doesn't matter anyway.

This is a nice little novelty in intellectual gymnastics, and if you like it you may have it. But it is interesting and disquieting that the thing has so many half-baked enthusiasts in its train. Their enthusiasm is probably not for Behaviorism in its raw state, for few of them could swallow it without mental and spiritual indigestion. It is more probably attractive as a working way out from the troublesome contemplation of such burdens as individual responsibility to something or somebody, the painful choice between bad, good and better, and the necessity of making up one's own mind, if any. Also it disposes without trace of the human soul, whose chief offense has always been that nobody can put his finger on it, and whose only justification is that it works better than any scientific substitute yet devised to take its place.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Question: "Who was Orpheus?"

Answer: Orpheus was the son of Calliope, patron saint of the circus and country fair. He attained a certain prominence in ancient Greece through his matrimonial difficulties, when his wife got involved in doubtful company and was submerged for a while in the underworld. Orpheus went looking for her, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and it is generally supposed that he originated the familiar phrase, "Where in hell's my wife?"

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